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A table of contents for *The Sword and the Trowel* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_sword-and-the-trowel\\_01.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_sword-and-the-trowel_01.php)

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.

1897.

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"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that aded, 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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## P R E F A C E.

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**I**N the Preface to our last Annual Volume, we called our readers' special attention to the—

MEMORIAL TO THE EVER-BELOVED C. H. SPURGEON,

which was at that time being erected at BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX. BEULAH BAPTIST SCHOOL-CHAPEL, which was not then completed, was afterwards duly finished, and opened *free of debt*, just before the year 1896 came to a close. On the fifth anniversary of the never-to-be-forgotten day when the dear Pastor was "called home"—January 31,—a new Church was formed in the new Chapel; and, all through the year, residents in Bexhill and visitors from various parts of the kingdom have been edified and blessed under the ministry of PASTOR J. S. HOOKEY. Best of all, the Lord has set His seal on the preaching of the Word; souls have been saved, and having first given themselves to the Lord, they have also united in fellowship with His people, observing His ordinances, and seeking to live as becometh the gospel of Christ. Various forms of Christian service have been commenced, and the work is prospering beneath the smile of God.

We mentioned, last year, that the larger portion of the block of buildings shown in the Frontispiece to Volume XXXII. had still to be erected. Several of the monthly numbers of *The Sword and the Trowel* for 1897 have recorded the progress made with the spacious and beautiful House of Prayer which is to complete the whole plan. On April 12, MRS. C. H. SPURGEON cut the first sod, and so began the preparation of the ground for the new CHAPEL. Then, on July 7, in the presence of her two sons and a great company of friends, MRS. SPURGEON laid the memorial stone. Since that time, the work has been proceeding, and it is hoped that the roof will be on before the worst of the wintry weather tests the stability of the structure. Friends who compare the Frontispiece of the present Volume with that for last year will notice that there has been a slight alteration in the design; but the view now given represents, substantially, what the Chapel will be like.

Up to the time of the opening of the School-Chapel, between £1,500 and £1,600 had been expended for land, building, legal and other expenses; and it was intimated that the cost of the Chapel must be proportionately greater. We now know that *not less than* £4,000 *will be required*, and up to the date of closing the lists for the December *Sword and Trowel*, MRS. SPURGEON had given or received from friends, towards the Building Fund, £2,254 19s. 8d. From the first, it was solemnly resolved that there should be NO DEBT on this House of God,

and that there should be no resort to any of the common expedients for raising money for the Lord's work in the present day. The contract has been signed only for the amount actually in hand; and though there is no fear of the work being stopped through lack of funds, yet orders to proceed will only be given as the Lord inclines. His stewards to supply the money for this part of His service. The Chapel is to be very specially in memory of C. H. SPURGEON, and all who desire to help in rearing such an appropriate memorial can send whatever aid the Lord may enable them to give, to Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

\* \* \* \*

The buildings at Bexhill will be an architectural reminder of the first Pastor of the Church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and it is hoped that the company of believers worshipping there will be another of the many spiritual reproductions of at least a part of his unique life and ministry; but it would be scarcely right to close the present Volume of "his own Magazine" without a reference to the new literary memorial which is so shortly to appear.

#### C. H. SPURGEON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

which will form, when completed, the "Standard Life" of the dear Pastor-President, has been many times spoken of, since its publication was first announced, as "the book of the year," and to all *his* friends it will be *the* book through which he will continue to speak in his well-remembered, loving, gracious tones. A friend, who was permitted to read the opening chapters of Vol. I. of the *Autobiography*, exclaimed, "Why, it is just as if he is talking to you!" So it is, and this, we believe, will give the work great acceptance among the tens (or hundreds) of thousands to whom his Sermons and writings have been so often a message from the Master Himself.

We anticipate for the *Autobiography* a ministry all its own. Not only will it reveal much about MR. SPURGEON which has not been previously published, but it will also show how specially the Lord watched over him, as a child and a youth, and prepared him for his unparalleled usefulness in after days. Truly, it may be said of him, that his "works" do follow him. This Magazine is itself a precious memorial of its Founder and peerless Editor; his Sermons, in our own tongue, and in an ever-increasing number of other languages, will perpetuate his apostolic service till the Lord Himself shall come again; while his other published writings—by no means complete yet,—continue to speak to saints, sinners, and seekers the wide world o'er. Someone said, recently, that "MR. SPURGEON's friends were among the *million* rather than among the *millionaires*." This witness is true in a very literal sense. A calculation was made, lately, which proved that, including his Sermons, from three to four millions of his books are already in circulation. Is it, then, too much to expect that his *Autobiography* will have at least a million readers? Dear friend, will *you* do all you can to bring about this result?

# INDEX.

	PAGE
"Abide With Us" .....	137
Advice to Students, Principal Gracey's .....	31, 54
Answers to Students' Questions 1, 49, 109, 157, 205, 253, 385, 433, 501, 549, 597	
Arab's Question, The .....	632
Armstrong, W. K.—	
Church's Banner, The .....	575
Autobiography, C. H. Spurgeon's .....	645
B., C. H.—	
Fellowship Meetings .....	178
Barker, A. W. L.—	
"Our Own Men" and their Work .....	132
"Behold, He Cometh!" .....	586
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, 214; Memorial Stone Laying, 468; Opening of, 75; Receipts, 47, 107, 156, 204, 252, 302, 412, 483, 548, 596, 644, 680. (See also Preface and Frontispiece.)	
Bird, Alfred—	
"Our Own Men" and their Work .....	533

## BOOKS, NOTICES OF—

"A Man's a Man for a' That," 404; Across Siberia on the Great Post Road, 39; Albert the Good (Prince Consort), The Story of, 193; "Alive from the Dead," 149; Alpha and Omega; or, God in Human Life, 539; Almanacks, 36, 634; Ambitions of St. Paul, The, 638; Among the Dark-haired Race in the Flowery Land, 474; Ancient Faith in Modern Light, The, 540; Annuals, 36, 88, 146, 591, 634, 635; Apocalypse, The, Considered entirely from the Standpoint of the Old and New Testament, 475; Apocatastasis; or, Restitution of all Things, The, 147; Approach of Apostasy and the Man of Sin, The, 543; As it was in the Days of Lot, 404; Assurance of Life, and other Sermons, 405.

B. and A.: or, To Know how to Work, 404; Baptism with the Holy Spirit, The, 90; Baptist Almanack, The, 36; Baptist Handbook, The, for 1897, 88; Baptist History, A Question in, 197; Baptist Messenger, The, 88; Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, 670; Bible, The New Illustrated Teachers', 39; Bible Women and Nurses, 88; Biblical Illustrator, The, 2 Corinthians, 192; Book of Martyrs, The, 636; Booklets, 36, 88, 294, 404, 473, 590, 636, 638, 666, 668, 669; Books for Children and Young People, 36, 37, 38, 39, 88, 147, 148, 150, 196, 199, 233, 406, 590, 591, 634, 635; Bright Blue Sky Hymn Book, The, 589.

Calendars for 1898, 634, 666; Cambridge Bible for Students and Colleges: The Psalms, Books II. and III.; Isaiah, Joel and Amos; Nahum, Habakkuk, and Zephaniah; Timothy and Titus, 637; Chairman's Manual, The, 639; Chalmers, Thomas, 147; Children, Addresses and Sermons to, 149; China and Formosa: the Story of the Mission of the Presbyterian Church of England, 474; Chins from my Log, 295; Christendom and its Doom, 404; Christian Endeavour Convention, Report of the, 539; Christian Men of Science, 406; Christian Life in Germany, 518; Christian Pictorial, The, Vol. VIII., 241; Christian's Looking-glass, The, 195; Christmas and New Year's Cards, 666; Chronicles of the Christ, 672; Church of Rome and her Barriers against Union and Unity, The,

## BOOKS, NOTICES OF (continued)—

197; Clogabop, Chronicles, 243; Clue to the Ages, The, 148; "Come, Break your Fast," Daily Meditations, 405; "Come, ye Children," A Book for Parents and Teachers on the Christian Training of Children, 672; Confessions of a Deacon, The, 192; Congo Missionary, A Young, 147; Conspiracy of Silence Broken, The, 245; Counsels Addressed to Sunday-school Teachers, 42; Creed and Conduct, 543; Cross in Modern Life, The, 148; "Curly"; or, Living Shadows, 294.

Day of Days, The, 473; Devil's Mission of Amusement, The, 199; Discipline and Service; or, Memorials of A. H. Davies, 1:3; Disputed Points of Interpretation relating to the Prophecies in Daniel, and of the Last Days, On some, 194; Divine Fatherhood, The,—the Divine Sonship that Saves Men, 194; Divine Indwelling, The, 541.

Early Churches of Great Britain, 193; Earth's Preparation for Man, 194; Educate our Mothers, 39; Enlisted; or, My Story, 589; Essays on English History, 196; Ethics of Temperance, The, 41; Evangelist's Bible-digging, An, The Gospel of Matthew, 540; *Everybody's Book*: C. H. Spurgeon's Pilgrim's Guide, 672; Extempore Speaking, The Art of, 197; Eye-Gate; or, the Value of Native Art in the Mission Field, 294.

Facts and Fancies about Flowers, 474; Fallen Angels, 198; Fifteen Hundred Facts and Similes for Pulpit and Platform, 404; First Days of Christianity, 590; For Each New Day, 90; Foundation Truths of Scripture as to Sin and Salvation, 244; Fragrant Memories of Constance J. Blunden, 193; From Scrooby to Plymouth Rock; or, The Men of the "Mayflower," 89.

Gace's Catechisms: an Exposure, 636; Gardner, Captain Allen, Sailor and Saint, 389; Gates of Zion, The, 590; Gathered Gleanings; or, Words for Workers, 42; Genis of Illustration for Busy Workers in Every Field, 42; Gleanings from Many Fields, 36; God's Word and Witnesses, 87; Gold Chains; or, Finding God by Prayer, 541; Gospel of Song, The, 543; Gospel of Prayer, The, 295; Great Britain and her Queen, 473.

Hand and Heart, 473; Happy Hearts, and other Readings, 591; Heaven: an Enquiry, 543; Helps to Bible Reading, 149; Helps to Make Ideals Real, 40; Heritage of the Spirit, The, and other Sermons, ("Preachers of the Age Series"), 192; Heroes and Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters, 196; Heroines of the Cross, 294; Heroines of Travel, 294; History of Lay Preaching, A, 150; Home Blessing, The, 635; Home Words, 473; Hours with the Bible. St. Peter to Revelation, 150; How the Good News was Received, 636; How to be Happy and Make Others Happy, 41; How to Fish to Catch, 245; How to Learn to Swim, 542; How to Meet the Difficulties of the Bible, 41; How to Preach with Power, 197; How You Can be Saved, 667; Hymns of Tersteegen and Others. Second Series, 544.

Ideal City, The, 244; Illustrated Bible Treasury, The, 35; In the Tiger Jungle; and other

## BOOKS, NOTICES OF (continued)—

- Stories of Missionary Work among the Telegus, 242; Immortality, 148; Incarnate Saviour, The, A Life of Jesus Christ, 638; Inmates of the Mansion, An Allegory, 248; Inspiration of the Bible, 437; Is not this the Blood of Men? 473; Is Science Guilty? 474; Is Sin a Necessity? 90; Is the Bible in Conflict with Science? 540.
- Jerusalem in the Time of Our Lord, 39; Jesus the Poet, 194; John, a Tale about King Messiah, 474; *John Ploughman's (Sheet) Almanack* for 1898, 634; Jubilee of the Ministry of the Rev. P. Mearns, Oldstead, 406.
- Last Things, The, 667; Leisure Hour, The, 635; Life's Look-out, 671; Light and Love, 587; Light from the Land of the Sphinx, 35; Lined with Love, 198; Loose Leaves from a Minister's Manuscripts, 245; Luther, the Hero of the Reformation, 670.
- McCheyne from the Pew; being Extracts from the Diary of William Lamb, 88; Management of Infancy, The, 198; Martyr-Crown, The; or, the Seed of the Church, 294; Master's Gifts to Women, The, 89; Melancthon, Philip, 670; Memoirs of a Mistaken Life, 639; Men who Win; or, Making Things Happen, 35; Message of Reconciliation, The, 636; Messages of To-day for the Men of To-morrow, 195; *Messiah, The: Our Lord's Names, Titles, and Attributes*. Sermons by C. H. Spurgeon, 672; *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, The*. Number 2,500, 87; Vol. xlii., 35; Ministerial Table-talk, 245; Minister's Diary for 1897, The, 46; Miracles of Our Lord, The, 475; Mission of St. Augustine to England, The, 542; Missionary Anecdotes, 41; Missionary Hymns and Solos, 88; Missionary Martyr of Tibshaw, The, 89; More Words of Faith, Hope, and Love, 591; Morning Star, The, 147; Moses Grimshaw: A Story of Lancashire Life, 42; Mottoes, Christmas and New Year's, 666; Mystery Unveiled, The, 59.
- Narrative of the Life and Labours of the late Rev. James Smith, of Tunbridge Wells, A, 639; National Temperance Mirror, The, 88; New Orthodoxy, The, 636; New Pansy Series, 539; New Year Addresses, 36; News from Afar, 36; Not Peace but a Sword, 590; Notes from my Bible, 40.
- Object Lessons for Children, 243; Odd, 294; Octogenarian Teetotalers, 406; Old Testament Criticism and the Rights of the Unlearned, 540; Old Testament Stories, 590; Old Truth, or the New, The—Which? 146; On the Indian Trail, 671; Origin of Genesis, The, 244; On the Threshold of Three Closed Lands, 242; Our Dear Home Life, 198; Our Eyes, and How to Preserve them, 196; On the Edge of a Moor, 590; Our Journey to Sinai, 40; Our Travels Round the World, 243; Outline of the Life of St. Paul, An, 590; Out of His Fullness, 35; Over-ruled, 539.
- Pardon and Assurance, 541; Paul, a Servant of Jesus Christ, 671; People's Bible History, The, 192; Personal Consecration, 90; Personal Ministry of the Son of Man, The, 541; Pilgrim's Progress, The, 636; Pioneering in Tibet, 671; Plain Talks on Perfection, 541; Popery completely at variance with the Bible, 636; Prayer-Book Articles and Homilies, The, 642; Pre-Reformation Worthies, 670; Press, The, for Good or Evil, 635; Primeval Revelation. Studies in Genesis i.—viii., 475; Preparation for the Better Land, 544; Probable Sons, 88; Publication of the Kingdom of God, The, 587.
- Queen's Resolve, The, and her "Doubly Royal" Reign, 146, 635; Quiet Thoughts of a Quiet Thinker, The, 91; Quiver, The, 635.
- Ramblings in Central China, 588; Reflections on the Origin, History and Destiny of the Earth, Satan, and the New Heavens and the New Earth, 42; Reformation Martyrs, 293; Regions

## BOOKS, NOTICES OF (continued)—

- Beyond, 446; Religious Equality in its Connection with National and Religious Life, 242; Respect the Hedge, 478; Return to the Cross, The, 667; Reveries and Realities; or, Life and Work in London, 198; Richard Weaver's Life Story, 588; Ritualistic Conspiracy, The, 636; Roe, Bryan, a Soldier of the Cross in West Central Africa, 89; Royal Womanhood in every Rank, 636; Rylands, The Three, 671.
- Saul, the first King of Israel, 487; Saved and Kept, 405; Scripture Manuals, Murby's: Ruth, Haggar, Esther, 637; Secrets of Sanctity, 295; Seed Basket, The, 89; Sermons on Cardinal Truths, 672; Sermons, Thomas Spurgeon's, 57, 587; Set to Obey, 90; Seven Strong Towers, 194; Seven Years in Sierra Leone, 636; Sin Punished, but Sins Forgiven, 244; So Great Salvation, 196; Song of Solomon, Thoughts on the, 196; Songs of Victory, 404; Sowing and Reaping, 588; Spirit of Power, as set forth in the Acts of the Apostles, The, 405; Spirit's Seal, The; or, Power from on High, 90; *Spurgeon's Illustrated Book Almanack*, 1898, 634; Statutes and Songs, 638; Story of George Washington, The, 404; Story of Some Famous Bonfires, The, 670; Strategic Points in the World's Conquest, 589; Studies of Character from the Old Testament, 637; Sunday at Home, The, 635; Sunday-school Lessons, 149; Sunday-school Teachers' Pocket Book, 635; *Sword and the Trowel, The*, Vol. XXXIII., 666; Teddy's Futton, 88; Temperance Science Lessons, 41; Ten Years After (Special Edition), 295, 404; Testimony of Recent Scottish Presbyterianism to the Principles of the Baptists, 245; Theology of Modern Fiction, The, 195; Things to Live for, 40; Thirty-one Parables Explained, 406; Thoughtful Hours, 195; Three Little Wise Men, 89; Through a Pocket Lens, 474; Times of Christ, The, 541; Tiyo Soga, the Model Kaffir Missionary, 671; Tracts, 39, 406, 636; Triumphant Certainties and other Sermons, 40; Twenty-six Years of Mission Work in China, 242.
- Ursula Challoner; or, Rough Ways Made Smooth, 88.
- Vest-Pocket Companion for Christian Workers, The, 90; Victoria the Great, our Empress Queen, Vocal March, 293; Victoria R.I., The Story of, 193, 293; Victorious Life, The, 90; Village Carpenter and the Way of Salvation, The, 542.
- Way of the World at Sea, The, 38; "We Endeavour." Helpful Words for Members of the Y.P.S.C.E., 672; What do we owe to the Reformation? 636; When were our Gospels Written? 638; "When Ye Come Together", 405; Which Bible to Read—Revised or Authorized, 540; Within; or, The Kingdom of God is Within You, 405; Witness of History to Baptist Principles, The, 542; Wolfgang, John, Business Man, 89; Women Who Win, 147; World of Anecdote, The, 591; World of Religious Anecdote, The, 591; Writings of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, 589.
- Young Man's Guide, The, 474; Young Woman's Guide, The, 474.
- Brady, Cheyne—  
"Have you Tried the Blood?" ... 631
- Burnham, J.—  
The Hop-Pickers' Mission.—A Reminder 538
- By-ways and By-gones of Life, The 18, 82, 139, 170, 225, 281, 397, 459, 528, 576, 615, 660
- "Call me 'Father,' John; and Don't Mind Them" ... 583
- Camping Out ... 173
- "Carillon of Bells," Mrs. Spurgeon's ... 21
- Charlesworth, V. J.—  
Christmas and New Year at the Stockwell Orphanage, 88; "These Thirty Years", 536
- Child's Request, The ... 585

Christian Minister's Dependence upon the Holy Ghost, A	621
Christians and Mohammedans	537
Christmas and New Year at the Stockwell Orphanage	86
Churcher, Dr., and the Arab Boys	85
Churcher, Dr. T. G.—	
Arab's Question, The, 332; Christians and Mohammedans, 537; "For Christ's Sake", 472; New Use for the Koran, A, 240; Opposition and Fanaticism, 402; Some Fasting, Others Trusting, 190; Sultan and the Water-melon, The, 586; Trying Times in Tunisia, 141.	
Church's Banner, The	575
Clouds	132
Colportage Association, The, Annual Report of, 413; Receipts, 47, 106, 156, 203, 251, 361, 411, 483, 547, 596, 643, 679.	
"Come, ye Children"	121
Concerning Creeds and Confessions	256
Conference, Proceedings at the Pastors' College	287
Cross, the Centre, The	443
Death of Moses, The	59
Famine in the Agra District, India	462
Fellowship Meetings	178
"For Christ's Sake"	472
Fruitful Vine, A	664
Fullerton, W. Y.—	
Lament after Conversions, The	272
German Baptists in Queensland	188
Gilmore, J. D.—	
Miracle in the Literary World, A, 176; Spiritual "Enquire Within upon Everything," A, 568.	
God-Touched Lips	394
Gracey, Principal—	
Advice to Students, 31; More of his Wise Words, 58.	
Growing Hallelujah! A	602
H. T. S.—	
By-ways and By-gones of Life, The, 18, 82, 139, 170, 225, 281, 397, 459, 528, 576, 615, 660.	
Hackney, W., M.A.—	
Christian Minister's Dependence upon the Holy Ghost, A, 621.	
Happy Memory, A	221
Harrauld, J. W.—	
Growing Hallelujah, A., 602; "Our Own Men" and their Work, 72	
"Have You Tried the Blood?"	631
"Heavenly Vision, The"	608
Heavenward Railway, The	257, 371
Higlett, W.—	
German Baptists in Queensland	188
Hop-Pickers' Mission, The,—A Reminder	538
"I am with you alway"	27
ILLUSTRATIONS—Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea ( <i>also Frontispiece</i> ), 316; Bromley Road Tabernacle, Lee, S.E., 347; Brown, A. G., 72; Buswell, Deacon John, 416; Carter, E. A., 216; Ceylon Place Baptist Chapel, Eastbourne, 136; Children's Special Service Night, 346; Chinese Illustrations of "The Pilgrim's Progress," 508-510; Cooper, J. R., 533; Donald, D. L., 181; Eastleigh Baptist Chapel, 324; Famine Waifs at Agra, 464; Farmhouse at Hurstmonceux, 603; Fruitful Vine, A, 666; George, Elias, 269; Gibbon, B. J., 604; Gresham Baptist Chapel, Brixton, 343; Hall, Alfred, 456; Harris, W. J., 132; Higlett, W., 25; Last, E., 564; Mackenzie, Peter, 221; Maldon Baptist Chapel, 337; Mission Chapel, Morden, Surrey, 323; Morley Baptist Chapel, 333; New School and Hall, Desborough, 334; New Year's Card, A, 17; Potter, J. G., 380; Presentation of Trowels to Mrs. Spurgeon, 440; "Question Oak," The, 1, 49, 109, 157, 205, 253, 365, 433, 502, 549, 597; Sea Anemones, 613; Smith, James, 151; Spurgeon, C. H., 413; Spurgeon, Mrs. C. H., and Friends at the Cutting the First Sod for the New Chapel at Bexhill, 213; Mrs.	

NOTES (continued)—

Spurgeon Declaring the Stone Laid, 441; Stiff, Deacon James, 298; Sunset in the Rush, 173; Theydon Bois Baptist Chapel, 321; Walker, W. (Bishop's Stortford), 654; Women Spinning and Winding Cotton, Agra, 485.	
In Memoriam—C. H. Spurgeon	142
Indian Incidents and Illustrations, 30, 81, 119, 219, 400, 453, 531, 581	
Ingram, C.—	
"Our Own Men" and their Work	216
Irons in the Fire	556
Jones, Daniel—	
"Our Own Men" and their Work	380
Jubilee Sermons, C. H. Spurgeon's	619
Lament after Conversions, The	272
"Little Girl, Will You Pray for Me?"	194
McCaig, Dr.—	
Cross, the Centre, The—Conference Paper	443
Marsh, F. E.—	
Test, The	24
Matthew xxv. 1-13 (Poetry)	458
Miracle in the Literary World, A	176
Mountain Reverie, A	172
Near, Isaac—	
Child's Request, The	585
New Use for the Koran, A	240
"Not Weary in Well-doing"	238
NOTES—	
According to Promise, 673; Aldershot, 407; All of Grace, 673; Around the Wicket Gate, 673; Auckland, New Zealand, 92, 544.	
Bacup, 641; Band of Hope Union Jubilee, Demonstration at the Tabernacle, 674; Baptism, Reply to an Enquirer about, 640; Baptisms at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 45, 93, 151, 247, 297, 408, 545, 641, 675; Barking, 44; Barking Road Tabernacle, 545; Barnes, 93; Barnsley, 476; Bean, A. W., 544; Belfast, 200; Beaufort West, Cape Colony, 93; Beckett, E. S., 151; Berkley Road, N.W., 44; Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill, 42, 406; Bible Translation Society, The, 592; Bildeston, 151; Blackie, J., 544; Blackpool, 647; Bloomsbury Chapel, London, 545; Blockley-in-the-Marsh, 593; Bombay, 674; Bournemouth, 151, 674; Bradford, 151; Brannoxton, 44; Brasted, 476; Bridlington, 296; Brough, 93; Brown, A. G., 641; Bryce, W. K., 476; Buckhurst Hill, 92; Burnham, John, 93, 200; Burros, T. S., 641; Bury St. Edmund's, 44; Brighton, 641.	
Caiver, A. E., 44; Cambridge, New Brunswick, 151; Canterbury, 44; Carpenter Road, Stratford, 544; Chatsworth Road, West Norwood, 641; Chamberlain, J., 93; Chambers, W., 593; Chatteris, 476; Chesham, 44, 641; Clark, Jos. ph., 92, 476; Chipping Norton, 593; Coggeshall, 476; Cole, B. J., 200; Colportage Association, 45, 93, 151, 201, 247, 297, 408, 476, 545, 593, 641, 675; Cooper, J. R., 407; Cork, 44; Corrick, Death of Elder, 91; Crewe, 641; Cumming, M., 44; Devonport, 476; Dolton, Beaford, and Kingscote, 476; Dorman's Land, 92; Douglas, T., 200; Driffield, 476, 641; Dunster, F. W., 674.	
Earl Shilton, 92; Earlsfield, 247; East Dulwich, 674; Edgley, G. T., 545; Elgin, 44; Emmanuel Church, Harringay, 645; Evangelists, 93, 200; Evangelization Society, The, 407; Evans, Dr. Herber, Death of, 91.	
Farnworth, 641; Field, John, 593; Field, T. B., 641; Folkestone, 200.	
Gibbon, G. J., 545; Gilmore, J. D., 44; Gordon, C. L., 407; Greenock, 200.	
Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, Anniversary Services at, 200; Missionary Meeting at, 150; Hailstone, W. G., 200; Hatherleigh, 407; Havelock, New Brunswick, 407; Heath, Noah, 92; Herne Hill, 93; Hitchens, Dr. Hiles, Death of, 91; Hobart, 544; Home Counties Baptist Association, The, 407; Homer, G. H., 93; Honor Oak, 44; Huntley, G. A., M.D., 545.	

## NOTES (continued)—

- Ingram, C. A., 407; Irish Baptist Home Mission, The, 407.
- Jackman, G. H. F., 478; Jeffrey, R. F., 200; Jemsey, New Brunswick, 151; "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society, The, 44, 150, 190, 247, 593, 540; Jones, Samuel, 641.
- Kemp, F. G., 407; Kempton, H. K., 44; Kislbury, 593.
- Lattimer, R. S., 200; Lennie, R., 93; Lewis, R. T., Death of, 151; Leytonstone Road Baptist Mission, 93; Longford, 545; Long Sutton, 44; Lossiemouth, 200; Lovell, E. G., 583; Luton, 247; Lydd, Kent, 593.
- Mary Hill, Glasgow, 544; Melton Mowbray, 92; Metropolitan Tabernacle, The.—Bible Flower Mission, 295; Elder J. T. Dunn's Bible-class, Annual Meeting of, 674; Ladies' Working Benevolent Society, Annual Meeting of, 246; Loan Tract Society, 43, 673; Poor Ministers Clothing Society, 296, Annual Meeting of, 475; Re-election of Elders, 673; Preachers during the Pastor's absence, 544; Special Services at, 150; Watch Night Service at, 42, 92; Open-Air Mission, Quarterly Meeting of, at, 44; "Week of Universal Prayer, The," Meeting in connection with, 92; Zenana Mission, Meeting of the Tabernacle Auxiliary, 674; Middlesbrough, 247; Minifie, W. C., 151; Mount Forrest, Ontario, 93; Myles, W. G., 407.
- Neatishhead, 44; New Romney, 476, 593; Ney, J., 92; Nottingham Tabernacle, 92, 476.
- Oldring, G. W., 44; Open-Air Mission for Ireland, The, 407; Orphanage, The Stockwell, 151, 200, 296, 408, 476, 545, 593, 641, 674, 675; Orpington, 476; Reading Working Party, The, 151.
- Palmer, George, Esq., J. P., Death of, 545; Passaic, New Jersey, U.S.A., 407; Passmore, F. T., 544; Pastors' College, The, 43, 92, 151, 200, 247, 296, 407, 476, 544, 593, 641, 674; Evangelical Association, Meeting of Committee of, and Address to the Queen at, 151; Missionary Association, 44, 93, 246, 408, 674; Photograph of Group at, 592; Students' Re-union at "Westwood," 545; Visit of Students to South Street Chapel, Greenwich, 44; Payne, A. J., 247; Perth, Tasmania, 674; Peterhead, 247; Pepperdene, P. E., 544; Phayre, Sir Robert, Death of, 246; Phillips, A. E., 407; Pillins, S. F. G. S., 674; Plumstead, 296; Pomona, U.S.A., 200; Poole, 200; Port Elizabeth, South Africa, 93; Preston, 641; Priter, A., 641.
- Reading, 200; Rutherford, New Jersey, U.S.A., 407.
- St. Helena, 476; Sandown, 83; Sarson, S. S., 407; Sculley, J., 296; Sermons, C. H. Spurgeon's, in Gaelic, 91, 640; in French, 673; Moody's, D. L., Testimony to their Value, 43; No. 2,500, 43; Sherbrooke, Ontario, 93; Shoreham, Sussex, 593; Short, A. G., 93; Smith, James, Death of, 151; Smith, J. Manton, Presentation to, 673; Snell, F. T., 407; Soham, 544; Southampton, 545; Spanewick, J., 545; Surrey Gardens Memorial Hall, 673.
- SURGEON, C. H.—  
*British Weekly, The, on The Most Holy Place*, 199; His Autobiography and *The British Weekly*, 639; His influence, 91; *In Memoriam Services*, 43, 91; Standard Life of—Preliminary Notices of, 544, 591; "*Spurgeon Memorial*" Monthly, The, 43.
- Spurgeon, Mrs. C. H., Photographic Portraits of, 295, 673.
- Spurgeon, Charles, Birthday Celebration at Greenwich, 592; Special Meetings at Greenwich, 92.
- Spurgeon, Robert, 674.
- Spurgeon, Thomas, Extra Engagements, 44, 92, 193, 673, 674; His Birthday Fund, 544, 592; Stiff, Deacon James, Death of, 296; *Stockwell Orphanage Quarterly, The*, 151, 545; Stone,

## NOTE (continued)—

- E. C., 247; Swindon, 407; *Sword and the Trowel, The*, How to increase the circulation and usefulness of, 407; Our Programme for 1898, 672; Tavenor, J. F., 44; Taylor, W. J., 93; *Ten Years After!* 673; Text Union, Contributions towards the, 43; Thornaby-on-Tees, 44; Tolcdo, U.S.A., 200; Townsend, C. W., 151; Tranter, F. D., 476; Trinitarian Bible Society, The, 592; Trueman, H., 44; Tunbridge Wells, 476; Twickenham, 641.
- Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society, The, 43, 91.
- Usher, Dr., 476; Upwell, 674; Vaughan, E., Death of, 200.
- Wainwright, G., 674; Waltham Cross, 593; Walworth, 200; Wantage, 407; Ward, P. J., 200; Watch-Night Service, 42, 92; Way, J. R., 478; Wellington, 407; Weston-by-Weedon, 543; Weston-super-Mare, 200; White, W., 93; Wicks, W. A., Death of, 408; Wigan, 407; Wright, E. P., 44.
- Young Christians' Missionary Union, The, 199, 246.
- Notes from the North ... .. 77
- Only Pretty Pictures! ... .. 22
- Opposition and Fanaticism ... .. 402
- "Our Own Men" and their Work—  
 Brown, A. G., 72; Carter, E. A., 216; Cooper, J. R., 533; Donald, D. L., 181; George, E., 269; Gibbon, B. J., 604; Hall, Alfred, 456; Harris, W. J., 182; Higlett, W., 25; Last, E., 564; Potter, J. G., 380; Walker, W. (Bishop's Stortford), 653.
- Outlines of Sermons, Mr. Spurgeon's First, 11, 165, 570.
- Owen, Dr. John, and Richard Davis ... 526
- Owens, T. G.—  
 "Not Weary in Well-doing" ... .. 238
- P. C. M. A., The ... .. 436
- P. H. W.—  
 "Our Own Men" and their Work ... 456
- Pastors' College, The, Annual Report of, 303; Addresses of President and Vice-President at Annual Meeting of, 31; Receipts of, 45, 94, 152, 477, 546, 594, 641, 675; Missionary Association, Receipts of, 45, 94, 152, 201, 300, 409, 477, 546, 594, 641, 676; Proceedings at the Conference, 287; Society of Evangelists, Receipts of, 47, 106, 155, 247, 252, 302, 409, 644, 680.
- Pastor's Page, The, 16, 77, 117, 173, 221, 438, 508, 556, 608, 655.
- "Place of Perspection, The" ... .. '508
- Plea for Foreign Missions, A ... .. 383
- Poetry—"Behold, He Cometh!" 596; "Beloved by All," 19; Church's Banner, The, 575; Clouds, 132; "I am with you always," 27; King on Calvary, The, 180; Matthew xxv. 1-13, 458; Mountain Reverie, A, 172; Plea for Foreign Missions, A, 383; Sparrow, The, 18; "Tarry with me, O my Saviour!" 138; Testing Times, the Proof of Love, 614.
- Potter, J. C.—  
 Famine in the Agra District, India ... 482
- "Prayer-loving Church, A" ... .. 117
- Pullen, E. B.—  
 "Our Own Men" and their Work ... 604
- "Question Ask, The," 1, 49, 109, 157, 205, 258, 365, 433, 501, 549, 597.
- Raban, Thomas, a Man Worthy of Honour 186
- Ruthven, W.—  
 "Our Own Men" and their Work ... 564
- Sawday, C. B.—  
 Special Services at the Tabernacle, The 191
- Sea Anemone, The ... .. 613
- "Seest thou this Woman?" ... .. 512
- Sermon on Clapham Common in 1859, A ... 228
- Shindler, B.—  
 "Abide With Us," 137; Concerning Creeds and Confessions, 256; Owen, Dr. John, and Richard Davis, 526; Raban, Thomas, a Man Worthy of Honour, 186; Valiant Man in Queen Elizabeth's Day, A, 285.

- Some Fasting, Others Trusting ... .. 190  
 Sparrow, The ... .. 19  
 Special Services at the Tabernacle, The ... 191  
 Spiritual "Enquire Within upon Every-  
 thing," A ... .. 568
- SPURGEON, C. H. —**  
 Answers to Students' Questions, 1, 49, 100, 157,  
 205, 253, 385, 433, 501, 549, 597; "Come, ye  
 Children", 121; Death of Moses, The, 59;  
 Outlines of Sermons, First, 11, 165, 570;  
 "Sceat thou this Woman?" 512; Sermon on  
 Clapham Common in 1850, A, 228; Thermopylæ  
 of Christendom, The, 612.
- Spurgeon's, C. H., Autobiography, 645; Jubilee  
 Sermons, 619; 2,500 Published Sermons, 69.
- Spurgeon, Mrs. C. H. —**  
*"Carillon of Bells, A,"* 21; Fund for General  
 Use in the Lord's Work, 47, 106, 154, 201, 252,  
 302, 412, 483, 504, 548, 596, 644, 680; Her Work-  
 room, 6, 54, 112, 162, 209, 278, 368, 439, 504, 552,  
 590, 649; Sea Anemone, The, 613.
- Spurgeon, Charles —**  
 Address at the Pastors' College Annual Meet-  
 ing, 33; Fruitful Vine, A, 664; God-touched  
 Lips, 384; How the "Text Union" is prosper-  
 ing, 80; "Text Union," Contributions received  
 for the Expenses of the, 48, 108.
- Spurgeon, Robert —**  
 Indian Incidents and Illustrations, 30, 81, 119,  
 219, 400, 453, 531, 581; "Our Own Men" and  
 their Work, 181, 289, 652.
- Spurgeon, Thomas —**  
 Address at the Pastors' College Annual Meet-  
 ing, 31; "Beloved by All" (Poetry), 79;  
 Heavenward Railway, The, 257, 371; Pastor's  
 Page, The, 16, 77, 117, 173, 221, 436, 508, 556,  
 608, 655; Sparrow, The (Poetry), 18; "This  
 Sycamine Tree", 64.  
 "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society,  
 The ... .. 633  
 Stockwell Orphanage, The, Annual Report of,  
 486; Receipts, 46, 54, 192, 202, 245, 300, 409, 477,  
 546, 591, 642, 678.  
 Sultan and the Water-melon, The ... .. 598  
 Tabernacle Annual Church Meeting, The ... 145  
 Test, The ... .. 24  
 Testing Times, the Proof of Love ... .. 614  
 "Text Union" is Prospering, How the ... 80  
 Thermopylæ of Christendom, The ... .. 612  
 "These Thirty Years" ... .. 536  
 "This Sycamine Tree" ... .. 64  
 Trophies of Manchester City Mission Work 28  
 Trying Times in Tunisia ... .. 141  
 Two Thousand Five Hundredth Published  
 Sermon, Mr. Spurgeon's ... .. 69
- Tydemann, E. A. —**  
 "Behold, He Cometh", 586; "I am with you  
 alway", 27; King on Calvary, The, 190;  
 Matthew xxv., 1—13, 458; Plea for Foreign  
 Missions, A, 383; Testing Times, the Proof  
 of Love, 614.
- Valiant Man in Queen Elizabeth's Day, A** 285
- Way, J. R. —**  
 Clouds, 132; Mountain Reverie, A 172
- Whale, W. —**  
 "Our Own Men" and their Work ... 25
- Whittier, J. G. (Poetry) ... .. 626**
- Wilson, George —**  
 "Call me 'Father', John; and Don't Mind  
 Them", 583; "Little Girl, Will you Pray for  
 Me?" 184; Only Pretty Pictures! 22.
- Work-room, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's, 6, 54, 112**  
 162, 209, 278, 368, 438, 504, 552, 599, 649.



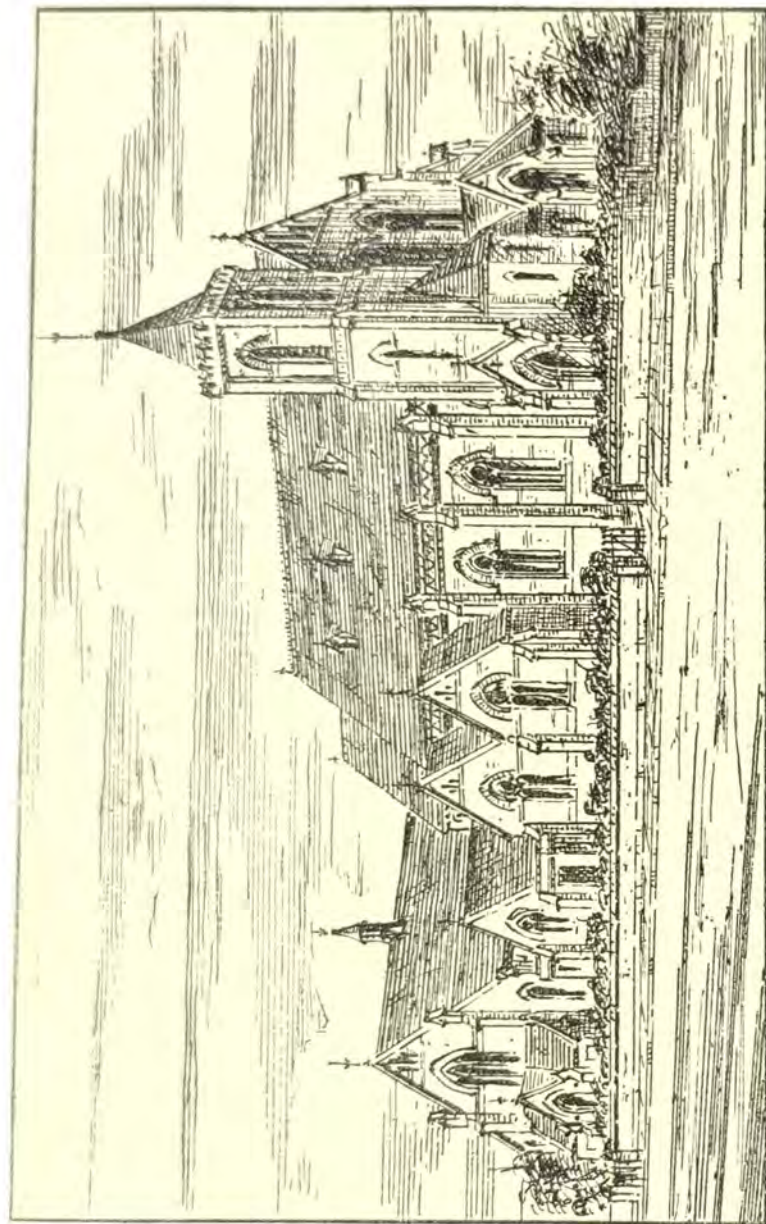
# INDEX OF TEXTS OF SERMONS, OUTLINES, ETC., BY C. H. SPURGEON, IN "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL," VOLS. I.—XXXIII.

	Year	Page
Genesis i. 7 ... ..	1871	399
" iii. 15 ... ..	1895	266
" iv. 26 ... ..	1895	109
" viii. 11 ... ..	1879	153
" xv. 1 ... ..	1894	566
" xv. 6 ... ..	1893	496
" xxviii. 13 ... ..	1887	76
" xlii. 22 ... ..	1877	541
Exodus iii. 6 ... ..	1889	49
" viii. 8 ... ..	1894	3
" xi. 7 ... ..	1894	427
" xvii. 8, 9 ... ..	1890	585
" xxiii. 10, 11 ... ..	1893	1
" xxvii. 20 ... ..	1892	685
" xxxiii. 14 ... ..	1894	613
Leviticus xxvi. 4, &c. ...	1882	252
Numbers x. 29 ... ..	1897	574
" xix. 15 ... ..	1891	209
Deuteronomy viii. 8 ...	1884	349
" xiv. 2 ... ..	1894	169
" xx. 1 ... ..	1896	222
" xxii. 8 ... ..	1869	349
" xxiv. 20 ... ..	1894	1
" xxxii. 11, 12 ... ..	1870	49
" xxxii. 48-50 ... ..	1896	1
" xxxiv. 5 ... ..	1893	50
Joshua ii. 21 ... ..	1875	148
" xxi. 45 ... ..	1894	265
Judges iii. 20 ... ..	1874	545
Ruth ii. 14 ... ..	1882	337
I. Sam. i. 27 ... ..	1868	108
" ix. 3, 20 ... ..	1872	109
II. Sam. vi. 6, 7 ... ..	1894	32
" vii. 14 ... ..	1894	549
" xvii. 23 ... ..	1870	537
" xxi. 10 ... ..	1868	294
" xxii. 2 ... ..	1892	477
" xxxii. 9, 10 ... ..	1876	439
" xxxiv. 12 ... ..	1878	517
" xxxiv. 13 ... ..	1893	599
I. Kings iv. 33 ... ..	1889	153
" v. 14 ... ..	1892	637
" xviii. 43 ... ..	1893	569
II. Kings iv. 29-37 ...	1894	547
" iv. 38, 41, 42 ... ..	1867	99
" vi. 1-7 ... ..	1876	337
" vi. 6 ... ..	1868	99
" xiii. 20 ... ..	1866	111
" xxii. 2 ... ..	1866	5
II. Chron. xxviii. 22 ...	1896	173
Nehem. viii. 10 ... ..	1895	265
Ester vi. 6 ... ..	1867	172
Job xxxii. 7 ... ..	1865	2
" xxxvii. 7 ... ..	1878	1
" xxxviii. 23 ... ..	1883	3
Psalms i. 1-3 ... ..	1878	212
" v. 3 ... ..	1895	64
" ix. 17 ... ..	1892	201
" x. 16 ... ..	1893	542
" xvii. 3 ... ..	1893	599
" xxii. 31 ... ..	1866	609
" xxv. 7 ... ..	1896	519
" xxvii. 7 ... ..	1892	252
" xxx. 5 ... ..	1892	201
" xxxiii. 18 ... ..	1892	252
" xxxiv. 11 ... ..	1889	105
" xl. 17 ... ..	1897	121
" ... ..	1871	5
" ... ..	1885	201
" li. 10 ... ..	1893	430
" li. 17 ... ..	1892	477
" lvi. 8 ... ..	1892	556
" lxi. 2 ... ..	1878	97
" lxiii. 7 ... ..	1890	111
" lxviii. 28 ... ..	1898	5
" lxxi. 16 ... ..	1899	6
" lxxii. 6 ... ..	1894	546
" lxxiii. 24 ... ..	1895	418
" lxxiii. 28 ... ..	1895	127
" lxxx. 14 ... ..	1878	382
" lxxxi. 16 ... ..	1894	577

	Year	Page
Psalms lxxxix. 10 ... ..	1888	621
" lxxxix. 16 ... ..	1899	4
" lxxxix. 26 ... ..	1892	477
" xci. 1 ... ..	1890	108
" xci. 16 ... ..	1894	51
" xciv. 14 ... ..	1893	541
" ci. 1 ... ..	1893	558
" cii. 14 ... ..	1895	170
" civ. 28 ... ..	1874	287
" cvii. 17-22 ... ..	1871	462
" cvii. 20 ... ..	1891	497
" cxl. 5 ... ..	1890	446
" cxli. 6 ... ..	1892	556
" cxlix. 69-96 ... ..	1882	117
" cxli. ... ..	1892	529
" cxlviii. ... ..	1883	171
" cxlvii. 1 (Also page 252) ...	1892	201
Proverbs iv. 16 ... ..	1894	265
" v. 16 ... ..	1878	286
" viii. 17 ... ..	1894	216
" x. 3 ... ..	1894	171
" xiv. 12 ... ..	1894	283
" xix. 2 ... ..	1894	283
" xxxiii. 26 ... ..	1892	201
" xxxviii. 26 ... ..	1895	420
" xxxix. i. ... ..	1894	169
" xxx. 8 ... ..	1892	477
Ecd. ix. 4 ... ..	1868	108
Canticles ii. 3 ... ..	1879	201
" ii. 12 ... ..	1880	109
" ii. 16, 17 ... ..	1883	289
" iv. 7 (Also page 277) ...	1865	229
" v. 9-16 ... ..	1896	585
" v. 16 ... ..	1891	109
" ... ..	1892	476
Isaiah v. 1 ... ..	1893	617
" v. 17 ... ..	1876	486
" vi. 1-8 ... ..	1880	493
" xxi. 3 ... ..	1892	555
" xxx. 2 ... ..	1878	193
" xxxii. 2 ... ..	1890	108
" xxxiii. 20, 21 ... ..	1897	573
" xxxviii. 1 ... ..	1870	207
" xliii. 1 ... ..	1888	105
" xliii. 10 ... ..	1875	501
" xlv. 17 ... ..	1893	598
" xlv. 25 ... ..	1896	174
" xlix. 2 ... ..	1880	112
" lii. 13-15 ... ..	1885	153
" liii. 5 ... ..	1893	504
" liii. 12 ... ..	1882	49
" lv. 7 ... ..	1895	63
" lvii. 14 ... ..	1896	205
" lviii. 8 ... ..	1889	480
" lxi. 1 ... ..	1877	493
" lxx. 24 ... ..	1889	489
Jer. li. 36 ... ..	1870	393
" iii. 23 ... ..	1894	168
" vi. 16 ... ..	1879	105
" x. 7 ... ..	1897	11
" xxx. 7 ... ..	1890	497
Lamen. iii. 56 ... ..	1872	202
Ezekiel xviii. 4 ... ..	1893	543
" xxxiv. 29 ... ..	1893	600
Daniel i. 21 ... ..	1893	452
" v. 6 ... ..	1894	11
" v. 27 ... ..	1897	14
Hosea xiii. 9 ... ..	1894	547
Joel ii. 8 ... ..	1869	241
" ... ..	1896	519
Amos iii. 8 ... ..	1870	312
" v. 8 ... ..	1878	286
" v. 24 ... ..	1872	364
" vii. 1 ... ..	1878	193
Jonah i. 4 ... ..	1872	545
" ii. 7 ... ..	1896	421
Micah ii. 13 ... ..	1886	195
Zechar. x. 3 ... ..	1866	97
" xiv. 20 ... ..	1866	491
Malachi iii. 17 ... ..	1893	27
Matthew i. ... ..	1893	27

	Year	Page
Matthew i. 21	1894	264
" " "	1895	477
" ii. 11	1893	67
" ii. 11	1895	265
" iii. 7, 8	1894	426
" v. 1-12	1874	8
" v. 8...	1874	129
" vii. 24-27	1894	861
" xi. 28	1892	541
" " "	1895	171
" xiii. 12	1878	346
" xiii. 24, 25	1895	419
" xiv. 16	1871	49
" xiv. 30	1896	111
" xv. 21-28	1892	128
" xxii. 5	1893	600
" xxii. 37	1892	478
" xxii. 41, 42	1896	222
" xxiii. 37	1870	49
" xxiv. 12	1893	521
" xxv. 19	1895	268
" xxv. 46	1896	109
" xxvi. 30	1867	481
" xxvi. 38	1895	418
" xxviii.	1893	111
Mark ii. 11, 12	1894	215
" ii. 16, 17	1896	224
" iv. 38, 39	1895	1
" v. 15	1896	175
" vi. 20	1894	536
" ix. 42	1896	173
" xv. 38	1897	571
Luke ii. 49	1893	544
" vii. 44	1897	512
" viii. 18	1896	565
" viii. 46	1873	497
" viii. 49	1895	561
" x. 34, 35	1898	49
" xi. 5, 6	1896	1
" xi. 21, 22	1897	49
" xii. 40	1897	228
" xiii. 7	1892	556
" xiii. 8	1892	201
" xiii. 24	1892	252
" xiv. 28	1896	567
" xix. 10	1897	169
" xxii. 14	1873	61
" xxiii. 42	1897	12
" xxiv. 47	1894	171
John i. 16	1865	471
" " "	1897	13
" iv. 34	1873	508
" iv. 35	1897	13
" v. 33	1894	534
" v. 35	(Also page 529)	1894 461
" vi. 37	1895	573
" vii. 37, 38	1896	537
" vii. 46	1895	62
" x. 41	1894	535
" xii. 3	1876	49
" xiii. 10	1870	25
" xiv. 2	(Also page 170)	1894 55
" xiv. 6	1895	12
" xiv. 18	1870	450
" xv. 2	1891	425
" xv. 9	1894	425
" xv. 15	1892	477
" xvi. 31, 32	1871	145
" xvii. 24	1892	111
" " "	1894	53
" xviii. 18	1876	97
" xix. 19	1894	472
" xx. 20	1895	345
" xxi. 16	1877	289
Acts ii. 1-6 and 33-41	1896	266
" ix. 18	1877	97
" xii. 18	1873	362
" xiii. 25	1894	535
" xvii. 34	1899	201
" xxiii. 10-13	1891	201
Romans v. 6	1894	491
" vi. 17	1896	223
" vii. 26	1892	476
" xii. 1	1897	167

Romans xiii. 12	1899	637
" xv. 5	(Also page 476)	1892 127
I. Cor. iii. 21-23	1897	165
" iii. 24, 23	1894	54
" iv. 1, 2	(Also page 325)	1897 255
" ix. 27	1892	252
" x. 4	1892	476
" x. 16, 17	1893	53
" xv. 10	1893	544
II. Cor. i. 11	1895	1
" iv. 7	1896	522
" iv. 7-18, v. 1-9	1896	633
" viii. 9	1893	497
" x. 4	(Also page 424)	1894 266
" xii. 10	(Also page 459)	1892 401
" xiii. 5	1892	252
Gal. i. 24	1895	172
" iv. 6	1897	15
" vi. 3	1896	520
" vi. 9	1893	637
Eph. i. 4	1893	542
" i. 5	1893	494
" ii. 5	1892	212
" ii. 8	1887	3
" ii. 12	1892	477
" v. 1	1896	174
" v. 8	1893	498
" v. 15	1892	478
" v. 22-33	1894	160
" vi. 15	1874	497
" vi. 16	1892	389
" vi. 17	1896	521
Phil. i. 6	1896	566
" i. 21	1894	52
" ii. 15	1890	49
" iii. 2	1876	257
" iii. 9	1894	170
" iv. 4	1894	426
" iv. 7	1895	267
" iv. 19	1877	1
Col. iii. 11	1894	168
" iii. 25	1893	497
I. Thess. iv. 17	1894	57
" v. 9, 10	1894	54
I. Tim. i. 15	1872	293
" i. 19	1892	252
" ii. 1	1895	62
" iv. 12-16	1895	157
" iv. 14	1893	357
II. Tim. i. 6	1893	421
Heb. ii. 16	1895	169
" iii. 18, 19	1877	371
" vii. 2	1894	546
" vii. 25	1893	543
" " "	1896	49
" x. 12, 13	1896	568
" x. 22	1892	555
" xiii. 7	1875	405
James i. 12	1893	370
" i. 17	1897	570
" i. 25	1892	476
" iii. 5	1892	555
" iii. 5	1895	171
" iv. 6	1892	556
" v. 11	1880	49
I. Peter i. 3-5	1894	548
" i. 16	1892	556
" ii. 7	1869	481
" " "	1873	120
" ii. 24, 25	1888	473
" v. 7	1892	477
II. Peter i. 1	1894	168
" i. 4	1894	443
" ii. 22	1896	549
I. John ii. 12	1892	252
" iii. 1	1893	545
" v. 18-20	1875	59
III. John 2	1868	462
Rev. i. 17, 18	1882	565
" v. 5, 6	1894	264
" xix. 9	1892	201
" xxi. 6	1893	543
" xxi. 27	1893	495



R.W. MOORE  
ARCHT.

AS IT IS.

(See Preface.)

AS IT IS TO BE.

BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, IN LOVING MEMORY OF C. H. SPURGEON.



THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

**F**ROM both sacred and secular history it would be easy to make a list of OAK TREES that have become memorable through some notable or even tragic incidents associated with them. Even if the word "oak" in our Authorized Version should sometimes be translated elm, teal, plane, or terebinth, the more familiar name of oak will, for ordinary

readers, always be a reminder of striking scenes in the lives of Abraham, Jacob, Joshua, Gideon, and Absalom. The Hebrew name for the tree called in the Scriptures "oak" is derived from a root meaning to be strong, and even in heathen mythology it was the tree supposed to be adopted by the mighty Zeus, or Jupiter, as the emblem of strength. It was in the oak that the wood-nymphs—the Dryades and Hamadryades,—were said to be enshrined, while the Druids regarded the tree as specially sacred.

In much more modern times, there have been oak trees with a history that is not likely to be forgotten. Ket's "Tree of Reformation" was an oak at Moushill, near Norwich, which served first as the rallying-point for the "Reformers" of 1549, and afterwards as the gallows upon which nine of them were hanged. A century later, the oak at Boscobel furnished a hiding-place for Charles II. from his Roundhead pursuers. Time and space would fail us to tell of the Crouch Oak at Addlestone, where Mr. Spurgeon preached to a large congregation; or of Wilberforce's Emancipation Oak, at Holwood, Keston, where that great and good man finally resolved to seek the help of the House of Commons for the abolition of slavery; or of the many Gospel Oaks and King's Oaks scattered over the land.

All who are well acquainted with "Westwood" know that, in the home meadow, there stands the tree which is faithfully depicted on the preceding page, and which has long borne the name of—

#### "THE QUESTION OAK."

This title was given to it because, under its spreading branches, "the peerless President," C. H. SPURGEON, loved to gather the students of the Pastors' College, allowing them to ask him any question they chose, and then, straightway, answering them. The variety of the queries, and the promptness, wit, and wisdom of the replies, furnish another illustration of the versatility and sanctified genius of the beloved servant of the Lord, who is increasingly missed as the years roll by. We have not given the names of the brethren who put the enquiries; but, doubtless, they will recognize their own, and thus will recall some of the red-letter days of their happy student life, while we feel sure that our readers generally will welcome this unique record. The first series of questions and answers here given relates to the occasion when the venerable Dr. Paton, of the New Hebrides, gave an address under the oak after having been introduced by Mr. Spurgeon as "the King of the Cannibal Islands."

\* \* \* \*

*Student's Question.*—What was the meaning of the expression, "baptized for the dead," in 1 Corinthians xv. 29?

*Mr. Spurgeon's Answer.*—That is a text which, I suppose, has had several scores of interpretations given to it,—all more or less accurate, and probably most of them rather less than more correct. I do not positively know what it means; only it seems to me very likely that, when certain of the early Christians were killed in martyrdom, there were other believers who stepped forward to occupy their posts, and who were baptized, as it were, into the places of the dead, to fill up the

gap which had been made in the ranks of the soldiers of Christ, and with a pretty clear foreknowledge that they themselves would, ere long, be called upon to join the noble army of martyrs. I do not understand any baptism for the dead except this baptism with the view of taking the place of the dead.

It seems to me that, if some grave and reverend elder of the church in the present day were to die, an earnest young Christian might be "baptized for the dead" in this sense if he were to come forward, and say, "I have heard of the very serious vacancy that has been caused by the taking home of our venerable brother, and I should like to be baptized, and to join the church, with the express wish to do all I can to help to fill up his place." I think there is sound argument in that explanation of the passage, though I am not prepared to dogmatize upon it. I do not undertake, brethren, to explain every text that you may submit to me; but I will give you, as far as I can, what I believe to be the mind of the Spirit upon the Word.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Does the baptism mentioned in this passage refer to baptism in water?*

*A.—*I think that the term baptism, when used in the New Testament, always refers to baptism in water unless there is an express mention of the baptism of the Spirit.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—How would you advise us to deal with the question of unfermented wine?*

*A.—*I should never rend the church to pieces, as some have done, by discussing the question of unfermented wine at the communion. I think there is in Scripture no rule about the matter. I used to think that nothing was really "wine" unless it was fermented, and I was specially disgusted with the mess of stewed prunes, and all that kind of stuff, which some used at the Lord's table, but which to me never constituted a valid observance of the ordinance. I believe that, at the Passover, the Jews provided whatever kind of drink they chose for their guests, and that there never was until lately such a thing as the unfermented "fruit of the vine." This is a question about which there is great room for difference of opinion, and as the minister of a church I should always prefer to use that kind of wine which would be likely to cause least offence, and so promote the truest communion among the members.

(It may be mentioned that, on the recommendation of Mr. Spurgeon, the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church has for many years used the unfermented wine prepared by Messrs. Frank Wright, Mundy, & Co., of Kensington.—*Ed.*)

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Have we valid reasons for believing that all who die in infancy are in the covenant of grace?*

*A.—*I think the question seems to answer itself by a sort of inward instinct. Every Christian man feels that it could not possibly be just to condemn infants, who have never sinned, for what they could not in any way help. You remember that, when the Lord spared guilty Nineveh, He specially mentioned to grumbling Jonah, as a reason for

His pity, that in the great city there were more than six score thousand persons who could not discern between their right hand and their left hand; those were the 120,000 little children who did not deserve to perish. You recollect also how David said, even of the child of sin and shame, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," proving that he felt sure that his infant son was with God, and that he should meet him again in the heavenly home.

Many years ago, I preached a sermon,—*"Infant Salvation"* (No. 411),—which contained, I think, all the argument about this question. I cannot understand anyone having the spirit of Christ, and yet not believing in the salvation of infants. Some foolish fanatics have pushed this doctrine to a very dreadful extreme, and have murdered their children out of love to them,—killing their bodies to save their souls! That shows how every truth may be perverted and misused.

I think there is a beautiful parallel which may help us to understand this mystery. We are saved by the righteousness of Another; and to that no one can object, for we are lost by the unrighteousness of another; and the righteousness of Christ becomes ours when, by faith, we lay our hand upon Him. I believe that original sin becomes a man's own, so as to be laid to his charge, when he appropriates it by actual sin, just as the sacrifice of Christ becomes a man's own as soon as he appropriates it by faith.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Will you kindly tell us the meaning of the passage in James v. 14, about anointing with oil?*

*A.—*That text is generally relegated to the region of passages that had a meaning only during the miraculous times of the apostles; but if you will read the connection of the verse, you will see that it is included with living precepts that are in force to-day. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." Clearly, an afflicted man is to pray now just as much as in the apostles' day. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." That advice also holds good to-day. "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." When a man is ill, there are two evils into which he may be tempted to fall. The first is,—to imitate the evil example of Asa, who "in his disease sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians;" the second is,—to trust in God, and pray, yet not to use any means or medicine that might help towards recovery. To guard against both these evils, the apostle says, "Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." Thus they were both to pray and to apply the remedy which was most in vogue at that time, that is, anointing with olive oil. Translated into the ordinary speech of to-day, they were to pray and to take their physic.

The passage certainly does not mean that certain people are to go round with a bottle, to drop oil upon the sick. There are some diseases which would be more effectually healed by the application of oil than



by any other means; but, in any case, the most appropriate remedy should be used, and prayer presented that the Lord will bless it to the sick one's recovery. But the prayer must be the prayer of faith, and even then it must be the Lord who "shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." There seems to be, in this passage, some connection between sin and sickness, as there was in the case of the Corinthians who did not rightly observe the Lord's supper, so that Paul had to write to them, "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

You know, of course, brethren, that the Roman Catholics get their abominable practice of extreme unction from this passage, and certain other people whom I need not name have made an extremely unctuous absurdity out of it.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Do you think that deacons of churches should be periodically elected?*

*A.—*I think that must very much depend upon the custom of the church to which you go; practice and precedent can often be wisely followed in such matters. Still, I cannot see from the Scriptures that the deacon is to be periodically elected any more than the pastor is. Yet, in the formation of a new church, I have recommended that, at first, the deacons should be chosen for a year, that there may be an opportunity of testing their fitness for the office. Periodical elections usually produce a great deal of ferment and commotion, as witness the Presidential elections in the United States.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Will you explain to us Matthew xviii. 18. "Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven"?*

*A.—*I say again, brethren, that I cannot undertake to give expositions of all difficult texts of Scripture; that is not quite the line of things that I go in for at these informal catechisings.

But with regard to this passage, and the companion one in John xx. 23, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained," I look upon them as declaratory. That is to say, our Lord Jesus in effect said to His disciples, "You go out, and preach My gospel, and I will go with you, and back up what you say. You will, in My name, declare that such-and-such a man, being penitent, is forgiven, and that another, who will not repent, is still under condemnation. If you deliver My message faithfully, I will support you in what you proclaim, and see that it is duly fulfilled."

Then the church comes together in its corporate capacity, and if the church as a body acts according to the rule and law of Christ, then God at the back of the church endorses its censures and excommunications, and that which is bound on earth is also bound in Heaven. If the members of the church, following strictly the Word of God, say of any man who has been in fellowship with them, "We have prayed for him, we have reasoned with him, we have argued with him, we have pleaded with him, yet he still persists in committing gross sin, we therefore sorrowfully put him out of the church,"—God's power at the



back of His own Word will confirm what His people have done, so that what they bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven. Of course, if there is injustice or wrong-doing on the part of the members of the church, what they bind or loose on earth is not bound or loosed in Heaven.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Is close communion right and Scriptural?*

*A.—*You must argue that question among yourselves, brethren. I will suppose, for a moment, that close communion is right and Scriptural; and if so, you ought never to have any communion with any unbaptized person, you should never pray with him or praise God with him, for that is a form of fellowship; you should not be a sharer with him in any spiritual blessing, in fact, you should not go to Heaven with him! If, on the other hand, it is right and Scriptural to give to a brother in Christ that which is the reality and essence of Christian communion, you may as well have fellowship with him in that which is the sign and symbol of your true union in the Lord.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What do you think of the Revised Bible?*

*A.—*There are some alterations from the Authorized Version which were absolutely necessary, and as far as I have gone at present I find them, as a rule, admirably made. The Revisers have evidently taken great pains with their work, and I for one have felt very much obliged to them for doing it so well. Of course, there are blemishes even in their Revised Version, and it will be the duty of learned men—like some of you who understand Hebrew,—to endeavour to set them right where they have blundered. On the whole, I am glad to find that there is so little alteration made in the Old Testament; and it is my opinion that if the Old Testament revision had been issued first, it would have met with almost universal acceptance, and would have prepared the way for a heartier welcome for the Revised New Testament. The English of the New Testament is so wretchedly bad, compared with the simple yet stately rhythm of the Authorized Version, that it prevents the revision as a whole from being considered satisfactory. When the work of the Revisers has been itself revised, it will be more acceptable than it is at present.

(*To be continued.*)

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

“HE SAW THEM TOLLING IN ROWING.”—Mark vi. 48.

**B**ELOVED FRIENDS,—It may be that, for some of you, the New Year opens in sadness and silence, without the merry crash of bells, and the welcoming cheers which celebrate its advent, and signify its joy to so many other hearts. Your trials are heavy, your comforts are few, earthly sorrows weigh you down, and hinder the glad mounting of your spirit to heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The prospect of incessant toil and weariness oppresses you, or the retrospect of sorrow and suffering has benumbed you, and you do not feel

you can heartily respond to the usual salutation of friend to friend, "I wish you a Happy New Year,"—you would rather have done with earth, and that God gave you the wings of a dove, that you might fly away and be at rest.

I quite understand your feelings, I have fellowship with you in your fear and faintness of heart; but I bring afresh to you, to-day, the sweet and comforting assurance that your blessed Lord knows all your sorrows, sees all your sufferings, is watching over you with a Divine love and care which know no cessation, and will, in His own good time, either relieve or release you. Nay, do you not know that, sometimes, the Master brings His dear ones into sore straits with the express object of manifesting His mighty power in their deliverance? Let me try to show you this, as in a picture, roughly outlined from the pages of God's Word. Do you see that small ship on a wind-swept lake? Storm and darkness are fast gathering their forces together, the sea is tossing and raging in furious response to the war cry of the tempest, and serious danger is menacing the men in the frail vessel. They are straining every nerve and muscle to make for the opposite shore, they labour at the oars with almost superhuman strength; but they are no match against the tremendous force of wind and wave which beats them back continually, and threatens to engulf them. Your heart fails you as you look on their perilous position, and you expect every moment that the sea will swallow up its prey. But now turn your gaze landwards. On the brow of an adjacent hill stands a solitary, but majestic Man. He is intently watching the rowers in that trembling, storm-tossed bark. Not a danger is overlooked, not an effort is unnoticed, not a fear in their hearts that does not thrill His soul with pity, and appeal to His tenderest love. He is going to save them, and in the manner of their deliverance will gloriously manifest His own Divine power and goodness. He will presently tread under His feet the waves of that turbulent sea, and compel those fierce gales to quail before Him in silent homage.

You know the sweet and sacred story, but I want you to realize that it is your story, too, and that just as truly as "HE SAW THEM TOLLING IN ROWING," and knew every detail of their condition and jeopardy, so does He take note of your sorrows, your difficulties, your need of His help and presence. Though you are tossed about on the rough waves of adverse circumstances, and every wind that blows seems contrary, though all your efforts do not bring you to the desired haven, and your strength seems fast failing,—do not lose courage; remember that your Lord is very near, and that, at the right hour and moment, He will come to your relief, and deliver you out of all your distresses.

If those disciples had known that their blessed Master was watching them, and caring for them, and coming to them, do you not think they would have shipped their oars, defied the tempest to do its worst, and sung songs of deliverance amidst the surges of the storm? They did *not* know or understand, for the Word says, "their hearts were hardened," and so they toiled on even to exhaustion, and failed to recognize the Lord even when they saw Him. But, dear friends, "*Ye know* the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," and therefore it should

be easy for you to trust Him, no matter how roughly the wind blows, or how fiercely the storm drives. Take the blessed comfort right into your heart, that your Lord so truly cares for you that nothing which concerns you is unimportant to Him, or unnoticed by Him. Live as in His immediate presence. Accustom yourself to watch for the guidance of His eye, and the ready help of His hand. Believe with all your soul and strength in His everlasting love, and then, give up "toiling in rowing," and sit in your boat and sing,—

"Peace from every trial flows,  
Because I know that Jesus knows."

\* \* \* \*

If "A poor old sinner" had given me her name and address, I would have thanked her privately for the £5 note she sent me, and written some words of comfort that she only might have read; as it is, I am obliged to make my answer in this public fashion. First, as to the money. The lists are closed for the two cases mentioned in November *Sword and Trowel*; but if my friend will look in the December number, she will see an equally sad case recorded, and the gift shall be sent there. Very many thanks for the kindness. To help poor ministers, is to make my heart rejoice; and I thank God for the abundant joy I have had in this way lately. I have been able, in so many cases, as one pastor said, "to turn their winter into summer!"

But, dear friend, my gladness was deeply shadowed for a few moments by what you said concerning yourself:—"I am a very unhappy old woman, past eighty years of age, and I cannot find Jesus!" Your words startled and shocked me at first, it seemed so terrible a thing to say; but I have been asking the Lord about you, and I think, if you will give up trying to "find Jesus," and just *let Him find you*, you will have peace and rest. When the poor sheep was lost, it did not go after the shepherd, did it? No, the shepherd sought and found it, and brought it back rejoicing. There is nothing for you to do, but just lie still *and bleat*. He will hear your cry, and come and save you. In your letter to me, you call yourself a "sinner", thus acknowledging that you are one of those whom Jesus Christ came to save. You cannot think He is unwilling to do the very thing which brought Him from Heaven to earth, and for which He shed His precious blood! Trust Him wholly, then; relinquish your own doings and wanderings, believe in His atoning sacrifice for sin, and you will pass from death unto life, and be able to sign yourself, "A poor old sinner, saved by sovereign grace."

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Here is a lovely little story which I had from one of "our own" men. A gentleman was visiting a friend who was an ardent admirer and lover of dear Mr. Spurgeon, and was continually extolling him as a preacher. "I have never heard him," said the visitor, "but next Sunday I will go and see whether he deserves the praise you so liberally bestow upon him." So he went to the Tabernacle, and on his return from the morning service, his host met him with the eager question, "Well, what did you think of him?" "Nothing," was

the reply. Then, seeing the look of astonishment and sorrow on his friend's face, he said again, "No, nothing," but his eyes filled with tears of joy as he added, "All I *can* think of is the dear preacher's Saviour!" My correspondent writes:—"Oh, Mrs. Spurgeon, no finer eulogy than this could be passed upon any man's preaching; and even you can scarcely know how we—his men,—long and yearn to imitate him who is still telling out 'the old, old story,' not only upon earth, but in the wide domain of Heaven!"

\* \* \* \*

Without wishing to intrude unduly the remembrance of my griefs upon my readers, I feel I must say a word or two concerning that irreparable loss we all suffered when, five years ago, on the last night of this never-to-be-forgotten month, God took home to Himself our dearly-beloved C. H. Spurgeon. Who could have thought, in that hour of anguish, that life would have been possible for so many years without him? But what pitiful tenderness hath God shown to me in my widowhood and loneliness! Though He has taken away the sun from my sky, He has made the evening star exceeding bright; and as faith looks up with longing eyes to Heaven, clusters of radiant promise-lights are visible, which cheer and direct the weary traveller on the journey home. Next to the "good hope through grace" of eternal life by faith in the Son of God, is the sweet and solemn assurance that our blessed dead are *not* lost to us, their individuality is *not* swallowed up in their glory, nor were the precious ties which bound them to us on earth rudely snapped as they passed through the borderland of death to the gate of the Paradise of God.

A recent writer on this subject\* says very touchingly:—"Is it not sweet to think that, in the quiet sunshine of that unknown life, earthly love in God does not lie withered like a dewless flower, nor is it slowly dying, scorched to the roots by the fierce glare of a greater and a rival glory? No; it must be only matured, ripened, hallowed, and refined by the vision of the Love from which it came into our hearts, and by the pure and holy dews of the Spirit of grace, who first planted it there as a sacred gift from Himself." There are some Christians who torture themselves with fears that recognition of friends in Heaven is neither promised nor probable; but I think that they must have overlooked the many gracious hints and gentle whispers which reward a reverent listening to the revealed Word, or the breathings of God's Spirit in their own hearts. It is well for us when we can leave this question for our God to answer in His own good time, and feel prepared to accept His blessed will concerning it; but when I read such an assurance as that given in 1 Cor. ii. 9, I cannot imagine that the God of Love will omit from Heaven's blessedness the brightest and choicest benediction of our earthly life. It is my confident belief that I shall see and know my beloved one again in glory, and that there, our earthly love, purified and sanctified, shall continue, and maybe, increase in the perpetual light of the presence of our King and Saviour. Even the thought that there are *degrees* in

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\* James E. Walker, M.A., in *The Blessed Dead in Paradise* (Elliot Stock).

glory does not trouble me. I may have the very lowest place of service in the Heavenly City, while he who was nearest and dearest to me on earth will certainly shine as one of God's brightest saints in His kingdom; but my love will exult in his exaltation, and rejoice exceedingly in all the honour put upon him by the Master he so loved and served on earth; and I am persuaded that he will seek me out, sometimes, to tell me of some new glimpse of the Master's glory, or some fresh discovery of the sweetness of His love, for he was never so happy as when he divided with me his joys, even as he was never so comforted as when I shared his sorrows.

*"We are quite sure  
That He will give them back—  
Bright, pure, and beautiful;  
We know that He will but keep  
Our own and His until we fall asleep;  
We know He does not mean  
To break the strands reaching between  
The Here and There.  
He does not mean—though Heaven be fair,—  
To change the spirits entering there,  
That they forget,  
The eyes upraised and wet,  
The lips too still for prayer,  
The mute despair.  
He will not take  
The spirits which He gave, and make  
The glorified so new  
That they are lost to me and you.  
I do believe  
They will receive  
Us,—you and me,—and be so glad  
To meet us that, when most I would grow sad,  
I just begin to think about the gladness  
And the day  
When they shall tell us all about the way  
That they have learned to go,—  
Heaven's pathways show.  
My lost, my own, and I  
Shall have so much to see together by-and-by.  
I do believe that just the same sweet face,  
But glorified, is waiting in the place  
Where we shall meet, if only I  
Am counted worthy in that by-and-by.  
I do believe that God will give a sweet surprise  
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,  
And that His Heaven will be  
Most glad, most tided through with joy  
For you and me,  
As we have suffered most."*

Pray for me, dear friends; I know that some of you do this already, and you cannot show me a greater kindness if you pray in faith. Will you ask, with loving importunity, that I may be made meet to be a partaker of that blessedness which my beloved now enjoys?

S. S.

# Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from Volume XXXII., page 570.)

## LXXXVI.—THE LORD IS A KING.

*"Who would not fear Thee, O King of nations? for to Thee doth it appertain: forasmuch as among all the wise men of the nations, and in all their kingdoms, there is none like unto Thee."*—Jeremiah x. 7.

The Personage spoken of by Jeremiah as King is King now. He had been King for a long time, even from everlasting; and He will reign for ever, King of the nations of Heaven, earth, and hell. He has three sorts of subjects,—

1. Those He rules in terrible justice, vengeance, and wrath.
2. Those He over-rules by power, making their devices and even their sins to work His will and purpose.
3. Those He rules by love, constraining them by gratitude to yield to Him.

These are His willing subjects. Among them He dwells in His great palace above, and in His little ones below in men's hearts. His decrees are all made for them. His honour, wisdom, love, and power are their defence. He ever smiles on them, and gives audience to them.

They are also His happy subjects; some completely so, others partly so,—not because He is not equally loving to them, but because they are not yet completely at one with Him, for they are not entirely holy as the angels are. The holy angels, the saved saints in Heaven, and believers on earth, are subjects of King Jesus; but why do not all men bow loyally before Him?

1. All do not know Him; some are ignorant of His claims.
2. Some do not understand the way to submit to Him.
3. All natural men dislike Him.

Yet we ought all to serve Him and "crown Him Lord of all," for—

1. He is our Maker and Preserver.
2. He is a kingly Personage, worthy to reign by reason of His holiness, wisdom, justice, truth, power.
3. We live in His territory.
4. His past acts of kindness give Him a claim over us.

Some will respond to this claim. Let them be thankful that they are willing in the day of His power, let them ever give to Him—

1. Their humble homage of praise, honour, and glory.
2. Strict, universal obedience to His rule.
3. Entire resignation to His will.

4. A trust implicit, and a love burning to increase His dominions.

Some do not love submission to Christ. Let them know that He demands it of them. Let me appeal—

1. To their conscience. Is it just or right to reject King Jesus? Is it not better to obey Him than to revolt against Him?
2. To their fear. What is the use of rebellion? Will it not bring heavy loss both in time and eternity? Do you not fear the great

Lord of hosts? Dare you give a refusal to His demand for your homage?

3. To their hope. Does He not promise largely? He treats the submissive nobly. Do not others prosper who obey? Will not you? You shall be happy for ever if you yield to Him.

4. To their love, gratitude, generosity, to any spark of noble feeling that may induce them to submit to Christ, cautioning them that a decree has been passed that only through Jesus can obedience be accepted from creatures fallen and depraved. The Prince Emmanuel is the sole Ambassador to the court of Heaven.

### LXXXVII.—THE THIEF'S PRAYER.

*"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."*—Luke xxiii. 42.

This narrative, though often used, is not exhausted.

#### I. THE THIEF'S PRAYER CONSIDERED AS AN INDICATION OF REAL CONVERSION.

Sincere prayer is an infallible sign of grace. The difficulty is to know whether the prayer is real or not. We know that the thief's was, and we may presume that other genuine prayers will be like his. In his there was—

1. A confession of sin, and of the justness of the punishment.
2. A reliance on Jesus alone.
3. Good works followed in proportion to his circumstances; rebuke of his companion, an open confession, submission to Jesus, humility, a right estimation of heavenly things.

#### II. THE GREATNESS OF THE THIEF'S FAITH WAS ENHANCED BY VARIOUS DISCOURAGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

1. Christ's own circumstances at the time,—mocked, reviled, crucified,—yet the thief calls Him "Lord," and believes in His kingdom. With clearer views than even Christ's disciples had, he did more than they; for they fled, but he boldly confessed Christ.

2. The grounds of his faith were small compared with what we enjoy. He probably had not attended Christ's ministry, but perhaps was converted by the Spirit, by means of Pilate's words, the exact fulfilment of prophecy, Christ's quiet mien, His prayer for His murderers, etc.

3. His own circumstances as a notorious convicted sinner now at the point of death.

The thief's conversion was singular in the circumstances of Jesus, and in his own, too; but as to the mode of salvation, it is not at all singular, for all conversions are—

By grace acting upon the heart. Justification is at all times by faith. No one has more merits than the thief had. The same signs must be looked for in all conversions, and all similar prayers shall have similar answers. Wherefore,—

1. Presume not, sinner.

2. Despair not, sinner.

Let the thief's prayer help us in judging of ourselves and of others; and let his faith shame our unbelief.

## LXXXVIII.—THE GRACE RECEIVED.

*"And of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace."*—John i. 16.

John the Evangelist, not John the Baptist, is here speaking; he is proceeding from what he says of Jesus in the fourteenth verse, where he speaks of what we shall speak of,—

## I. CHRIST'S FULNESS.

Not His Divine fulness, but His mediatorial fulness, as the Head of a new covenant race. As the source of mercy, there was in Jesus—

1. A fulness of grace,—the grace of the Spirit, pardoning, justifying, upholding, preserving grace, as also of light, strength, wisdom, and knowledge.

2. A fulness of truth. Christ was the sum and substance of truth, the fulness of sincerity to man and of integrity and faithfulness to God.

## II. OUR RECEIVINGS: "grace for grace."

Not all men, not the apostles only, but all believers.

1. Grace instead of works; the gospel instead of the fainter and less clear dispensation of Moses.

2. Grace to produce grace in us. This was God's aim and design in giving grace.

3. Grace,—not for works, but "for"—"on account of"—"grace." This is the great moving cause of all mercy from God to man.

4. Grace upon grace, mountains upon mountains,—personal election, particular redemption, effectual calling, regeneration, full and free pardon, final preservation.

1. If we can truthfully utter this text, how happy we are!

2. If not, how poor and miserable!

## LXXXIX.—THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

*"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."*—John iv. 35.

How providential was this meeting of Christ with the woman at the well! How wonderful the effect of a few words of conversation with one poor woman! So is it still. By this was produced—

## I. A WHITENING OF THE FIELDS FOR HARVEST.

1. Here was a congregation.

2. Here were some convinced of sin.

3. Men were now desirous of knowing the truth.

## II. WHOSE HARVEST?

Not the final gathering to glory, but the gathering of grace; the garnering of the elect into the lower granary. It was—

1. Christ's harvest. The fruit of His agonies, the purchase of His life, the answer to His prayers.

2. The Father's harvest. For to this end He gave His Son. He longs to see righteousness extend in the earth.

3. The Spirit's harvest. For His is the seed; it is His work to fit



the sower for sowing, and the ground for receiving; it is His work to give life to the germ, to water, to nourish, and to mature.

4. A true minister's harvest. For this he toils; not for applause, or wealth, but for love to souls.

5. The harvest of the church. She travaileth in birth for souls.

### III. WHY A HARVEST?

1. Because it is a thing to be desired and expected.

2. It is a cause of anxiety; will the crop be a good one?

3. It is a time of gladness and thankfulness.

I will close with a few remarks,—

1. Christians, be on the look-out: "Lift up your eyes" with wonder, notice with attention.

2. Be instant in prayer to the Lord to keep off the blight, and be earnest in effort to drive away the fowls that would steal the corn.

3. Sinners, long to be reaped in Christ's harvest; see how Heaven and earth are labouring for your good.

Lord, send a glorious harvest! Amen.

## XC.—THOU ART TOO LIGHT.

*"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."*—Daniel v. 27.

Belshazzar feasts, defies the wrath of God, profanes the holy vessels taken from the temple at Jerusalem, and praises "the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone." His drunken revelry is suddenly stopped, and his mirth is changed into utmost terror as he sees the handwriting on the wall, which none can read but Daniel. The aged prophet, hoary with the weight of about ninety winters, bold in reproof, disdains the king's gifts, tells him he is even worse than his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar, and then, without even exhorting him to repentance, reads out his irrevocable doom.

No doubt I am speaking to Belshazzars who have turned their bodies, which should be the vessels of God, into instruments of lust, and who have defied Him, although they also are under condemnation.

I. CONSIDER THE TIME WHEN THIS SENTENCE SHALL BE UTTERED. "TEKEL; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

When "MENE" is said, thy days are numbered, the day of grace is over. At the day of judgment, all must be weighed; no short weights will be allowed to pass.

### II. EXAMINE THE WEIGHTS AND SCALES.

1. The scales will hold all men, even kings and princes.

2. They are very exact.

The sufferings of Jesus and the trials of the saints are all by measure and there will be no mistake about the final judgment of mankind.

3. The result will be decisive.

There will be no appeal from the decision of the Divine standards.

The weights are not—

1. The opinion we have of ourselves;

2. The opinion the church has of us; nor—

3. The opinion of the world: but—

4. The law of God, the Scriptures, the balances of the sanctuary.

III. WE WILL JUDGE OURSELVES NOW, THAT WE MAY NOT BE JUDGED THEN.

We will put into the scales—

1. The whole human race. By nature, they are *short weight*.
2. A selection of the very best. In themselves, *too light*.
3. Some of the poorest and least of the believers in Jesus. *All right*.
4. Poor tempest-tossed, Satan-tempted sinner, yet saved by grace. *Up to the Lord's standard*.
5. There is hardly any need to try the Pharisee, the swearer, the drunkard, the reprobate; for these are all *very light*.
6. Talkers, but not doers;—*short weight*.
7. All head, but no heart; doctrine, not practice;—*short weight*.
8. Short-winded men, who run well only for a time;—*short weight*.
9. Half-and-half; those who hold with the hare, and run with the hounds;—*short weight*.
10. The Sunday man, who has no week-day religion;—*short weight*.
11. The moral man, with no true change of heart and life;—*short weight*.

None can sit in these scales by themselves, for all are as light as a feather. Jesus will be weighed with His saints; we are "complete in Him."

#### XCI.—THE SPIRIT CRYING, "ABBA, FATHER."

"And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, *Abba, Father*."—Galatians iv. 6.

The Epistle to the Galatians, containing the great doctrine of justification by faith, is a powerful battering-ram for overthrowing the walls of the Church of Rome.

I. THE APOSTLE'S DECLARATION: "God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts."

Regeneration, conversion, etc., all require it.

The personal safety, perseverance, etc., of the saints can only so be ensured.

Of the Holy Spirit's influence on us, we have internal evidence in our souls, and external evidence in our lives.

"Into your hearts." This is the centre of the Spirit's action; it circulates from the heart to other parts of our being.

"Sent forth," implies that the Spirit of God is not found in the heart of man naturally.

II. THE CAUSE OF GOD'S SENDING HIS SPIRIT: "Because ye are sons."

Because of sonship, not service; that it might be wholly of grace, for sonship brought about by regeneration and adoption is manifestly the gift of God.

"Ye are." Present blessings should be valued; we are not always to fret about "*what we were*," not even always to sigh for "*what we shall be*."

III. THE EFFECT OF GOD'S SENDING HIS SPIRIT: "Crying, *Abba, Father*."

"Crying,"—not singing, nor calling, nor groaning. All do not have these evidences of the Spirit's presence; but all have this one: "crying, Abba,"—the word which slaves might not use to the free.

The Hebrew word, "Abba," joins the Gentile word, "Father."

This is a short, unpolished, feeble cry, yet an eloquent, mighty, and prevailing one; Jonah, from the fish, and Moses, without the utterance of a word, were heard and answered.

Inference 1.

We must highly esteem the Spirit of God.

Inference 2.

Let us take comfort from this truth, so shall the "cry" improve into a song.

Inference 3.

How destitute of all grace are those who never cry unto God!

(To be continued.)

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT was in July, 1878, I think, that my first article appeared in what I have always regarded and spoken of as "*the Magazine*." Since then I have been privileged to contribute to its pages pretty regularly as a sort of Colonial Correspondent, and never has my heart been happier than when the late dear Editor, in acknowledging receipt of another article, said, "I am always glad of your lively bits for *S. & T.*" Now the way has opened to become a little more closely associated with the Magazine, and by means of "The Pastor's Page" I hope to communicate monthly with my friends and helpers. *I write now from Newington instead of from New Zealand.* What a deal that change means to me! What need have I of prayerful support and kind encouragement! My first message, therefore, shall be a word of cheer. Maybe that I shall help myself by trying to stimulate others.

\* \* \* \*

CHEER UP! CHEER UP!

Christmas and the New Year in the Colonies prove a strange experience for a fresh arrival; but after a while the "new chum" grows accustomed to a mid-summer Christmas, to sunshine instead of snow, and to picnics in the bush in lieu of festivities around the fire. But at no time is one more open to an attack of that distressing malady, home-sickness. So many memories come crowding in, that even the sunny skies of Australasia cannot prevent some shade falling upon the heart. Then it is that a message from home, a photo of the distant dear ones, or a pretty card, serves as a sweet pick-me-up to the fainting spirits. Thus helpful was the New Year's card which is reproduced in *fac-simile* on the opposite page.

It was as salve to sore eyes, as manna to a hungry heart, as a breeze from heaven itself on a sultry day, and "as cold water to a thirsty soul." It was, indeed, "good news from a far country." I never tired of turning to it. Its twittering birds always had a "chirrup" for me,

and the Scripture text in the dear handwriting never failed to comfort me. It is not possible to tell in words the joy it brought to my heart; but, dear reader, you can imagine me, as I gazed upon this love-link, soliloquizing thus:—

"This card has come to me direct from my own dear father, and he himself has written on it the sweet words of Jesus about my HEAVENLY FATHER, and His care for sparrows,—birds of low degree though they are.

"These are London sparrows, surely! How well I remember them, and their pert and perky ways! And this is London snow, doubtless; I fancy it is a little stained by the fog already,—I haven't forgotten that, either! (I could wish myself amid it all again, if only for a few glad days. London, with all thy fogs, I love thee still!) Perchance, these sparrows have chirped at 'Westwood,' and these flakes have fallen nigh unto the hill called Beulah! Maybe, the whole scene is of 'Home, sweet Home,'—I know they care for the birdies there!



"Anyhow, here is certain proof that I am not forgotten by my loving parents, for father has inscribed the card, and mother has enclosed it in her letter. Moreover, I know that father is very careful of these *souvenirs*. Many a time have I seen him conning them, and admiring them. He did not send me this one because he did not care for it, but rather *because he did*;—surely, then, he cares for ME! And he has called me by the tender title which his great love coined on purpose for me,—'Son Tom.' He loves me; He loves me!! and I with all my heart love him. Oh, that, in the New Year for which his

'best wishes' have just arrived, I may bear his honoured name more worthily, and serve his Lord, and mine, more efficiently!

"The *text* is best of all,—a well-spring of delight. The Lord, who provides for the sparrows even in the time of snow, and counts and cares for all His creatures, will surely have me in everlasting remembrance. If my earthly father, with all his labours, thinks about me, my HEAVENLY FATHER'S memory will never let me slip. Methinks I hear Him saying, 'Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows;' and my own heart, no longer desolate, replies, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.'"

\* \* \* \*

Thus the card encouraged *me*. I hope, dear reader, it may help *you*, also. Listen to the *chirrup* of the sparrow, and "cheer up" accordingly. You are not forgotten, nor forsaken; you never shall be if, by faith in Jesus, you are God's dear child.

The sparrows in the snow-time  
By Providence are fed,  
And God forgets at no time  
The souls for whom Christ bled;  
There's not a single sparrow  
Falls bleeding to the ground,  
But God permits the arrow,  
Which gives the fatal wound.

Two for a farthing gotten!  
And five are sold for two,  
But none shall be forgotten,  
The odd one's valued, too!  
How much more are ye better  
Than all the fowls of air?  
Let fear, then, loose its fetter,  
You are your FATHER'S care!

Cheer up! faint heart and fearful,  
The good Lord prizes *you*.  
What! are your eyes still tearful,  
Though skies are growing blue?  
No storm can last for ever;  
Lo! sunlight plays again,  
On ocean, and on river,  
On hillside, and on plain!

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## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &C., &C.

### I.—IN THE YEARS THAT ONCE WERE NEW.

WE seem to sit again in an old-time chapel, and to hear once more the hymns from Rippon's drawled out in an unctuous sing-song by an elder with a stiff neck, bandaged in a huge white cloth. We are making one of our earliest efforts to train the memory by striving to recollect the two, and sometimes, four lines, announced.

The old people in the communion pew have no hymn-books, and could not read them were they there. We try to pick up stray notes as the tune goes "in and out, and round about." The men wear stocks, and far-projecting collars; one little man seems, to our childish fancy, as though his head were a big bud which had pushed two white leaves aside. The senior sisters dress in high bonnets and "browns." The pew-opener looks as solemn as an undertaker both in attitude and attire. He takes strangers up the aisle with soft footfall, and closes the door of their pew with deliberation. Occasionally, a very precise deacon blows his nose with the sound of a post-boy's horn; this, with the precentor's sing-song, and the dear old pastor's reading from "Isah-yah," are the only privileged sounds in the place. We puzzle over the mystery of the three books of Watts; then wonder if the leading men get tired, standing through the long prayer, or whether they doze like the horses. We find ourselves backsliding, and feel ashamed; we, therefore, stand on a hassock through the next hymn, with some idea that it is a stool of repentance. But very soon the thought fades, and we use our eminence as a post of observation, and speculate what kind of an old gentleman he could be, who, from the handwriting on the wall, was minister for fifty years, and died long before the said infant speculator was born. Then we subside into the midst of silks, and stuffs, and muffs, to listen to the sermon, and to wonder why, at the firstly, secondly, and thirdly, that dread deacon need punctuate the pause by blowing almost as shrill a blast as the mail-guard does when the coachman draws up with a flourish at the next inn. All this and more comes back to us as the mists roll away from the years that once were new.

The old meeting-houses are fast disappearing, with the heavy galleries, high pews, preacher's perch on the wall, and ugly mural tablets in memory of the departed. Some of these ancient structures have been "innardly improved"—as a grandfather of the locality informed us concerning one of them. For our part, we would rather have a gallery and pews as black as ebony than see a conventicle of Puritan times turned into a modern mission-hall. Keep your relics, and do not so "act in the living present" as to show us walls which the persecuted reared, while you cast out their pews to make room for a contractor's substitutes, and let run down a clock that has preached to the generations, while you stick over the new gallery a dial from Mr. Tick, up street! Keep the old place intact somehow; and if you must go with the times, and have an apse, and transepts, and Gothic columns, and pulpit at the side, put them up somewhere else. This you must needs do, for the conventicle will have none of them. Be a Temple-builder, if you will; but beware of Vandalism.

The old sanctuaries were, like their worshippers, built on the square;—solid, heavy, unpretentious, stern, stiff-backed. The only curve in the building would be the bell-shaped pulpit; though, often enough, that was a square box, with a square-cut ledge for the Bible. The only approach to finery was the velvet cushion with tassels,—a treacherous movable in the hand of an excited preacher. Many years ago, we knew an ancient sage who was the witness of a strange

catastrophe. The occasion was a striking one. The communion pew was full of divines. The preacher was a very nervous man. He used the Bible and cushion with startling effect. The ministers watched their brother get nearer and nearer to the abyss. A sudden twitch, when over went cushion and Bible into the midst of the conclave! One brother escaped just in time, or he would have come under discipline on the spot. The old scholar who told us the tale said he never saw a worse translation of the Bible in his life!

There lies open before us a thin note-book of sermons preached in a sanctuary of other days. The writing is faded, and hard to decipher, though the boy's hand that took the notes is the man's hand that pens this page. But slowly the lines become a revelation, and there flow from them the emotions of the days gone by. They were only congealed. The past is but dormant; it wakes at a touch, and the years that have dozed the longest are the lightest sleepers. When they *all* wake,—what then?

The old pastor might well have been styled one of the "Fathers." His first "call" lasted him a lifetime, for he was the shepherd of one flock for forty-four years. When he at last went to a better Church, there was as much lamentation over his departure as when Joseph and his brethren buried their father Jacob. But that was in the days when ministers lived to a good age among their own people. Now that pastoral work has become a dangerous occupation, it has to be done, like coal-mining, in "shifts." Wherever the fault may lie, a slight alteration of a well-worn couplet might cap some localities,—

" They want but little here below,  
Nor want that little long."

The sermon in the note-book is from Romans viii. 28: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." The discourse is one of a series for the New Year. The old preacher's sentences run something like this:—"We should never be afraid to step into the future with God. A new road to us is a safe road with Him. Though you have not been that way heretofore, the Master has. The lives of God's people are mapped out as accurately as an Ordnance survey. When the apostle says, 'all things,' he means things that differ much, some going one way and some another,—like wheels in a machine,—but all combining, even by contrary movements, to one end."

So our old mentor preached in the years that once were new. He belonged to the same "persuasion" as the apostle Paul,—THE SOCIETY OF SURE SALVATIONISTS. One morning, about a year after this sermon on all things working together for good to them that love God, a relative asked him if he would be ready to join the family at table. "Ready, always ready!" was his dreamy answer. When they called again, he had heard the voice of Him who said to the disciples by the sea-shore, "Come and dine."

During these years, it was the custom to gather to an early

devotional meeting on New Year's morning. We would set out "when it was yet dark," as it was when Mary went to the sepulchre of her Lord. But ere the grey dawn had struggled into day, we found the risen Christ in communion with His people. It seemed most fitting thus to meet. Our way lay through dimly-lighted streets, past stray revellers reaching their homes by a sinuous route; up an avenue with graves on either side, where the worshippers of a past age slept under the shadow of the old meeting-house more soundly than they had ever done within its walls. But for once it was right to look for "the living among the dead," for within a few feet of the graves was a large school-room filled with early seekers, intent upon obtaining the blessing promised to such. There were deacons out at a seven a.m. prayer-meeting; and mechanics who had managed somehow to get an hour before the manual labour of another year began; apprentices, too, who would be taking down their masters' shutters soon after eight; girls from the factories; and mothers in Israel who had attended that sacred function for many years. When the old pastor, with his silvery hair combed back, rose to speak, it was as if we heard again the cry, "It is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

But these were years when meetings for prayer were deemed essential to the spiritual life of the church. Nearly all those praying people have been "promoted." The old sanctuary has passed away, and the site "improved" almost out of knowledge. Yet, in these "advanced days", we cannot afford to forget those gracious men of a former generation who used to troop in to prayer. They believed in "keeping up the average." So, for duty and for pleasure both they met; whether in the dull wintry dawn, or when the morn, "in russet mantle clad," swept down the dewy slopes of summer; or when, in the evening's glow, the setting sun clothed their homely figures with his glory; and thus their persons and their prayers became enshrined, to be among the precious memories of the years that once were new.

## Mrs. Spurgeon's "Carillon of Bells."

THERE can be no doubt as to the delicate charm in *A Carillon of Bells*, and one can understand how *such* reflections soothe and smooth.

"Her words so toned, so quieted down  
The inward surge, the outward frown,  
Brought stillest hour that I had known  
For many a day."

In our old Abbey tower at home, the chimes used to play, "Begone, unbelief," to the tune "Hanover." Many a time have I dreamily gone through the hymn with the chimes. May *A Carillon of Bells* charm away unbelief, and ring in "Ebenezer," wherever they are heard!—  
*Extract from a private letter.*



## Only Pretty Pictures !

SHE was a noble-looking old lady, and she lived in a flat in a poor street in one of the large Scotch towns. Her education had been sadly neglected, for her parents had a hard struggle with poverty, and from a child the few pence she could earn were needful to make the income of the family sufficient to keep hunger from the home. Her heart was given to the Saviour while she was yet young, and she was a most trustful, obedient Christian. She had a son who, soon after the death of his father, became a local preacher ; and he was heard all the more gladly because he was so tender-hearted towards his widowed mother.

Trade was so bad that, after many a struggle, the young man determined to take a voyage to try to make his way in the great world. Australia at that time was regarded by many as a great gold mine ; and as there was need of good men who could preach in that distant land, the widow's son resolved to emigrate to the Antipodes.

At the chapel, there was quite a scene one Sunday evening, with the prayers of the aged, the looks of sadness on the faces of the young, and the tears of the poor widow. A venerable class-leader shed a ray of light upon the sombre picture as, taking the young man by the hand, he said (only it was in Scotch), "Fare thee well. God will help thee. Try to be useful, and never forget thy mother." "Ah !" said many together, "he will not forget her, he is too good for that."

The time seemed long to the widow since her son had left home,—for in the days of sailing ships it took the vessel months to reach Australia,—and she wondered when she should get a letter from her boy.

One day, the postman called,—and oh, joy!—there was a real letter for the widow. She opened it, and, to her surprise, there was only a letter and a piece of paper, which the widow, in her ignorance, thought was only "a bit of a picture." As she could not read, she took the letter to a friend, but she said to herself, "This bit of a picture I will put away, it isn't worth much. My boy must think his mother is a bairn, to send me such a picture as this."

The old lady to whom the letter was taken was not much better educated than the widow, but she managed to read :—"Dear mother, — I am here in health, and have got into good work. I am likely to do well, and wish you could be here. This is a nice place, and I am trying to live to God. . . . I enclose a little bit of paper for you ; it is all I can do at present, but you shall have some more like it soon. My love to you," &c.

"Well, that is a nice letter," said the old lady ; "I suppose he has sent you something."

"Oh ! it is only a picture ;"—and a feeling of shame came over the old widow as she answered the enquiry.

Months passed away, a year had gone, and the second year had nearly run itself out, when the old widow was taken ill, and the minister of the circuit was sent for to pray with her. He found the home clean, but the poverty of the poor woman moved his heart.

After conversation and prayer, he hastened to the treasurer of the sick-fund for a grant, that such a deserving saint might not die of want.

"Ah!" said the treasurer, "I am deceived in her son. I heard, the other day, that he is doing well in Australia, and I think he must have sadly gone astray to forget the promises he made on the eve of his departure." Soon there was another person in the room, the tongue of scandal was doing its evil work, and the character of the young man was found to be full of holes.

The minister was new to his sphere, so on going back to the widow he said, "I am told that you have a son in Australia; is it so?"

"Yes, sir, he left home long ago."

"Does he never write to you?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, yes! very often," was the reply.

"Does he never send you any help?" queried the pastor.

"Never! He just puts a little picture in each letter; and after I saw the first one, just for shame I could not let anyone read his letters."

"Well, I am surprised, and he such a good young man. Would you mind letting me see the letters? When I have his address, I will write to him," said the minister.

Pointing to the top drawer, the old lady said, "You will find them all there; each one has a picture in it."

The minister opened his eyes with astonishment, he rubbed his head and pulled his beard, and then quietly said, "Poor boy! Have you never asked anyone to write to him since he wrote to you the first time?"

"No, sir, I was hurt at his sending me that picture."

"My dear friend, you are a rich woman. All these that you call pictures are notes on the Bank of Australia. You have had these all this time that you have been in poverty, and that poor boy has been pining for a letter from you."

Like one waking out of a sleep, the old woman lifted herself upon one elbow, and said, "Well, I declare; I let them speak evil of my boy for forgetting his mother, because I thought they were only little pictures."

Soon there was a nurse in the house, and comforts in abundance, and very speedily there was a letter on its way to the young man in the far-off land.

He was a good son, who had made his mother rich, but she did not know it. We who believe in Christ are also rich; our elder Brother has sent us a goodly letter; but, like the old woman, we have treated the promises in it as she regarded the bank-notes. We have put the Bible into a costly binding, we have had tasteful frames made for special texts, and we have chosen goodly places to hang them; but we have sighed, and groaned, and talked as though we had a forgetful relative who had only sent us "pretty pictures." Out with the notes upon the Bank of Faith, cash them this very day, for "all things are yours."

Sunderland.

GEO. WILSON.

## The Test.

LINACRE, on his death-bed, took up a New Testament, and read the words of the Lord Jesus, "Swear not at all" (Matt. v. 34). He immediately closed the Book, with the exclamation, "Either this Book is not true, or we are not Christians." It goes without saying that the Book is true, therefore, if men do not answer to its teaching, they must come to Linacre's conclusion,—they are not Christians. An old writer has said, "Christ is not only the *Root* by which we grow, but the *Rule* by which we square." What, then, is the test of a man being a Christian? In answer to the question, let us take three "*I knows*" of the apostle Paul.

1. CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN: "*I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing*" (Rom. vii. 18). The first step towards being right is to know that we are wrong; not merely that we have done wrong, but that the cause of wrong-doing is in the nature, which is altogether wrong. The fruit of the tree is bad because the tree itself is bad. The stream of the life is polluted because the source of the life—the heart—is defiled (Matt. xv. 19). To know that we are lost, is the initiative to seeking that we may be saved. To see that we are under the curse, will urge us to crave the blessings of the gospel of Christ. Do we know, in the Biblical sense of knowing, that we are sinful—that is, do we not merely know it in the head, but is it a thing we have realized in our heart, so that it has made us cry out, "O wretched man that I am"?

2. CONFIDENCE IN THE SAVIOUR: "*I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day.*" (2 Tim. i. 12, R.V.)

There are many who know *about* Christ, but who do not *know Him*.

To know Christ as the *Saviour*, is to trust Him for salvation, and to deposit ourselves in His safe keeping, as the apostle says that he had done. To know Christ as our *High Priest*, is to be continually saved from sinning as we come to Him in faith and prayer (Heb. vii. 25). To know Christ as our *Prophet*, is to be instructed by Him, and to sit at His feet, even as Mary did (Luke x. 39). To know Christ as our *Lord*, is to recognize that we are His property, and to submit ourselves wholly to His rule (John xiii. 13—17). To know Him as the *Christ*, is to receive Him to live and reign in us (Gal. ii. 20).

3. CONSCIENCE VOID OF OFFENCE: "*I know nothing against myself.*" (1 Cor. iv. 4, R.V.) The apostle did not mean to say that he had no faults and failings. As Trapp well says, "Paul, a chosen vessel, but yet an *earthen* vessel, knew well that he had his cracks and his flaws, which God could easily find out." What the apostle said was that, as far as his consciousness went, he knew nothing against himself. To be able to honestly say this, there must be (1) implicit obedience to the Word of God, (2) initiation in the ways of God, (3) instruction in the will of God, and (4) intimate fellowship with God alone.

Sunderland.

F. E. MARSH

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXXVII.—PASTOR WILLIAM HIGLETT, OF ALBION, BRISBANE,  
QUEENSLAND.



PASTOR W. HIGLETT, now of Albion, Brisbane, is certainly one of "Our Own Men," and the portrait gallery and biographical notices of "Our Alma Mater" would be lamentably incomplete if his place were left empty. He is already known to the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* by his interesting contributions to the pages of the Magazine, and to many others he has endeared himself by his earnest work for the Master.

Our brother's ancestors have no niche in the Temple of Fame, so it will not be needful to search the family record for any trace of "Norman blood." He was born at Fulham Fields, London, in the year 1857; he is, therefore, "a citizen of no mean city;" but it is men who make the city famous, not the city which makes men famous. Our friend was not for long a resident in London, but was removed to the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. His elementary education was obtained at the National School, Rusthall, which he attended until he was thirteen years of age, when he had to face the wider world in which he was to be of service to others.

Finding his way back to London, he was installed as office boy with a Manchester firm; there he remained until, in course of time, he was placed in a position of trust, thus proving that he grew in the confidence of his employers. During his business career, he made good use of his spare time, and continued his education by attending various evening classes. There he obtained, among other acquisitions, a good knowledge of shorthand, which is often called into requisition in Brisbane, and brings him much labour, which he gratuitously and gladly renders to the Baptist Association and the Ministers' Union.

When Mr. Higlett had reached the age of eighteen, Messrs. Moody and Sankey conducted their first mission in London; and, as one of the multitude, he attended the services that were then held. The Holy Spirit applied the Word preached, the young hearer was convicted of sin, and saw his need of a Saviour, but for a time he did not realize for himself a saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. Ultimately, he came across Bonar's book, *God's Way of Peace*, and the reading of it brought peace to his soul. Like many others who were blessed under the preaching of Mr. Moody, he did not at once seek admission

into church-fellowship, for he was connected with the Church of England, and probably Moody's services did not always fit in with the drift of things which there prevailed. The new convert found a home, for a time, in the Y.M.C.A. (North-West Branch), and there began active work for the Saviour. His new-born zeal prompted him to visit the lodging-houses, and there to speak to the inmates of the Divine love which had won his own heart. He also testified for Christ in open-air services, and in a mission then carried on at Nutford Hall. Thus he entered on training for that which was to be his "vocation" in life.

About this time, the subject of Christian baptism was brought under the notice of our brother, and a study of the Scriptures relating to this matter enabled him to see the way of God more perfectly. In the Word of God, he saw believers' baptism only, and felt that it became him to follow the teaching and example of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. This caused his severance from the Church of England; and, in September, 1876, at the age of nineteen, he was immersed by the late Pastor J. O. Fellowes at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road. His previous training in Christian work was now turned to good account, and his gift in public speaking led friends to urge upon him the desirability of devoting himself to the work of the ministry.

Mr. Higlett entered the Pastors' College in August, 1879, being then twenty-two years of age. He availed himself to the full of the benefits of the College, remaining for nearly three years. As is the custom of the more active-minded among the students, he conducted services frequently, and for eighteen months acted as student-pastor of the church at Cheam, Surrey; during that time, fourteen persons were immersed on profession of their faith in Jesus. Early in the year 1882, communications were sent to the Pastors' College from Toowoomba, Queensland, asking for a man to take up the work there. The church was then in a very low condition, numbering only 37 members, and the encouragement offered was mostly in the form of service to be rendered; but Mr. Higlett responded to the request of the ever-beloved President that he would go, and in May, 1882, he set forth for Queensland. Toowoomba proved a somewhat difficult field of service, and our brother had to take up varied forms of effort in his own congregation, and in the township generally. Open-air preaching was largely carried on, as also labours abundant in connection with societies and institutions such as abound in all Queensland towns.

After eight years' service, the result was cheering, though not all that our friend desired. There were 64 baptisms during his pastorate; and when he left, the membership had risen to 84. A debt of £200 was cleared off, and the property was considerably improved. When the public of Toowoomba knew of the approaching departure of Mr. Higlett from among them, they gave ample evidence of the esteem in which he was held, and he left accompanied by various pleasing testimonials, and followed by many good wishes and prayers.

In 1890, our brother took up work at Albion, under the auspices of the Jireh Baptist Church. The Rev. J. Kingsford was unable to give

sufficient care to this mission, and hence an efficient assistant was sought and found. Mr. Higlett soon gathered a number of friends together, and formed a church which swarmed off with 30 members. Since its formation, 35 believers have been immersed, and there are now 58 members. The church has for some time become self-supporting, and has enlarged the accommodation for worshippers. A new building for the infant school has been erected, and all the work is free from debt. Pastor Higlett was elected President of the Baptist Association of Queensland 1885-6, and has served the churches in manifold labours as Secretary of the Association, from 1890 until the present time. He is also one of the Editors of *The Queensland Baptist*. This is a record of one of "Our Own Men" which will surely be gratifying to all who have known our brother, and should abundantly justify the existence of the Pastors' College, which may God prosper continually! With hearty greetings to our present beloved President, and all the brotherhood, this sketch is sent across the waves to the dear homeland.

W. WHALE.

## "I Am With You Always."

BE still, my heart, 'tis God who speaks,  
His Word cannot be broken;  
And he may sleep in peace who trusts  
The promise He has spoken.

Though hills may fall, and mountains move,  
His truth for aye abideth;  
Who anchors in Eternal Love,  
The wildest storm outrideth.

Be still, my heart, bid sorrow flee,  
Nor let thy troubles fret thee;  
For, rest assured, it cannot be  
That He should e'er forget thee.

Dost thou not know that God, thy King,  
Nor slumbereth, nor sleepeth?  
Beneath the shadow of His wing,  
His own He safely keepeth.

Who shall prevail to pluck thee thence?  
What harm can there assail thee?  
The Lord of Hosts is thy defence,  
His arm will never fail thee.

Me, from the love of His true heart,  
Nor death, nor hell shall sever;  
For I am His, and He is mine,  
For ever—Yes! For ever.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

## Trophies of Manchester City Mission Work.

**T**HERE are many plague-spots in Manchester and Salford, and the City missionaries come upon strange and striking scenes; but through the power of the gospel, such work as theirs has its encouraging aspects, and now and then an oasis, sustained by heavenly springs, shows itself even in the desert they are called to traverse. In proof of this statement, take the following affecting but delightful examples from one of the Annual Reports of the Mission:—

In a squalid and repellent quarter, and in an old, dilapidated house, there lived a wood-seller, who was a drunkard as well as a widower, and who had an only daughter whose character he was quite incapable either of reading or appreciating. A City missionary, during one of his rounds, after making his way "through surroundings miserable and foul," knocked at the forbidding-looking door of the tumble-down tenement, when a child's voice, weak through illness, bade him "Come in." The room was one of the most wretched of its class; for it was exceedingly dirty, and the pieces which littered the floor betrayed the business of the absent wood-cutter. Seated on a crazy chair, and with her feet resting on her father's chopping-block,—the only two pieces of furniture in the room,—was a girl whose age hardly reached a dozen years, and as the visitor himself remarked, "with a face the pure loveliness of which I cannot describe." At the same time, she bore marks of being very ill. Was she all alone? Where was her mother? Her mother was dead, and her father was on his rounds selling wood. Had she no brothers or sisters? There was one brother; but not being able to agree with his drunken, quarrelsome father, the boy had gone off to make his way in the world on his own account. Speaking according to his own feelings, the visitor enquired, "You will be anxious to see father when he has got over his round?" But there was no answer until the interesting invalid was questioned further, and then she ingenuously confessed that she would not be particularly anxious to see him at all. "You see, he often gets with some men who drink, and comes home here drunk," she added. "Then he is very cross with me, and swears at me, and I am very ill; but he says he is going to get me into the workhouse next week, and they won't swear at me there, or speak unkind words, will they, think you?" "I think they won't, my child," was the reply, and then there was silence;—the invalid sat bearing her pain while the other stood looking upon her with tender pity. "Poor little one, yours is a wretched lot," at length said the visitor, the sympathy of his heart overflowing. To the man's astonishment, however, the child confessed that she was *not* wretched; and then her beautiful young face became lit up with the light of Christian hope as she repeated, "No, sir, I am not wretched." At first, such a confession, amid such surroundings, seemed almost ludicrous. What comfort did she possess amid such misery? "Well, sir," she said, "I think Jesus is my Friend, if nobody else is." Was it indeed so, that the Saviour had entered that squalid home, to take possession of the child's heart, of which the drunken father did not know the worth? When asked for an explanation, the sick child related that her mother had lain ill

for a long time; and when a Christian friend had come to read and pray with her, she (the daughter) had been wont to sit on a stool at the visitor's side, to take in all that he read and spoke about the love and sufferings of Christ. "He persuaded me to go to the Ragged-school," continued the child, "and I kept going until I was too ill to go any longer." Then she quoted some of the verses from her favourite hymn:—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children like lambs to His fold;  
I should like to have been with Him then."

"Don't you think, sir, Jesus will be my Friend, and save me, and take me to Heaven, when I die?" she asked. "I am sure He will, my child," was the reply; and then the visitor read a portion about the New Jerusalem, where sickness, pain, and want would be unknown; and finally, with tears he prayed that the Saviour would place the little sufferer's head upon His own bosom. The prayer was answered; the days of trial were shortened; for, a few days later, this interesting child died in the Lord at the workhouse hospital.

In a miserable house, in one of the lowest parts of the city, there lived a widow with several children, who was a hardened drunkard. She even drank the hard-earned wages of the eldest girl, and was actually desirous that the child should come down to the lowest state of degradation, in order that the craving for drink might be more fully gratified. The woman is stated to have made night hideous by her drunken riot; but a Christian visitor read the Bible to the daughter, and the Word found a place in her heart. She showed great anxiety after the best things, and attended the missionary's service, although among the poorest of the people she appeared as the worst clothed. In order to remove her from surroundings in which it would have been almost impossible to keep her character untarnished, she was placed in an institution, and then went into respectable service in a Christian family, to whom she gave great satisfaction. The girl had been rescued from a fate worse than death; but all the time her terrible mother was not far away. The girl attended the meetings, and on one occasion the drunken woman rushed in and threatened to kill her daughter. The friend who happened to be conducting the meeting was a strong man, however, and was quite equal to the emergency. "Don't be afraid, my dear," he quietly said to the child, and seizing the intruder in his iron grasp, he added, "Now be off with you, my girl, and I'll hold your mother till you are safe away." The girl was not allowed to come to that meeting any more; but she became a member of a church near to the house where she lived. To rescue a girl like that before she is contaminated by the gross iniquity around, is, indeed, worth a strong effort; for such characters commonly live to become a credit to their benefactors.

The history of little Johnny, the son of a drunken mother, was, in some respects, a counterpart of the story of the wood-cutter's daughter. The miserable garret in which he lived had straw for a bed, a tea-box



for a table, and three bricks for a seat. Johnny, who was a fine little fellow, was under nine years of age; and although he had not been taught to attend the house of God, he went to the Ragged-school of his own accord, and was there led to put his trust in Christ as his Saviour. Johnny fell ill with small-pox; and as he lay on his straw-bed of suffering, his mother, who was too drunken to know what she was about, or how ill the child was, said to him, "Cheer up, Johnny; sing me my old favourite, there's a good lad; Johnny, sing mother her old favourite." "What's that, mother?" asked the child. "Sing me Rule Britannia," answered the woman. "Nay, mother, I can't sing you that," replied the dying scholar; "but I'll try to sing you one I've learned at the Ragged-school." With all his remaining strength, the little sufferer raised himself on the straw, and began to sing,—

"I'm a little soldier, and only nine years old."

This was his last effort in this world, however; for, before he came to the end of the fourth line of the first verse, Johnny had gone to be with his Lord. What a dying testimony for such a subject of redeeming love to leave behind him; and what a precious result of Ragged-school work!

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### VI.—PRECIOUS PROMISES.

**BIKRAMADITYA** was a famous king, to whom all did honour. Among those who daily waited at the palace gates, was a sage named Santoseel, who ever brought for royal acceptance a lovely fruit. Suspecting some evil design, his royal master constantly transferred the gift to his treasurer for preservation. But, one day, by accident, the fruit fell to the ground as the king was about to mount his steed. In a moment, all the courtiers stood spell-bound as they saw, between the cracks of the shell, the flashing of a magnificent gem. The king at once demanded an explanation, and the sage replied, "O king! the law forbids us to appear before the throne empty-handed; and if you examine all the fruit I have presented you will see a gem in every one." An expert was called, and when the whole collection was duly examined, each was pronounced to be of greater value than any money could buy. Ignorant of its preciousness, the recipient had stored away this wealth that might have yielded a thousand delights.

Thus do believers often hide away in the treasure-house of memory many promises of God that are simply packed full of "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Their possession is no boon till some stroke from God's hand, or some enlightenment from God's Spirit, reveals the secret of their wealth. Till then, no test that leads to a proper estimate of the value of God's preciousness is applied. Then, every promise is seen to contain untold riches and blessing.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## Principal Gracen's Advice to the Students of the Pastors' College.

(SUMMARY OF OPENING REMARKS AT THE ASSEMBLING AT COLLEGE,  
JANUARY, 1886, REPORTED BY PASTOR JOHN HORNE, GLASGOW.)

**T**HINK not of the hours you are now spending in preparing for the ministry merely as hours, but as separate and important parts of your great life-work. A stone, set in a building, is no longer isolated; it is part of a whole. So view your hours, not as isolated particles of Time, but as vital necessities of your life-work, and associated with Eternity.

Do not be *impatient* for results; but, all the same, look for them, and work for them. While not fretting at the lack of outward success, it is good to feel dissatisfied if you do not attain it.

Work to the *end* of your task. Do not slack off. Put your plough in the furrow, and go straight to the bottom of the field. Many miss success by giving in too easily. Remember that every gain has its tax, and you *must* pay it.

In your preaching, do not forget that you have not to search for a gospel. You have one,—clear, distinct, and abiding. God does not change; He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; it is, therefore, reasonable and natural that His gospel should also be unchangeable. Be not as men lost in the mists and uncertainties of twilight; but as those who walk in the day-time, with a full sun shining overhead.

In this College we do not put our trust in scholastic distinctions or academical honours; but in the Spirit of the Lord. While, therefore, you do all in your power to secure a sound education, we trust that you will place conspicuous emphasis on the unction of the Divine Spirit. No college or university can give you *that*; but without it, the finest scholarship or academical training will never make you "fishers of men."

Remember this, brethren, there are three things necessary to the success of any community, college, or church. First, clear ideas. Confusion of thought is disastrous. Second, these ideas held universally. Dissension means disintegration. Third, these ideas must regulate the life of the community. One of the things most fatal to spiritual well-being and progress is the possession of principles without the practice.

## Annual Meeting of the Pastors' College.

ADDRESSES BY PASTORS THOMAS AND CHARLES SPURGEON.

**O**N Thursday evening, November 26th, the annual meeting of the Pastors' College was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. An unusually numerous company met for tea in the school-room and lecture-hall, and the congregation was largely augmented for the public meeting, at which the chair was occupied by the President, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

After the opening hymn, prayer was presented by Mr. William Olney; and then the chairman, who had a most enthusiastic reception from the vast audience, read the names of the 20 students who have completed their course since the last annual meeting, and reported that 955 brethren had been educated in the College,—exclusive of the 55 now in the Institution. The statistical returns from the pastors are by no means complete; but, as far as they have been received, they record the baptism of more than 118,000 believers, on profession of their faith in Christ. The President next read the following important statement:—

The unlooked-for events of the last Conference resulted, as you know, in an invitation from the Trustees to the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to the Presidency of the Pastors' College. That invitation I felt bound to accept; and having done so, I ventured to suggest that my beloved brother should be associated with me as Vice-President. To this the Board readily assented, and I gladly testify to his hearty co-operation and invaluable aid.

It is a pleasing coincidence that the present Presidents of the College were born the same year as the College itself. They are therefore each forty years of age. The late revered President said of his first-born (the College):—"When it was commenced, I had not even a remote idea of whereunto it would grow,"—and certainly it had not then entered into his head that his twin-babes would eventually be associated in its management.

I publicly thank the Trustees for conferring on us this high and holy honour, and you dear friends for endorsing their action by your presence and your gifts. I have endeavoured to set about this task in the spirit which animated the beloved Founder, and to that end I have refreshed my memory by diligently reading his own Reports of this work.

I have noted the self-sacrifice he displayed from first to last; and I, for my part, desire that this service, so long as it is mine, shall be entirely a labour of love. I have read and re-read his clear and clarion statements as to doctrinal basis, and I can honestly subscribe to every item in the College creed, thanking God that it *has* a creed in these days of creedless charity!

Mark these words, for instance:—"The College started with a definite doctrinal basis. I never affected to leave great questions as moot points to be discussed in the Hall, and believed or not believed as might be the fashion of the hour. The creed of the College is well known, and we invite none to enter who do not accept it. Heresy in colleges means false doctrine throughout the churches; to defile the fountain, is to pollute the streams."

I have noted also that C. H. Spurgeon thought more of spiritual growth, and preaching power, than of mere academic distinction. Thus he wrote:—"Scholarship, for its own sake, was never taught, and never will be, within the Pastors' College; but to help men to become efficient preachers has been, and ever will be, the sole aim of all those concerned in its management. I shall not, in order to increase our prestige, refuse poor men, or zealous young Christians whose early education has been neglected. Pride would suggest that we take 'a better class of men,' but experience shows that they are not better, that diamonds may be found in the rough, and that some who need most pains in the polishing reward our labour a thousand fold. My friends will stand by me in my desire to aid the needy but pious brother, and we shall rejoice together as we see the ploughman, the fisherman, and the mechanic taught the way of God more perfectly, and enabled, through Divine grace, to proclaim in the language of the people the salvation of our God."

These are my own sentiments, and I, for one, would rather that the College should cease to be than that it should fail of this high purpose.

In August last, it was my privilege to extend a welcome to eighteen new brethren, and my joy was not a little deepened by the fact that that welcome was given on the historic ground of "Westwood," where, in response to my ever-dear mother's invitation, the students re-assembled.

I have not yet had all the opportunity I could wish, of viewing the internal working of the College, and of cultivating personal acquaintance with the men; yet I am glad to bear witness to the spiritual and earnest tone which pervades alike the tutors and the taught. During my summer holiday, each of the students, at the suggestion of the Vice-President, wrote to their President, and, by means of letters which I shall ever prize for their evident esteem and prayerful interest, I came into touch with all the brethren. Some of them are already engaged in proclaiming the glad tidings; others are well-nigh ready to launch out into the deep of pastoral life and service,—a few have quite recently done so;—and one and all are, I am persuaded, resolved to preach the old gospel until a better one comes to light, *and that will never be.*

Brethren and sisters, will you pray for us?

Brethren and sisters, will you support us in our holy undertaking?

Brethren and sisters, will you to-night rejoice with us as we see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in our hands?

The President's address was punctuated at almost every sentence by the approving cheers of the great congregation; and, in closing, he said:—"I have now greater joy than I can well express in asking the Vice-President, my own dear brother, to address you."

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, who had as hearty a welcome as had been accorded to the President, said:—

My honour to-night is great, but my responsibility is greater. I spent two years of very happy student life within the walls of this dear College of yours; and standing before you now, with the many memories of the past,—as once it was my delight to sit at the feet of my beloved father, and to hear his words of wisdom, love, and grace,—I can hardly recognize the fact that I am associated with my brother in connection with this College in the capacity of Vice-President. My dear brother has most wisely and well referred to the Founder of the College,—though I think *he* would not have called himself the Founder; he said that God created it, and gave it to him, saying, "Take this child, and nurse it for Me." He could not help taking his part in carrying on the College, for the Lord was with him from the very first.

I also had noted the fact that we are of equal age to-night,—the President, and the Vice-President, and the Pastors' College, for, away back in 1856, one student was received, and now we have reached 1,010. Truly, the responsibility of this work is great.

Brethren and sisters, pray for us in this onerous task to which God has called us. We have here, by force of example, by the choice of wise words, and, I trust, by the influence which comes of the Holy Spirit, to mould men whom God will greatly use to His own glory in the days to come. A wrong impression by the thumb of the potter upon the plastic clay must mar the vessel; and we have committed to us, in the name of our risen Redeemer, some such task as the potter has to perform, for we are to help in fashioning vessels meet for the Master's use.

I wish to assure all the Tabernacle folk, and all others who are concerned, that I also, like my dear brother, am going to follow closely upon the old lines laid down by my beloved father. I do not suppose the President would have suggested my name for the office of Vice-President if he had not been pretty sure that I should be heart and soul with him in this matter.

The College had the same father that we had, and we think that the sons of the College ought to follow the sons of the father, especially as we hope to lead the men just where he himself went before. We know that, from tutors and students alike, there still goes forth a clear and well-defined declaration of their simple belief in God's Word. We are not going to change our chart; we have steered, thus far, safe from rocks and shoals, by heeding the directions given to us in the Scriptures, and we do not intend to alter our course. We are resolved still to maintain a very firm hold upon the fundamental doctrines of the gospel;—you may call them Calvinism, if you like, or Spurgeonism;—but we mean those truths which were believed and taught by our dear father. We are going to run the College on the old lines, believing in the blood of the atonement, and in justification by faith, and regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost; and we all believe, of course, in baptism by immersion. As men hailing from the Pastors' College, we are going still to have a passion for souls; we will throw everything else aside so long as we can get that burning zeal which consumed our Master, and which will impel us to go forth to rescue the perishing.

We are going to believe more than ever, God helping us, in the power of the gospel to accomplish the eternal purpose of Jehovah; we do not want the culture, and the learning, and the education, of which some make so much, if thereby we are hindered and hampered in our work of snatching the brands from the burning. We would prefer to go back to our business, though we were blacksmiths or fishermen, if so we might better win souls for Christ, rather than don the cap and gown of the college or the university, and miss the joy of winning men for our Master. As far as my brother and myself are concerned,—and I know that I only echo the sentiments of our co-workers,—we are not going to make doubters in the College; we shall even dare to dogmatize, and to speak what we believe because we have found it in the Word of God, and to take our stand upon that impregnable rock in the face of the critics and all who would fain censure us.

In closing his address, the Vice-President appealed for continued support for the College, (1) for Christ's sake, (2) for the dear Founder's sake, and (3) for the sons' sake.

Professor Marchant congratulated the President and Vice-President upon their election to their high and honourable offices, and testified to the healthy and encouraging condition of the work of the College. The next speaker was Pastor James Stephens, M.A. (of Highgate Road), and in introducing him, the President said:—"During the present term, he has been delivering to the students a course of theological lectures, and I am glad to be able to announce that he has kindly undertaken to do so for a further term. Mr. Stephens, I think, needs no introduction to you; but if he did, it would be a sufficient recommendation to a Tabernacle audience to remind you that he stood shoulder to shoulder with our late dear Pastor and President when faithful friends were all too few." After heartily reciprocating the sentiments expressed by the chairman, Mr. Stephens gave a powerful exposition of Paul's charge to Timothy, which he believed was an exact description of the aim of the Pastors' College:—"The things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also."

Two of the students spoke, a collection—amounting to £32,—was taken for the College, and then the President delivered his wise, weighty, and witty lecture on "Pins and Needles,"—or at least as much of it as the lateness of the hour permitted. It was a fitting conclusion to one of the most successful annual meetings held in connection with the College.

## 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.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.* Vol. XLIII. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price seven shillings.

SHORTLY after the present Magazine is in our readers' hands, the regular weekly issue of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons will reach No. 2,500. The beloved preacher himself thought it was a cause for grateful thanksgiving to God when he was able to issue that memorable discourse, "No. 2,000; or, Healing by the Stripes of Jesus." Nine years have passed since then, and five of those years he has spent in glory; yet his printed Sermons continue to be read and circulated even more widely than when he was with us here, and those who study them most closely feel that, in the whole series, none excel those now being published week by week. The annual volume would make a choice present for any clergyman or minister or Christian friend.

*Light from the Land of the Sphinx.* By H. FORBES WITHERBY. Elliot Stock.

A MAGNIFICENT present for a Christian minister or other student of the Scriptures. With over 200 illustrations and 320 pages of letterpress, quarto size, the published price of 12s 6d. is none too much. In brief, the book relates the story of the Exodus as recorded by Moses, beginning with a description of Egypt in the time of the captivity, tracing the means by which Moses was fitted to become Israel's deliverer, and the various stages by which the Lord prepared the way for the emancipation of His people and the overthrow of their oppressors, tracking the pilgrims in their desert march, and entering into the spiritual significance of the rites and ceremonies of the Mosaic dispensation. The very copious Index and Synopsis make this portly volume additionally valuable.

If 12s. 6d. is more than the generous deacon can afford to give for his New

Year's present to his pastor, he can procure for 7s. 6d. *The Illustrated Bible Treasury*, edited by WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D., and published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons in their usual excellent style. This is a volume of "Bible Helps" indeed! With more than 350 illustrations, a new Concordance to the Authorized and Revised Versions, a new indexed Bible Atlas, and a vast mass of information on almost every topic tending to throw light upon the Scriptures, this work should be of untold value to the diligent Bible-student. We are deeply indebted to Dr. Wright for this choice compilation, which ought to have an immense circulation.

*Men who Win; or, Making Things Happen.* By WILLIAM M. THAYER. Nelson and Sons.

THE first of the seventeen sketches in this volume is entitled, "Charles Haddon Spurgeon: Pastor." We hope the other sixteen chapters in the book are more accurate than this one, which abounds in most absurd mistakes. It appears to have been very carelessly compiled from one of the many unauthorized and unreliable "biographies" of our late beloved Editor. We cannot spare the space for a tithe of the corrections that ought to be made; but as a specimen of the many inaccuracies, we quote one of Mr. Thayer's statements:—"The church at Fetter Lane called his (that is, C. H. Spurgeon's) father to its pastorate, where he remained, a neighbour to the great preacher, until he died in 1876." The italics are ours, for Mr. Spurgeon's father is still living as we write in 1896!

*Out of His Fulness.* By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

FIFTEEN addresses delivered at the Northfield Conference and the Toronto Convention by this eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is impossible, in a devout frame of mind, to read Mr. Murray's writings without being spiritually profited.

Among the later annuals, *The Fireside* ("Home Words" Office) is both seasonable and welcome. Bright within and without, it will give additional homeliness and cheerfulness to many another "fireside" this winter-time. There is a singular slip on page 675, where Tom Hood's well-known lines on "November" are attributed to "ANON."

The *Hand and Heart* volume, from the same office, is as full as usual of the good things Mr. Bullock delights to provide for his readers.

From Mr. George Stoneman come two annuals, *Sunshine* and *Childhood*. With tasteful covers, abundant illustrations, and many short stories, puzzles, etc., they will bring "sunshine" to the "childhood" of many, and also help to lead the children to Him who is the Sun of righteousness.

"*Our Own Magazine*," the organ of The Children's Special Service Mission, 13a, Warwick Lane, is one of the most valuable monthlies and annuals, for its aim is to lead the boys and girls to the Saviour, and to further instruct them in Scripture truth after they have been converted. It cannot be commended too highly.

*Early Days* annual, from the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, is an improvement upon former issues, but it is still a long way behind the *Magazines* for children published elsewhere. Surely, this is the one direction in which our Wesleyan friends are not thoroughly up-to-date.

Messrs. Snow and Co. send us the second volume of the new series of *News from Afar*, and also *Gleanings from Many Fields*, both ably edited by Rev. GEORGE COUSINS. Though dealing mainly with the work of the London Missionary Society, both volumes will help to stimulate zeal in the general cause of foreign missions.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued *The Minister's Diary* for 1897, at 2s. or 3s. It appears to make provision for all the records of work, etc., which ministers usually need to preserve; but we wonder whether it will make all who possess it prompt in answering the letters they receive!

*The Baptist Almanack* for 1897 (Robert Banks and Son) has for its frontispiece an admirable photograph of our Brother John Wilson, whose work in the new Woolwich Tabernacle is sympathetically described. The Almanack contains a great mass of information interesting to Baptists, and is well worth the twopence or fourpence charged for it.

*Faithful Words for Old and Young* (Alfred Holness) maintains its character as an illustrated Evangelical magazine that may be put into the hands of readers of all ages with the assurance that they will find nothing within its pages out of harmony with its title. "Faithful words" may not always be pleasing, but they are profitable, which is far more important.

Among the many booklets lately received, the three following are worthy of special mention:—

*Seafarers from the Land of the Rising Sun*, by Miss M. McLEAN (Passmore and Alabaster, paper covers, 6d.; cloth, 1s.), is an interesting account of an invalided missionary lady's labours among some of the multitudes of foreign sailors who visit our modern Babylon, London.

*The Ideal Church*, by Rev. Z. T. DOWEN, M.D., F.G.S. (Allenson, 6d.), is an enlargement of the valuable paper read by the author at one of the meetings of the London Baptist Association.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone*, by JOSEPH FLORY (Robert Banks and Son, 4d.), is a pamphlet in which the writer plainly shows the unscripturalness of the venerable statesman's "theory of children holy from their birth."

*Emptied,—for New Year Replenishing.* By SOPHIA M. NUGENT. *Singing and Serving.* By Rev. CHARLES A. FOX. *What shall I Wear?* By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. *Marah to Elim.* By WILLIAM FRITH. Partridge and Co.

FOUR New Year addresses, one penny each. Far beyond all the rest in spiritual value is the one we have put first,—Miss Nugent's *Emptied*. It is

a mine of sermon material, and the personal note at the end shows how distinctly it is a gift from the Lord.

*Teddy's Button.* 1s. *Dwell Deep; or, Hilda Thorn's Life Story.* 2s. By the Author of "*Probable Sons.*" Religious Tract Society.

THE fact that these two books are from the pen of the gifted author of "*Probable Sons*" will secure for them a host of readers. *Dwell Deep* is very much after the usual style of semi-religious love-stories; but *Teddy's Button* is a gem of the first water. To our mind, it excels even "*Probable Sons*," and that we should have thought to be impossible if we had not read it. Wherever there is a boy or girl in the family of any of our readers, there we should like *Teddy's Button* to go, to make other young heroes as brave for Christ as that little son of the dead soldier was.

*Gwen and Gwladys.* By W. REES, D.D. Elliot Stock.

"ADMIRABLE! Fine! Capital idea to have printed them!" These were the involuntary exclamations that escaped us after dipping into the chapters of this distinctively Welsh story. We are not surprised at the sensation they caused when published serially in a native journal, and feel sure they will be heartily welcomed by English readers, too. Their sturdy defence of Bible truth and robust Nonconformity are too rare in story-books, and ought to commend them to those who care little for the average religious fiction of the day.

The characters here portrayed are doubtless from the life, and will remind readers of their counterparts in many an English village. Bright, sparkling, racy sketches, suffused with true godliness, they will help to establish all who read them in lofty principle and steadfast consistency. "Breezes from the Welsh Hills" might well serve as a sub-title.

*The Little Marie.* By BRIDA WALKER. Elliot Stock.

A STORY with a two-fold charm, for while it narrates some of the terrible

incidents of the last Franco-German war, it also records many of the trophies of grace won for Christ by the McAll Mission in "the land of Calvin and Voltaire." The more of such helpful tales, the better.

Singularly enough, the Religious Tract Society has published another story of that awful time of carnage, *Hester Lavenham*, by HELEN H. WATSON, in which the experiences of a young English girl in Paris during the horrors of the siege and the Commune are graphically portrayed.

*A Book of Short Stories*, by TALBOT BAINES REED (Religious Tract Society), forms No. 21 of the *Boys' Own Bookshelf* Series. It is a collection of fourteen of this popular writer's stories, with an interesting biographical sketch by Mr. G. A. HUTCHISON. The many youthful readers of these lively chapters will mourn that their friend and entertainer is no longer here to give his life-like descriptions of school-boy and other adventures. The price of the volume is half-a-crown.

Another book at the same price, issued by the same publishers, is entitled, *The First False Step*, by Rev. R. G. SOANS, B.A. A story of school-life, it will please hosts of youthful readers of both sexes; and it is to be hoped that it will help to preserve them from taking the "false step" which caused such sorrow to the hero of the tale.

Still another school-story,—*The Rickerton Medal*, by SKELTON KUPFORD,—(Religious Tract Society, 2s.). The author's actual or assumed name suggests "skeleton in the cupboard," but the tale concerns "a medal in a den." How it got there, and what was its earlier and later history, will be best learned from the book itself.

Another two-shilling story-book—*The Spanish Cousin*, by F. B. FORESTER (same publishers),—tells of a young Spaniard, of good family, who ran away from school, escaped to England, met with a good Samaritan in the person of a medical student, at whose



wedding he was "best man", and took lessons for his own entry into the wedded state. Such is the bare outline of the story, of which the filling-in is capitally done.

*Our Feathery Folk.* By MARGARET HAYCRAFT. Religious Tract Society.

A SHILLING illustrated book of "Sunday chats" from which children may learn much about the birds of our own and other climes, and about Him who made them all.

*The Way of the World at Sea.* By W. J. GORDON. Religious Tract Society.

IN our island home, dependent so largely in a thousand ways upon the sea, such a book as this must be permanently interesting, not only to our boys and girls, but to their parents as well. The painstaking author has given, in this fully-illustrated eighteen-penny volume, all that we need wish to know about our merchant shipping and pleasure craft.

*The Three Homes.* A Tale for Fathers and Sons. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D. Cassell and Co.

ONE of the many gifts of the Dean of Canterbury is the art of writing a good story for boys. This volume, originally published anonymously, has already passed through many editions; and now that the authorship is announced, it will probably go through many more. It is full of life and incident, and fine breezy moral teaching, and leaves that sense of ennobling influence that so many story-books fail to produce. The only point of weakness is, that the characters introduced are nearly all wealthy or aristocratic, and this may limit its appeal; but, allowing for that small drawback, it is still a splendid book for boys, and for their sisters, too. Many an eye will flash with glad excitement, this Christmas-time, in reading this admirable story; and its fruit can only be to strengthen righteous resolve, and to fortify against sin. We warmly commend it as among the best possible gifts for a wide-awake and all-alive youth.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us a further large supply of their *new story-books*. Like those previously mentioned, they are all worthy of the highest commendation for the quality of the paper, printing, illustrations, and binding; and we think we may also say that, in every instance, the contents of the volumes are equal to the taste and skill displayed in their publication.

First on the list is a choice present for any boy or girl,—EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN'S *Young Pioneers*,—a thrilling tale of a persecuted French family, of two hundred years ago, who joined La Salle in seeking to found a new France on the shores of the mighty Mississippi. Stories of love and war are strangely blended with the records of the "Home of Peace" established by Father Fritz among the friendly Indians. The volume is published at five shillings.

The same sum will purchase Dr. GORDON'S 'STABLES' stirring story,—*Every Inch a Sailor*. If mother wants her Jack, Tom, or Harry to pine for—

"A life on the ocean wave,

A home on the rolling deep," let her arrange with "Santa Claus" to present this really splendid book to her boy, and we can almost promise that the charm will work, and he, too, will be "every inch a sailor." The title and the author's high repute as a writer are a sufficient guarantee that the volume is one that our young folk will read again and again if ever it comes into their hands.

For 3s. 6d., parents can obtain an equally fascinating work,—FRED. WHISHAW'S *Harold the Norseman*,—that Harold Haardraada, King of Norway, who was conquered by our English Harold, who in his turn was overcome by William the Norman.

If Solomon had lived to-day, he might have said, "Of the making of many books by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, there is no end." We scarcely remember how many of her stories we have seen already this year, yet here is another,—*Squib and his Friends*,—a charming description of a little child who could tame a fierce Russian wolf-hound or a fractious horse, and who made friends with

everybody. This is a "squib" that ought to "go off" even better than those that are lighted to help us to—

"Remember, remember,  
The fifth of November."

The price of this literary treasure is only 2s. 6d.

Our space is exhausted, so we can only just mention the remainder of Messrs. Nelson's books:—*Bonny; or, Faithful unto Death*, by ADELA FRANCES MOUNT (2s.); *Jock o' th' Beach*, and *Black Gull Rock, a Tale of the Cornish Wreckers*, by MORICE GERARD (1s. 6d. each); and *A Child of the Mews*, by M. B. SYNGE (1s.).

The Christian Literature Company, Edinburgh and London, sends us a packet of *Gospel Darts*, at fourpence per 100, also a packet of *Calls to Surrender*, consisting of twenty-five assorted tracts at the same price.

Judiciously handled, these darts and tracts are likely to prove useful. We should not advise anyone to offer the dart entitled "Dirty Dishes" unless he was prepared to dart off at less than a moment's notice. Though Scriptural, the two-edged sword of the Spirit requires skilful handling, or it may wound those who try to wield it. The "Hot Foot" dart we have seen in another connection, which makes us doubt its authenticity. We prefer the tracts to the darts.

*Across Siberia on the Great Post-road.*

By CHARLES WENYON, M.D. C. H. Kelly.

ON a winter's evening, in a cosy corner, beside a glowing fire, one might easily become so absorbed in this book as to forget all about bed-time. What a journey is here described! When the traveller thought he must surely have covered at least half the distance between the Pacific Ocean and the Urals, he still had some five thousand miles to traverse. What stories Dr. Wenyon has to tell of people who live in log houses with windows made of ice instead of glass; who make their tea from "bricks" and their bread from rye-flour and powdered pine-bark; and who, when they want a wash, get into the oven when it is sufficiently cool, and after being soaked in perspiration long enough,

come out and rub themselves with a handful or two of snow, and are thus made clean and supple for at least half-a-year! These are the people who keep the sacred festival of Easter by devoutly (!) getting drunk, and who have such faith (or credulity) in religious ceremonies that they carry their babies to church every Sunday until they are twelve months old, and feed them there with a mixture of bread and wine, and drive their cattle and sheep and horses and pigs and dogs to a religious service once every year! The book is beautifully printed, and tastefully bound, and is enriched with numerous engravings and photogravures, a map of Siberia, and a portrait of the author.

We have seen a copy of *The New Illustrated International Teachers' Bible* now being offered at half-price by the manager of the London Bible Warehouse, 53, Paternoster Row, and can heartily recommend it to all who are needing such an edition of the Scriptures either for a present or for their own use. It is strongly bound in French Levant morocco, and in addition to the Old and New Testaments contains between three and four hundred pages of "Aids to Biblical Study." The volume is very cheap at 6s. 6d., the price for which it will be forwarded, post free, on application to the manager at the above address.

The Religious Tract Society has issued a large coloured plan of *Jerusalem in the Time of our Lord*, with cardboard models of the walls and principal gates. It will afford both interest and instruction to young people to cut out and fasten together the different parts of the model, and arrange them in their proper position on the plan. The price is 2s. 6d.

*Educate our Mothers.* By MRS. PEARSALL SMITH. Nisbet and Co. WISDOM and true sympathy breathe in every line of this delightful booklet; and, for a shilling, no published treatise of which we know could be found so suitable for young wives, or indeed for wives of any age. Mothers might richly profit by it, and then pass it on to their girls.

*Triumphant Certainties, and other Sermons.* By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co.

DR. MACLAREN has been spared to celebrate his ministerial jubilee, and during the fifty years he has preached between six and seven thousand sermons, but this latest published volume of his discourses possesses in undiminished splendour all the characteristics of former issues. Often, by a single sentence, a flood of light streams across the pathway of the passage under consideration, or the faithful translation from the original text of a solitary word comes almost with the force of a new revelation of the truth. Happy are they who are privileged to be the hearers of such a preacher, and only in a somewhat smaller degree are the readers of the printed page benefited and blessed.

*Notes from my Bible. Sowing and Reaping.* By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

Two more fine books from the prolific mind of the renowned evangelist. The first contains the sententious notes made in the margin of his Bible; the other consists of eight sermons on the truth of life's retributions and rewards. Pith and pungency are the great features of the Notes, a sentence sometimes giving a sermon in miniature, and opening up whole tracts of teaching by a single pregnant phrase. In the other volume, all the distinctive qualities of the author's preaching stand out boldly,—clear statement of truth, fascinating illustration and incident to enforce it, and then tremendous passion of pleading to bring all to a practical end in the salvation of his hearers and readers. Such books ought to sell and be read by tens of thousands; and we feel sure that they will be among the favourite gift-books at this festive season of the year.

*Helps to make ideals Real.* By Mrs. A. R. SIMPSON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THIS most helpful shilling booklet has already attained its second edition,

and it deserves to reach many more. Mrs. Simpson is a most diligent gatherer from every field of literature, but her own writing is equal to anything that she quotes. Almost at random, we can pick out such striking sentences as these:—"The Hebrew for the word 'faithful ones' is 'Ameners,'—those who say 'Amen' to His promises and His proposals for their daily life." "The girl who practises faithfully on the schoolroom piano till the hour strikes, will not fail when called to play her part in the orchestra of life." A choice present for a thoughtful young woman.

*Our Journey to Sinai.* By Mrs. R. L. BENSLEY. Religious Tract Society.

THE story of the discovery (in the convent of St. Catarina, on Mount Sinai) of the earliest Syriac translation of the Gospels, is one of the romantic facts of recent years. The widow of Professor Bensley has given, in this tasteful 3s. 6d. volume, the record (which she first wrote in Braille type for the blind) describing the experiences of the little company who went, early in 1893, to see and copy the precious manuscript. The book cannot fail to interest all who value the Inspired Word, and who rejoice over every fresh evidence of its intrinsic worth. Photographs taken by Mrs. Bensley, and a final chapter by Mr. F. C. Burkitt, M.A., on "The Sinai Palimpsest and the Greek Text of the Gospels," further enhance the value of the volume.

*Things to Live For.* By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER volume, the sixth, in Dr. Miller's "Silent Times" Series; quite worthy of a place beside its predecessors. As we read this book, one word keeps rising to our lips more than any other, and that word is "Charming!" We have here the charm of saving truth, of redeeming love, of invincible faith, of a hope which shineth as the day; and there is also added a charm of style, and of poetry, and of freshness, together with a charm of form, for the tasteful volume delights the eye almost as much as the truth it contains rejoices

the heart. To use one of the author's charmingly-expressed thoughts, this is a book in which you feel continually "the heart-beat of Christ," who is "full of grace and truth." We have no hesitation in saying that, to write a book like this, is one of the "Things to live for."

*Missionary Anecdotes.* By Rev. WM. ADAMSON, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A VALUABLE addition to the literature of foreign missions. The gleanings have been gathered from many fields in many lands, and all tend to set forth the triumphs of the conquering Christ through His ambassadors. Missionary enthusiasts will be deeply indebted to Dr. Adamson for this painstaking collection of anecdotes, which should at once find its place in the church, or school, or home library. The capital index and the many illustrations add further to the value of this substantial volume, which is well worth the price at which it is published,—7s. 6d.

*How to Meet the Difficulties of the Bible.* Elliot Stock.

THIS is a cheaper edition of a work that has been in existence for some time. We wish we could speak of it as a success; but, after doing our best to master its contents, we confess that the Bible difficulties there treated seem to us not to be removed, but in many instances made more difficult by the so-called explanation. It is the old story of Mason's notes to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*: we can understand the Bible better than these explained but by no means removed difficulties. The editor doesn't know how to grasp the nettle, so toys round about it, and it remains a nettle still.

*Temperance Science Lessons.* By W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S. Partridge & Co.

THE science of Temperance made easy and interesting, and all for sixpence. By the additional outlay of a few shillings, all needful apparatus for a large number of practical experiments can be procured. Many a Band of Hope and Temperance worker will be delighted with this little book, and so

will the young people who will have the benefit of it when he has learned the valuable lessons it contains.

*The Ethics of Temperance.* By A. E. GARVIE, B.A., B.D. Sunday School Union.

SO large is the Drink question, that almost every aspect of it will bear exhaustive examination, and with profit, too. Here we have a very judicious treatment of the subject from the purely moral and almost philosophical point of view. There are no hysterics here, and no high colouring; indeed, the author sometimes almost annoys us by his calm balancing of the *pros* and *cons* of the question. But this will probably be its chief charm, as a convincing piece of logic, with those who can only be moved by relentless argument. We can scarcely conceive a fair-minded reader, however opposed to Total Abstinence, being able to resist the claims of the movement as here set forth. Of course, with many, appetite is stronger than argument, and taste and liking more forcible than all the truth and logic in the world; yet even these will not be able to gainsay the tremendous moral force of this little treatise. In its own line of things, it is of great value.

*How to be Happy and Make Others Happy.* By OTTO FUNCKE. Hodder and Stoughton.

BUT for a most unhappy sentence, in which a second probation after death is dogmatically asserted, we should gladly commend this book to the study of Christians generally. There is so much that is true, put in such a suggestive and illuminating way, that we the more regret this serious blemish, which is here obtruded quite unnecessarily. With this gone, there is left a book full of keen insight into human thought, feeling, and motive, and the richest lessons as to the practical conduct of every-day life. Bible-established believers, who will skip or smilingly escape the one tainted piece in this volume, will find many a precious direction as to Christian obedience and help of others.

*Gems of Illustration for Busy Workers in every field.* Compiled and arranged by Rev. G. COATES. Elliot Stock.

NEITHER better nor worse than half-a-dozen other books of similar character issued recently, this work hardly merits its somewhat pretentious title. Many of the illustrations are almost antediluvian, and others go very lamely by reason of age and decrepitude. There is plenty of room for a volume of original illustrations; but they must be original if they are to sell largely, and to be appreciated.

*Reflections on the Origin, History, and Destiny of the Earth and Satan, and the New Heavens and the New Earth.* By Rev. D. ROUND. Partridge.

WE were almost staggered by the title of this little volume, but it is long since we read a work with such interest, or one so much to our mind as this. There are some passages we cannot endorse, and a few inferences we cannot accept, but there is very little that is either fanciful or speculative. The author keeps very close to the Word of God, and seldom attempts to be wise above what is written. Throughout, his interpretation of the Scriptures is severely literal; he makes no attempt to explain away their meaning, or to force into them ideas foreign to their spirit. The adherents of Satan's gospel of doubt and disobedience will gnash their teeth at this work, but it will cause many of the faithful to rejoice. It has our warmest commendation, and we trust it will have as large a circulation as it deserves; its price is only two shillings.

*Moses Grimshaw. A Story of Lancashire Life.* By NORMAN POULTON. Elliot Stock.

JUST the book to put into the hands of an intelligent young British workman with the injunction, "Read and think." The author gives us the history of his hero under its educational, commercial, social, and religious aspects. He claims that, though his work is a novel, it is a realistic novel. There must be in Lancashire men by the score whose portraits are here drawn to the life.

*Gathered Gleanings; or, Words for Workers.* By MRS. GORDON. Nisbet and Co.

AN earnest attempt to put Divine truth in a homely and colloquial fashion. Some of the pieces are general, some miscellaneous, and others bear specifically on Y.W.C.A. work; but in them all there is a cheeriness of faith that is not less calculated to stimulate than to instruct the feeble.

*Counsels: addressed to Sunday-school Teachers.* By J. A. COOPER. Nisbet.

So far as we can judge, the positions taken by this writer are sound and up to date. Some may, perhaps, think that the scholastic standard is somewhat high; but, all things considered, there is certainly a call for paying more heed to this aspect of requirement than in former days. The present work breathes an intense spirit, and constitutes a carefully-prepared and forceful appeal. The "Counsels" are not only weighty in themselves, but they are ably elucidated and earnestly applied.

## Notes.

DONORS will kindly note that our cash lists this month had to be closed on December 7; contributions received after that date, and up to Jan. 14, will (D.V.) be duly acknowledged in our next number.

Among forthcoming services, we wish to call our readers' special attention to the OPENING OF BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, by a sermon from Pastor Thomas Spurgeon on *Wednesday afternoon*,

*December 30.* Friends from far and near will be heartily welcome. As the new building, land, etc., are entirely free from debt, an opportunity will be afforded at all the opening services for freewill offerings towards the cost of the larger building which will have to be erected as soon as the needful funds can be raised. (See Preface and Frontispiece in last month's Magazine.)

On *Thursday, December 31*, commencing at 10.30 p.m., the WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE

AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE will (D.V.) be conducted by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday. It is a wondrous sight to see the immense building crowded at midnight with those who have come to watch the Old Year out and the New Year in, and many have found it "good to be there."

It may here be mentioned that, in the regular weekly issue of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, the Sermon intended for reading on December 27, 1896, is a very remarkable discourse delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon exactly thirty-two years before, i.e., December 27, 1864. It is entitled, "A New Leaf for the New Year," and contains a powerful plea by the beloved preacher for the "turning over of a new leaf" both by Christians and the unsaved; it should be very widely circulated just now. This Sermon will be No. 2,497, so that, three weeks later, **No. 2,500** will be reached. This also will be a discourse which should be distributed even more freely than usual, first, as a memorial of God's goodness in permitting His dear servant's ministry by means of the printing-press to be so long continued, and so greatly blessed, and next, because the Sermon itself will be, like Nos. 1,000, 1,500, 2,000, and 2,400, specially selected with a view to widespread usefulness. Readers will do well to give early notice to the publishers, or their booksellers, of the number of extra copies of No. 2,500 which they are likely to need, and all believers are earnestly asked to pray for the Lord's gracious approval still to rest upon the printed messengers, both in our own tongue, and in the many languages into which they have been translated.

Mr. D. L. Moody, the world-renowned evangelist, has recently given in New York a notable testimony to the value of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. A newspaper report of one of his services, says:—

"As a preface to the collection, Mr. Moody drew from his experiences in visiting prisons all over the country, from Maine to the chain gangs in Mexico. He said that there was in the country a floating prison population of 750,000 souls. They were not all in prison at one time, but they were continually going there off and on, and formed what might be called a prison population. In New England, a few years ago, there was only one prisoner to every 800 of population; now there is one prisoner to every 250 of population. 'The great cry of these men in prison,' said Mr. Moody, 'is for something to read. I once went to a prison in Texas, where the men asked for something to read. I asked them if they wanted dime novels. They said, "No." I asked them if they would read Spurgeon's Sermons. They said, "Yes;" and they did. There is a great demand for that sort of prison literature; we are going to take up a collection to provide it,—I hope you will

give liberally.' Almost every man's hand went into his pocket."

On *Tuesday, January 26*, in connection with the fifth anniversary of the "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon hopes to preach in the afternoon at Holland Road Baptist Chapel, Brighton, and in the evening to speak at the meeting to be held in the Connaught Institute, Lewes Road. Thus, the first public visit of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon to "London-on-Sea" since his election to the Tabernacle pastorate will be most appropriately associated with the Society which is circulating his dear father's Sermons to an altogether unprecedented extent.

On *Thursday evening, January 28*, in connection with the memorial meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, there will be a gathering of all the London Branches of the Sermon Society, when Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., and Mr. W. Taverner will speak concerning the work.

During the past month, the first number of *The Spurgeon Memorial Monthly* has been issued as the official organ of the Society. If any of our readers have not yet seen it, they would find it a good investment to send one shilling in stamps to Mr. W. Taverner, 72, The Drive, Brighton, and ask him to forward the Magazine to their address for a year. Since last January, the number of distributors of the Sermons has increased from 2,010 to 4,222, and it is estimated that they regularly visit every week 126,660 houses with these messages of mercy and love. We may well say, "What hath God wrought!" and still look for "greater things than these."

*In Memoriam, January 31*.—The fifth anniversary of our beloved Pastor's translation to glory will (D.V.) be celebrated at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on *Lord's-day, January 31*. The fact that the never-to-be-forgotten day falls this year on the Sabbath, as it did in 1892, must give additional solemnity to the services.

Many special meetings have been held at the Tabernacle since the last Magazine was issued, but our reports of them must be brief, as we have devoted so much space to the record of the *annual meeting of the Pastors' College*. All who loved "Mr. Spurgeon's First Institution" in the days of "the peerless President," will rejoice to see how closely his two sons are seeking to follow him in carrying out the duties of the important offices they have been called to fill. Their task is such a responsible one that they deserve the heartiest sympathy of all who desire to see those who are being trained for the Baptist ministry fitted to be workmen needing not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth.

On *Tuesday evening, November 24*, Pastor C. B. Sawday presided at the annual meet-

ing of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY, in the lecture-hall. Prayer was presented by Mr. Woods (a former secretary of the Society), and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by Mr. Millican (the present secretary), Mr. Harraid (the treasurer), Mrs. Capel (the manager of the Mothers' Meeting and Maternal Society), and Messrs. Thos. Cox and E. Bell. Miss Clarkson and Mrs. Mackenzie Davis sang sacred solos. A balance in hand on each branch of the work was reported, but Mr. Millican mentioned the need of more distributors for the Sermons. Any friends able to help in this service will be welcomed in the Tract-room after any of the services. Mr. Sawday related, as an interesting reminiscence, that it was thirty-five years that night since a tract-distributor spoke to him the word that was blessed to his conversion.

On Monday evening, November 30, the quarterly meeting of the OPEN AIR MISSION was held at the Tabernacle in conjunction with the prayer-meeting. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and delivered an address on "This sycamore tree," which we hope to publish in full next month. Mr. Sawday also spoke of the work of the Open Air Mission, and specially referred to his early association with the late secretary, Mr. Gawin Kirkham. Prayers were offered by Rev. Robt. Balmagne, Major Mackinlay, and other brethren, on behalf of this Christ-like service; and Mr. Frank Cockrem, the present secretary, gave an interesting account of the labours of the 1,100 brethren connected with the Mission. The meeting was a notable one, and vividly recalled similar gatherings held in the same place when the late beloved Pastor addressed this earnest and enthusiastic band of Christian workers.

On Tuesday evening, December 8, the inaugural public meeting of the new "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle, the vast building being crowded with an interested and responsive audience. Pastor C. B. Sawday occupied the chair, and, after prayer by Elder Chamberlain, the secretary of the Society, "John Ploughman's Pictures" were exhibited as lime-light views, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave extracts from *John Ploughman's Talk and Pictures*, interspersing the readings with appropriate remarks. The whole evening's proceedings were greatly enjoyed by the thousands of friends present, and made a most auspicious beginning of the public work of the new organization. The students of the Pastors' College—all of whom are total abstainers,—presided at the pledge-tables in various parts of the building. The regular meetings are to be held on the first Wednesday evening in each month; at the next one, on January 6, Mr.

William Noble, the well-known Gospel Temperance advocate, will give an address.

On Wednesday evening, December 9, as President of the Lambeth Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached a special sermon to teachers in Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, Peckham. Up to the date of printing the present Magazine, the Pastor's extra public engagements have included sermons and lectures at Faversham, Liverpool, Wigan, and Bacup.

COLLEGE.—The following students have completed their College course, and accepted pastorates:—Mr. A. E. Carver, at Thornaby-on-Tees; Mr. H. K. Kempton, at Canterbury; Mr. J. F. Taviner, at Elgin, N.B.; and Mr. E. P. Wright, at Chalk Farm, Berkley Road, N.W.

Mr. J. D. Gilmore has removed, from Brannoxtown, to Cork; and Mr. H. Trueman, from Chesham, to the Tabernacle, Barking. E. Mr. M. Cumming, formerly of Bury St. Edmund's, has accepted the pastorate at Honour Oak, S.E., for six months; and Mr. G. W. Oldring, late of Long Sutton, has taken charge of the church at Neatishead, Norfolk, for the same period.

On Lord's-day afternoon, December 13, a number of the students of the College, at the invitation of the Vice-President, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, paid a visit to his large Bible-class for men at South Street Chapel, Greenwich. Some of the brethren took part in an evangelistic service in the chapel in the evening.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes:—"The report of the collectors' meeting, with its words of cheer from the beloved Pastor, was to me a welcome tonic. Not less interesting was the list of collectors' names, for in each of these one sees a friend indeed, but more than a friend, a circle of those who lovingly sustain us in the work. I wish that I could grasp each donor's hand, and say, 'God bless you, my dear friend, on behalf of many poor Moslems for whom we work, and from whom we get daily blessings which really are *your* due!'

"The visits of patients during November have been 313, and the *baraka* has provided 393 nights' lodging. Family parties are now coming long distances, bringing their sick, and staying with us for days and sometimes weeks. The *baraka* services held each night are most encouraging, because the people, being at leisure after their evening meal, are quiet, and glad to listen. Then the magic lantern has been used this month, and much appreciated; but we have only three gospel slides, so there has been little variety.

"Two missionary ladies have lately made a journey into an unevangelized district South of Sousse, from whence we receive many patients. They were well received, and had good success in selling Scriptures

and testifying to the truth, but endured not a few rough experiences. Will friends, please, still pray for us, and also ask that the Lord will overrule for His glory the determined effort which is being made just now to crush gospel work both here and in Algeria?"

If any of our readers have Scriptural subjects on lantern slides which they can spare, they will be gratefully received by Dr. Churcher, Medical Missionary, Sousse, Tunisia North Africa. From our Mentone experience, we can testify to the usefulness of the lantern in teaching the gospel to the natives.

**COLPORTAGE.**—As we are now commencing a New Year, the Committee desire to return their sincere thanks to all donors for their generous help during the past twelve months. They are glad to be able to state that, although some eight districts have been unavoidably relinquished on account of lack of local funds, those remaining in connection with the Association are in a healthy condition. The work has been well sustained, and the spiritual results are even more marked than in former years.

Our General Fund (owing to several of our liberal friends having been taken home) has, we are sorry to find, declined about £30; but we believe this only requires to be made known to our ever-generous helpers, and many will aid in keeping up this important branch of Christian service.

The late beloved Founder's Sermons and

Books still take the lead in blessing and comfort to all who read them, and we are already receiving orders for Mrs. Spurgeon's new little volume, *A Carillon of Bells*, for which we anticipate a large sale. Gentleness and sweetness of thought and deep spirituality are manifest throughout the book, and we can heartily commend it to all lovers of sound doctrine.

We must not again draw upon the colporteurs' Quarterly Reports for these Notes, as they will be contained in our Annual Report, and will there speak for themselves. We wish all our kind helpers a very happy and prosperous New Year.

All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

The Committee of the Ladies' Working Society, in connection with the Colportage Association, desire to tender their sincere thanks for the valuable and appreciated help that has been rendered from time to time by all the kind friends who have contributed the parcels of clothing sent. They would be very grateful for any further parcels, as just now there is great need, especially for poor ministers.

Parcels may be addressed, Miss Hooper, Ladies' Working Colportage Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—  
December 3, eleven.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.
Miss B. McConnell	...	...	2 0 0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	...	...	1 1 0
Contribution from Catford Hill Church, per Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone	...	...	2 6 6
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	...	1 1 0
Mr. John Robinson	...	...	1 1 0
C. A. M.	...	...	25 0 0
Part proceeds of President's visit to Taunton, per Pastor Levi Palmer	...	...	7 0 0
Pastor James Stephens, M.A.	...	...	5 5 0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. John Cameron	...	50	0 0
Anonymous	...	10	0 0
			60 0 0
Rev. R. J. Beecly	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. W. P. Hampton	...	...	5 0 0

	£	s.	d.
"One who has experienced the faith- fulness of the Lord"	...	...	0 7 6
A reader of <i>The Christian World</i> , per Messrs. J. Clarke and Co.	...	...	1 1 0
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. P. Davies	...	0	10 0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	...	1	1 0
			1 11 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—			
Nov. 22	...	...	6 6 0
" 29	...	...	18 3 6
Dec. 6	...	...	13 0 9
			42 10 3
			£155 6 9

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

*Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.
H. McS.	...	...	0 6 0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	...	...	0 5 0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	...	3 0 0
Per Mrs. Thos. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. J. Russell	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. E. Horn	...	...	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Elder	...	...	0 5 0
Anon.	...	...	2 0 0
			3 5 0
			£6 16 0



# Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 16th to December 8th, 1896.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Baptist Sunday-school Band of Hope, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine ...	2 10 0	Commercial Road Band of Hope, Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine ...	0 10 0
Mr. W. Pritchard, jun. ...	0 8 8	Mrs. H. Rennard ...	1 0 0
Collected by Miss M. C. Hull ...	0 5 0	Sixpence per week ...	1 6 0
Mr. P. Patmore ...	5 0 0	Mrs. G. Howes ...	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. H. Fisher ...	1 0 1	Mr. W. Wood ...	1 1 0
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins ...	3 2 7	Collected by Mrs. Cardell ...	1 4 0
Collected by Mr. E. Vincent ...	0 10 6	Mr. H. R. Dalgleish ...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Roe ...	2 10 0	A fisherman, Great Yarmouth ...	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. D. H. Moore ...	0 4 0	Mr. Vickery ...	1 1 0
Miss N. M. Fergusson ...	1 1 0	Collected by Mr. Bennett ...	0 10 0
Miss E. M. Bell ...	10 0 0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer ...	0 2 6
Mr. Popplestone ...	2 0 0	Mr. James McFarlane ...	1 0 0
"Thou knowest" ...	1 0 0	"One of His stewards" ...	0 15 0
Mrs. M. Rainbow ...	1 0 0	Collected by Miss A. Phillips ...	0 5 0
Mr. P. Lamont ...	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Franklin ...	1 10 0
Mrs. W. Hick ...	1 1 0	Mr. A. Hutton ...	1 0 0
Mrs. M. Smith ...	1 10 0	Messrs. Phillips, More, and Co. (Limited) ...	1 1 0
Collected by Miss E. Munday ...	0 5 0	Mr. T. H. Hopping ...	0 8 6
B. G., Norwich ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Tullis ...	1 11 6
J. G., Tottenham ...	1 0 0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—	
Mrs. H. Keever ...	10 0 0	Mr. W. Moore ...	2 2 0
Mrs. Fyfe ...	0 10 0	Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...	1 1 0
Postal order, Pangbourne ...	0 5 0	Mr. E. P. Collier, J.P. ...	1 0 0
Mrs. D. Murgatroyd ...	0 2 6	Mrs. S. J. Collier ...	1 0 0
Mrs. E. J. Gardner ...	0 10 0	Mr. P. Davies ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Mee ...	0 3 0	Mr. C. R. Stevens ...	0 10 6
Mr. J. C. Henderson ...	0 3 6	Mrs. E. Harvey ...	0 10 6
Mr. Robert Crafts ...	3 3 0	Mrs. Ravenscroft ...	0 10 0
A widow, Workop ...	0 3 0	Mrs. Hampton ...	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Lockwood ...	0 15 0	Mrs. T. Wells ...	0 5 0
Zeta ...	0 5 0	Mrs. J. Davis ...	0 2 6
Mr. A. Mackintosh ...	0 2 0		8 11 6
Miss M. Ferguson ...	3 0 0	Mr. and Miss Freegard ...	0 5 0
Mr. Wickham ...	0 10 0	Dr. Dunbar ...	1 1 0
Mrs. E. B. Reid ...	0 5 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mrs. S. Sladden ...	0 2 6	Mr. John Cameron ...	30 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson ...	1 0 0	Mr. W. Diaper ...	0 10 0
F. G. B. ...	0 1 6	Mrs. Downing ...	1 1 0
Mrs. and Miss Rouse ...	0 2 6	Anonymous ...	10 0 0
Mr. P. Whitaker ...	0 1 0	Mr. John Strahan ...	0 10 0
Miss Green ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Nagle ...	1 0 0
Postal order, Balaban, Stornoway ...	0 10 0	Mr. Thomas Underhill ...	1 1 0
Mr. H. Bell ...	0 10 0		44 2 0
Miss E. Thompson ...	0 4 0	Christmas Festivities Fund:—	
An old friend, Brechin, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	0 8 0	Collected by Miss Chapman ...	1 10 0
Mrs. H. Clark (in loving memory of W. T. Clark) ...	1 0 0	Mr. E. R. S. Porter ...	0 5 0
M. G. ...	5 0 0	Mrs. M. Virtue ...	0 5 0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter ...	1 0 0	Mr. James Wilson ...	0 5 0
Mr. H. Morgan ...	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Warmington ...	1 1 0
Mr. Robert Fursdon ...	2 2 0	Mrs. Walker ...	0 10 0
Mr. R. Brown ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Allney ...	0 2 6
Mrs. H. Holloway ...	1 0 0	Mr. R. M. George ...	0 5 0
Miss E. S. White ...	0 10 0	Hampstead ...	0 5 0
Miss B. M. Swift ...	0 10 6	S. B. S. ...	1 1 0
Miss P. White ...	0 2 6	East Finchley Baptist Chapel Poor Fund, per Pastor J. J. Bristow ...	2 0 0
Mr. John Short, jun. ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Shearman ...	2 2 0
Mr. James Wilson ...	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Davison ...	0 5 0
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1 1 0	Emma, Ernest, and Bertie Street ...	0 5 0
F. G. ...	0 8 0		£155 17 8
Rev. J. Curtis ...	0 10 6		
May ...	0 3 0		

List of Presents from November 16th to December 8th, 1896.—Provisions:—17 barn gallons Milk, Messrs. R. Higgs & Sons; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; 22½ lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack flour, Mrs. Thos. Collins; 1 parcel groceries, Mr. A. Tilley.

Boys' Clothing:—6 pairs Socks, Miss M. Sherwood; 2 Waistcoats, Miss S. E. Knight; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine.

Girls' Clothing:—36 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 21 Garments, Mrs. Marsland; 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 pairs Stockings and 1 Petticoat, Mrs. E. B. Reid; 24 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 11 Articles, Mrs. M. A. Harris; 1 Dress, 1 Pinafore, from a Friend at Kilburn; 14 Articles, the Misses Hall; 6 Pinafores (No. 6 Girls), Mrs. Moss; 1 Apron, Miss S. E. Knight; 18 yards Flannel, Miss M. J. Hoadley; a parcel Worn

Clothing, Mrs. R. Allen; 2½ yards Calico, 2 yards Serge, 6 Articles, Mrs. Spooner; 12 pairs Cuffs, 1 Knitted Dress, 1 Doll, 2 Pinafores, Miss Hill.

GENERAL:—1 Box containing a few Terra Cotta Vases, &c., Mr. Wm. Hunt; a quantity Christmas Cards, Mr. J. S. Axten; a supply each month "Band of Hope Review" and "British Workman," Mr. J. B. Mead; 1 Toy Sewing Machine, Anonymous; 8 Toys, Mrs. M. A. Harris; 40 fancy Articles, some Silk, etc., Miss Robinson.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>				Anonymous, Liverpool ... ..	1	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. E. Palmford ...	0	15	0				
Tewkesbury, per Rev. J. E. Brett ...	1	5	0		£84	5	0
Western Baptist Association ...	11	5	0				
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-				<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
wood ...	8	15	0				
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0	C. A. M. ... ..	10	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church, per				H. A. B. ... ..	0	7	8
Rev. F. Durant ...	10	0	0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire Association...	10	0	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Miss				Mr. J. J. Cook ... ..	1	1	0
E. A. Tyler ...	11	5	0	Mr. E. Brayne ... ..	0	10	8
					£13	19	0

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's			
services at Hull, per Pastor J. E.			
Shepherd ... ..	3	0	6

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

*Statement of Receipts from November 16th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
M. R. ... ..	1	0	0	F. G. ... ..	0	8	0
An old member, a thankoffering for				Anonymous ... ..	10	0	0
blessing received ... ..	5	0	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
Mr. John Cameron ... ..	13	0	0	Mrs. Keevil ... ..	5	0	0
E. H. W., H. ... ..	0	3	0				
Mr. W. Elmslie ... ..	1	0	0		£32	11	0

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

*Statement of Receipts from November 16th to December 7th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Amount previously acknowledged	849	12	10	Mr. John Currie	2	1	1	
C. H. S. S. (for purchase of land,				Mr. H. Woodward	0	5	0	
and part legal expenses)	363	12	3	Stamps	0	5	0	
Mrs. Allen	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Goodacre	1	1	0	
Mrs. Cressall	1	0	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				
J. D. C. D.	1	0	0	Mr. Andrews	1	1	0	
C. A. M., per Pastor Thomas				Mr. Spargo	0	10	6	
Spurgeon	10	0	0	Postal order, Hastings	0	2	6	
Mrs. Downing	1	1	0	Box at Institute door	0	6	8	
Miss Husk	0	5	0			2	0	8
Miss S. H. Bevan	0	10	0					
Mrs. Lines	1	0	0					
W. S., Haverfordwest	1	0	0					

(Promises unpaid, £25.)

(N.B.—Next month (p.v.), we shall publish the *final* list of contributions and the balance-sheet for the SCHOOL CHAPEL Fund, and the *first* list of donations for the CHAPEL Fund.)

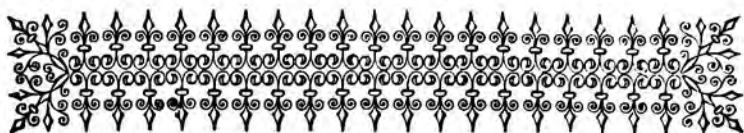
The following amounts, in addition to those acknowledged last month, were received by Mrs. Spurgeon for the poor ministers mentioned in the November *Sword and Trowel*.—Mr. T. H., 2s 6d; Sympathiser, 1s 6d; Miss C., 4s; Mrs. S., 10s; Mr. and Mrs. P., 5s; Mrs. G., £1; a farmer, £1; Mrs. C., £1 1s; making a total of £53 8s. The further sums which have come to hand since this special list was closed will be appropriated to other equally needy cases.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from Nov. 23 to Dec. 7, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—M. Woodford, 1s; M. E., 5s; Miss Wadley, 1s 6d; S. Smith, 10s; E. Cooper, 1s; Mr. Hosier, 1s; Mrs. H. Cutts, 1s; Miss E. H. Thorne, 5s; Mr. W. C. Joyce, 21s; Madame de Mirimonde, 4s; Miss B. McConnell, 2s 6d; Miss Rose Shimmer, 2s 6d; Miss S. Rolph, 1s; James Pointing, 1s 6d; R. Simpson, 2s; E. Butcher, 1s; Mrs. M. Adcock, 3s 6d; Miss Clayton, 1s; Mrs. Crump, 1s; Bertha Musson, 1s; Elizabeth Goodchild, 1s; William Watson, 5s; Mrs. Durrell, 5s; A. Brown, 2s 6d; Miss E. Morris, 2s 6d; Miss Robins, 5s; Mrs. Lucking, senr., 6d; F. W. Singleton, 6d; D. Vipond, 1s; C. French, 1s; W. Langley Jordan, 1s; Miss Porteous, 1s; Mrs. Prior, 6d; Mrs. Parrott, 5s; Miss A. Hooper, 1s 6d; Mr. E. Waters, junr., 6d; Misses G. and M. Crathern, 1s; Mrs. E. Strugnell, 2s 6d; Mrs. Bell, £1; R. Whimhurst, 6d; Mrs. G. A. Vinall, 1s; Mrs. M. F. Vinall, 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby, 1s; Miss Crickmay, 1s; Mrs. Smith and friend, 1s 6d; Mr. D. Banks, 6d; Sarah Mingay, 2s 6d; Mr. Jolliffe, 2s 6d; Mrs. Jolliffe, 2s 6d; Miss A. Berry, 1s; Mrs. H. Crowter, 6d; Mr. Lindsay, 3d; Mrs. Reed, 1s; Miss M. A. Cook, 1s; W. and C. M. Ruthven, 4s; Miss E. Watson, 2s; Miss L. Smith, 1s; S. A. Bazley, 1s; Mrs. Bayley, 10s; Miss Cluderay, 1s; Miss Robins, 1s; Miss Mealing, 1s; Miss S. J. Jones, 1s; A. L. Sandercraft, 3s; Miss L. Ais, 1s; F. Wise, 6d; Lizzie Mansfield, 6d; Mrs. Freeman, 3d; F. Gowler, 1s; C. Scruby, 2s 6d; L. A. H., 5s; A. Gould, 6d; Mrs. Dauridge, 1s; James Rattray, 1s 3d; A. Garment, 1s 6d; W. Andrew, 1s; A. Huggett, 2s; Margaret Davidson, 6d; F. J. Jones, 2s 6d; Miss A. Smith, 2s; A widow's mite, 1s; Mrs. Dawson, 2s 6d; Mary Addams, 2s 6d; Pastor J. Smith and family, 1s; E. Wyatt, 6d; John Mellor, 1s; Miss S. A. Burnaby, 1s 6d; Elizabeth Woods, 2s 6d; Mrs. W. T. Hayward, 1s 3d; Mrs. A. Bednell, 1s; Mrs. Clatworthy, 1s; Louisa Wright, 6d; Annie Wallace, 6d; Maggie Donald, 6d; Miss Harper, 5s; Miss Smith, 5s; Miss H. Long, 1s; Mrs. Goodess, 3d; Miss E. Adams, 10s; Mrs. and Miss Perry, 1s; Miss E. Webb, 1s 6d; Mrs. Morrison, 1s; Aggie Coombs, 1s; Annie Coombs, 1s; Mrs. Marriott, 2s; M. E. Gardner, 2s; Mr. J. Wilson, 4s; Miss Franks, 1s; J. R. Beaton, 1s; Miss E. Arnold, 6d; H. B. Wild Smith, 1s; Mrs. Pringle, 1s 6d; S. P. Catterson, 10s; Mrs. F. Heney, 2s 6d; Miss N. Parr, 5s; Miss A. Jervis, 2s; Miss M. Christie, 1s; Jas. Noakes, 6d; Miss M. Rangeley, 1s; Miss K. Valentine, 1s; Miss Smith, 1s 6d; Miss Emily Smith, 1s 6d; Mr. J. Smith, 1s 6d; Mrs. Cornwell, 2s; Miss C. Adam, 3d; Richard Vernon, 5s; Miss McDonald, 1s; Sarah Last, 6d; Geo. Bontick, 1s; Miss E. Clatworthy, 1s; Miss C. Bland, 1s; Miss Kemp, 1s; Lizzie Gordon, 5s; Mrs. Todd, 5s; Alice Ellis, 1s; Miss E. R. Perry, 1s; Wm. Smith, 2s 6d; H. Stokes, 7d; Donald McBean, 2s 6d; A. H. Morgan, 6d; Samuel Hares, 10s; John Ashbourn, 6d; Wm. Drake, 2s; Elizabeth Rushbrooke, 1s; Mrs. E. Mitchell, 2s 6d; Mrs. E. M. Kelly, 1s; Mrs. Crabtree, 2s; A. Cormack, 6d; Mrs. Smith, 2s; L. V. Bacon, 6d; Emily Stevens, 1s; Mrs. J. W. Franklin, 2s 6d; Clara Dunsdon, 1s 6d; Jas. Wilson, 1s 4d; E. Vincent, 1s; John Gourlay, 5s; Miss Emily Davis, 1s; S. A. Shaw, 1s; J. Gracie, 1s; Ellen Clark, 1s; M. R. and E. T., 1s; Mrs. H. Barclay, 2s 6d; Jane Hayward, 6d; Miss A. M. Hayward, 6d; E. Gore, 1s 3d; Miss Cox, 2s; Bessie Pring, 6d; C. Field, 6d; E. Fisher, 1s; Miss Chinchin, 2s; Miss A. Pourie, 1s 6d; A. M. Barrett, 2s; Mrs. Pitty, 6d; J. A. Lamb, 2d; Jas. Wright, 2s; John Blackley, 2s 6d; E. Crystall, 6d; Jane C. Young, 6d; Mrs. R. Phillips, 6d; Mrs. A. Smeed, 1s; Eleanor Bentall, 1s; F. E. Greenop, 1s; Miss F. E. Johnson, 6d; J. W. H., 3s; Miss L. Brown, 6d; Mary A. Eaves, 1s; S. Flutz, 6d; Mrs. Bailey, 1s; Family of Foulgers, 1s 6d; Mrs. Dorington, 2d; Miss J. Dorington, 2d; E. Knight, 1s; Miss K. Francis, 2s; M. Green, 2s; Sarah Gearl, 1s; A. Merchant, 2s; Ada Baggott, 6d; Mr. Jas. Todd Reid, 5s; Bessie Sheldrick, 6d; Miss Rose, 1s; Miss H. Hitt, 2s 6d; A. Hughes, 2s 6d; Mrs. Jones, 1s; Jas. Wilson, 6d; Miss Everest, 1s 9d; Maudie, 6d; Mrs. Maybrook, senr., 2s 6d; W. R. M. and A. M. M., 5s; Mr. H. Rose, 2s; Mr. F. W. Rose, 1s; Miss K. Rose, 1s 6d; Eliza Rimell, 6d; John Hasler, 1s; Mrs. M. Garden, 2s 6d; Miss Heath and Miss J. Heath, 5s; Miss Lucy Clark, 6d; Louisa A. Cox, 1s 6d; Miss Mahoney, 1s 6d; Miss E. Lovell, 1s; Mrs. Laver, 1s; Ruth Jamieson, 1s; Miss Barrett, 2s; Mrs. Hinks, 2s; Miss L. Swift, 6d; Miss G. Swift, 1s; Mrs. E. A. Amery, 4s 6d; Mr. Fred. Todd, 2s 6d; Mr. Robt. Scott, 2s 6d; Mr. Simon Slater, 6d; Miss A. Pedley, 2s 6d; J. Albury, 1s; Marion Le Gullian, 1s; E. S. Albury, 1s; C. Albury, 1s 6d; N. Albury, 6d; W. H. Albury, 5s; Mr. Geo. Holland, 4d; Miss Agnes White, 6d; Mr. H. H. Carter, 6d; Miss H. E. Gill, 6d; Mrs. J. R. Gill, 1s; Miss M. Rantin, 2s 6d; Ellen Matheson, 6d; Carrie Read, 2s; Jane Girdlestone, 3s; Mr. Z. Whiting, 1s.—Total, £23 8s. 3d.

*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," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bezhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.*



THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

FEBRUARY, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 6.)



TUDENT'S QUESTION.—*Are we justified in receiving Mr. Darwin's or any other theory of evolution?*

MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.—My reply to that enquiry can best take the form of another question,—Does Revelation teach us evolution? It never has struck me, and it does not strike me now, that the theory of evolution can by any

process of argument be reconciled with the inspired record of the Creation. You remember how it is distinctly stated, again and again, that the Lord made each creature "*after his kind*." So we read, "And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good." And again, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind: and God saw that it was good." Besides, brethren, I would remind you that, after all these years in which so many people have been hunting up and down the world for "the missing link" between animals and men, among all the monkeys that the wise men have examined, they have never discovered one who has rubbed his tail off, and ascended in the scale of creation so far as to take his place as the equal of our brothers and sisters of the great family of mankind. Mr. Darwin has never been able to find the germs of an Archbishop of Canterbury in the body of a Tom-cat or a Billy-goat, and I venture to prophesy that he will never accomplish such a feat as that. There are abundant evidences that one creature inclines towards another in certain respects, for all are bound together in a wondrous way which indicates that they are all the product of God's creative will; but what the advocates of evolution appear to forget is that there is nowhere to be discovered an actual chain of growth from one creature to another,—there are breaks here and there, and so many missing links that the chain cannot be made complete. There are, naturally enough, many resemblances between them, because they have all been wrought by the one great master-mind of God, yet each one has its own peculiarities. The Books of Scripture are many, yet the Book, the Bible, is one; the waves of the sea are many, yet the sea is one; and the creatures that the Lord has made are many, yet the Creation is one.

Look at the union between the animal and the bird in the bat or in the flying squirrel, think of the resemblance between a bird and a fish in the flying fish; yet nobody, surely, would venture to tell you that a fish ever grew into a bird, or that a bat ever became a butterfly or an eagle. No; they do not get out of their own spheres. All the evolutionists in the world cannot "improve" a mouse so that it will develop into a cat, or evolve a golden eagle out of a barn-door fowl. Even where one species very closely resembles another, there is a speciality about each which distinguishes it from all others.

I do not know, and I do not say, that a person cannot believe in Revelation and in evolution, too, for a man may believe that which is infinitely wise and also that which is only asinine. In this evil age, there is apparently nothing that a man cannot believe; he can believe, *ex animo*, the whole Prayer-book of the Church of England! It is pretty much the same with other matters; and, after all, the greatest discoveries made by man must be quite babyish to the infinite mind of God. He has told us all that we need to know in order that

we may become like Himself, but He never meant us to know all that He knows. As for myself, brethren, I want to love my Lord more, to feel my sin more, and to learn how I can live more like Christ but I do not want merely to know more. Here, "we know in part," and what we really know is so little that we shall be wise just to lay our heads in the bosom of our Heavenly Father, and love Him, and bless Him, and seek to do what He bids us.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—If you had to limit your library, what Commentary would you have?*

*A.—I should have Matthew Henry. But if you have that, what other would you like to have? I do not think you will ever find Scott pay you much. Adam Clarke is full of curiosities, but you can always do without him. I must not begin to talk on such a tempting theme, but say to you what Cobbett once said to an enquirer, "If you want to know my opinion, read my books." All that I can possibly tell you upon this subject is contained in my volume, *Commenting and Commentaries*.\**

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Should the minister take all the service himself?*

*A.—That must depend partly upon the circumstances in which the minister is placed, for it may be that there is a good deacon who has long been accustomed to give out the hymns, and who would feel hurt if he were set on one side by the young man who has come fresh from College. Still, if the matter is altogether left to the minister, I think that, as a rule, it is much better for him to take all the service. It is a misery to have the worship of God pulled to pieces as it has been in some places that I might mention, where one does a little portion, and someone else another part, and then at last the preacher is allowed to have his share in the proceedings. Last week, I was preaching at a certain place, and there was one brother who went up into the pulpit, and just read a hymn, and then came down; another followed him, "to read the lesson," and so on. I like to make the whole service move forward towards one end, so as to produce one effect upon the worshippers; and it is not possible, as a rule, for two or three men to lead the congregation in this fashion. Sometimes, when I am going out to preach, the good folk say to me, "We will get somebody to take the preliminary service." Is not that wicked,—though it is not meant to be so? It implies that the prayer and the praise and the reading of the Scriptures are all merely "preliminary" to what the preacher has to say. I have often compared the earlier portion of the service to the husbandman's work in sharpening his scythe or sickle, and if I am to do the mowing or the reaping, I prefer to sharpen my own implement.*

*I have had some very curious experiences through occasionally letting other people give out the hymns for me. In the beginning of*

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\* *Commenting and Commentaries: Two Lectures addressed to the students of the Pastors' College, together with a Catalogue of Biblical Commentaries and Expositions.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. 2s. 6d.

my preaching experience, there was a dear good man who would persist in announcing—

"Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee,  
May an infant lisp Thy name ?"

That was to be sung with special reference to me, and at first it was all very proper, for the veteran saint might well regard me as "an infant" in spiritual things ; but, ten years later, when I went down to preach, it was still the same hymn to be sung before my sermon,—

"Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee,  
May an infant lisp Thy name ?"

And when I was forty years of age, and the venerable man was near the close of his long life, I still had to join the congregation once more in singing—

"Mighty God ! while angels bless Thee,  
May an infant lisp Thy name ?"

I thought that I was rather a largish infant, and felt that I would have preferred to choose my own hymns.

I may also tell you what happened to me on another occasion. The minister of the place where I was preaching would give out the hymns, and the hymn-book in use was that one by Dr. Watts in which there are first the Psalms, and then Books I., II., and III. of Hymns. I had selected a hymn out of one of the divisions, but by some mistake the minister had turned to the wrong part of the book, and before he had discovered his error, he was reading—

"When the Eternal bows the skies  
To visit earthly things,  
With scorn Divine He turns His eyes  
From towers of haughty kings.

"He bids His awful chariot roll  
Far downward from the skies,  
To visit every humble soul  
With pleasure in His eyes."

Those of you who are familiar with the hymns of Dr. Watts know that the last verse begins—

"Just like His nature is His grace,  
All sov'reign and all free ;"

and when the minister had read these two lines, he said, "We won't sing this hymn." I felt that, under the circumstances, the hymn ought to be sung, so I said, "If you please, we *will* sing that hymn ; or we will not have any at all if we do not have that one." So the minister shut up the book, and I went on with the sermon. I had fixed upon quite a different subject for my discourse ; but when such a challenge was given to me, I felt compelled to change my theme, so I announced as my text, "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," and I preached from those words a discourse full of good sound doctrine,—sixteen ounces to the pound,—which filled with delight the hearts of all the brethren and sisters who loved the marrow and fatness of the faith which some call Calvinism, but which we trace back to our Lord Himself and His apostles.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What do you think upon the subject of preaching without using notes?*

*A.*—I think it is a capital thing not to use notes at all in preaching; that is the way to begin. I always use a few notes, I suppose because I began in that way; but I suspect that, if you do not commence to use any, you will not need them. I think, however, even if you do not look at your notes, you will find it helpful to have them somewhere about you, so that you can refer to them on an emergency. The memory loves to be trusted; and the more it is trusted, the stronger it becomes. So the less notes you have in preaching, the better.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Should we re-baptize those who have formerly professed their faith by being immersed in the Scriptural way?*

*A.*—That is a question which must be answered according to the circumstances of each case as it is brought before you. If a person came to me, and said, "I am afraid I was not a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ when I was immersed, but I think now that I have really been converted, and therefore I should like to be baptized on profession of my faith," I think I should reply, "Were you not really converted before your baptism? Did you not profess to be converted? If so, I should not recommend you to be baptized again." But if the person said to me, "I am sure that, at that time, I had not thought aright upon this important matter, and I certainly was not baptized after the Scriptural order;" I should reply, "Well, I leave it entirely with you; baptism ought to follow faith, and if you had no faith when you were baptized, you were not baptized in the New Testament meaning of the word; but it is not a point that I should raise with you, and I should leave the whole question to your own conscience as enlightened by the Spirit of God." Once or twice, I have said to friends who have been troubled upon this matter, "I believe you were converted before you were baptized, and I should not think of baptizing you again."

You know, brethren, that our forefathers were called *Ana*-baptists, because it was said by their opponents that they re-baptized those who had been already baptized. Of course, they did nothing of the kind; but they immersed, on profession of their faith, those who had previously been sprinkled as unconscious infants. There was no ana-baptism or re-baptism there, the two things were altogether distinct. I could tell a good many stories of that kind of ana-baptism. There was one of the elders of the Tabernacle Church who was—as the word is usually understood—"baptized" four times. The first time the babe was sprinkled, he was so ill that he was only half-done,



according to the ritual provided for that purpose in the Prayer-book. When he got better, he was taken to the church to be properly finished off, but the parson was so drunk that he gave the child a girl's name instead of the one which had been selected for him. His father and mother did not like their boy running the risk of being called by the name that had been given to him, so they took him for the third time; and the clergyman, being sober then, gave him his right name. When he grew up, he was converted, and I baptized him after the Scriptural order; but the Church of England had made three attempts to baptize him, and failed every time.

(*To be continued.*)

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

"THE LORD TAKETH PLEASURE IN THEM THAT FEAR HIM, IN THOSE THAT HOPE IN HIS MERCY."—Psa. cxlvii. 11.

IT seems to me that very many of the Lord's people are like timid sheep that stand trembling *outside* the fold, lingering by the fences, hungry and thirsty for the green pastures and the still waters within the enclosure, but not daring to venture in. They *are* in the King's meadow, He has given His life for them, and called them by name; but something hinders their full enjoyment of His love, and of the dainties which that love has provided for them. They "cannot enter in because of unbelief," they are afraid to draw any nearer because they do not possess the "full assurance of faith." Poor, distressed, faint-hearted ones! *This* is not the will of God concerning you, nor is it the mind of your loving Shepherd, for He says, "My sheep hear My voice, and *they follow Me*;" and following Christ always means getting closer to God, and learning to delight in Him.

This text which I have chosen, is a wide-open gate into the fair fields of peace and joy, where you may find rest unto your souls. You need not stay to wonder whether you can ever get through; the way is plain and smooth, all the stones are gathered out; AND IF YOU WILL, you may come and welcome. Did you not, just lately, see one quite as timorous as yourself go up to "the Man at the Gate," and ask for entrance? And do you not know what the ready reply was?

"*I am willing with all my heart, said He.*"

And if you will venture, you will receive the same loving answer.

Let us look well at the blessed, encouraging words. "*The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him.*" Can you not come in there? Do you not *fear Him*,—I mean, in a spiritual, not a slavish sense,—fear to grieve Him, fear to go contrary to His will, fear to miss His approval, or occasion the hiding of His face? Then, if this be true, *He taketh pleasure in you!* Think of it quietly for a moment. Lay down this Magazine, and let the precious hope steal into your heart that this is truly a message of comfort for *you*, and that it ought to be immediately received, believed, and rejoiced in. Do not put it from

you, and refuse to accept the blessing because it seems "too good to be true," and you feel too sinful, too selfish, too half-hearted to be worthy of such tender love.

Besides, do you not see that, as if this gate were not open enough for such timid ones as you, "the Shepherd of love" has flung it even further back in the next clause of the verse, "*The Lord taketh pleasure . . . in those that hope in His mercy.*" Surely, the most desponding and fearful of the Lord's children can come as far as that, and with a lightened heart thankfully say, "Dear Lord, that must mean me!" My friend, if you do indeed, "fear the Lord, and hope in His mercy," you know it is not a question of *what you are*, but of *what Christ is for you*. Faith in the Lord Jesus strips the soul of its filthy rags, and wraps around it the glorious and priceless robe of the Saviour's righteousness; and thus arrayed, it is easy to see that all who believe must be pleasing in the Father's sight. Dear Mr. Spurgeon was very fond of quoting two quaint lines which set forth this reassuring truth,—

"Him, and then the sinner see,  
Look through Jesu's wounds on me."

Herein lies the secret of God's delight in His people, and it is because we are "justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus," that we dare to believe that "the Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake." What a pity it is that we often persist in looking more at our own spiritual condition than at Him who alone can make that condition one of constant abiding in Him! Miss Havergal, in her delightful little book, "*My King*," very strikingly says:—"Let us leave off morbidly looking to see exactly how much we love Him, for this is *like trying to warm ourselves at a thermometer*, and perhaps only ends in doubting whether we love at all!"

Ah! dear souls, a far better way is to believe God's Word, and joyfully think of Him as taking pleasure in you, rejoicing in your desire after Him, and the hope in His mercy which He sees in your heart. Remember that the "fear" and the "hope" are His own work in you, they are not the natural products of your soul, but spiritual graces implanted by the Holy Spirit. Take courage, then, get a grip of the blessed truth that He loves you,—HE LOVES YOU,—and, soon, instead of wandering forlornly up and down the outside pastures, you will be drawn by that love to the inner fold where "He feedeth among the lilies."

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The Lord has given me the desire of my heart in seeing the School-Chapel at Bexhill built and opened free from debt, and this without asking help except at His gracious and bountiful hands. I feel like one waking from a happy dream, and finding it a reality! I scarcely understand how the Lord has brought it all to pass, so silently, yet so surely, has He wrought in us and for us; but it is a fact that, this time last year, there was but that secret hope in my mind of such a mercy for Bexhill, of which I have told you, and now the pretty little place is completed, the land is all bought, the deeds are all

settled, the costs all paid, and—I must write the next sentence in capitals,—OUR MINDS ARE FULLY PURPOSED TO COMMENCE THE LARGER BUILDING IMMEDIATELY!

Could we do less, or otherwise, when our God has been so exceedingly gracious? It would look like distrusting Him for the larger effort, after all the help and mercy past. No! "'Tis His goodness makes us bold." We draw a plea from what He has done, and glorify Him by believing that He will do yet more. Besides, He has lately given to me these assuring words, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." I know He means it, and my faith has taken hold on the promise with the utmost delight and expectation. I cannot tell where the three or four thousand pounds are coming from wherewith to erect the large Chapel, but neither did I know from what treasury the Lord would draw the sixteen hundred pounds which "Little Beulah" (with its accessories, as mentioned in detail on page 76,) has cost. But what matters that? Our God is "Shaddai"—the All-sufficient; and if His work needed hundreds of thousands, it would be as nothing to Him to supply them.

How carefully He has planned everything for us during the past year, and in how many wonderful ways has He inclined the people's hearts to help! I could tell you some very pleasing things on this head, but they will all come out by degrees; and I want, first of all, to praise and magnify *Him*, for it is truly all His doing, and "it is marvellous in our eyes." And, as He has so gloriously undertaken the first part of the work, there can be no doubt or fear about the completion of the whole. God never does things by halves, or leaves His work unfinished. I sent a message to the people by "Son Tom" when he opened the Chapel, which I should like to repeat here, for it should stir up our hearts to do our very utmost for this service to the Lord God of Israel:—"BUILD THE HOUSE; AND I WILL TAKE PLEASURE IN IT, AND I WILL BE GLORIFIED, SAITH THE LORD." Is not that enough to make one enthusiastic and expectant?

One of the very choicest blessings which God has given to this little hill of Zion is a pastor who seeks to declare fully the whole counsel of God. No "uncertain sound" will be heard from the platform at "Beulah," much less "another gospel, which is not another," so long as Mr. Hockey is the preacher; for while the Lord enables him, he will be determined not to know anything among his hearers, "save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Chief among my many causes for gratitude do I reckon this one,—the goodness of God in choosing a pastor who is "steadfast in the faith," "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," and who has already made "full proof of his ministry." Mr. Hockey is also a man of faith and prayer. He wrote to me, one day lately:—"If I possessed enough money, I would at once write out a cheque for the cost of the whole concern, so firmly do I believe that this work is the Lord's, and that He will carry it through!"

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A letter from the esteemed publishers of many of Mr. Spurgeon's works in German, gives the following interesting information:—"We have a very remarkable incident to note in connection with the

circulation of your dear husband's Sermons in a foreign tongue. A gentleman in Roumania, who reads German well, translates portions of the discourses into the Armenian language, and, writing them out, sends them in the form of a letter to his countrymen. This letter then circulates among the small groups of believers in Baku, Schuscha, Schemacha, Eriwan, and other places in the Caucasus. Does not this remind one of the times of the apostles, when in the form of 'letters' the Epistles were sent from church to church to be read by all the brethren in Christ?"

Poor oppressed and suffering Armenians! This is truly a work of love and mercy to undertake on their behalf. How much I wish I had some of the Sermons in their own tongue, that they might be strengthened by the consolation which flows from every page!

We can easily imagine that the Lord has used these fragmentary "letters" to sustain the courage, and cheer the hearts of these persecuted people in the midst of their grievous sorrows;—perhaps the dear glorified Pastor's words have enabled some of them to meet a sudden and violent death with serenity and confidence, and they have already had an opportunity of telling him in Heaven how he comforted them on earth!

\* \* \* \*

On the bosom of the Caribbean Sea, like a pendant of glittering emeralds lie three fair islets,—the Great Cayman, the Little Cayman, and Cayman Brac. (How vividly these names recall the cherished tale of our childhood, which thrilled our hearts with a delicious fear lest, some day, we should find the Big Bear, or the Middle Bear, or the Little Wee Bear, fast asleep in our bed! But as *this* story has nothing to do with bears, I must apologise for introducing the reminiscence.)

It is about Cayman Brac that I have something interesting to tell you. The island is very small, and quite isolated from the busy world and its ways; it has no doctor, no direct postal communication, and no vehicles; all journeys are made on horseback or in canoes, and the pastor has to combine, in his own person, the rôles of preacher, doctor, school-master, bookseller, architect, builder, lawyer, and general referee! Truly, he must be an "out-and-out" missionary! The whole population of the islands are Baptists; and, with the exception of the pastor and his wife, I presume they are black,—“God's image in ebony,” as somebody very prettily put it. They are a poor, good-hearted, simple folk, who look to their spiritual teacher and guide for everything; and I should think they must be naturally open to religious conviction, receiving the glad message of the gospel with great joy when presented to them.

For many years, I have regularly sent the beloved Pastor's Sermons to this out-of-the-way place, and I cannot doubt but that God has made them, directly or indirectly, a blessing to the people. There have been many baptisms among them lately, and it is to describe briefly one of these services that I am writing this paragraph, for a letter recently received from the missionary's wife has greatly interested me, and I know

my dear readers like me to pass on to them anything specially pleasant in connection with my work. So, if you would like to see—

### A Baptismal Service in Cayman Brac,

you must come down to the shore in the early morning, before the sun has attained his great power. The blue waves of the sea are sparkling in the sunshine, the cocoa-nut palms are waving gracefully in the light breeze, and the rocks round about are crowded with onlookers who are all deeply concerned in the solemn scene to be enacted before them. In the open sea stands the minister, with an old deacon by his side, and the water laps gently around them as if in sympathy with the impressiveness of the occasion. The white-robed candidates stand on the shore, waiting for the moment when it shall be their joy to follow their Saviour: and then, as each one is laid for an instant beneath the shining water, rising again in token of "newness of life," we can almost seem to hear the sweet doxology of praise which ascends "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

I can scarcely imagine looking upon such a touching and pathetic sight without tears of gladness, and a soul full of praise to God. Do the angels, think you, ever hover wonderingly over such a scene as this? Do those few fleecy clouds in the brilliant sky veil the forms of some celestial visitants, who still sing of "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men"?

S. S.

## More of Principal Gracey's Wise Words.

(REPORTED BY PASTOR GEORGE MENZIES, ARBROATH.)

For mental stimulus, there is nothing like prayer.

The first requirement of a gospel preacher is to have a gospel to preach.

In the exposition of a text, we have to say the thing that *must* be said.

Unless we preach the meaning of the text, we have no authority of God for what we say.

Preach the law, and so make room for the gospel.

Every young man ought to beware of facility of utterance.

Every man who will *work* will grow.

Prepare yourself for the future, and there will be a future for you.

Many a young minister has lost more, in himself and in his influence, after an evening service, than he has gained in the two services; hence, that evening and the Monday ought to be guarded with a specially jealous care.

# The Death of Moses.

A SHORT SERMON, WRITTEN MORE THAN 40 YEARS AGO,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"So Moses the servant of the Lord died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."—Deut. xxxiv. 5.

ONE of the most fitting subjects for the contemplation of a living man is "Death." There is no subject more calculated to moderate our desires, or put our judgments in order, than the dread subject of *mortality*. But, alas! how seldom does it dwell upon our mind! How constantly do we shun the mere mention of it! The same feeling which prompts us to say, "Bury the dead out of our sight," leads us to lay the finger on the mouth of Death, and bid him be silent. How very few are our visits to the grave! The iron gates of the tomb grate too horribly upon their hinges to be pleasant to us: we seldom look within, save when they open wide, and some one of our friends is dragged within. Even then, we glance but briefly, and turn speedily to the things of time and sense.

Wherefore this unwillingness to meditate on death? Do we hope to escape, like the foolish ostrich, by shutting our eyes and covering our heads? Is it not wise to talk with Death, to walk with him in his gloomy gardens, to visit the secret places where the weary cease from troubles, and the great and small sleep on the same couch? Such a course would familiarize us with the skeleton monarch; and, as the well-trained war-horse fears not the fire, the smoke, or the rattling of the musketry, so should we, "fearless of hell and ghastly death," calmly await our doom.

With Christian men, aversion to the thought of death is most inconsistent with that hope of immortality which is our glory and our crown. We will now follow Moses to his grave; and I trust, however we may have feared death, we may exclaim, in a better sense than the poet Virgil intended, "*Facilis descensus Averni*," "The way to death is easy; yea, made smooth by the comforts of the Saviour's grace." "Let us also go, that we may die with Him," said Thomas, when our Lord was going to His death; and so I say, "Let us go and visit the leader of the tribes in the wilderness." Let us consider,—

- I. THE VETERAN.
- II. THE ASCENT.
- III. THE PROSPECT.
- IV. THE DEATH.
- V. THE BURIAL.
- VI. THE ALLEGORY IN IT ALL.

I. Let us go to the camp of Israel, and see THE VETERAN LAW-GIVER.

It is a day of solemn assembly, the people are gathered, by their companies, listening to someone who, standing apart, is pouring out a strain of song. Who is he who speaks so eloquently? It is Moses,—once the stammerer,—who, like the swan, is singing his death-song. What a sight to have seen Moses at that moment! He

was 120 years old, and what an eventful life his had been! Forty years he had spent in the palaces of the Pharaohs, and had learned all the secrets and wisdom of Egypt; forty years he had led a retired pastoral life amid the vast plains of Northern Arabia; and forty more he, by faith, had been treading the pathless wilderness.

Oh, what a history that man could unfold! He once lay a weeping infant in the ark of bulrushes, next he stood in regal halls, then as a persecuted man he fled to Midian. Providence conducts him to a well, where he has an interview with the daughters of Jethro, one of whom becomes his wife, and he himself becomes a shepherd. God secludes him, that he may ruminate on knowledge already acquired; but a change passes over the scene. The burning bush marks the boundary of his pastoral life, and now we find him back in the old palaces of Egypt, once his home. Here he works wonders, and afflicts the field of Zoan; his purpose is accomplished, but the curtain falls not. In that drama of a life there are other scenes; we see him, in the might of God, dividing with his rod the sea, and drowning therein the court and chivalry of Egypt. We see him prostrate in prayer, or braving the terrors of Sinai, or fasting forty days while, as one greatly-beloved, he talks with God.

A life more eventful cannot be conceived; and now there he stands, uttering the peroration of his life-long sermon, putting the seal to his finished testimony. Is he not venerable; is there not something to be revered in him? We cannot hope to live to the age of Moses, or to do all that he did; but his life says to us who are young, "O youth, wouldest thou in thy latter days be honoured? Then, walk as Moses did, who chose the reproach of Christ rather than the treasures in Egypt." And you, ye grave and venerable seniors, happy are ye if ye can look at Moses without a blush, or if, like him, ye can welcome death with song.

What is most remarkable in Moses is, that his eye did not wax dim, neither did his natural force abate. His eye, when he looked for the last time on the tents of Jacob, flashed with the same fire as when he saw the people dancing before the calf. His arm was as strong as when he smote the Egyptian, his foot as firm as when he put off his shoe at Horeb, and his mind as unimpaired as when he studied in the palaces of Memphis. The exposure in the wilderness, the cares of a nation, the murmurs of rebels, had not worn him out. He was an iron man, like the law which he promulgated, and his strength was equal to his day. We cannot hope thus to endure as to our bodies. Time will bleach our locks, care will plough its furrows on our brow, the grinding must sound faintly, and the lookers-out at these windows must be darkened. But, in another sense, we may hope to be like Moses. Our strength shall be renewed like the eagle's. Waiting on the Lord, we shall not faint, nor grow weary; and, even in age, we shall have in our hearts the greenness and vigour of youth.

We might say more upon this veteran, but we will not, save just this one thought. How few are spared to old age! Death mows the tender plants, and seldom allows them to ripen, far less to go into the sere and yellow leaf. O ye fathers, ye are the vanguard of our army!

May God long spare you, but may He ever remind you of the deep responsibility which rests upon your spared heads!

## II. THE ASCENT.

Moses now leaves the throng, and climbs the mountains of Abarim, up the sides of Nebo, on to its very peak, called Pisgah. He goes up there, and he goes there to die! He had climbed the quaking rocks of Sinai, to enter within the cloud-covered circle, and hear the voice of God. Now he climbs for another purpose. The Lycurgus of Israel retires to die. We talk of going *down* to the grave; this man went *up* to his. And truly, if we judged rightly, we should not say a Christian goes down into the grave, but goes *up* to his tomb. Sweet thought! We shall ascend above the dusky world, and get into a clearer atmosphere ere we die. The house where a Christian dies is usually, as it were, built on a hill. He sees others weeping; but he cries, "Weep not for me." He sings, he claps his hands. The air is purer and balmier up yonder where he lies. His lowly bed is really a lofty divan where, like an honoured monarch, he reclines in peace. Perhaps Moses looked back with sorrow at leaving his people; but when he looked up to the top of the hill, he went on with joy, saying, like Abraham, "Abide ye here, while I go and worship God yonder."

We remark that Moses ascended this mountain alone. Aaron could climb Sinai with him, Joshua could ascend Horeb with him; but neither Aaron nor Joshua could climb Pisgah with him. Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses on the hill when Joshua fought with Amalek in the valley; but against the last enemy there is no mortal helper to stand with Moses. The old mountain-ranger leans on no human arm, he is alone. And, beloved, you and I must die alone. None can enter the gates of the grave with us. Death is a turnstile that admits but one at a time.

But then, Moses needed no one. He was a strong man; he could climb the steep rock, he could follow the track of the wild goat, or if necessary, like the chamois hunter, could leap from crag to crag. Had it not been so, the everlasting arms would have carried him up, or have cut steps in the hard granite that he might rise with ease to the appointed summit. O brethren, here is a precious word for you, when dying time is come! The message will not be, "Go down into the vaults of death," but, "*Get thee up into the top of Pisgah.*"

## III. THE PROSPECT.

We know why Moses must die aloft, it is that he may have a vision of Canaan. All is still on the mountain top: he is too high to hear the din of the multitude below. He reclines upon a massive overhanging rock, and looks around. Not far off runs the stream of Jordan, and he sees the fields and hills beyond it; but the human eye cannot of itself see clearly things remote, and therefore his eyes are touched with Heavenly eyesalve, and now how wide the prospect! Nothing is obscure now. In the distance, he sees the mountains of Lebanon, not as an unformed and cloudy mass, but he can see the very cedars waving upon the mountain's side. Carmel, and the Great Sea at its foot, are present to him. Tabor, and Hermon, and Zion, and Bashan, he sees clearly. There are the vales of Esheol, and there the



softly-flowing waters of Siloa. From palm-treed Jericho to Naphtali, from Dan to Beersheba, all is visible to his eye.

Oh, how delighted must he be at the vision of the rivers of milk and honey! There is the consummation of his hopes,—the promised land of Canaan. Moses never had such a view before; and beloved, let me tell you that you too shall have the same view as Moses had. Death is the Christian's minaret, which he climbs at the fixed hour. Death is the Christian's observatory, whence he looks, with the glass of faith, far beyond Saturn's ringed orb, or the belted star of Jove, up to the boundless realms of light where his possessions lie. To enlarge on the scene were useless; where an angel might fail, let a mortal be silent. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard as yet, the glories which on the mount of death shall be revealed to us.

#### IV. THE DEATH.

But the prospect must fade away. Like every other scene on earth, even this is but a dissolving-view, and it must sweetly melt away into another. The green field must become a shining pavement, the Jordan must give place to the river of the water of life, and over all must rise the jasper light of the sapphire city. Moses dies, as the best must do. He dies;—none saw him, so that we cannot describe the scene. Did he with his last breath pray for Israel? We cannot answer. Did he mention the name of the Crucified when his quivering lip gave forth its last utterance? 'Tis all unknown. Ask the old rocks of Nebo, ask the wild winds which swept the mountain side, and chanted his funeral dirge. We know not, and we seek not to know; all we are told is that Moses died there "according to the Word of the Lord." And surely this is enough; or if not, we can know no more.

However, let us improve his death; let us preach a short funeral sermon upon him, though his body is, like the drowned mariner, unfound, a secret treasure hidden in the great unknown.

Moses' death was, in part, a *chastisement*. He had sinned at Meribah. He called the people rebels; he spoke to them instead of to the rock, and smote the rock instead of speaking to it. He failed once, and he dies. He might have entered the promised land, or been carried to Heaven in a chariot of fire, but that one blot prevented. God had been dishonoured; and although the sin had been forgiven, chastisement must be inflicted. God never lays any penal vengeance at our door if we are His; but His paternal hand must strike for correction. Oh, the doubly-awful nature of sin! It kept the meekest man out of Canaan; let us therefore fear lest, through sin, we go halting all our days.

But we must notice the *mercy* mingled with it all. If Moses must die, he shall die sweetly. Some physicians coat their pills with silver, and God doth gild the bitter morsel of death with the glory to be revealed. The Jewish Rabbis affirm that the text teaches that God kissed away the soul of Moses; and, as nearly all the eminent commentators have thought this worthy of mention, I mention it as a very delightful idea.

Die he must, even though the marrow is moist in his bones, though his knees totter not, neither are his joints loosed. So must we die,

even if we be as great as Cæsar, as rich as Croesus, as wise as Solomon, as strong as Samson, or as meek as Moses. The oak of a thousand years' growth must, if it be not felled earlier, at last become a hollow mansion for owls, and in the end fall down to the earth a rotten ruin. And he who, like the patriarch Moses, has his eye undimmed, must one day sleep in death. But, Christian, God will make it as easy as possible to thee, as sweet as bitter can be, and as soft as nature changed by grace will allow.

#### V. THE BURIAL.

Now the last struggle is over, the hallowed clay is forsaken by its once-active tenant. It remains to be buried; and, in order that the Jews might never worship the relics of Moses, God buried him. Whether He cleft the rock, and laid him in a natural sarcophagus; whether the flowers bloom over his head, or thunders date their birth from his place of entombment, we know not, for he is hidden till the day shall declare it. Michael guards his dust from the demon who would unveil his secret. It may not be known.

What learn we here? We learn the vanity of the pomp and display which often accompany a funeral. It may be well that Nelson and Wellington should have their bodies drawn in gorgeous cars with all the wealth of the nation as mourners; but "vanity of vanities, all is vanity." How much more solemn to be buried by the Almighty in secret and silence, than to be lowered into the vault with the Dead March in *Saul* and volleys from noisy guns! Christian, it is right to desire a burial and a tomb; but if thou hast none, dread it not. Thou wilt need no "storied urn, or animated bust." Thy God will find thee as well if thou shalt lie in the caves of ocean as if thou didst rest in an abbey. The neglected, overgrown corner of a churchyard will be as near the throne as the poets' corner or the monarch's mausoleum. Thou mayest love to think of a tombstone, and of the few sweet flowers which shall be on thy grave; but if thine humble resting-place be all unknown, then fear not, but trusting thy soul to thy Lord, have confidence that the several atoms of thy body shall be precious in His sight, and shall arise at His summons.

#### VI. We close our discourse with AN ALLEGORY.

Moses is the law, with eye undimmed by age, and unimpaired by years, able to see sin, and strong to punish it in the sinner.

Moses led the people to the edge of the wilderness, but not into Canaan; nor can the law ever land one poor sinner in Paradise.

Moses died, so is the law dead to every Christian. He died not of old age, but by the Word of God; so did the law die to us by the Word of Jehovah when He justified us. And, as Moses' body is buried, and cannot be found, even so is the damnable power of the law buried by Christ, "and if we search to find our sins, our sins can ne'er be found."

Oh, that, like Moses, we may go Heavenward when we die; like him, enjoy a beatific vision; and, like him, close our eyes on earth to open them in the New Jerusalem for which our spirits pant!

O Lord, help *me*! Amen.

## “ This Sycamine Tree.”

AN ADDRESS BY PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON,  
DELIVERED AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE OPEN-AIR MISSION,  
HELD AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE, NOVEMBER 30, 1896.

“ And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you.”—Luke xvii. 6.

DEAR brethren of the Open-Air Mission, if I had to preach a sermon to you to-night, I think I should take the whole verse as my text; but as I am only to give a short address, we will have only part of it for our theme,—these three words,—

### “ THIS SYCAMINE TREE.”

Does one of my hearers enquire, “ Whatever made Mr. Spurgeon choose those words as his motto for an address to us open-air preachers ? ” Well, dear friend, one reason is evident enough; our Lord Jesus Christ was Himself in the open air, or else He would not have said, “ *This sycamine tree.* ” It was, probably, just alongside Him; perchance, some of its widely-spreading branches were overhanging His head, and shielding Him from the too-hot sun.

I. So the first division of my sermonette is,—JESUS WAS AN OPEN-AIR PREACHER.

If we had no other proof of it, these words are sufficiently convincing, “ *This sycamine tree.* ” We are in good company, are we not? We belong, thank God, to a glorious order. I confess that I have never felt ambitious to become a member of certain orders with high sounding titles of which some people seem to think a good deal (fancy figuring, for instance, in the Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes), but to be an open-air preacher, as Jesus was, and to declare under the spreading trees the same “ Gospel of the Kingdom,” is to my mind one of the greatest honours that can possibly fall to the lot of mortal man.

Most of our Lord’s discourses were delivered in the open air. Sometimes, indeed, He taught in the temple; but even then I presume that it was in the surrounding porches and courts rather than in the covered edifice. ’Tis true that He taught and healed in private houses sometimes, but I cannot help remembering that He was in a house, on one occasion, and it seemed as if it was predestinated that, even then, He should be an open-air preacher, for they took the roof off, and let down into His presence the man sick of the palsy. Beneath the bright blue sky, Jesus spake to him the word of forgiveness, and healed his palsy, too. For the most part, Christ spoke under the azure vault of heaven; and if I may venture to say so, I fancy He was more at home there than anywhere else; it was His Father’s house in a very special sense. So He would, with great delight, make Peter’s boat His pulpit, and, withdrawn a little way from the strand, teach the people as He sat in the sea. Or He would climb the hillside, and with the people circling around Him would speak as never man

spake. You, dear brethren, are to be congratulated that you preach in the open air; you are in the apostolic succession, certainly, in this respect, for they and their blessed Chief were open-air preachers most certainly.

You have this advantage, among many others, that the atmosphere does not get intolerably close and hot. No one can suddenly open a window just behind you, and let in a rush of cold air, and nobody slams the door when coming in, or lets an umbrella fall with a loud bang at a solemn moment! These annoyances may appear to be trifles, not worthy of notice, but when they are multiplied, they tend greatly to spoil the impressiveness of our services, and with nervous preachers they are calculated to turn the current of thought, and with some hearers they serve to distract attention. There are advantages connected with open-air preaching which you, dear brethren, are not slow to see and to rejoice in, though I must also confess that there are advantages in having a comfortable house of prayer, and a building specially suited for the worship of God. But these things you have in the open air,—God's breeze fanning your cheeks, and God's sun brightening your eyes, and a people all round you, who, if they are not as numerous as some of our congregations, nor as some would judge as respectable as others, are evidently there with a purpose; for the doors stand open,—nay, there are no doors to keep them in,—so that, if they stay, you may believe that God it is who holds them to their posts, and that He has brought them there that He may speak unto them words whereby they may be saved.

That is my first point, then, Jesus Himself was an open-air preacher. Let Him stand first on the list, and foremost in our hearts,—the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether-lovely.

## II. Notice, next, that HE USED COMMON OBJECTS AS ILLUSTRATIONS.

Jesus gleaned in every field. Run through His parables, and you will find that birds and beasts and fishes, men and women and children, air and earth and sea, all were laid under contribution to find Him metaphors and imagery. Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" but a greater than Solomon is here, as He points to "this sycamine tree." The Lord Jesus, pre-eminent for every grace and virtue, was quick-thoughted; He knew how to press into the service of His Father all sights, and sounds, and scenes. He beheld a sower scattering seed upon the hillside, and imported him into His talk immediately. The ravens flew across the sky, so He utilized them. The lilies sprang at His feet, and He employed them also in His holy service. And you, dear friends, who preach and teach in the open air, may well covet earnestly this gift from God,—for it is one of the best of His gifts,—the power of utilizing everything, the knack of dove-tailing ordinary events, and sights, and scenes, that meet you at the moment, into the discourse which you are delivering. Jesus had this faculty in a superlative degree, and many another preacher has had it too, though none have possessed it to the extent that Jesus did.

I recollect how my dear father, when he was preaching in the

open air, was able to employ this talent. I heard him once, upon the banks of the Clyde, on a sultry summer afternoon. He referred to the thunderclouds that came rolling up from the horizon; and when he spake of the Providence of God, he bade the folk believe that the very midges which were tormenting them, so that they could scarcely listen to the preacher, were ordained and ordered by the great King of all; and by such homely allusions he held them spellbound, or if at any moment there seemed a lapse of attention, some such home-thrust, some such familiar reference recalled them to the theme, and held them fast again. Only the other day, when I was preaching in some country place, a friend told me of how, nearly forty years before, my dear father was in the same district preaching in the open air. He noticed a man coming over a hedge to get to the place of meeting. The congregation looked in the direction of the disturber, and was somewhat distracted. What do you think the preacher did? Did he scold them for inattention? Nay, verily, that was not his mode of action; but he spoke at once of the man who entered not in by the door, but came in some other way, and so employed what might have been considered an untoward event in enforcing an important lesson. He knew how to weave everything into his discourse, even on the spur of the moment, and to make it serve the great purpose he had in view.

In my small way, I remember at least on one occasion being much helped by an occurrence which, but for the timely grace of God, would have proved a serious drawback. It was in a very small country place, a wooden chapel in the bush of New Zealand. During the preaching time, there came on one of the most terrific thunderstorms that it has ever been my lot to witness, and it seemed as if the frail building must be set on fire and destroyed. Then it was that, though altogether apart from the theme I had in hand, I felt moved to speak about the coming judgment, and of Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire; and while the people's hearts were tender, the truth was stamped upon them by the Spirit's power. Christ was acting on this same principle when He said, "This sycamine tree."

### III. Then remember to WHAT GLORIOUS PURPOSE CHRIST USED ALL HIS METAPHORS.

He did not tell stories for the sake of telling them. He did not use beautiful figures just that He might either attract the people or amuse them. There was something deeply practical about all He said; He was ever aiming at the one thing, to destroy their hypocrisy and self-righteousness, or to win them into the narrow way. What a deal of talk there is with the most of us, and all too little on the practical side! Oh, that every word we speak were a word upon wheels, which would run in the memories of the people, and bring glory unto God! Brethren, let us be very practical, let us have our glorious end in view from the very first. Perhaps we shall really say more if we say less; at least, we shall do more if, in what we do say, we put more of the prayerful, practical spirit which ever actuated our Lord.

I could not help smiling, this morning, as I read in the newspaper the particulars of a rather curious case in one of our law courts. Some

man had given an order to a mechanic to make for him a special kind of penny-in-the-slot machine, so constructed that, when the coin was inserted, the imitation hen was to cackle and lay an egg. There was some fault with this machine, and strangely enough, the effect of it was that, when the penny was put in, the hen did not cackle, but laid two eggs instead of one. Well, that was bad for the owner of the machine; but I think I know some open-air preachers—not belonging to this Society, of course,—who have had plenty of the cackle, but very little of the egg. We want to have the fault—it will not be a fault in our case,—of saying less and doing more. Let us resolve that all we do say is calculated to bring to God more glory, and honour, and fruit. All the great Teacher's metaphors were used for practical purposes, and when He said, "This sycamine tree," it was not that He might discourse about the tree itself, or call attention to the graceful branches or the welcome fruit of the mulberry tree, but that He might drive home to the disciples' hearts a solemn and helpful truth.

He pointed to this tree *that He might show the power of faith to uproot*, "for," said He, "if you say to this mulberry tree, 'Be thou plucked up by the root,' it should obey you." The sycamine or mulberry is a tree which has the deepest possible roots; it is most tenacious, it holds and grips the soil most firmly; "but," says Christ, "even this sycamine tree shall let go its hold if your faith shall keep its hold, even this deeply-rooted tree shall be removed if you are not removed from your confidence." And you, dear friends, who go out to preach in the open air, have plenty of uprooting to do,—you are to seek to uproot drunkenness, and uncleanness, and gambling, and a thousand other evils that are firmly planted in the hearts of sinners. Only the Lord Himself can accomplish this great work; but if you have faith in Him, you shall be the instruments by which it shall be done. They used to call one of the great Rabbis of ancient times, "the uprooter of mountains," by which they meant to signify that there were no obstacles to him, so remarkably learned was he. Let us also be worthy to be called by the same title because of our firm faith in God and in His exceeding great and precious promises. To be, in this sense, an uprooter of sycamines is better than being a Rabbi, and I cannot wish for our Brother Cockrem anything more appropriate than this, that he and his many earnest co-workers should be uprooters of the evil habits and sinful dispositions which, alas! alas! have struck their tap-roots deep, deep down into the hearts of so many of the people among whom we dwell.

But, said Christ, concerning "this sycamine tree,"—not only that they should by faith uproot it from the land, but that *they should plant it in the sea*. There it should stand upright, and grow, and flourish, and bring forth fruit, though in a foreign element, for nothing is impossible to him that believeth. A bush that burns with fire, a stone that hangs in air, a spark that lives in ocean, a sycamine tree which flourishes with its roots in the brine,—these are the marvels that faith produces; and if you do but trust your Lord implicitly, you shall not only be enabled to uproot great sinners from their sinful past, but you shall see them growing and thriving in surroundings quite unlikely to help the spiritual life, because the

miracle-working hand of the Lord is in the matter. You know the old story of how one of the officers of Napoleon came to him as he sat upon his charger on the field of battle, and told him that one of his orders had been found impossible of execution. He smote his hand upon the pommel of his saddle, and exclaimed, "How impossible? I do not know the word. Nothing is impossible to my Poles!" This was a picked regiment of his which had performed great exploits, and he bade them go and do what others said was impossible. He was mistaken, for the feat *was* impossible even to the bravest of the brave; it was only his proud and cruel heart that sacrificed these men in the hope that he might attain a little greater glory. Our kind Captain must not be compared to Napoleon in this respect. He never sends us forth on an errand that we cannot accomplish in His name, and by His might; and if we come to Him, and say, "O Lord, we have found the work Thou didst set us to do to be impossible," we must not be surprised if even He grows indignant with us, and replies, "How impossible? Nothing is impossible to those who trust My grace!"

Moreover, Christ declared that, "this sycamine tree" should become obedient to their voice if they had faith as a grain of mustard seed. It is not the quantity of faith, so much as the quality of it, that is the important matter. Is ours a living faith? If so, the Lord will use it and bless it. It was a little-finger faith that touched the hem of Christ's robe, and brought the healing that all the doctors in the country could not provide. It was a faith which I must describe as a "Lord-help-mine-unbelief" faith that brought salvation to another, and it was an eleventh-hour faith that opened to the thief the gates of Paradise, and enabled him to accompany his Saviour and King into the glory-land. Yes, faith as a grain of mustard seed shall make even the sycamine obey. This was Christ's great point, He would convince His disciples that faith secures obedience. Did not one of our brethren, in prayer or speech to-night, allude to those who are not disobedient to the Heavenly vision, and have we not again and again in the Scriptures references to obeying the gospel? Well, brethren, if you have faith, even "this sycamine tree" shall obey you. Say what you will to it, and it will become tractable and obedient to your voice. The children of disobedience shall become obedient children, if, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, you bid men everywhere to repent and to believe the gospel.

I close by reminding you of what your secretary has called "the triumphant cry" of your late dear leader in this work (Mr. Gawin Kirkham). Do you not remember that, just ere he passed into the presence of the King, he said, "There is one offering for sin—Jesus," and so he died? I want you so to live, and so to preach, and so to sing the gospel, till the sycamine trees are uprooted, and even the disobedient children harken to the voice of God. Make this your triumphant cry also, "There is one offering for sin—Jesus!"

God bless you in your Christ-like mission! Amen.

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## Mr. Spurgeon's 2,500th Published Sermon.

**D**URING the past month, the regular weekly issue of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons—which have been published without intermission for more than forty-two years,—has reached No. 2,500. If the beloved preacher had been spared to chronicle this unparalleled event, he would have given to God all the glory for the favour that has rested upon the Sermons ever since they were first printed, and he would also have called particular attention to the discourse which marks the completion of the twenty-fifth hundred. It has been specially selected as suitable for widespread distribution among the unsaved, and its title shows that it is a sequel to the following Sermons previously published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*,—

“Number 1,000; or, ‘Bread Enough and to Spare.’”

“Number 1,500; or, Lifting up the Brazen Serpent.”

“Number 2,000; or, Healing by the Stripes of Jesus.”

“Number 2,400; or, ‘Escape for thy Life!’”

The title of this new discourse is—“Number 2,500; or, Entrance and Exclusion.” It is a most impressive exposition of our Saviour's words, “They that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut;” and it contains one illustration of so remarkable a character that we have ventured to reprint it in full, in the hope that many who read it will be moved to procure the Sermon for presentation to the anxious, or those who need to be aroused to concern about their souls.

### THE GOSPEL LIFE-BELT.

I read, in an American tract, a little sketch written by a gentleman who, having often to cross the great lakes, was in the habit of providing himself with a life-preserving belt in case of need. One night, while he was asleep, an alarm was raised, and he rushed on deck with his life-belt round him, but found that there was no cause for fear. He went downstairs again, and as he lay in bed he had something like a dream, though it was really a waking reverie, and it took this shape. He thought he was on board the great vessel in which all of us are floating on the broad sea of time, and that a great and terrible storm came on. There were some men on deck, with life-preserving belts round them; they had been laughed at while the weather was calm and the sea was smooth; but, as they stood there, with the vessel rocking, and the timbers straining, there were none to mock at them, but many who greatly envied the quiet peacefulness which rested on their countenances. You know who these men are, and what is their protection. Faith in Jesus is the great life-preserving belt; let the tempest come when it may, faith in Christ will enable us to swim through every flood till we reach the happy shores of Heaven.

As this gentleman stood on the deck, and looked about him, he heard one man say, “I was going to buy one of those belts; I lived just opposite the shop where they were sold; and I was often told by friends that I had better get one at once, and I meant to; but I put it



off, and started just a little too late to get it, so I was obliged to come without it, though I meant to have one." The gentleman saw this man washed overboard, as the others were who had not the life-belt, and his good intention could not save him. No doubt there are many here who have meant to get the spiritual life-belt, and they mean to do so now, so they say. Ah! Heaven is being filled with people who have believed in Jesus, and hell is being filled with people who *meant* to believe in Jesus, but did not. That is the difference between the two classes, but what a difference it will make between them when they come to die! These are the people who crowd the corridors of perdition, men and women who *meant* to trust the Saviour, but who never did it. They lived just opposite the places where these life-belts were to be had, and they meant to have had them, but they had them not when the last great storm came on, and so they were lost, and lost for ever!

There was another man who said, "I have been across this sea so often without a belt that I thought I would run the risk once more." He, too, was washed away; and there are some of you, my hearers, who say, "I have lived twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy years, and I am not dead yet; I will run the risk for another year." Really, nowadays, nobody seems to grow old. You meet a man of seventy-five or eighty, and he thinks that he will be old some day, but he has known somebody who lived till he was ninety-nine, and he thinks he shall reach the same age. I have heard of an aged farmer who wanted to buy his neighbour's field. He was eighty, and his neighbour was five years younger; so, when his neighbour would not sell him the land, he said to him, "Ah, well! never mind; you are an old man, and I can buy it when you are dead!" That is just the way people talk. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Here was a man who was five years older than the other, yet he was going to buy the field after the younger man was dead! It is such people who say, "I have been sailing over this sea so long without a life-belt, I will risk it still longer." Thus, they also are lost!

There was another man, who ran to his trunk to get out his life-belt; he pulled up the lid, and took out the belt, but he found it was out of order, and quite useless. The fact was, it was a bad one when he bought it; and after carrying it about with him for a little while, he became weary of such a useless appendage, so he threw it into his trunk, and now that he really needed preservation from the storm, it was of no use to him. You are here, sir, I know you! You used to make a profession of religion; you had a life-belt once, so you thought; but it was not a good one, or you would have it now. It was one that looked like the right thing, and you wore it for a while. You used to be at the prayer-meeting, you even became a member of the church, you carried your religion for a time, but what has become of it now? Where were you last night? I repeat the question,—*Where were you last night?* If the devil had laid hold upon you, and taken you down to his own dominions, there would have been none who would have cried, "Stop, thief!" when he flew away with you, for they would have known that

he was only taking his own property, which he had found on his own premises. Yet you did once make a profession of religion, you used to sit at the communion table, possibly you were even baptized; but where is your life-belt now? It is gone! God save you, who have become backsliders, lest you also prove to be apostates! If you have turned back, then return, return, return, while yet there is time, while yet there is hope for you; and if you never were converted, may God begin the gracious work within you even now!

There was another one on board who had a life-belt, and he seemed very pleased when he put it on, but when the waves washed him off the vessel, he floated for a few moments, and then down he sank. The fact was, his belt was a counterfeit; somebody had told him that the other sort was so very expensive, and here was one that looked even better. True, there was a whisper that it would not stand the needful tests; but the man did not care much about that, for his belt looked as good as the genuine one, and he had the credit of standing with those sensible people who had the true thing, so it answered very well *until he came into the surging sea*. So there may be some of you here who have counterfeit life-belts. You are members of the church, you come to the communion table, and everybody respects you. Ah! but, with a sham religion, how will you do in the swelling of Jordan? What will you do when heart and flesh fail? Oh! ere it be too late, may God take away from you the sham, and give you genuine godliness,—a new heart and a right spirit!

As the gentleman looked round him, he saw yet another of the passengers,—a young man who was clinging to someone else who had on a life-belt. He was crying to him, "Let me lay hold on you; will not your belt be sufficient to sustain both of us?" But the other answered, "It will only suffice for one; it will only keep one afloat." Then the gentleman thought of our Saviour's parable of the ten virgins, and of what the foolish said unto the wise, "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out." But the wise answered, "Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you." So let us remember that, nothing but personal piety will avail, the religion of another can be of no service to you. Our Lord's message to all is, "Ye must be born again," and there is no such thing as being born again by proxy. You must fly to Jesus for refuge, and there is no one who can do this for you. You must, by the Holy Spirit's power, trust in Christ for yourselves; no one can believe for you.

I rejoice that there are so many here who have on the genuine gospel life-belt. Standing in Christ Jesus, they are not afraid.

"No condemnation do they dread,  
For Jesus is their all."

They can without a tremor face floods or flames, and the devouring deep; they can even be—

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,"

knowing that they shall be safely landed on Heaven's peaceful shore, to go no more out for ever.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXXVIII.—PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN AND THE EAST LONDON  
TABERNACLE.



THE unique work of PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN in the East of London has been more than once described at length in former volumes of the *Sword and Trowel*. The present sketch is by no means intended to furnish even a summary of our esteemed friend's thirty years' self-denying labours in a peculiarly trying sphere, but simply to call our readers' attention to the crisis which has arisen through Mr. Brown's resignation of the pastorate, and to beseech their earnest and continuous

prayers that he and the church may clearly see what the Lord would have them to do in the future, and then unhesitatingly follow the leadings of Divine Providence.

For the notable past, there can be nothing but praise and thanksgiving. This was the predominant note at the recent anniversary celebration, notwithstanding the "cloud" to which one of the speakers pathetically alluded. The gathering itself was a memorable one. On the previous Sabbath evening, not only had the great building been crowded to its utmost capacity, but it was estimated that probably a thousand persons had in vain sought to obtain admission. Mr. Brown preached upon the motto for the year,—

"HE FAILETH NOT,"

and at the communion table gave the right hand of fellowship to thirty new members. He could truly state what few other pastors could say,—namely, that, during the whole thirty years, the church had never met around the Lord's table on the first Sabbath in the month without having new converts to be welcomed into fellowship, and the membership had increased from about 250 to nearly 2,500.

On the Monday evening, some twelve or thirteen hundred people met for tea in the lecture-hall, which is celebrated all over the world as the place where the remarkable Saturday-night prayer-meetings have so long been held. By the time announced for the public meeting, every seat in the Tabernacle was occupied, and late-comers were obliged to be content with standing-room. Notwithstanding the publicity inseparable from such a vast assembly, on such a memorable occasion, it was essentially a family gathering of brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ. Even the crowded platform was occupied

almost entirely by the ministers forming the East London Fraternal, and everybody felt the fitness of the comparison when Mr. Brown was spoken of as "the father of the Fraternal,—the biggest of the whole band of brothers."

The chair was occupied by Mr. H. E. Ludbrook, deacon and treasurer of the church, and no chairman could have more appropriately performed the duties of the position. Mr. Brown was careful to remind his hearers that they had met to celebrate his thirtieth anniversary, not to listen to prophecies concerning the thirty-first year. They had assembled to acknowledge the goodness of God to the church during the whole thirty years, and to give Him all the praise for everything that had been accomplished. He was not going to speak about his resignation, as a special church-meeting had been called for the following Wednesday evening, when he hoped to meet the members, and to tell them how he had been led to his present decision.

In the course of his address, Mr. Brown thus referred to the spirit in which the work at the East London Tabernacle has been carried on right down to the present time:—"I could not possibly do other than bear testimony first to the unbounded love that I have received from all my fellow-workers in the vestry. Brethren and sisters, you will never have a better set of officers than you have now. The vestry has been to me personally one of the choicest rooms on God's earth. I have never found anything there but love, and brotherhood, and fellowship; and I think I only speak the feeling of the brethren in office when I say that none of us are really happier than when we meet together at our monthly gatherings; so that, whatever has transpired has not been the result of any lack of love, or of any lack of joy. I must ever look upon the thirty years that have passed here as years so full of happiness, and so running over with joy, that whatever God may do with me, or wherever God may take me, I never can anticipate happier years. . . . There is no jarring note, there is no want of harmony, there is no unsettledness, there is no want of love, and the church was never dearer to my heart than it is to-night." Anticipating the objection that, with all the blessing still resting upon the work, it seemed strange that he should be leaving it, Mr. Brown asked his friends to believe that there must be tremendous reasons for the step he had felt compelled to take; it had not been taken in a moment, nor without thought, but it was the result of long prayer and much mental agony. After giving the balance-sheets for his mission and philanthropic work and orphan homes, on which there were substantial balances in hand, Mr. Brown closed by saying:—"All that has been done in this Tabernacle has been done by God, through His Word, in the energy of the Holy Ghost, and I feel that, as far as I am concerned, I have just been a delighted and thankful spectator, and no one marvels more than I do at all that has been accomplished."

Pastor G. P. McKay, of Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington, was the next speaker. The "points" of his address were made to take the form of an acrostic on Mr. Brown's name, and

at the same time to set forth the great characteristics of his life and ministry :—

Authority.  
Gladness.  
Belief.  
Reverence for the Word of God.  
Observance of men.  
Wealth of words.  
Nearness to Christ.

Then followed a portion of the programme on which Mr. Brown had not been consulted, and which he would probably have prevented could he have done so; but the action of the church-officers was evidently in harmony with the feeling of the meeting. One of the deacons proposed, and another seconded the following resolution :—

"That this meeting, gathered upon the occasion of Pastor Archibald G. Brown's thirtieth anniversary as pastor of the church and congregation meeting at the East London Tabernacle, take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of his faithful and devoted services as pastor for the last thirty years, and assure him of their continued love and confidence, and regret to learn of his contemplated retirement from the pastorate. We sincerely sympathise with him in the experience he has passed through on account of domestic trials and his impaired state of health, and we lovingly urge upon him to take a long rest and change, in the hope that his health will be re-established, and suggest to him the desirability of then reconsidering his decision."

On being submitted to the audience, the whole of the vast congregation rose, and held up both hands in support of it, and on the chairman declaring it carried unanimously, all joined in singing the old-fashioned chorus,—

"Glory, honour, praise, and power!"

Mr. Brown's brother, Pastor E. H. Brown (of Twickenham), and his son, Pastor Douglas Brown (of Herne Bay), briefly spoke, and the meeting shortly afterwards terminated.

Such a resolution as the one given above, endorsed by the loving enthusiasm of his thousands of spiritual children and other brethren and sisters in Christ, must have great weight in determining Mr. Brown's further decision; but we cannot help cherishing the hope that for his own sake, for the church's sake, and for the sake of the people generally, his work in the East of London is not yet finished. After his rest at Mentone, his visit to China, and his preaching tour in the United States, we trust that the Lord may lead him again to the sphere in which He has already so graciously owned and blessed His faithful ministry.

J. W. H.

## Opening of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

WEDNESDAY, December 30th, 1896, was the long-looked-for day for the opening of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA,—a place of worship which well deserves to be called “a house of prayer,” for the whole project has been devised and carried thus far in an atmosphere of almost perpetual intercession and supplication. It was fitting, therefore, that the first service to be held in the new building should be a *prayer-meeting*. On the morning of the day above mentioned, between fifty and sixty friends gathered around the throne of grace, and found it good to be there. Pastor J. S. Hockey presided, and the dear man was so full of grateful emotion that he was hardly able to announce the opening verse,—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”

and to lead the congregation in prayer and thanksgiving. Then followed the singing of—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name!”

prayer by Mr. Harrauld, and Mr. Spurgeon’s choice hymn, commencing—

“The Holy Ghost is here.”

Mr. Hockey pointed out that they had begun the worship in the new edifice by honouring the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and it was their earnest hope and prayer that, so long as the place should stand, the Divine Trinity should there be glorified. In reading Psalm cxviii. 23,—“This is the Lord’s doing; it is marvellous in our eyes,”—the passage which has been selected as the motto for the whole work, Mr. Hockey called attention to the marginal reading,—“*This is from the Lord*,”—and mentioned that, long before he had ever thought of coming to Bexhill, he had said to a friend, in the study at “Westwood,” “My next pastorate must be *from the Lord*.”

In the course of the hour spent in devotion, prayer was also presented by Pastor W. Joynes (of Poplar), Mr. T. Cousins (of the Pastors’ College), Pastor G. B. Richardson (who had been associated with a previous effort to establish a Baptist Church in the town), one of the Bexhill friends, and a member of Mr. Hockey’s former charge at Brentford, who had been travelling from an early hour in the morning so as not to miss the opening prayer-meeting.

At 3 o’clock in the afternoon, the pretty little building was comfortably filled for the service conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The memorial character of the new “Beulah” naturally tended to mark the occasion as one of peculiar solemnity, and the sermon by the dear Pastor-President, who chose as his text, John iv. 20-24, was a powerful exposition of the principles essential to spiritual worship. In addition to the ministers at the morning meeting, there were present in the afternoon, Pastors W. J. Harris (Eastbourne), H. Rodger (St. Leonards), A. W. L. Barker (Worthing), and J. P. Morris (Lewes); and a considerable contingent of friends had come from Eastbourne, Hastings, St. Leonards, and other neighbouring towns, to show their sympathy with the new movement, while the preacher was supported by four of his church-officers,

Deacons W. Higgs and J. E. Passmore, and Elders T. Cox and E. Frisby. The neat and substantial School-Chapel was greatly admired, and hearty commendation was given both to the architect, Mr. R. W. Moore, and the builder, Mr. C. Thomas. The seats are intended to accommodate about 260 persons, but we have no doubt that, during the season, 300 worshippers will be able to meet within the main building and the two class-rooms which open into it.

About 130 or 140 friends met for tea at the Bexhill Institute, and while gathered there, resolved to send a telegram of heartiest congratulation and most grateful thanks to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for her generous gifts, and loving interest in the work. In the evening, there were special attractions at other places in the town, so the congregation was not quite as large as in the afternoon, but an earnest evangelistic address was delivered by Mr. Harrauld from the text which was blessed to Mr. Spurgeon's conversion,—“Look unto Me, and be ye saved.”

The following statement was read in the afternoon and evening; and we give it here in order that friends may follow the work in its various stages, and, while rejoicing in all that has been accomplished, may aid as they are able and feel moved by the Lord until the complete block of buildings is erected:—

“By the good hand of our God upon us, and through the generosity of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon and many other friends, we are able to open this building *absolutely free of debt*. The total expenditure for the School-Chapel, the large freehold site, legal expenses in connection with the conveyance of the land, and the Trust Deed, the architect's fees, the support of the minister up to the present time, and the hire of the York Hall and Jubilee Institute, has been between £1,500 and £1,600; and, after the payment of the whole of these items, there still remains a small surplus toward the building of the large Chapel. This must be proceeded with as soon as the necessary funds are in hand, as Mr. Hockey has already gathered around him a regular congregation sufficiently numerous to fill the present School-Chapel, and further accommodation will be required for the numerous visitors to Bexhill as well as for many other residents who may be expected to attend the services in the future. The freewill offerings presented to-day will be devoted to the new Chapel Building Fund, and those who are most deeply interested in this work hope that the contributions will be on so liberal a scale that the larger structure may be commenced forthwith. It is hoped also that the congregation worshipping in this School-Chapel will proceed at once, systematically and Scripturally, to ‘lay by in store’ the needful funds, that the whole project may be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and the new Church, shortly to be formed, may devote all its energies to the spiritual service which must ever be the object of its existence.”

It was Mrs. Spurgeon's express wish that there should be no collections at the opening services, but an opportunity was given for freewill offerings to be presented at the doors, and the sum of £12 13s. 4d. was thus contributed towards the building fund of the

large Chapel. We had thought of publishing a list of the many presents which have been given by various friends; but several of the generous donors wish their names not to be mentioned, so we omit the details, and very heartily thank every one who has in any way helped in the starting of the enterprise.

On *New Year's Eve*, Mr. Hockey conducted a Watch-night service in the School-Chapel; on the following Lord's-day morning and evening, crowded congregations listened to the Word he preached; and before this Magazine reaches our readers, he will have had the joy of baptizing three small companies of believers on profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Then, on the ever-memorable night of January 31, at the close of the public Sabbath service, the brethren and sisters who will constitute the nucleus of "*Beulah Baptist Church, Bexhill-on-Sea*," will (D.V.) be banded together in a simple but solemn ceremony in harmony with the associations of that sacred memorial season. Will all who love the Lord pray that, from the very formation of the Church, the members may be noted for their spirituality, Christlikeness, and earnestness in seeking to be wise in winning the souls of others?

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

NOTES FROM THE NORTH.

MANY a time have I told *Sword and Trowel* readers of my experiences as an evangelist at the Antipodes, and they have followed me patiently through the, to them, unknown land, with its strange names, some of which rival even the Welsh as to unpronounceableness. What if I now tell of some of my experiences in old England? We may lose the enchantment which distance lends, but we shall gain, I think, in other respects.

In December last, I travelled North (not quite so far as Dr. Nansen). I was privileged to preach and lecture in Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, the scene of Mr. Lockhart's self-denying and successful labours. In an exceptionally difficult sphere, our Brother S. J. Jones is doing a distinctly good work, and the whole enterprise is "forging ahead." The Pastors' College is well represented in Liverpool, and the latest addition to the city pastors who hail from Temple Street is maintaining the growing reputation in the North of "Spurgeon's men."

I was due next day at Wigan. On the way I met with an interesting experience. Being doomed, through a blunder, to wait at a railway station for an hour, I got into conversation with a young man. The prevailing fog served as an opening topic, and I was able to assure him, since he had never been in London, that this was a mere mist, unworthy of the dignity of being called a fog. I know not how we drifted from fog to fate. My companion asked me if I believed in fate. I answered that I believed in a good and wise God.



Then the young man told me of an atheist (freethinker, he styled himself), who often spake with him, and had expressed the conviction that he, too, would ere long think with him (the which may God forbid!) "He tells me," said the young man, "that he believes Jesus was a good man, but nothing more." "Well," said I, "you know how to answer that; tell him that *Jesus claimed to be God*, and that, if he was not God, he was not good." "Well, but," rejoined my friend, "he says that there have been other men as good as Jesus,—SPURGEON, FOR INSTANCE." I have on more than one occasion had to conceal emotion, so I managed to keep an unmoved face. But I *felt* the more. I replied, "Ah! but you should remind him that Spurgeon would not for a moment have suffered himself to be compared to Jesus, and that *he* believed most firmly that Jesus of Nazareth was the unblemished Lamb of God."

Just then, a train which I thought was mine steamed into the station, so I hastened out after it, bidding a hurried farewell to my companion. But I had to tarry another five minutes. The young man having followed me out, I ventured to invite him to the Tabernacle during the visit he had told me he thought soon to make to the Metropolis, and I rather opened his eyes by giving the invitation in the name of the Pastor of the place, and of the son of the good man whom even the atheist admired. Well may *we* glorify God in him.

In view of this conversation, I determined to preach that evening at Wigan from the question of the high priest, "Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?" and our Lord's reply, "And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven;" and to preface the sermon by recounting the incident. Pastor Kemp (who, by the way, has done ten years' good work in Wigan) and his people seemed greatly interested, and I believe the Word was with power. Certainly, it had some effect on the brother who, having a considerable journey before him, nevertheless could not quit his seat to catch the train he had hoped to travel by. Verily, there is no subject for holding the people like "Jesus only."

At Bacup, the next evening, I tried to add to the joy of Pastor T. B. Field in his bright new chapel, and certainly he and his people cheered me by promise of a thankoffering for the College and the Colportage Association.

On the fourth evening of my tour, I lectured on "Tact," in the Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool. Though I was the indebted party (for it was on behalf of the College), a vote of thanks was accorded me, on the principle, I suppose, of "He that hath, to him shall be given." Greatly honoured was I in having that vote proposed and seconded by the Revs. Chas. Garrett, and John Thomas, M.A. Mr. Garrett, tall and spare and benevolent-looking, spake of Cambridge-shire in the days of long ago, and of one of C. H. Spurgeon's visits to the "high and dry" hyper-Calvinists. One of these had prayed for half-an-hour, and another was about to give out the longest Psalm in the book, when the juvenile-looking preacher leaned over the desk, and said, "If our brother is going to sing the whole of that

Psalm, I wonder what is to become of my sermon!" Such audacity was a thing to be wondered at in those days. 'Twas well someone arose who would venture to put his foot through the lifeless routine of what was misnamed "worship." Coming to later times, Mr. Garrett very tenderly referred to the trials through which the Tabernacle Church had passed. He confessed that he had trembled for a moment. "He had always believed," he said, "that baptism was with Baptists a matter of conviction, and not of accommodation. Thank God, my judgment has been vindicated,—the Baptists still believe in baptism!" These were noble words from a true and tender heart. Mr. Thomas, whom I was sorry to find in anything but robust health, was equally kind. He made a delightfully bright and clever speech. Whoever had grudged the amount paid for the lecture felt that he had his money's worth in these choice addresses. Happy the lecturer who can rely on the mover and seconder of a vote of thanks to compensate for the leanness of his own discourse. It is *not always* thus!

Mr. Thomas told us that, when he first began to lecture, he was determined there should be *something* big about it, so he took a big subject, viz., MIRACLES. His chairman asked him if he was going to give any practical illustrations of his subject. He replied that he left that to the chairman. Mr. Thomas generously declared that I had provided illustrations for my subject, and though I could hardly endorse his statement, I concluded that it would certainly argue want of "tact" to attempt to contradict it. Was it not right good of these honoured and busy men—these Northern Lights—to come thus to my help, and to cheer me so? There is little cause for wonder that, as I hurried homeward next day, my heart felt happier, and my shoulders seemed a bit broader and stronger.

\* \* \* \*

#### "BELOVED BY ALL."

Such is the expressive inscription on a Jersey tombstone. My heart applies the epitaph to him who, on this mournful month (January), five years ago, passed into the presence of the Best-Beloved.

*They loved him best of earth-born hearts who called him spouse and sire,*

*And next, the souls to whom God sent, by him, His saving grace.*

Oh, how they loved! If proxies could to such exchange aspire,

A hundred thousand would have gladly died in his dear place.

"Beloved by all,"—yet chiefly by the godly poor, who drank

From his pure crystal cup the sparkling water of God's grace.

Beloved by prophets' sons he found amid the file and rank!

Beloved by orphanhood which saw in *his* a father's face!

"Beloved by all,"—e'en those who differed loved, and still revere,

While throngs who never saw his smile, nor heard his rich-toned bell,

Through hearsay, and by print, were brought within the magic sphere,

And learned to praise his love, his faith, *and his Immanuel.*

"Beloved by all" on earth! Beloved a thousandfold by God,

Who crowned with honour great, yet chastened sore, and summoned soon.

His steps all ordered by the Lord, with glowing feet he trod

The just man's path, which brighter shines to "high eternal noon."

## How the "Text Union" is Prospering.

BY CHARLES STURGEON.

SILENCE is not always the sign of sleep, nor is a great amount of noise a certain proof of life. God's machinery mostly moves in quiet, and it is only when human effort seeks to aid Divine power that a jar occurs. Silently and secretly, yet surely and successfully, has the work of the Text Union been going on; and the fact that innumerable testimonies are constantly coming to hand concerning the amount of good it has achieved, proves conclusively that the Lord's blessing abides upon it. We are more than ever anxious that each member should take so personal an interest in its extension, that every one should, during this present year, induce at least one friend to join its ranks.

We could fill several pages of the *Sword and Trowel* with extracts from the letters received from our fellow-members; but the space available allows of our only giving "a few, that is, eight."

(1.) A member writes:—"In these days, when the Word of God is criticized and misjudged, a Union which binds men together by a committal of Scripture passages to memory seems almost a necessity of the times."

(2.) F. E. J. says:—"The Daily Texts have comforted and cheered me many a time when I have felt cast down. They have also helped me to withstand many a temptation, to which I might otherwise have yielded."

(3.) A sorrowing daughter thus records the blessing received:—"I can truly say that I have been greatly helped by the Texts during the year; they have been a source of much comfort to me. My dear father was *suddenly* transferred from earth to Heaven on August 9th, and on the 12th he was laid in the grave. The trial seemed almost more than I could bear; but the Text for that day was peculiarly precious to me. It was, 'Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me;' and how true that has been! May God abundantly bless the Text Union, and add many more to its numbers!"

(4.) An aged friend bears the following testimony:—"I have had the Almanack for over twenty years, and hope to have one as long as I live. The Texts are often like milk and honey to me."

(5.) Mrs. K——, while ordering some refills, adds:—"I will be pleased to continue the Text Bond, finding it so suitable for daily reading with my blind sister."

(6.) A weary worker, after mentioning some of the trials endured, remarks:—"I have enjoyed the Daily Texts, and should greatly miss them if I did not have them to help me through the day; for it is a comfort to think of them when one feels tired."

(7.) Under the heading, "*H.M.S. Barfleur*, Mediterranean squadron," one of the crew writes:—"Truly, I have derived spiritual blessing through the Daily Portions during the year. One incident I feel I must quote. While on shore, on August 5th, playing cricket, and looking for the ball, I saw a cluster of ants, and I became so interested in watching them that I forgot the game. They were

carrying little bits of straw, &c., to their nest, and it was surprising to see the way they got over all difficulties. Then, after a time, I heard a child on the other side of the wall singing, 'Work, for the night is coming,' and it happened that the Text for that day was, John ix. 4, 'The night cometh when no man can work.'"

(8.) "The Texts have over and over again met my daily need, and *exactly fitted* my case."

This last sentence might be taken as the testimony of hundreds in the Text Bond.

One friend, in sending a contribution to the funds of the Union, expressed the gift "as a *think-offering*!" It made us think that, if every member would pray for all the other members, we should have, not only a Text Bond, but a PRAYER BOND, so that a double link would hold us together. Shall this be the "forward movement" for the New Year?

If any readers of the *Sword and Trowel* wish to join our ranks, let them write at once to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, and enclose twopence halfpenny in stamps for 1897 Almanack and membership card.

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### VII.—CHRIST'S YOKE.

TWO of us were perched on the top of a rolled-up tent that was tightly roped down to the bamboo ox-cart. Two bullocks bore the yoke upon their necks as they slowly travelled over the uneven country road. One became restless, however, and soon his companion became infected, and the native driver himself began to get excited as he urged both to submission. The "yoke" was "easy" and the "burden" was "light" as long as pure obedience ruled their natures; but soon the spirit of rebellion conquered, and the yoke was thrown down so suddenly that my companion was caused to fall headlong to the ground. Scarcely able to hold on to the ropes around the tent, I watched the rebellious animals that had cast the yoke from them. Though they could shirk their duty, they could not flee away, for a rope around their necks still attached them to the yoke. They therefore stood gazing at the long smooth bamboo that had rested upon their necks. The driver then took it up in his two hands, balancing the tent upon the axle, and at the same time making a clucking sound till the bullocks meekly bent their heads, and wheeled round to receive again their former burden.

It was a parable. As their master stood holding it for them, I seemed to hear the words of Jesus, "Take My yoke upon you." Like these animals, some of Christ's disciples may for a while shirk their responsibility; but bound by His cord of love, they cannot flee from His service. They must feel its constraining influence until once more they bow to His will, and learn of Him. Only full submission can prove to them that their Master's yoke is easy and His burden is light. Oh, to learn this lesson well!

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &C., &C.

### II.—THROUGH WINTRY DAYS.

WHEN the rind of the whitethorn shows through a crest of snow, and a keen wind keeps up the reputation of "the teeth-chattering month," we start early for service upon a soft white way. In the country, the snow holds its colour; it does not look like a cotton dress doing duty in a slum. The roofs of the village wear white mantles, and the church, as seen from the opposite hill, is flecked on all its buttresses, while over the tower and vane the snow fairies seem to have dropped some of their feathers on their way. The feet of "the little people" have left their mark on the tiles of the village chapel, and, all unseen during the dark hours, the graves in the enclosure below have grown white.

Though the morning is somewhat asthmatical, old "Granny" Gates is in front of us in a red cloak and black bonnet. The cloak is looked upon in the country as a badge of faithfulness to "Mother Church," but "Granny" manages to qualify by putting in the requisite number of Sundays before Christmas. After harvest, her attendance at the chapel becomes intermittent; so, when the old lady is seen coming up Church Lane on the misty mellow mornings of October, the initiated know the reason why. She has come out as a scarlet runner. When the debts of December begin to trouble the January conscience, "Granny," all serene, will return to her "first love", and will be seen in the glory of a vivid vermilion vestment just beneath the pulpit of the village chapel. Many years ago, our pastor was young and demonstrative. With more zeal than discretion, he was given to smiting the face of Scripture with the palm of his hand. On one wintry Sunday afternoon, the stillness was alarmingly disturbed. The pastor described a note of admiration with his arm, and put the full stop at the bottom with his fist; then, opening his hand, he inflicted sudden and unmerited punishment on the Bible. Mother Gates, startled by the sound, jumped a yard into the air. The ascent of the little old woman in red was a trying moment for the village minister, for the young people in the congregation did not look at the matter in a serious light!

So, for many a year, in the by-gones, we see this strange figure in her cardinal cloak patter along the wintry roads. A mixed mind had Mother Gates. An enthusiastic evangelist held open-air meetings near the cottage where she lived. The influence of the clergy was very strong, and all who were ecclesiastically "unauthorized" were treated as trespassers, while certain penalties were suspended over those who harboured them. The "unauthorized" aforesaid fulminated with a bill bearing a quotation from the Book of Judges,—*"Fear not the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell."* This was questionable taste, and did not mend matters. When the preacher wanted an after-meeting in one of the houses, no one, at first, proffered a room. "Granny" Gates, however, came to the rescue, and her cottage was

soon filled with neighbours. "Now," said the missionary, at the close, "hold up your hands, those of you who are on the Lord's side." Not a hand moved. There was a painful pause, as there mostly is among a shy people when put to this test. At last a shrill voice was heard to cry, "Bless His heart, if no one else will hold up a hand for Him, I will!" It was Mother Gates.

On a dark, cold day, when the wind hissed among the shrivelled brown leaves of the oaks, we went to an out-of-the-way house in the woods. Upstairs, in a bare, whitewashed room, "Granny" lay dying. We were left alone with her. In vain we tried to rouse her. On leaving, we made some remark upon her needs, and produced a florin. Instantly, a keen look passed over the old face. She gave a swift, suspicious glance round; then, stretching out a bony hand, she clutched the coin, and conveyed it beneath the clothes. The money was found, tightly grasped, when they came to lay her out after death. A mixed mind had Mother Gates; but so have many more. Yet she may be remembered as showing the courage of her convictions when she held up her hand for the Lord, and opened her house to His servant.

Have you ever groped your way, on dark nights, through the village street to the prayer-meeting? If so, you will have noticed how strangely large the cottages look as the outline of them looms in the deep shadow. You will have been struck, too, with the grotesque shape of familiar trees, and the frowning form of the church tower, like some grim giant with a bodyguard of mighty men in the shape of stately elms. Have you, in the by-gones, stood in the gloom beneath these sentinels of the sacred enclosure when they have been like stalwarts struggling with an overwhelming enemy? "No," you say, "we made haste on our way." Just so; but you missed a great deal. How the wind roared, and railed, and fought against those great trees! How charge after charge was resisted, till the storm retreated with the rattle of fast-escaping artillery! And behind this phalanx the church stood, sheltered and secure! Would to God that, in the dark night of an evil day, when the blasts of the devil are so many and so strong, the trees of the Lord's right hand planting might as safely defend His Church and truth as the grand old elms protect the village sanctuary around which they stand! Yes, they are there still, doing duty as of old, when, in the by-gones, we paused under them to listen to the wind on dark nights.

But there was another soul-experience coupled with these winter hours. A little way off from the swaying sons of the forest was an ill-lighted room, the gable of an old meeting-house. Within it, out of the darkness and storm, a few men and women gathered for prayer. The men were stiff of limb, slow of gait, steady and solemn in their utterance. Beginning low and uncertain, finding help in long-used formulæ, then, reaching out to higher things, becoming warmer and less self-conscious, glowing in soul till their broad village dialect would be a channel for the flow of such a flood of pathos and power as would spread and unite all hearts. The wind rumbling, the windows creaking, the swish of the trees against the panes,—but no sound

within save the low voice of a countryman clothing his supplications in rustic speech, or a shepherd talking to the Great Flock-Master. At such times, a strange awe has come over us. Like Elijah, "a still small voice" has drawn us from the retreat of our own thoughts; we have stood "in the entering in of the cave," and humbly received the message from the Lord.

Through wintry days, the tiny cottage on the common keeps closed doors, for "the two old soldiers" who live there have rheumatic bones. But tap gently, and you will hear a "dot-and-carry-one" step as the wife comes to let you in. The "Crimean Veteran"\* sits in his easy chair. The snow has climbed up the high window without; but within, the cherished plants revive faint memories of a greener time. And the old couple themselves, living on sixpence a day, when rent and light and fire are found, are splendid instances of the fact that a summer of sweet content can abide in the soul, though the snows of winter and old age combine to increase the cold, and grim frost grips the sinews with his icy fingers. Though these aged ones hibernate through the short days, yet they are ever ready to respond to the warmth of friendship. Then the old lady will bring a mounted specimen of crocus picked by her husband on the field of Inkerman, long after the battle,—the flowers growing in profusion where the fight was fiercest,—this particular one being found close beside a bleached skull. The sergeant will kindle again the camp fires of the Crimea, and tell you how they held the fort; how "the thin red line" retreated and reformed, "and fought four hours after that;" how they cut through the snow twenty-five feet; how, during the heavy rains, they slept on the ground; and how the British soldiers struggled through slime and suffering "for death or glory" in that ill-judged campaign of over forty years ago.

It is a February afternoon. We lean over a high railway bridge, with the Wilkie cottage on our left, and the banks that, in a few weeks, will be all aglow with primroses, spread out before us. The wagtails come down to the duck-pond. They strut all their days, like some others who ought to have known better long ago. The pond will be covered with white flowers in May; now it is full and black. But the tendrils of the duck-weed—poor little slum sister among the flowers,—will, by-and-by, seek the surface and the sun, nor will they blossom till every tiny cup can open heavenward; and then, O ye aristocratic tulips, the pond on the common will be a sight to see! But now it is brimful and black, with the wagtails busy along its edge, and the ducks leisurely doing an afternoon turn, like certain other folk who wear feathers. The snow lies in lessening patches. Some patches are not picturesque, but there is a beauty in these as they show against the grass growing greener. The lark—Nature's synonym for Hope,—pours out his pent-up song as he rises higher and yet higher into the sweet blue sky; and the lapwing sails over the land bearing on his breast the message of a nearer Spring.

A nearer Spring! We muse again upon bleak days and dark paths

\* See "The Sword and the Trowel," November, 1894, "A Crimean Veteran," by H. T. S.

only to be thankful that we are through them now. So, out of the by-gones, and along the by-ways, come the quaint figures which people our memory, till we see them pass from darkness into light, and enter the full glory of the shining track which leads to the presence of the King.

## Dr. Churcher and the Arab Boys.

WHILE out for my constitutional, the other morning, two Arab boys overtook me; and, with the simple introduction, "*Bon jour, Monsieur!*" we trudged along together. "Where are you going to after you die?" I asked them; and one of the lads replied, "I don't know; I know I shall die, but who knows anything more after that?" "The Bible says there are two places,—Heaven and hell," I remarked. "Yes," replied the boy, evidently recollecting himself, "the Moslems go to Heaven." "If they lie?" I enquired. "Yes," he answered. "If they steal?" "Yes." "If they are immoral?" "Yes." "If they are highway robbers?" "Yes." "If they murder people?" "Yes, certainly." "Then, *who go to hell?*" "The Christians, though they might be ever so good and kind and holy, must all be damned. They have their portion in this life," said the boy, "while we poor Moslems plough, go barefoot, and get our feet all cut with thorns." I then told out to them the gospel message. "Do you hear that?" said the lad to his friend admiringly; "he prays, and he has got the Koran and all inside him." Learning from their talk together that they were away from home, and that two sous (a penny) was all they had to get their supper with, when our paths divided I bought a penny loaf, and gave it to them as a slight symbol of Jesus, the Bread of Heaven, offered also to them freely. The memory of the sermon may be lost, but the application lives, for in the market since I overheard a lad's voice say, "*That's the man who gave me the loaf.*"

One's heart yearns over such young lives; yet how early are they bound by error! A nice lad we have about us here, when convinced of the foolishness of the fast of Ramadan, said truly, "*White beards* do it, and what would people think of me, a mere lad, if I did any different?" Conversion with these Moslems will, I think, often be a gradual process. Even when they hear and receive the gospel message, their minds are still full of old ideas. Some Arab boys were looking at magic-lantern pictures, including views of Moses and Jesus, when one exclaimed, "You have shown us Seidna Mousa (Lord Moses), and Seidna Aissa (Lord Jesus), now show us Seidna Ali" (a relative of Mohammed). So, as we strive to show them Jesus, Mohammed is ever in their mind; and only little by little, line upon line, will the old and false give place to the new and true.

Meanwhile, few as we are, we are often reminded that we are not wanted here. With many Frenchmen, to love France is to hate England and the English. Romanists, too, and many Moslems, detest us cordially, so that the Master's saying, "Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake," and His blessing also, "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you," we gladly receive. What a stupendous thought it is that about 170,000,000 of Moslems are living and dying eternally in this world of ours, under our very eyes, stolen by Satan who, like Goliath of old, defies God, and reproaches His people, while he holds these multitudes in undisturbed, almost unquestioned, bondage!

Sousse, Tunisia.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.



## Christmas and New Year at the Stockwell Orphanage.

*Return of the Orphanage Choir from America.*—"It is a cause for thanksgiving that the choir, consisting of sixteen boys and five adults, reached home safely on December 24th, after an absence of three months, and having covered a journey of nearly 10,000 miles. The meetings and services held were attended by, at least, 150,000 people, and the papers spoke in praise of the programme. It was gratifying to meet so many friends, most of whom held the memory of Mr. Spurgeon in loving esteem. In all the meetings of ministers, addressed by Mr. Charlesworth, there was a very hearty response to every tribute paid to Mr. Spurgeon's character and life-work, and the desire was frequently expressed for the maintenance of the institution which bears his name. But for the general depression throughout the States, and the consequent difficulty of maintaining their own churches and institutions, the help given by our friends would have equalled our expectations; as it is, the incidental expenses of the tour were met, in most places visited half the proceeds were left behind for local objects, and there will remain a small balance to the good. Only those who know how things are in America can fully appreciate this record. What help may yet accrue from this visit, time must prove; this is certain, the Stockwell Orphanage will have a special interest in the prayers of thousands of friends across the sea, and should the necessity arise for a special appeal to their generosity, there will surely be a prompt response. To all who showed kindness to our orphan choir, we desire their acceptance of our very hearty thanks.

*Christmas-day festivities at the Orphanage* were observed according to time-honoured custom. The President and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Messrs. T. H. Olney, William Higgs, J. E. Passmore, James Hall, and Frank Thompson, with a number of friends, were present to assist in serving the dinner to the children. The Memorial Hall was decorated in a manner befitting the season, and on the tables the usual presents were displayed, each child being seated before a box of figs, a new shilling, a cosaque, an orange, a Christmas card, and a cake of candy. These articles were all provided by friends, and as the children appropriated them at the given signals, the most vociferous cheers were raised for the donors. One pleasant item in the programme was the welcome accorded to Mr. Charlesworth and the boys who had returned the previous day from America. As the boys filed past the President and Trustees, they each received a hearty greeting, and Mr. Charlesworth handed to the President the proceeds, after defraying the expenses of the tour in America, in the form of a cheque for £400. The usual service of silent memory for the absent was observed, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon closed the proceedings with an earnest and appropriate prayer. In the evening, the children were entertained by Mr. F. T. Studd, an earnest Band of Hope worker, and one of the most accomplished ventriloquists we have ever heard. The day was one of great delight to our happy family of nearly five hundred fatherless boys and girls. Thanks, dear friends, one and all, for your generous and timely gifts!

*New Year's gathering of the children and their friends, Wednesday, January 6.*—This is always a day of rejoicing, as the boys and girls are privileged to entertain their friends to tea, and to remain with them during the evening. On this occasion, the programme for the evening consisted of selections by

our American choir, one or two addresses, and an entertainment by Mr. Taylor, whose father used to delight the children at Christmas time long years ago. He bids fair to rival his departed sire in the art of giving refined amusement, pleasing alike to young and old. By referring to this month's Orphanage receipts, our readers will see that the friends of the children collected in pennies a very goodly sum for the Orphanage, for which the President and Managers are truly grateful.

*Presentation of New Year's gifts to the children by Croydon and other friends, Thursday, January 7.*—The occasion proved one of considerable interest, not only to the children, but to the many friends who witnessed the proceedings. A silver watch was given by Dr. Soper, to the best boy, and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon gave a silver watch to the best girl, the recipients having been selected by the votes of their schoolfellows. The presentations evoked loud applause from the boys and girls present. Through the indefatigable exertions of Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, there was a New Year's gift for every boy and girl in the Orphanage. The Mayor of Croydon presided at the distribution, and handed to every boy and girl a new penny, the coins being the gift of Mr. W. Appleton. As the Mayoress was unable to accompany her husband, a bouquet was presented to their daughter by one of the orphan girls. Miss Ada Rose, who kindly sang several solos, was also presented with a bouquet. Exercises in musical drill; singing and bell-ringing by the choir; addresses by the President, the Mayor of Croydon, Pastor R. E. Chettleborough, and Mr. William Olney; prayers by Mr. Frank Thompson, and Mr. Vincent, of Croydon; and votes of thanks to Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon and her helpers, and to the kind donors, completed a programme which yielded real pleasure to all concerned. During an interval, tea was served to the visitors, and the meeting, which commenced at 3.30, was brought to a close soon after seven o'clock.

V. J. C.

## 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.

*Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, Number 2,500; or, Entrance and Exclusion.*

By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THE Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, referred to on page 69 of the present Magazine, can not only be obtained in the usual form at one penny each, but a special edition, in a reduced size (Demy 32mo.), suitable for enclosure in letters, has been prepared. Printed in black, they can be supplied at  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. each, or 2s. per 100 nett; or in gold, on superior paper, at 1s. per dozen, post free. They make interesting *souvenirs* of an unparalleled literary record, though the Sermons in large type will be more useful for distribution among the unsaved.

In this connection, we may note that, during the past month, Messrs. Arthur H. Stockwell and Co., of 17, Paternoster Row, have commenced the regular weekly publication of *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons*. The price is one penny each, and the annual subscription is 6s., post free; special terms will be quoted for quantities for free distribution.

*God's Word and Witnesses*, the Annual Letter to the Members of the Open-air Mission, by RICHARD COPE MORGAN, Editor of *The Christian*, can be obtained of Mr. Frank Cockrem, 11, Adam Street, Strand,—one penny each, or 6s. per 100. It is a Scriptural and timely exposition of

the Open-air Mission Motto for 1897, "Thou shalt hear the Word at My mouth, and warn them from Me." Many who are not open-air preachers might be all the better for reading it.

A charming sixpenny booklet, which ought to have been published in time for review before Christmas, contains the story of *Three Little Wise Men*, by W. E. CULE (Sunday School Union). To those of our readers who are acquainted with *Probable Sons* and *Teddy's Button*, we need only say that the *Three Little Wise Men* are well worthy of a place beside these popular favourites; and if any of our friends have not yet read either of these delightful tales of childhood, we can assure them that they have three treats in store.

Many of our readers who have heard our BROTHER THOMAS L. JOHNSON speak and sing, will be pleased to know that he has published, at 4d., a collection of *Missionary Hymns and Solos* (words and music), which can be obtained at his address, "Liberia," Boscombe, Bournemouth. Some of our dear friend's own compositions are included, and others that have been written to plead the cause of the heathen, and especially of Mr. Johnson's own poor suffering Africa.

*The Baptist Handbook for 1897* (Veale, Chifferiel and Co.) contains much valuable information concerning denominational statistics, etc. We have tested it at various points, and find it more than usually accurate and up-to-date in its chronicle of ministerial movements, though it is not yet absolutely reliable. For instance, Pastor J. S. Hockey, who has been for nearly a year at Bexhill-on-Sea, is still reported as living at Henfield.

*The Baptist Messenger* (Elliot Stock) continues to give as its first article every month a Sermon by our late beloved Editor, and Pastor T. W. Medhurst is also supplying a series of "Anecdotal Illustrations from C. H. Spurgeon's Works." Greater care is needed in the typography of the

Magazine to keep it up to the mark of former years; we note many printers' and other blunders in the present volume.

*Biblewomen and Nurses.* Vol. XIII. Cassell and Co.

THIS "Record of the Work of the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission" is full of interest, and shows how great is the continued usefulness of the service founded by Mrs. Ranyard forty years ago. We are sorry to see, from Mrs. Selfe Leonard's "Serious Financial Statement," that there is such a lack of funds for the maintenance of this much-needed work, and trust the next Report will have a more cheering story to tell.

*The National Temperance Mirror* (33, Paternoster Row) maintains its high character as the ally of abstinence and the foe of strong drink. If only poor drunkards could see themselves faithfully reflected in this mirror, it might help to open their eyes to many things to which at present they are blind.

From Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, come the three admirable annuals,—*The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News*. Full of Evangelical truth, taught in a simple and popular style, and accompanied by numerous illustrations, these Magazines are worthy of the widest possible circulation.

In *The British Messenger* there is a serial story,—*Ursula Challenor*; or, *Rough Ways made Smooth*, by ETHEL RUTH BODDY, which is now published in a neat 1s. 6d. volume; and at the same price is issued another work which has also appeared month by month in the Magazine,—*McCheyne from the Pew: being Extracts from the Diary of William Lamb*, edited by Rev. KIRKWOOD HEWAT, M.A. It is both pleasant and profitable to read what was thought of the saintly Dundee preacher by one of his godly elders, although it makes us realize the more vividly the meaning of the Scotch poet's lament,—

"There's nae Chalmers noo, lassie,"  
There's nae guid McCheyne."

*From Scrooby to Plymouth Rock; or, The Men of the "Mayflower."* By HENRY JOHNSON. Religious Tract Society.

EVERY Briton should be familiar with the story of "the men of the *Mayflower*," and the times in which they lived; he will then be able the better to understand and resist the modern movement which seeks to deprive us of the liberties so dearly purchased, and to re-impose the fetters of a priestly tyranny. This book aims at setting forth the facts which resulted in the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from this country; and a bibliography is added for the guidance of those who may wish to pursue the subject further. The chapter upon the origin of the Free Church movement is, however, far from being complete. There was a Free Church movement long before the State Church movement began in 597; and to speak of the first martyr for religious opinion in England as having suffered in 1401, is quite misleading.

*The Missionary Martyr of Thibaw.* A Brief Record of the Life and Consecrated Missionary Labours of Charles Wm. Lambert in Upper Burmah. With Portrait and ten illustrations. Partridge and Co.

THE record of a truly consecrated life, well calculated to induce and foster the missionary spirit. The book is very readable, full of most interesting and instructive stories of Burmese manners and customs, and should be added at once to the Sunday School Library.

*Bryan Roe, a Soldier of the Cross in West Central Africa.* By Rev C.

R JOHNSON. Charles H. Kelly.

AN interestingly-written record of a Christly life sacrificed upon the altar of service. Africa's sins and sorrows, her needs and her wrongs, are here faithfully depicted; and the sad story shows that an army of Bryan Roes and similar heroes is needed to lay down their lives for the evangelization of the Dark Continent. For dark it still is, and dark it will continue while the greed of gold, the traffic in humanity and in the body-and-soul-destroying drink, and other abominations remain. This book, so full of inspiration, widely circulated amongst the young, should fire with a holy

ambition many "knights of the Cross" to go forth to the conquest of Africa for Christ.

*The Mystery Unveiled.* By H. P. E. DE ST. DALMAS. Shaw and Co.

AN epitome of Sacred History, setting forth, in blank verse, the Divine purpose in man's Creation, Fall, and Redemption. Its special mission doubtless concerns prophetic questions, which are treated on Futurist lines. There is not much fire in the poetry, but the rhythm is well modulated, and the expression terse. The thoughts are clear, but they can hardly be said to burn.

*John Wolfgang, Business Man.* By BEAUSEANT. Headley Brothers.

IT is given only to the few to write powerful and beautiful allegories; but rarer still is it to be able to write with all the charm of allegory about up-to-date themes, and so vividly as to attract the business men to read. Yet all these features unite in this delightful booklet, and make us profoundly grateful for their existence. For Christian men, beset with business worries, temptations, and disappointments, it will be an inspiring help, and no better little present could be given to them. We sincerely wish it a great circulation, and success in its mission of blessing.

*The Master's Gifts to Women.* By

Mrs. C. SKINNER. Partridge and Co.

ALTOGETHER excellent. The very thing to give to your lady friend, be she girl, or woman, or wife, or matron. Full of practical, shrewd, common-sense godliness, touching on life's main needs, and how woman may be helped to their efficient and abundant supply. The pervading presence of the Lord Jesus Christ is felt all through; and so, earthly duties are glorified by heavenly motives and inspirations. A drop of honey from the comb.

*The Seed Basket.* By the Editor of

"The Tool Basket." H. R. Allenson.

NOR only is this little book a "Seed Basket," it is a basket full of precious seed. Those who are engaged in spiritual husbandry will reap a rich harvest if they steep this seed in prayer, and sow it in faith.

*Set to Obey.* By Rev. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A. *Personal Consecration.* By Rev. H. BROOKE, M.A. Nisbet.

Two golden volumes in a splendid series of experimental theology. They do indeed answer to their titles, and deal with the "deeper life" of the Christ-loving disciple. Not milk for babes, but very strong meat for full-aged men and women. The inner blessedness of genuine heart and life devotion to the Saviour is not only declared, but made Divinely attractive in these volumes. For one's own private reading, or as a choice gift to a friend in Christ, these books are among the first and best in these modern days.

*The Spirit's Seal; or, Power from on High.* By EDWARD W. MOORE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

OBVIOUSLY written under a deep sense of responsibility, as one must write who is charged with an experimental sense of what the endowment of the Spirit for life and service means. We heartily commend this chaste and gracious exposition of the vital theme, which, more than any other, concerns the life of the Church and the evangelization of the world.

*The Baptism with the Holy Spirit.* By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co.

THERE is a directness in the treatment of the subject, in this small book, which one often looks for in vain in larger works. Mr. Torrey loses no time in coming to the matter at issue, and dealing squarely with the difficulties, verbal and otherwise, that require to be overcome. To those who yearn for an experimental acquaintance with this theme, the very intensity of the writer's convictions will be an aid; and his decisive words, and convincing array of Scriptures, will probably be of service in clearing mists and doubts away from many readers' minds.

*The Victorious Life.* By Rev. H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE. Nisbet and Co.

A VOLUME of addresses delivered at the Northfield Convention in August, 1895, and printed from a shorthand

writer's notes. So far as we can judge, these addresses are excellent if all that was needed was simply to inform the intellects of God's children; but, we fear, spiritual victory and a deepened experience of sanctification do not usually come along those lines. Head-information and the clearing up of metaphysical difficulties furnish, no doubt, an edification of a sort; but the real evils, in the case of most, lie in a deeper region than such instruction concerns. What is wanted is the power to make the conscience feel, and the stony heart to break.

*Is Sin a Necessity?* By READER HARRIS, Q.C. Partridge and Co.

It ought not to be a necessity; and it cannot be where grace has conclusively triumphed and its issues are perfected. At the same time, sin necessarily results from the wars and fightings among Christian brethren, as the genesis of this pamphlet clearly shows.

*For Each New Day.* Nisbet and Co.

AMID the multitude of "daily portion" volumes, this will take a prominent and honourable place. The selections are from a wide range of modern expositors and theologians, but mainly experimental in their character. There are green pastures and still waters for the tired flock; there are sunny uplands for the rejoicing; and the tender consolings of the Great Shepherd for those who are footsore, or torn by the briars of the wilderness. We can praise without reserve this admirable compilation, which is as finely printed as selected.

*The Vest-pocket Companion for Christian Workers.* By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co.

A MOST useful little compilation of texts to meet all sorts of special cases and classes,—such as the careless, the anxious, those in difficulties, backsliders, and Christians in various trying circumstances. The passages are arranged with great care, and should be of real service to many a worker for the Master.

*The Quiet Thoughts of a Quiet Thinker.*  
Being extracts from the diaries of  
the Rev. Robert Smith, D.D., of  
Corsock. Oliphant, Anderson, and  
Ferrier.

No doubt these thoughts, being a  
record of the inner thinking life of  
the man, will give to his friends a

better idea of Dr. Smith than any-  
thing else could, and as such will be  
appreciated by them; but we gravely  
doubt whether the larger circle of the  
outside public will gain much help  
from them. They are a curious com-  
bination of truth and error, Evangel-  
icalism and sacramentarianism!

## Notes.

Just as the present Magazine is reaching  
our readers, the meetings and services in  
celebration of the *fifth anniversary* of MR.  
SPURGEON'S promotion to glory will be in  
progress. The "Spurgeon Memorial" Ser-  
mon Society appropriately leads the way on  
*Tuesday, January 26*, with a sermon by  
Pastor Thomas Spurgeon at Holland Road  
Baptist Chapel, West Brighton, and a public  
meeting at the Connaught Institute, Lewes  
Road. On *Thursday evening, January 28*,  
at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the  
memorial meeting will include a gathering  
of all the London Branches of the Sermon  
Society, when addresses are expected from  
Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon,  
David Davies, and J. B. Figgis, M.A., Mr.  
W. Willett, and Mr. W. Taverner.

On *Lord's-day, January 31*, the exact  
recurrence of the very day of the week when  
the ever-beloved Pastor was called up from  
Mentone to the New Jerusalem, cannot fail  
to exert a specially hallowing influence upon  
the services at the Metropolitan Tabernacle,  
at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich,  
and doubtless at many other places of  
worship where allusion will be made to the  
irreparable loss which is increasingly re-  
alized as the years speed by. The sermon  
in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*,  
for reading on January 31—"Grace and  
Glory"—is peculiarly suitable to the solemn  
anniversary.

During the past month, not only the  
Congregational body, but the whole Church  
of Christ on earth has become the poorer  
through the "home-going" of Dr. *Hiles*  
*Hitchens* and Dr. *Herber Evans*. Both  
were beloved friends of Mr. Spurgeon, as  
well as most acceptable supplies at the  
Metropolitan Tabernacle. The writer of  
the present "Notes" remembers most vivid-  
ly the deep emotion displayed by Dr. Evans  
when he came down to "Westwood" to  
enquire for the dear sufferer, who was just  
then (July, 1891) almost at his worst. The  
strong frame of the great Welsh preacher  
was convulsed with sympathetic feeling, and  
he seemed as if he could not tear himself  
away from the house without an assurance  
that there was at least a hope of the re-  
covery of his friend. When, in February,  
1892, the unparalleled memorial services were  
held at the Tabernacle, one of the most

touching of all the addresses was the one  
by Dr. Herber Evans; few who heard it  
will ever be able to forget the wonderful  
description of "The Spurgeon of history,"  
whom there was not enough earth in Nor-  
wood to bury. And now the friends,  
parted for a little while, have met again in  
the presence of the Lord they loved so well  
and served so long.

The Tabernacle Church has been bereaved  
of another of its officers, for *Elder Corrick*,  
who has long been laid aside, was called  
home in the latter part of December.

A friend sends us the following paragraph,  
which shows how Mr. Spurgeon's  
influence was felt in quarters where some  
would scarcely have expected to find it:—  
"On the first of December, there passed  
away, in his eighty-fourth year, a gen-  
ial, kind-hearted Roman Catholic Canon of an  
unusual type, one who had a real apprecia-  
tion for the truths so long preached by Mr.  
Spurgeon. He told the writer of this that  
'he once thought Spurgeon the veriest  
fanatic that ever lived, but,' said he, 'I do  
not think so now, I read his Sermons every  
week.' Any book on the Psalms was  
always eagerly read by him, but *The*  
*Treasury of David* was his constant  
companion."

MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS IN GAELIC.—  
Our brother, Pastor A. Macdougall, who re-  
cently translated Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon  
No. 1,500 into Gaelic, sends us a translation  
of a Gaelic review of it which appeared in  
the Supplement to *Life and Work*. The  
article is quite a lengthy one, but we can  
only spare space for a few paragraphs from  
it. The writer, referring to "this eminent  
godly man, Charles H. Spurgeon," says:—  
"There never has been his equal in all the  
world, and there never will be. He wrote  
many good books—some of them small, and  
some of them large—about spiritual things.  
... For over forty years, his Sermons  
have been printed every week. One or two  
of them were formerly translated into  
Gaelic. Another (on the Brazen Serpent)  
has now been translated by Alexander  
Macdougall. Who this man is, I do not  
know; but whoever he is, it is he that can  
succeed in making a translation. The  
translation is so very good that a man

would hardly know it to be a translation at all."

After giving some extracts, the writer concludes:—"This Sermon may be had for a penny. It is printed by A. Sinclair, 10, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, as good a printer of Gaelic as there is on the world. My desire is that this Sermon might be in the hands of everyone that reads Gaelic on the surface of the globe. My countrymen, you never spent a penny on anything that would do your souls more good than to buy this Sermon. Buy it at once, and I will become surety that you will not repent of it."

Mr. Macdougall says that he has made no attempt to conceal the Gaelic idiom in the review. We think our readers will, for that very reason, be all the more interested in the notice. If any of them wish to obtain copies of the Sermon for distribution, they can procure them through Mrs. Spurgeon at 7s. per hundred. Half the large edition printed has already been sold.

The passing from 1896 to 1897 was fittingly observed at the Tabernacle. The last night of the old year being also the time for the usual week-evening gathering for worship, there was quite a series of services following one after the other. First, there was the Pastor's prayer-meeting in the lecture-hall, then the service in the Tabernacle, at which Pastor C. B. Sawday preached from our Lord's words, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," and afterwards baptized five believers on profession of their faith, two of them being his own daughters.

At half-past ten, the watch-night service was commenced. There was a very large congregation at that hour, but many persons came in later, amongst them being a number evidently unfamiliar with the house of prayer, and soon the vast building was crowded almost to its utmost capacity. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon read and expounded John iii. 22-36, Mr. Sawday offered prayer, and the Pastor preached an impressive, searching sermon from the last verse of the chapter: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Closing his discourse just before midnight, the last moments in 1896 and the first in 1897 were spent in silent devotion, and then, after leading the great assembly in earnest supplication, the Pastor wished all "A Happy New Year," and received in response a similar wish for himself from the thousands present, and the service was concluded with the singing of "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

On Monday evening, January 4, in accordance with the usual custom at the beginning of THE WEEK OF UNIVERSAL P. RAYER, several of the neighbouring minis-

ters, and Mr. A. J. Arnold, the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, took part in the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, at which the Pastor presided, and gave a brief address on Romans xv. 13.

On Tuesday evening, January 5, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who is this year's President of the LAMBETH AUXILIARY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, invited the teachers in the Auxiliary to meet him for tea at the College, and afterwards gave them an exhibition of dissolving-views, illustrating his dear father's lecture on "Sermons in Candles." The Conference Hall was crowded, and a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent.

On Wednesday evening, January 6, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its first monthly meeting. The Tabernacle lecture-hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience gathered to hear our old friend, Mr. William Noble, deliver his popular lecture on "J. B. Gough," which was given with great effect. Solos were sung at intervals by Miss Noble, and after his lecture, her father sang "The Roll-call," which was so much appreciated that he had to repeat it. At the close of the meeting, 55 pledges were taken, and a number of abstaining friends became enrolled as members of the Society. The whole proceedings of the evening were a great success, and very much encouraged the workers in the Temperance cause.

From January 12 to 16, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON was in Devonshire and Cornwall, preaching and lecturing at Devonport, Penzance, and Falmouth; on January 19, he was at John Street Chapel, Bedford Row; and on January 27, at Bromley Road, Lee. The services were a great help to the churches and pastors visited; but these extra labours are too severe a strain upon one whose home work needs all his time and strength.

From January 17 to 24, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON and his friends at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, observed "a week of prayer, praise, and personal consecration." The programme included a number of "Home Prayer-meetings," beside many public gatherings for prayer, an all-day meeting with short addresses by fifteen ministers, and closing with a sermon by the Pastor, with special services on the two Sabbaths, the whole making a fitting preparation for the "In Memoriam" services on January 31.

COLLEGE.—Mr. Joseph Clark, of Nottingham Tabernacle, has accepted the pastorate at Auckland Tabernacle, New Zealand. He sails (D.V.) in March. Mr. Noah Heath has removed, from Buckhurst Hill, to Dorman's Land. Mr. J. Ney has gone, from Melton Mowbray to Earl Shilton, Leicester

shire. Mr. A. G. Short has left Sandown, Isle of Wight, and come to London, in order to form a new church in the neighbourhood of Herne Hill. Mr. W. White, formerly of Brough, Westmorland, has become President of the Leytonstone Road Baptist Mission.

Mr. C. H. Homer, who returned recently from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has settled at Barnes, Surrey; and Mr. W. J. Taylor, who has been working in connection with the Evangelization Society of Scotland, has broken down in health, and been obliged to go to a warmer climate. His address is:—P. O., Beaufort West, Cape Colony. Mr. R. Lenni has removed, from Sherbrooke, to Mount Forest, Ontario.

On Tuesday morning, January 19, the students re-assembled at College after the winter vacation, when they were heartily welcomed by the President and Vice-President. Five new men have joined the ranks.

**PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.**—Mr. Patrick writes:—"We in Morocco have not been behind you in England in the matter of earthquakes, as on December 6 two strong shocks were experienced at Casablanca. Much fear was caused thereby, but no damage was done. The Moors state that the quaking of the earth was due to the fact that the bull, on one of whose horns they believe the earth is supported, became tired, and in consequence shifted this poor world of ours to the other horn!"

"Some of our Spaniards are building a baptistery in our small iron church. I pay for the materials, and they give their work night by night. It has been a source of much gladness to me and of spiritual blessing to them.

"We have had one specially bright conversion to rejoice over in the past few months. R— was for years known as one of the confirmed drunkards of Tangier. He sold all the furniture from their little home to obtain the drink, and so neglected and ill-treated his wife that she was obliged to leave him. We regarded him as almost an idiot. He signed the pledge several times, only however to break it immediately. Some eight or nine months ago, he professed conversion, and from that time his life has been most consistent and his testimony to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ never-failing. The little home is again comfortably furnished, and wife and husband are living together happily. R— now spends his Sunday afternoons in distributing tracts among his fellow-countrymen. Several Europeans have spoken to us of the wonderful change in his life. They attribute it to our influence, but we know it is the work of the Holy Ghost. To God be the glory!"

**EVANGELISTS.**—Mr. Burnham writes:—"You will be pleased to learn that we have

had good times this season thus far; indeed, 'tis many years since I have witnessed more gracious tokens of power. Especially has this been the case at Northampton, Sutton-in-Craven, Swindon, and Swadlincote."

Pastor W. L. Stevenson, of Lydgate, Todmorden, Yorkshire, writes:—"It has been our privilege to receive a visit from Mr. J. Chamberlain, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, who has conducted a ten days' mission amongst us. His singing and addresses were much appreciated by a goodly number of people, and the result may be seen in the quickened spiritual life of the church. But this is not all, for his earnest labours have been owned and blessed by God to the conversion of many young people, and we are looking hopefully forward to the time when they will publicly confess their faith in Jesus Christ by baptism. It has been a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

**COLPORTAGE.**—The parcels specially pleaded for, in last month's "Note" on behalf of the Ladies' Working Society, should have been for our poor colporteurs themselves, and not for ministers. Men's clothing is urgently needed.

We are pleased to state that our worthy brother, Elder S. Wigney, has been asked to join our Committee, and we most heartily welcome him amongst us, as his sound and thoughtful judgment will be greatly valued in the carrying on of our loved work. We are also glad to be enabled to open up a new District at Conisbro' and Denaby Main, near Rotherham. The application has been made by Pastor J. Gyles Williams, of Attercliffe Baptist Chapel, and we sincerely trust that our earnest colporteur, Robert Hall, of Ilkeston, who has been asked to labour in the new sphere, will be as much blessed at Conisbro' as he has been at Ilkeston. This District has been very reluctantly given up in consequence of the death of a kind friend in New Zealand, who annually supplied the needful funds; at the same time, should those interested in our Colportage work at Ilkeston be able to secure a guarantee for the usual £45 per annum, we shall only be too pleased to continue the service which has been so greatly blessed for the past twenty years.

Many of our readers will be glad to hear that we have just received an order for a thousand copies of our dear President's (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's) new weekly issue of Sermons, for distribution amongst our Districts; this is grand seed-sowing, let us all pray that much of it may fall on good ground, and bring forth a hundred-fold to the glory of God.

All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

**Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—**  
December 31 five.



## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1896, to January 15th, 1897.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Contribution from Baptist Church, Ross, per Pastor J. J. Knight	1 0 0	Mr. T. Brewer	5 5 0
Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	20 0 0	J. E. W.	0 3 0
W. H.	0 5 0	Mrs. Hale	1 1 0
Balance from Annual Tea and Meeting, including collection (£31 2s. 9d.)	56 7 0	Pastor H. Wood, Tasmania	0 5 0
Mr. D. C. Apperley	2 2 0	Mrs. Yates	0 10 6
The Misses Kirtley	1 0 0	Legacy, the late Miss C. McIntosh, per Rev. J. Lindsay	20 0 0
M. H. R. S.	0 10 0	Donation from Christ Church, Six Ways, Aston, per Pastor W. A. Wicks	1 1 0
Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0	Mr. W. Pitcher	2 0 0
Pastor J. H. Grant	1 0 0	Mr. T. H. Woodeson	2 0 0
Collection from Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. James	3 10 1	Miss Hotherton	0 10 0
Mr. H. Donkin	1 0 0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0 2 6
Contribution from South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon	5 0 0	From Spurgeon Memorial Temple, South Leith, per Pastor D. Tait	1 1 0
Contribution from Men's Bible Class, South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon	5 0 0	Mr. R. Brazil	1 0 0
Mr. James Higgs	20 0 0	Mrs. R. Ward	1 0 0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0 10 0	"A bit of mortar"	0 10 0
Mrs. A. Baker	5 0 0	M. H. G., Marlow, per Mr. J. E. Joynes	0 10 6
Thankoffering from Vernon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. H. Moore	5 0 0	Moiety of Collection from New North Road Chapel, Huddersfield, per Pastor F. J. Benskin	3 10 0
Pastor W. L. Crathern, per Pastor T. Greenwood	0 5 0	Mr. E. M. Plumb	0 5 0
A. S. Glasgow	0 5 6	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mr. J. Mortimer	0 5 0	Mrs. McConnell	0 10 0
College boxes at Almshouses Sunday-schools	3 16 9	Dr. MacGill	1 1 0
Thankoffering for visit of Pastor T. Spurgeon to Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	2 6 6	Mrs. Dalgliesh	2 0 0
"A Golden Pin"	0 10 0		3 11 0
Mrs. Elgee	0 10 6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	
Mr. J. D. Collen	5 0 0	Dec. 13	21 13 3
Mr. Higbed	0 5 0	" 20	4 18 6
		" 27	34 0 1
		Jan. 3	23 3 6
		" 10	20 2 0
			104 2 4
			£290 6 2

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

*Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1896, to January 15th, 1897.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	10 0 0	Part collection from Mr. N. H. Patrick's service at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath	0 10 0
A. S., Glasgow	0 4 6	Mr. R. Brazil	1 0 0
Per Mrs. T. Spurgeon:—		Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mr. E. Johnson	1 1 0	A poor woman (for Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission work)	0 2 6
Mr. J. Dickie	0 5 0	Mr. S. Church	0 1 0
Mr. Seaton	0 10 0	Mrs. Benzie	0 5 0
	1 16 0		0 8 6
H. McS.	0 6 0		£25 5 0
"Watch Night," per Pastor T. Spurgeon	5 0 0		
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mrs. Ralls	6 0 0		

## Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

*Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1896, to January 14th, 1897.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. E. Hogg	1 1 0	Mr. Arnold	3 0 0
Collected by Miss S. A. Peck	0 15 0	Mr. T. E. Sykes	0 5 0
Mrs. Groves	0 1 6	Collected by Miss Dickmore	1 0 0
J. B.	0 5 0	Mrs. J. B. Huywood	1 0 0
Slowmarket Orphanage Working Party, per Miss C. E. Andrews	15 0 0	Mrs. M. J. Warren	0 10 0
		Mrs. N. Mizen	0 2 4

	£	s.	d.
J., Boxted ... ..	0	5	0
Hettie ... ..	0	1	6
Mr. C. Scruby ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Crumpton ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton ... ..	3	5	0
Irish notes, Belfast ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. J. Stewart ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Miss O. M. Stevenson ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Hoskins ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Todd ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Colthup ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Baker ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. James Clark ... ..	59	0	0
From the "Thomas Spurgeon Birthday Fund" ... ..	20	0	0
Collected by Miss Hunter ... ..	3	14	2
Mr. Duncan Macpherson ... ..	0	10	0
J. B. C. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin West ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearce ... ..	0	10	0
Miss A. Buckland ... ..	1	0	0
T. J. Tottenham ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Spencer ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Flew ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Williams ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. E. J. Upward ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Beddome ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. E. R. Adams ... ..	0	5	0
Miss A. E. Hardiman ... ..	0	10	0
Per Miss C. Jesson:—			
Mr. W. Stanyon ... ..	0	5	0
The Misses Eames ... ..	0	5	0
Misses Bonnett ... ..	0	5	0
	0	15	0
Mrs. Reeves Hughes ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barber ... ..	0	10	0
Miss L. N. Turner ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Pickering ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Batten ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Howell Evans ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Knott ... ..	0	5	0
Pastor H. B. Bardwell ... ..	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. J. Green ... ..	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Moody ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. John M. Coutts ... ..	0	10	0
In memoriam ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Davies ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. J. Lane ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Stileman ... ..	0	2	0
E. S. M. ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. G. J. Otter ... ..	1	1	0
Stamps, Edinburgh ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. Duncan S. Miller ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. D. Campbell ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. R. Cleaver ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. T. James ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. W. Markram ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Swaffield ... ..	0	9	0
Collected by Mrs. W. T. Clark ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by the Misses A. Lewis ... ..	0	6	0
Mrs. M. Bedwin ... ..	0	5	0
Miss R. Wells ... ..	0	6	0
Mr. W. Vincent ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Bosningham ... ..	0	5	0
Miss R. Strawson ... ..	0	5	0
S. H. L. ... ..	0	3	0
Miss M. Gartshorn ... ..	0	5	0
Rev. C. H. Parrett ... ..	0	5	0
Pastor W. Jenkins ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. R. Mitchell ... ..	0	5	0
Miss A. Mackereth ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Toller ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. G. Bevan ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Gale ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Nelson ... ..	2	14	0
Mr. R. Stewart ... ..	0	2	6
Miss F. Hall ... ..	0	5	0
Miss C. H. Skeets ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. Nelson ... ..	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Darley, per Messrs. Pasmore and Alabaster ... ..	0	7	0
Mr. W. J. Jackson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. G. W. Skeets ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Church, jun. ... ..	0	5	0
Miss M. Fraser ... ..	0	4	6
Mr. C. Hooper ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Foulkes ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Manley ... ..	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Elford ... ..	0	18	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. A. J. Robins ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. James Stiff ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. H. A. Harverson ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. E. Laphorn ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. E. Bryna ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Barnes ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. D. C. Apperley ... ..	2	2	0
The Misses Kirtley ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. James Plumbidge ... ..	3	3	0
Mr. A. B. Tatnell ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. John Parry ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Best ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. W. Hunkin ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Cowan ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. R. C. Drew ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. P. Lewis ... ..	1	5	0
A few friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne ... ..	4	4	0
Mr. G. Stone ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Barnes ... ..	0	15	0
Mr. J. Bettinson ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. M. H. Sharman ... ..	2	0	0
Miss Green ... ..	5	0	0
S. B. and Co. ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Lunham ... ..	5	0	0
Proceeds of collection after lecture by Past- or W. Moxham, at Zion Band of Hope, New Cross ... ..	1	13	6
Collected by Mr. T. G. C. Armstrong ... ..	0	10	6
The Misses Cunningham ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Mumby ... ..	2	2	0
M. D. ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Pollard ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	1	0	0
Miss S. M. Pittman ... ..	1	1	0
Miss H. Wood ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Bayley ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Rumsey ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. John Weir ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Adderley ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Graham ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Fort ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. John Woodward ... ..	30	0	0
Miss Isabella Noble ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. D. Clarke ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Osborne ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. J. H. Osborne ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Dorothy Osborne ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Kathleen Osborne ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Bashall ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford ... ..	5	0	0
The Misses Gould ... ..	3	0	0
M. H. B. S. ... ..	1	0	0
A. and M. ... ..	1	0	0
Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle gates ... ..	0	7	4
Mrs. Pollock ... ..	1	1	0
Miss N. McKelvie ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. John Lewis ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Gardiner ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. H. Mills ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Hassell ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. G. Russell ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. Henry Donkin ... ..	1	0	0
Miss West ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Shaw ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Lemuel Hiley ... ..	2	0	0
Miss M. A. Seale ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. O. Clover ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. A. Hickisson	1	0	0	Mr. H. Mandrell	2	0	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0	Mrs. and Miss Sharpington	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Band	1	0	0	In memoriam of the late Mr. G. Hearson	1	1	0
Mr. John Cave	1	1	0	Mr. J. G. Casswell	1	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mrs. M. A. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. L. Bush	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Nicholl	1	0	0
Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.	3	0	0	Mr. Thomas Church	1	0	0
Miss R. Smith	1	1	0	Collected by Bible-class, Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater, per Mr. W. Elsey	1	10	0
Mrs. Cockburn	2	0	0	Mr. F. Higgs	2	2	0
T. S. K. and E. D. M.	2	0	0	Mrs. S. A. Biddle	2	2	0
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0	Mr. C. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. W. S. Hardy	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Windfield	0	10	0
Mrs. Nicoll	1	0	0	Mr. A. Sturge	0	10	6
Mr. W. Miggins	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0	9	6
Mr. T. Davies	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. George	1	0	0
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Lico and family	0	10	0
Mr. James Walker	0	2	0	Miss E. C. Creasey	0	2	6
Mrs. Finch	0	10	6	Miss Harding	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Aliport	0	10	0	Miss E. Keylock	0	2	6
Mr. W. J. Eldridge	0	5	0	Miss M. Hallam	0	7	0
A Welshman	0	5	0	Pastor M. Matthews	0	6	0
Miss J. Stevens	0	10	0	Mr. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Sayers	0	10	0
Mrs. and Miss Kilborne	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Heritage	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Hooper	0	10	0	Mrs. H. McLeod	0	5	0
Miss E. Bates	0	10	0	Mr. E. Perryman	0	5	0
Mr. D. Binnie	6	5	0	Mr. J. Halliday	0	10	0
Miss M. E. Irwin	0	1	0	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	2	0
Mrs. T. Frohock	0	10	0	Mr. R. Middleton	0	2	6
Young lady tract-distributors, per Mrs. Frohock	0	12	0	Collected by Mrs. M. A. Jephcoat	0	15	0
Collected by Miss R. Patten	0	4	0	Mr. E. Goodman	0	10	0
Miss Jones	0	2	6	Mrs. Dodwell, senr.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Norkett	1	0	0	The Masters Clare	0	5	0
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Alexander	0	2	6
Collected by the Misses Smith and Holman	1	6	0	Miss S. Clout	0	2	6
Mr. R. Morris	0	5	0	Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Bowyer	0	2	6	The Misses Hewitt	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0	Miss A. Kelly	0	2	6
Miss Mason	0	1	0	Miss S. A. Harrison	0	7	6
Collected by A. Brazier	0	2	3	E. E. Bowden	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Ralph	0	9	0	E. F.	0	4	6
Mrs. E. Sheppard	0	5	0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Miss Hewlett	0	5	0	Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0
Miss Turabull	0	5	0	F. G.	0	12	0
Mr. Sholto Steed	0	10	0	Stamps, Turiff	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Randell	0	1	0	Stamps, Wick	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Brown	0	7	8	Miss K. Butler	0	7	0
Postal order, Lochgilphead	0	5	0	One who loves the children	0	5	0
Mrs. C. E. Semark	0	10	0	Rev. C. H. Hicking	0	10	6
Mrs. E. J. Barnes	0	10	0	Mr. A. E. Jones, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Coombs	0	2	6	Mrs. T. R. Thomas	0	10	0
Miss E. B. Grounds	0	2	0	Postal order, Edinburgh	0	2	6
Mr. J. South	1	12	0	Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	0
Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Mr. J. M. Higham	4	0	0	One drop in the ocean	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Denny	2	0	0	Mrs. E. C. Messeder	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Clarke	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Dunn	1	0	0	Mr. J. Buswell	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Clapton	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Eldridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Poate	1	0	0	Mr. F. Kirkpatrick	0	5	0
Mrs. Latta	1	2	0	Miss Barfoot	0	5	0
Miss Spurgin	1	1	0	Mr. J. Smith	0	19	0
W. A.	1	0	0	Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Mr. W. F. Day	2	2	0	Mr. W. Price	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Hardy	1	1	0	Postal order	0	5	0
Mr. James Scott	1	0	0	Mrs. W. J. Sparks	0	2	6
Mr. J. T. Godwin	1	1	0	J. D.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Mr. F. Dodwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Gregory	2	10	0	Mr. J. Dawson	0	1	0
Mr. C. E. Naish	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Munton	0	2	0
Mr. J. B. Millard	0	5	0	Mrs. Dowling and Mrs. Morling	0	5	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	0	0	Mrs. S. K. Hullett	0	10	0
A. S. D.	5	0	0	Mrs. J. Rice	0	10	0
Mr. F. T. Tucker	1	1	0	Mr. Davis	0	5	0
Mr. J. S. Mack	1	0	0	Mrs. Jefford	0	8	0
The Misses Stocker	2	0	0	Miss Yuckney	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard	1	0	0	Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Miss Liddell	1	1	0	Rev. E. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Milroy	2	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan	0	10	0	H. M. F.	0	2	0
Mrs. Uridge	0	10	0	Mrs. Clarke	0	2	6
Mr. F. Arthur	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Willmott	0	6	0
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison	0	2	0	Collected by the Bible-class, Christ Church, Chippenham, per Pastor			
Mr. T. Land	0	2	6	H. B. Bardwell	0	7	0
Mr. Alexander Law	5	0	0	Mr. G. Camps	0	2	8
Lizzie and Willie	1	0	0	Miss Camps	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones	1	0	0	Mr. W. Miles	0	2	6
Mrs. Cook	2	0	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	6
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0	Mr. G. W. Rabbich	0	5	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	10	0	Mr. J. Mortimer	0	15	0
Mrs. M. Poulter	1	1	0	Mr. W. Tucker	0	5	0
Mr. Jno. E. Gaunt	5	0	0	Miss I. Allen	0	2	6
Mr. Peter Ellis	1	0	0	Mr. G. F. Shepherd	0	10	0
Mr. F. Gammon	2	0	0	Mr. F. Huist	0	5	0
Mrs. Crowhurst	1	0	0	Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0
Mrs. Chudley	1	1	0	Miss Pilcher	0	2	6
Mr. T. Stucker	5	0	0	Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
Mr. B. Blair	1	0	0	Mr. T. Muir Dalziel	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	1	5	0	Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Thomas	1	0	0	Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. A. Bagster	1	1	0	Mr. E. Romang	1	1	0
Mrs. Hewkley	1	1	0	Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Blott	10	0	0	Mr. E. F. Brook	3	0	0
Mrs. Julia Spencer	1	1	0	Mr. W. Phillips	1	0	0
Miss A. S. Macduff	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Girdlestone	1	3	0
Dr. Cowdy	1	0	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Mr. S. Welman	1	0	0	Messrs. Wills and Packham, Ltd.	5	0	0
Mr. Sawyer, per Mr. W. Higgs	1	1	0	Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	5	6
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:				Collected by Mrs. Clews	3	11	0
Mrs. Hunt and friends	2	8	0	Mr. M. Stroud	2	2	0
Miss J. A. Norris	0	10	0	Master P. Durant	1	0	0
				Mrs. Burgess' Bible-class	0	10	0
Mr. B. Imlach	1	0	0	Mr. C. Bell	0	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Southwell	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. Samuel Spurgeon	0	16	8
Mrs. E. Green	5	0	0	V. H. M., Norwich	0	10	0
Mr. R. Spink	1	0	0	Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mr. J. Storey	2	0	0	Mrs. L. Clayton	0	7	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0	Mrs. R. Casburn	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Rogers	1	8	0	Mrs. Allen	0	3	0
Mr. C. Early	5	0	0	Mr. F. Hoy	1	0	0
Miss L. Francis	1	0	0	Mr. W. Britcher	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wrang	1	0	0	Miss M. Perrin	0	10	0
Mr. B. Phillips	1	5	7	Mr. T. Bevan	0	5	0
Mrs. Gould	1	0	0	Mr. G. H. Shipway	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Borley	1	10	0	Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0
Sympathy	1	0	0	Mr. A. Matheson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Macbeth	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0
A friend	10	0	0	Mr. D. Rees	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Weir and friends	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. McSkimming	1	8	6
Mr. George Wood	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. Holder	1	7	0
Mr. D. McColl	0	5	0	Mrs. Gardner	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Osborn	0	10	0	Young friends	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Gregory	0	10	0	Pastor T. H. Sparham	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Lang Sims	0	2	0	Miss Sievwright	0	2	6
Mrs. Newman	0	7	6	Mrs. S. Thompson	0	11	0
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	5	0	Mr. T. Edwards	0	10	6
Mrs. Vane	0	5	0	Mr. J. Philip	0	10	0
Master C. S. Jones	0	5	0	Mrs. Williams	0	10	0
Postal order, Bickley	0	5	0	Miss N. Kertch	0	5	0
Mrs. Sizmur	0	5	0	Miss R. E. Whitehead	0	2	6
Miss Gregory	0	10	0	Mr. W. Barclay	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. H. Forbes	0	16	6	Mrs. Higgins	0	5	0
Mrs. Shilson	0	5	0	Mrs. Heatley	0	5	0
Mr. H. H. Dove	0	5	0	Miss I. Coutts	0	10	6
Mr. T. Clydesdale	0	11	6	Mr. G. Beddingfield	0	5	0
Mr. J. Eckersley	0	5	0	Master O. C. Palmer	0	5	0
Mrs. Everett and Son	0	5	0	Miss L. M. Davey	0	7	1
Mr. J. Asten	0	10	0	Mr. C. Hammond	0	1	0
Mrs. J. Spry	0	5	0	Postal order, Dereham	0	3	6
A. E.	0	2	6	A poor old woman	0	1	6
Miss L. A. Scott	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. Kerridge	1	3	0
Mr. J. Webb	0	5	0	Mrs. Williams	0	10	0
Master B. Watson	0	10	0	Mr. T. Humphrey	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Mills	0	5	0	Collected by Master R. T. Jackman	0	15	0
Mr. George Sturrock	0	5	0	Collected at Christmas Morning Service, Claylands Chapel, per Rev. H. Hewett	1	7	0
Mrs. G. Anderson, per Mr. J. Addison	0	10	0	Farsley Baptist Junior Y.P.S.C.E., per Mr. S. Isles	1	1	0
A friend	0	2	6				
Miss M. A. Hardy	0	4	6				
(The Misses Francis and Lizzie)	0	7	0				
Master J. Burt	0	10	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. A. Lees ... ..	1	1	0	Postal order, Wallacetown ... ..	0	2	6
Mundesley Mission Sunday-school, per	1	1	0	Miss A. Jervis ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. T. L. Wakelin ... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Pritchard ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wale ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. E. M. Green ... ..	0	2	6
Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Williams... ..	5	0	0	Mr. J. Riley ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Woods ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Watson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Stott ... ..	1	1	0	M. L. ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. D. Boyd ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Cartwright ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Weighman, C.O. ... ..	3	0	0	E. G. H. ... ..	0	2	0
Miss V. Smith ... ..	20	0	0	Mrs. J. Gray ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. S. Hampton ... ..	2	2	0	Boyer Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-			
Mr. W. J. Norton ... ..	1	0	0	school, Derby, per Mr. S. T. Hudson	0	6	0
Little Melton Mission Hall Sunday-				Mr. T. Jones ... ..	0	3	0
school, per Mr. R. Carr ... ..	1	10	0	Miss M. Simpson ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. Sims ... ..	1	10	0	Mr. F. Corby ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Lister ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Elgee, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon...	0	10	6
Mrs. Coles ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Godfrey's Bible-class, Stowmarket	0	10	0
Christmas offerings, collected by Mrs.				Mr. R. Dawson ... ..	0	10	0
W. J. Lewis ... ..	2	0	0	Mrs. Watt ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. J. L. Schiefer ... ..	2	2	0	Miss M. Munro ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. M. Walker ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wiley ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Opie ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. T. Bowler ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Barnard ... ..	0	13	3	Miss W. A. Iverson ... ..	0	3	6
H. B., Southall ... ..	0	12	0	Collected by Mr. G. Silman ... ..	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Kemp ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Watson ... ..	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Blant ... ..	2	0	1	E. S., St. Michael's, Bristol ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Mott ... ..	1	17	0	Mr. W. Heywood ... ..	0	7	0
Per Mrs. Mott:—				Mr. Pilley ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Davies... ..	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. King ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Hagger ... ..	0	10	0	Postal order, Perth ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. D. Müller ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. G. Blake ... ..	0	5	0
			6	0	0		
Miss M. McEwing ... ..	1	0	0	Mount Pleasant English Baptist Church,			
Mr. Roger Bate ... ..	1	0	0	Cadoxton, Cardiff ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Alston ... ..	1	1	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Baptist			
Mr. H. R. Parker ... ..	1	1	0	Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. E.			
Mr. W. G. Healing ... ..	1	1	0	Jasper ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Boulter ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Langewydd Sunday-			
Mr. W. J. Murphy ... ..	1	0	0	school, per Mr. J. Young ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. H. S. Cowper ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson ...	0	14	0
Mr. T. Trotman ... ..	1	5	0	Mr. G. D. Rich ... ..	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. H. Watson ... ..	0	7	6	One-half Sunday evening collections,			
Collected by Mrs. A. F. Farley ..	0	15	0	Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, per			
Mr. J. Aldington ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. Sidney Smith ... ..	8	14	9
Rev. S. D. Scammell ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. W. A. Brankston ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. J. Jones ... ..	0	10	6	Collected by Mr. S. Church ... ..	1	0	0
Postal order, Paddington ... ..	0	4	0	Mr. E. H. Edwards ... ..	2	0	0
Collected by Miss K. M. Sivers...	0	5	0	Per Mr. R. Giles:—			
Mrs. J. Cooper ... ..	0	2	0	Sunday dinner-table box... ..	0	18	1
Mr. W. Newman ... ..	0	2	6	In memory of Bertie ... ..	0	5	0
Messrs. McCammon and Sprott ...	0	10	0	In lieu of Christmas cards ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Northcott ... ..	0	1	4				1
Mr. H. W. Stening ... ..	0	10	6				8
Mrs. Harris and friends ... ..	0	7	6				1
Mrs. Wilsheire ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. W. A. Bradley ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bush ... ..	0	10	0	Miss E. Kewer, per Mr. Round... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Henderson ... ..	0	2	6	Master A. W. McConnell ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. L. E. Knight... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Duckett's Bible-class	1	0	0
Mr. L. Sealy ... ..	0	5	0	Miss M. Gardyne ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. K. Patterson... ..	0	3	0	Miss Salmon ... ..	0	6	0
Mrs. Cliffe ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. F. D. Collen ... ..	20	0	0
Postal order, Bowden Downs ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Beale ... ..	0	13	5
Mrs. Fairweather ... ..	0	7	6	Mr. E. Smith ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. F. G. Buckmaster ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. W. Smith ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Bentley ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. J. McPherson... ..	0	2	0
Mr. C. Smith ... ..	0	3	0	Mr. W. Mitchell ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. C. Norton ... ..	0	2	0	Mr. T. Hooley ... ..	1	1	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> :—				Mrs. Waller ... ..	0	4	6
Liz. ... ..	0	5	0	Miss E. M. Perkins ... ..	0	10	0
S. T. P. ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. G. Hendrie ... ..	0	15	0
			0	Miss Bickford ... ..	0	8	8
			7	E. W. E. Perth ... ..	1	0	0
			2	A member of Trinity Baptist Church,			
L. Mosey, Sittingbourne... ..	0	2	0	Bexley Heath ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Coath ... ..	0	2	0	Mrs. S. Hodden ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. H. Cronbie ... ..	0	10	0	Miss B. Mead ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Briggs ... ..	0	3	0	Collected by Master P. Wigney ...	1	17	1
Postal order, Corsock ... ..	0	2	6	Miss A. Payne ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. H. Skinner ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Jones, in memory			
Postal order, Abergavenny ... ..	0	1	0	of the late Mr. Wm. Jones ... ..	1	0	0
E. K. ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Snape ... ..	0	15	0
Pastor S. T. Williams ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Drummond Grant ... ..	1	0	0
R. D., Montrose ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. W. McDonald ... ..	0	4	0
			0	Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P. ... ..	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Calver ... ..	1	0	0
M. W. ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. H. Higbed ... ..	0	5	0
The Grange Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. G. J. White ... ..	2	2	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co. ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Vague ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. J. S. Bracher ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. D. J. Freeman ... ..	0	3	0
Lynton Road Sunday-school, Ber- mondsey, per Mr. J. B. Collin ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Gunter ... ..	0	5	0
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Kerr ... ..	0	10	0
"Davie" ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. R. Johnstone ... ..	0	5	0
Captain E. L. Simpson ... ..	0	10	0
P. and P., stamps ... ..	0	5	0
Rev. J. Creighton ... ..	1	0	0
J. M. Hunt ... ..	0	1	6
Mr. T. W. Benson ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. Macnicoll ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Carter ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. C. E. Tidswell ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. T. Freeman ... ..	0	13	0
Mrs. Mackie ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Thomson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Cameron ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Dodds ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Mary Earl ... ..	1	0	0
Agricult. and his wife ... ..	5	0	0
Chyngton Barn collecting-box, per Mr. E. J. Gorrings ... ..	0	18	4
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox, for the sup- port of three orphans for a year ... ..	50	0	0
Mrs. Iremonger ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Goodchild ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Clark ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. S. H. Rugg ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. G. Dean ... ..	2	10	0
Mr. E. Martell ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. A. H. Sexton, "in loving memory of W. S." ... ..	2	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Sunday-school, Bacup, per Mr. G. Shepherd ... ..	6	7	3
Mr. Jno. Peatchcott ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. S. A. Mitchell ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Lance ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. S. Leath ... ..	0	7	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton ... ..	0	5	0
Otley Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Barker:—Boys' ... ..	0	7	6
Girls' ... ..	0	6	6
Mr. E. Reed ... ..	0	14	0
Mrs. Oxenbridge ... ..	0	8	0
Postal order, Selby ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. J. Youens ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Parry ... ..	0	10	6
The Misses A. and E. Bowtell ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Tolmie ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Pound ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Wilmot ... ..	0	5	6
Mr. S. Macintyre ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Houston ... ..	0	6	0
M. A. C., Whitohurch ... ..	0	5	0
Master J. Peebles ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Norledge ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. S. J. Johnson ... ..	0	4	6
Collected by Mrs. W. Powell ... ..	0	16	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Westmore ... ..	1	1	0
Collected by Miss W. Wright ... ..	0	4	6
Collected by Miss A. L. Bird ... ..	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Adcock ... ..	0	8	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bibby ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Dovey ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Haddon ... ..	3	0	0
Mrs. J. Scott ... ..	2	0	0
Scotch note, Glasgow ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. L. Marshall ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. Bakewell ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Barnaby ... ..	0	5	0
Holmesdale Road Baptist Sunday- school, South Norwood, per Mr. F. W. Beale ... ..	1	8	6
Per Mrs. L. Hunt:—			
The Misses Jarrett and Leighton ... ..	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. T. Acland ... ..	0	10	0
J. B., Peckham ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. M. J. Lewis ... ..	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. T. Garton ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. L. W. Borton ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Scoles ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. R. C. Jones ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. F. C. Orr White ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. A. Jungling ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. A. Sinclair ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. W. F. Heath ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Cousin ... ..	2	2	0
Messrs. R. Holttum and Sons ... ..	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt ... ..	1	0	0
Miss A. Benson ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Trew ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. O. Knott ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. G. Brown ... ..	0	10	0
J. C. Toovey ... ..	0	7	6
A sympathiser, Malton ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. T. Fleetwood ... ..	0	10	0
A sympathiser, Glasgow ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. Eatock ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. W. Emery ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. J. Hardy ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. H. Jones ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Kirkland ... ..	0	15	0
Collected by Miss N. Burcher ... ..	0	5	3
Mr. E. Brouard ... ..	0	5	0
S. G. A. ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. G. E. Hammerton ... ..	0	8	0
Miss J. M. Hutton ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Preston, Brighton ... ..	0	3	0
Per Mr. C. Dauncey —			
Collected in breakfast box ... ..	5	4	0
Mrs. Dauncey ... ..	1	6	0
S. R. Dauncey ... ..	0	10	0
W. R. Dauncey ... ..	0	10	0
Rose Dauncey ... ..	0	10	0
Miss G. Shaw ... ..	8	0	0
Mr. C. J. Woodrow ... ..	1	0	0
Miss F. Cook ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Nicholson, J.P. ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. T. Lucas ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. E. M. Llewellyn ... ..	1	1	0
J. F. H. ... ..	1	0	0
Miss J. R. Moore ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. Unwin ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. Pope Froste, M.A. ... ..	2	0	0
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. McKee ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. W. Squibb ... ..	0	5	6
R. B. F. ... ..	0	2	6
A friend, Oxenhope ... ..	0	2	6
A. J. F. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Dodwell ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Bandon ... ..	0	2	0
Pastor A. G. Haste ... ..	0	2	6
Rev. J. and Mrs. Seager ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Exton ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. Turner ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Master D. S. Herries ... ..	0	2	1
Mr. J. H. Roberts ... ..	0	3	0
L. M. W., Clapham ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. J. Taylor ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. S. F. Hurnard, J.P. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Edgar O. Bowtell ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Eyles ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Andrew Scott ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. S. F. Clements ... ..	2	2	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Christmas Morning Service, Baptist Chapel, Kingston, Hereford, per Pastor W. B. Nichols ...	1 5 0	Collected by Miss K. E. Buwell:—	
Mr. W. Alexander ...	1 0 0	Mrs. White ...	0 5 0
Mr. H. P. West ...	1 0 0	Mr. Madge ...	1 0 0
Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—		Mr. J. Henderson ...	0 10 0
G. O. ...	1 0 0	Mr. E. Pocock ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Blaxhill ...	0 10 0	F. M. ...	1 1 0
Collected in box, 38, High Street ...	0 3 0	J. J. S. ...	1 1 0
Pastor E. Spurrier ...	0 7 0	Mr. M. H. Rackstraw ...	0 5 0
	2 0 0	Mr. T. Woodley ...	2 0 0
T. A. L. H. ...	2 0 0		7 3 0
Collected by the Railway Mission Sunday-school, West Brompton, per Mr. J. W. Gooding ...	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Court ...	0 5 0
Mr. B. C. Forder ...	1 3 0	Collected by Mrs. Leigh ...	0 5 0
Mr. W. H. Roberts ...	1 0 0	Sale of work, per Ladies' Committee ...	7 8 8
Mr. W. Rudd ...	0 10 0	G. B. B. ...	5 5 0
A friend ...	5 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Page ...	0 4 3
Mrs. J. Moore ...	0 5 0	Mr. Thos. Craig, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1 1 0
Mr. J. W. Pinkney ...	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Bennett	0 1 5
Mr. J. Anstice ...	0 10 0	Children of the Carrow Works School, Norwich, per Mr. W. Reeder ...	1 15 0
Collected at Sunday tea-table, per Mrs. Spencer ...	0 7 0	Mrs. Watson ...	0 10 0
Miss Greenlees ...	0 5 0	High Street English Baptist Chapel, Merthyr Tydfil, Christmas Morning service, per Mr. W. Harris ...	0 14 3
Mrs. Reed ...	0 5 0	M. L. H., Edinburgh ...	0 10 0
Mr. W. Neathercoat ...	0 5 0	Mr. E. J. Raby ...	0 5 0
Mr. G. H. Edwards ...	0 2 6	A Falkland friend ...	0 5 0
Collected at Christmas dinner-table, Bardwell ...	0 2 0	A friend, Bury St. Edmund's ...	0 1 8
Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe ...	0 10 0	Miss E. Millar ...	0 5 0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennand ...	0 13 6	Mr. C. Martin ...	0 7 6
Mr. Jas. Wilson ...	1 0 0	Mr. E. Reynolds ...	0 2 8
Mrs. Martin ...	0 5 0	Collected at Watch-night service, Woodville Road Baptist Chapel, Cardiff, per Mr. W. Morris ...	0 13 1
Mr. C. Minter ...	0 5 0	Collected by Miss I. Morris ...	0 6 11
Misses J. and F. Weekes ...	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. W. B. Mortimer ...	0 17 6
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes ...	0 10 0	C. S. ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Schilizzi ...	2 2 0	Mr. Jas. Robertson ...	0 15 0
Mr. C. Trelease ...	1 0 0	Mr. Jno. Cameron ...	0 2 6
Mr. J. Harris ...	1 1 0	Mrs. W. Olney ...	2 0 0
Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Johnson ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Pringle ...	0 10 0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson ...	2 0 0	Per F. R. T.:—	
Miss S. Robinson ...	5 0 0	Miss S. Pewtress ...	0 5 0
Mr. T. Fordham ...	2 2 0	Mrs. Dix ...	0 5 0
Mr. J. V. Varley ...	2 2 0	Miss Adrian ...	0 5 0
Mr. G. Huntley ...	1 1 0	Mr. Probin ...	0 5 0
Half collection Christmas Morning service, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker ...	0 6 9	In memoriam, E. P. ...	0 10 0
A few friends, per Pastor E. Milnes ...	1 0 0	F. R. T. ...	0 5 0
Mrs. E. H. Williams ...	0 10 0	In memoriam, J. R. T. ...	0 10 0
Mr. Jno. Williams ...	0 5 0	In memoriam, C. T. ...	0 10 0
Miss M. Richards ...	0 3 6	In memoriam, C. H. S. ...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Bovey ...	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Brown ...	0 10 0
Mr. R. Rogers ...	0 5 0		3 15 0
Annie Grant ...	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Miles ...	0 3 1
Hamilton Baptist Church Mission box, per Rev. J. R. Chrystal ...	0 10 0	Young Women's Bible-classes, Belle Isle Mission, towards the maintenance of an orphan girl ...	5 0 0
Mr. F. J. Aldridge ...	1 1 0	Mr. F. J. Verry ...	0 5 0
Miss M. A. Deane ...	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Woodcock ...	0 6 8
Mrs. Lloyd ...	1 5 0	Messrs. T. and W. Johnston ...	1 10 0
Y.P.S.C.E., Blaenau Gwent, per Mr. C. J. Gillingham ...	0 10 0	Mr. E. Rayner ...	20 0 0
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Cory, Bros. and Co., Ltd. 120 18 8		Mrs. Bawtree ...	2 2 0
Miss F. Cook (Kington) ...	0 5 0	Mr. Thos. Moorley ...	1 0 0
Mr. R. M. George ...	0 10 0	Mr. G. F. Goldspink ...	1 0 0
Mr. T. Brewer ...	5 5 0	Mr. W. Woodeson ...	1 0 0
Christmas-day collection, Bulwell Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Slater ...	0 13 0	Mrs. Conder ...	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. Page ...	0 5 0	Mr. L. Horner ...	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Daft ...	0 4 0	Mrs. W. Piper ...	1 0 0
Mrs. G. Hodges ...	0 8 0	Mr. A. Cave ...	0 10 6
J. G., Banchoory ...	0 5 0	Stamps, Ross ...	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. W. H. Dore ...	0 4 6	Mr. J. Lewis ...	0 2 6
Mr. John Jackson ...	2 10 0	Mr. R. M. Scott's children ...	0 7 6
Collected by Mrs. Mason ...	0 4 11	Mr. J. Duncan ...	0 5 0
		Postal order, Aberdeen ...	0 5 0
		M. W. ...	0 2 0
		Collected by Mr. G. Pugh Jackson ...	0 10 6
		Mr. D. Morgan ...	2 2 0
		Miss Geikie ...	1 1 0
		Mr. Rawle ...	0 5 0
		Mrs. J. Gregory ...	0 2 0
		Mrs. P. P. Williams ...	0 10 0
		A poor widow, per Pastor W. Burnett	0 4 6

	£ s. d.
Christmas morning service at United Churches, George Street and Mutley, Plymouth, per Mr. G. Lewarn	4 10 10
Part collection Christmas morning service, Darkhouse Baptist Chapel, Coseley	0 12 6
Collected by Mrs. W. Burnett	0 14 6
The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan	1 0 0
Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1 1 0
F. J.	1 0 0
An orphan	0 2 6
Mr. C. Gaylor	0 13 0
Thankoffering, from a grateful mother, "for the preservation of my dear boy's life when 48 of his fellow-seamen were drowned"	0 5 0
Mrs. Vince	0 10 0
D. M. D., Old Deer, with £14 for Dr. Barnardo's Homes	8 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Munro	0 10 0
Mr. Henry Willis	0 13 0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett	0 9 3
Mrs. A. Barton	0 2 0
Mr. H. Buckley	2 2 0
Mr. H. of brooch	0 10 0
Sale of brooch	1 0 0
Dear Granny	0 10 0
E. and R. Ward	0 10 0
Half contents of children's box, opened New Year's Day, per Mr. W. Meikle	0 12 9
Mr. Jas. Scott	2 2 0
Willie, Edie, Millie, Orry, and Bertie, Tatenhill	1 0 0
Mrs. Pullum	1 1 0
Mrs. Newman Hall	5 0 0
Miss B. Bisset	0 5 0
"A mite for the bairns," from Dundee	0 10 0
Mrs. S. Smith	0 5 0
Mrs. Hovill	0 5 0
B. A.	0 5 0
Stamps, London, W.	0 1 0
Mrs. S. Ball	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 8 6
Harlesden Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Balls	1 1 0
A Scottish woman	0 10 0
Postal order, Lesbury	0 10 0
Mr. Jas. Hart	1 10 0
Postal order, Broadway, Cardiff	1 0 0
Miss Hayball	0 2 6
Mr. W. Jackson	3 0 0
Mr. Geo. White	1 1 0
Mr. S. Sharp	0 10 6
Mrs. J. Vowles	0 10 0
Mrs. Talbot	0 5 0
Miss Lighthound	0 2 6
Sale of clock (Mr. H. J. Hall)	2 2 0
Mr. T. Dawes	0 5 0
Mr. Wm. Wilcocks	2 2 0
Miss A. Stephenson	1 0 0
Miss Salmond	0 7 6
Mr. F. Duffell	0 10 0
Mr. J. Luckham	0 10 6
Mr. N. H. Lake	0 5 0
M. D. Penybont	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Chambers, per Pastor G. Monk	0 12 4
Collected by Master P. Stimpson	0 1 6
Three young well-wishers	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. E. Phillips	0 17 0
Collected by Mrs. Adlem:—	
P. M.	1 0 0
Church of England	0 5 0
The Rector	0 3 0
Hunt and Son	0 2 0
M. N.	0 1 0
O. S.	0 1 0
C. R.	0 1 0
A. D.	0 1 0
Some friends	0 4 0
Adlem family	0 7 0

2 7 0

	£ s. d.
Mrs. Bagster	2 2 0
Mr. W. Howard	2 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	1 1 0
Miss Withers	0 15 0
M. H., per Pastor J. E. Joynes	0 10 6
Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0 5 0
Mrs. N. Kelly	1 1 0
Mr. D. D. Sinclair	0 10 6
A friend	0 2 0
Mr. Ellen Mills	5 0 0
Collected by Miss A. M. Berry	0 17 10
Ceylon Place Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Eastbourne	1 8 0
Miss Catherine	0 4 0
Mothers' Meeting, Park Baptist Church, per Pastor T. G. Pollard	0 6 0
Executors of the late Miss A. S. Lovell	100 0 0
From the estate of the late Miss G. I. Small	0 15 0
Executors of the late Mrs. Margaret Holmes	90 0 0
Lossiemouth Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	0 19 0
Orphan boys' cards (as per list)	66 13 4
Orphan girls' cards (as per list)	37 4 5
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
Mrs. McConnell	0 10 0
Dr. McGill	2 2 0
The Lord's tenth, from a boy	0 5 0
Mr. Charles Foster	0 5 0
Mrs. Dowson	0 10 0
Mr. Wm. Parry	1 0 0
"A tenth from the Bush"	1 0 0
A friend from Bedford	5 0 0
M. A. K.	0 2 6
Mrs. Medway	3 0 0
"My Countess"	2 0 0
The Girdlers' Company (per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd)	10 10 0
Miss Harris	5 0 0
Mr. srs. G. W. Russell and Son	1 1 0
	32 5 6
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	
Theatrical Mission Bazaar, St. Martin's Town Hall	1 0 0
American Tour	442 16 7
Christmas Festivities Fund:—	
Miss E. Clover	0 6 0
"Bessie"	5 5 0
Mr. J. Longton	0 10 0
Per Miss Thatcher:—	
Mrs. Mannington	0 5 0
Mrs. Mannington (Isfield)	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mannington	0 5 0
Mrs. Caffyn	0 2 6
Miss Caffyn	0 2 6
Mrs. John Guy	0 2 6
Miss Minnie Thatcher	0 2 6
The Misses Hamshar	0 3 0
The late Mrs. Porter	0 2 6
Mrs. Thatcher	0 2 0
Mrs. Faulconer	0 2 0
Miss A. Thatcher	0 2 6
	1 17 0
Mrs. Wilson	0 5 0
Mr. B. Bull	0 3 0
A worker	0 7 6
Mr. J. Wood	0 10 0
Miss C. H. Walton	0 3 0
Mrs. Tine and family	0 10 0
Mr. E. Vincent	0 10 0
J. B. C.	1 0 0
Messrs. W. and H. K. Olney	1 0 0
Mr. Edwin West	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Field	0 1 0



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Oatley ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Quant ...	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Upward ...	0	2	6	Mr. Best ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly ...	0	5	0	Messrs. Hine Bros. ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wardlayle ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. T. Smith ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. L. Evans ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Barnes ...	0	5	0
A friend, per Rev. A. Mursell ...	0	2	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox ...	1	0	0
Miss A. E. Hardiman ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Bettinson ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barber ...	0	2	6	Miss Green ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Green ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. C. Smith ...	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Woolidge ...	0	10	0	Mr. R. Morgan ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Barrett ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. E. Pollard ...	0	4	0
Miss Brame ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. Laffin ...	0	2	0	Mrs. C. H. Gibson ...	1	0	0
A country minister ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees ...	1	0	0
Mrs. B. Veall ...	0	2	6	Mr. S. H. Baker ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Humphry ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. Sharp ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Holmes ...	0	3	0	Mrs. Page ...	2	0	0
Miss Pinckstone ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Ellwood ...	3	0	0
Miss L. M. Walker ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Faulconer and Miss Steedman ...	5	0	0
Miss D. Leng ...	0	2	6	H. E. S. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Workman ...	0	10	0	Mr. D. Clarke ...	1	1	0
Dr. Wm. Usher ...	0	5	0	Miss M. Sutherland ...	1	0	0
Mrs. L. S. Lang ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Bryce ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Holbrook ...	0	16	0	Mr. M. W. Hervey ...	0	10	0
Mr. Barker ...	0	2	0	Mrs. B. Jones ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Cleaver ...	0	10	0	Miss Evill ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. James ...	0	1	0	Mr. H. Proctor ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Lees ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Yallop ...	1	0	0
Postal order, Whyteleafe ...	0	3	0	Miss J. Wood ...	1	2	0
Mrs. A. Drayson ...	0	5	0	Miss R. Smith ...	1	1	0
Miss R. Wells ...	0	2	0	Collected by Miss R. Patten ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Vincent ...	0	5	0	Miss Jones ...	0	2	6
Miss E. Evans ...	0	15	0	Mrs. A. Broom ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Parker ...	0	5	0	Young Women's Bible-class, Eld Lane			
Mrs. Amos ...	0	10	0	Baptist Chapel, Colchester, per Miss			
Mrs. S. Manlove ...	0	2	6	E. Barrett ...	0	10	6
God's tenth ...	0	1	6	Miss Speh ...	0	5	0
Miss Letchworth ...	0	2	6	Mrs. C. Dales ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Toller ...	0	5	0	Endymion ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fordham ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Zuber ...	0	3	0	Mr. S. Cole ...	0	10	0
B. B. ...	0	3	0	Mrs. H. E. Marshall ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Jackson ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Kite ...	0	4	0	Mrs. J. Harvey ...	0	5	0
Miss Brown ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. A. Hooker ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Powell ...	0	2	0	Postal order, Hayle ...	0	2	6
Mr. D. Sharpe ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Straw ...	0	5	0
Miss R. B. Dale ...	0	5	0	Miss M. C. Hart ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Grant ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Thomson ...	0	5	0
Miss A. Baker ...	0	2	6	The Misses Horton ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Stewart ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Luck ...	0	5	0
Miss F. Hall ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Morris ...	0	1	0
E. B. and M. G. W. ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Loveland ...	0	7	6
Mrs. Tutton ...	0	5	0	Miss Mason ...	0	2	6
X. Y. Z. ...	0	1	0	Mrs. H. M. Grange ...	0	5	0
Collected by the Ledburn Sunday-				Miss Mathew ...	0	2	6
school, per Mr. H. Varney ...	0	12	0	The Misses A. and L. Rowland ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Eenshaw ...	0	3	0	Miss Larcombe ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Alldis ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. B. Near ...	0	2	6
Miss Gregg ...	0	1	6	Mr. G. Fryer ...	0	1	0
For Jesus' lambs ...	0	5	0	Stamps, Chipping Sodbury ...	0	1	6
Rev. F. C. Linn ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Billing and family ...	0	5	0
The Misses C. and M. Hawke ...	0	2	6	Mrs. B. Fox ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Bear ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Darby ...	0	0	6
Rosie's money-box ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Roberts ...	0	2	6
Miss Scarfe ...	0	1	0	Mrs. G. E. Chapman ...	0	1	0
Stamps, Farnham ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Cheney ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. A. Jenks ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Shipton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Melhuish ...	0	10	0	Mr. James Fear ...	0	10	0
A friend ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	0	5	0
C. F. ...	0	1	6	Mr. Wm. Dunn ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Speed ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Goodchild ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Hooper ...	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Brake ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Foulkes ...	0	1	0	Mrs. M. Cousins ...	1	0	0
B. J. T. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Stopford ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Stevenson ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Baxter ...	2	0	0
Mr. James Stiff ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard ...	0	3	6
Mrs. E. W. Bell ...	2	0	0	Mr. Bull ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Lane ...	2	0	0	Mr. Beck ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Guthrie ...	1	0	0	Mr. George Tingey ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Dewar ...	1	0	0	Miss L. Ferratt ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. W. Thompson ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Clow ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Cox ...	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Harvey ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. W. Rice and family ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. Wood ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bickle ...	0	10	0	Miss G. H. Stirling ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Deacon ...	0	2	6	Stamps, Sittingbourne ...	0	1	0
Mr. J. Binstead ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Lamont ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Keddie ...	0	12	0	W. A. ...	0	5	0
Miss N. Clark ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Jones, per Miss Moore ...	0	1	0
Mrs. Baines ...	0	2	6	The Misses Gribbon ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cutler ...	0	10	6	Mr. W. Hoare ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bayes ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Grover ...	0	2	0
Mr. F. Patterson ...	0	5	0	Mrs. and Miss E. Moore ...	0	10	0
S. M. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Knock ...	0	5	0	Master W. E. T. Harry ...	0	1	0
Miss Attfield ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Kay ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hawtree ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. E. Franklin ...	0	3	6
Miss E. J. Farmer ...	0	2	6	E. W., Tunbridge Wells ...	0	15	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ...	0	2	0	Mrs. S. Anthony ...	0	3	0
Mr. R. Middleton ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Miles ...	0	2	6
Miss A. Davies ...	0	3	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	0	5	6
Miss A. Wilson ...	0	10	3	Mrs. M. A. Chapman ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Goodman ...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Davies ...	0	5	0
Master Eddie and Miss Mabel Barritt ...	0	1	0	Mr. A. Clay ...	0	2	0
F. G. ...	0	2	0	Mr. G. Hacksley ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Martin ...	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Spear ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Foway ...	0	3	0	A working-man ...	0	4	0
Mrs. Ives ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. Rabbich ...	0	5	0
Miss A. C. Watkins ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Miller ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Sheil ...	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas ...	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Oram ...	0	2	6	Mrs. F. Prior ...	0	5	0
Miss S. Watts ...	0	5	0	Miss L. A. Bennett ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Johnson ...	0	1	0	Mr. W. Reeves ...	0	2	0
Mrs. S. J. Smith ...	0	5	0	Miss Limebeer ...	0	2	6
Mr. and Miss Pearson ...	0	10	0	Mr. D. Mc Kercher ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Freeman ...	0	5	0	Miss I. Allen ...	0	1	6
Mrs. J. Dickerson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Rice Daniel ...	0	10	0
Master C. and Miss M. Holland ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Fakeley and family ...	0	9	0
Mrs. B. R. Davis ...	0	10	0	An old boy ...	0	2	6
Miss M. Hodges ...	0	10	0	Mr. O. Friston ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Le Feuvre ...	0	2	0	Miss Pilcher ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mackewack ...	0	2	6	Miss M. A. Withers ...	0	7	6
Mr. R. Vail ...	0	4	0	Mr. J. L. Haddon ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Pillman ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Howe ...	0	10	0
Mr. D. Goodall ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Whittle ...	0	1	0
Mr. Hadden ...	0	2	6	Mr. A. Middleton ...	0	1	3
Messrs. Beard and Nash ...	0	2	0	M. H., Finchley ...	0	2	0
Mrs. B. M. Harrison ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Barrow ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Donaldson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Butler ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Edwards ...	0	5	0	Mrs. L. Clayton ...	0	7	0
Mrs. M. A. Oldfield ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Allen ...	0	1	0
Miss M. Baker ...	0	3	0	Five little Days ...	0	2	0
Mrs. C. May ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Shaw ...	0	5	0
Miss J. Tingle ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Baker ...	0	10	0
Mr. I. J. Curter ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Brown ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sydenham ...	0	10	0	Miss M. Lang ...	0	5	0
J. R. R., Weymouth ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Crampin ...	0	5	0
Messrs. King ...	0	7	6	Mr. C. Hammond ...	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Thomas ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Morgan ...	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Colyer ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Spence ...	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Young ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Le Grice ...	0	10	6
Mr. G. A. Gillett ...	0	10	6	Tea-table offering, per Miss Pocock ...	0	4	0
Mr. H. H. Seaton ...	0	10	0	Per Mr. T. S. Penny:—			
Mr. J. Newcombe ...	0	7	6	Max, Louie, Mary, Ray, Jack, Mother,			
Mrs. Pleasant ...	0	10	6	and Father ...	0	14	0
Mrs. Royce ...	1	1	0	Mr. D. Pepperdine ...	0	2	6
Mr. S. A. Harris ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Coombs ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. West ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Grace ...	0	2	6
Collected by Baptist Tabernacle Sunday School Children, Sittingbourne, per Mr. S. Boulding ...	1	10	0	Mr. W. Bromage ...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Mumford ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. L. Smith ...	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Cox ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Marshall ...	0	4	0
Miss Poole ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Humphrey ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends ...	14	0	0	Miss E. Swain ...	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Hall ...	2	0	0	Mrs. A. Barnard ...	0	3	0
Mr. H. T. Trevanion ...	2	0	0	Mr. W. Knight ...	1	5	0
Mrs. Stephens ...	0	1	6	Mr. J. McIlroy ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Freestone ...	0	14	0	Mr. E. Garrett ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Curter ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Basson ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. Birch ...	0	2	6	The Masters Jarvis ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Jones ...	0	2	6	Mr. A. T. Lake ...	0	10	6
				Mrs. E. Botstord ...	0	5	0
				Miss M. McEwing ...	1	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. J. Charters ... ..	1 1 0	Messrs. Alabaster and Passmore, a	
Mr. E. Jones ... ..	0 10 0	new shilling for each of the Orphan	
Rev. W. Colin Bryan ... ..	0 2 6	boys ... ..	12 10 0
Mr. W. Mann ... ..	0 2 6	<i>Christmas Dinner-table Collections:—</i>	
Miss E. Barton ... ..	0 2 6	Men's Bible-class, Highgate Road	
Mr. Josiah Cox ... ..	0 6 0	Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Weight...	2 15 7
Mrs. Drummond ... ..	0 3 0	Servants at Neale Lodge, Upper Nor-	
Mr. W. Milne ... ..	0 2 0	wood ... ..	0 2 6
Mr. G. Cox ... ..	0 10 6	Baptist Chapel, Istock, per Pastor	
Mrs. Beall ... ..	0 3 0	A. E. Johnson ... ..	2 9 4
Mr. J. H. Padgett ... ..	0 2 6	Stamps ... ..	0 1 6
Mrs. E. Hoddy ... ..	0 10 6	Per Mr. W. Jeffery ... ..	0 6 0
Mrs. Rolfe and friends ... ..	0 7 0	Baptist Chapel, Coningsby, per Rev.	
A friend, Dover ... ..	0 5 0	A. Evans ... ..	1 7 0
Miss G. Jewhurst and friends ...	0 3 0	Baptist Chapel, Grantham, per Pastor	
Miss E. M. Broughton ... ..	0 2 6	G. B. Bowler ... ..	1 10 4
A widow's mite, Croydon ... ..	0 1 6	Park Baptist Chapel, Brentford, per	
Mrs. Goffrey's Bible-class, Stowmarket	0 3 6	Pastor T. G. Pollard ... ..	2 15 0
Miss S. Hughes ... ..	0 2 0	Per Mr. E. H. Bartlett ... ..	0 14 1
Mr. and Mrs. Stone ... ..	0 2 6	New Brighton Baptist Chapel, per	
Miss E. M. Scott ... ..	0 2 0	Mrs. Morley ... ..	2 12 5
"The children" ... ..	0 10 0	Baptist Chapel, Aldershot, per Rev. E.	
Mr. Henry Dean ... ..	0 2 6	Poole Connor ... ..	0 15 0
Stamps, Salisbury ... ..	0 0 6	Irwell Terrace Baptist Chapel, Bacup,	
Mr. J. Davies ... ..	0 2 6	per Pastor T. R. Field ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. W. Joass ... ..	0 2 6	Zion Baptist Chapel, Y. P. S. C. E.,	
Mr. R. Dawson ... ..	0 2 6	Chatham, per Mr. G. T. Poppe ...	2 10 0
Mr. G. Hookey ... ..	0 5 0	Baptist Chapel, East Doreham, per	
Collected by Mr. S. Church ... ..	0 10 6	Pastor R. Layzell ... ..	8 2 6
Miss D. Wilmshurst ... ..	0 5 0	Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. Kilby	14 4 0
Mr. John Mead ... ..	1 0 0	Aylesbury, per Pastor D. Witton ...	0 18 0
Mrs. Pilgrim ... ..	0 5 0	George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde,	
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P. ... ..	1 1 0	per Pastor E. Bruce Pearson ... ..	3 4 6
Mrs. Mackie ... ..	0 5 0	Derby Road Baptist Chapel, Croydon,	
Postal order, Poole ... ..	0 1 6	per Mr. S. J. Clutterbuck ... ..	1 4 8
Mr. E. E. Myhill ... ..	0 2 0	Lower Tooting Baptist Chapel, per	
Mr. W. Newman's family ... ..	0 1 2	Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey ... ..	3 7 0
Mr. A. Cave ... ..	0 10 6	Per Mr. W. Wood, Harlesden ... ..	1 6 0
Daisy Hazelton ... ..	0 2 6	Tydesley, per Pastor J. Lewis ... ..	1 0 4
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Irondeau Baptist Chapel, per Rev.	
Mrs. A. E. Humphrey ... ..	0 10 0	C. W. Vick ... ..	6 9 8
Mrs. Norris ... ..	1 0 0	Baptist Chapel, Maldon, per Pastor	
		F. C. Morris ... ..	2 15 0
The Trustees of the Orphanage, a			
new shilling for each of the Orphan			
girls ... ..	12 0 0		
			£2,282 17 0

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—*Almond, A., £1 1s; Allnatt, W., 2s 6d; Blakeley, F., £1 6s 6d; Baggaley, J., 10s 3d; Balderston, L., £1 1s; Barton, C., £1 1s; Barnett, R., 10s 1d; Boddy, W., £1; Brnstow, S., 6s; Bourne, E., 9s; Box, A., £1 1s; Butcher, F., 18s; Beauchamp, J., 1s 3d; Burton, A., 1s; Baker, F., £1 1s; Bradstreet, H., 5s; Broom, B., 4s 1d; Barrow, J., 1s; Butler, L., 6s; Boggis, A., 14s; Bingham, G., 3s 4d; Baker, G., 10s; Claridge, G., 2s; Cracknell, E., 2s 9d; Cole, J. L., £1 16s; Cooper, B., 14s; Collingwood, F., 10s 6d; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Cross, W., 4s 10d; Coppin, G., 11s 1d; Coppin, G., 4s; Challis, B., 5s; Channer, F. & B., £1 1s; Daniels, M., £1 1s; Davis, W., 6d; Dubinsky, E., 4s; Dawson, S., 2s; Davis, J., 5s 2d; Doel, B., £1 0s 6d; Durrant, H., 18s 6d; Edwards, J., 2s 3d; Everitt, E., 1s 9d; French, S., 6s; Floyd, T., £1 1s; Furr, R., 3s; Fyfe, F., 7s 6d; Goodwin, W., 4s 8d; Gallop, C., 6s; Hockley, F., 10s 6d; Horden, L., 3s 6d; Heritage, W., 10s; Hampton, J., £1 1s; Hewitt, W., 5s; Hunt, E., 11s 6d; Hopwood, R., 10s 6d; Hulsall, J., £1 1s; Haddock, B., £1 1s; Harris, F., 5s; Isaac, J., 1s 7d; Jones, G., 7s; Johns, J., £1 1s; Johnson, C., 1s 6d; Kirby, M., 12s; Kay, H., £1 3s 6d; King, F., 10s 6d; Kirkpatrick, W., 10s 6d; Lucas, B., 11s; Latter, J., 8s 6d; Levi, V., 8s; Lindars, A., 1s; Lee, L., 6s 6d; Mantelov, P., 6s; McMechan, O., 7s 6d; Matthias, R., 5s; Maskell, B., 8s 3d; Maddler, E., 13s 3d; Mann, J., £1 1s; Nokes, G., 3s 1d; Newbury, J., 12s; Noble, A., £1 1s; Preston, V., 12s 6d; Polly, J., 3s 3d; Pratt, J., 6s; Prichard, D., 2s; Pullen, F., 1s 4d; Pile, C., 5s; Pepler, L., 9s; Peck, P., 6s 6d; Platt, A., 4s; Page, J., 11s; Pavey, P., 8s 6d; Price, M., 3s 2d; Rowell, B., 10s 6d; Redmill, G., £1 8s 4d; Ryland, A., 2s 1d; Robins, O., 4s 7d; Shorten, B. R., 4s 7d; Saville, A. & R., £1 1s; Sankey, P., £1 1s; Shaw, W., 2s 8d; Simmonds, G., £1; Sheath, F., 5s; Smith, S., 7s 7d; Shinn, A., 15s; Shurley, E., £1 1s; Sheppard, G., 8s 1d; Smith, A., £1 1s; Skelly, J., £1 1s; Tipper, W., 2s 6d; Taffy, P., 5s 4d; Terry, G., 8s; Varney, A., 7s; Voysey, E., £1 1s; Viney, P., 3s 6d; Watson, J., 10s; Williams, E., 14s; Wyard, J., £1 1s; Woods, C., 2s 6d; Wilmot, J., 11s 6d; Woods, W., 6s; Williams, T., 1s 6d; Wakeling, H., 5s; Williamson, A., 7s; Warberton, C., 3s; Ward, P., £1 6s; Woollard, E., 1s 9d; Wright, H., 5s; Walker, T., 11s; Witney, T., 10s; Yerbury, H., 4s; Yapp, W., 4s 7d; York, E., 7s. Total, £60 13s 4d.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—*Ayling, A., 3s; Ashbourne, E., 11s 3d; Ayres, E., 2s 6d; Barten, E., 3s 3d; Birch, A., 1s 9d; Brown, L., 1s; Band, C., 6s; Brooks, L., 2s; Benthall, B., 2s; Brnsdon, A., 5s; Baker, G., 10s; Briggs, M., 1s; Criespin, M., £1 1s; Cory, C., 11s; Crawford, R., 10s 8d; Corke, H., 2s; Clarke, M., 3s; Cobb, L., 2s 8d; Cartwright, B., 1s; Choat, R., 6s; Cole, A. E., 6s 6d; Civil, J., 10s; Colquhoun, L., 1s 9d; Coombes, I., 7s; Cullen, A., 6s 3d; Day, M., 6s; Day, N., 6s 6d; Dollittle, M., 3s 8d; Dunlop, E., 4s 2d; Day, M., 1s 9d; Dew, E., 10s 6d; Durham, 1s 6d; Enson, E., 3s 6d; Ebdon, M., 9s; Figgins, E., 14s; Friend, M., £1 1s; Fernley, O., 4s; Fielding, B., 1s 3d; Field, M., 2s; Fleetwood, B., 2s; Greey, I., £1 1s; Gater, E., 3s; Grover, R., £1 1s.

Gouyn, E., 3s 9d; Gouyn, A., 8s 8d; Gurteen, E., 6s; Grimes, E., 6s; Geldart, C., 3s 2d; Garden, W., 5s; Grover, K., 7s 2d; Hyland, E., £1 1s; Hull, A., 3s; Holland, A., 5s; Harper, A., 1s 6d; Heath, K., 2s 6d; Hicks, M., 1s 6d; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Hodson, F., £1 10s; Hicks, S., 6d; Hollingworth, M., 10s 3d; Kimber, R., 2s; Lawrence, C., 2s 7d; Lacey, M., 2s; Millet, M., 5s; Mayell, B., 7s 6d; Mudge, M., 6s; Muge, B., 8s 8d; Myers, K., 5s; Mundy, J., 3s 6d; Moss, F., 1s 1d; Mitchell, K., 3s; Moorcroft, K., 2s 6d; Mountfield, J., 8s; Norris, F., £1 1s; Nutt, M., 5s 6d; Papworth, E., 7s; Puplett, M., 1s; Petty, V., 2s 6d; Platt, O., 4s; Reis, E., 1s; Robinson, E., 5s 3d; Smith, C., £2 1s 9d; Stickland, F., 1s 11d; Saunders, L., 10s; Senyard, E., 5s 2d; Spencer, G., 4s; Smart, E., 2s; Scott, L., 12s; Sadler, M., 7s 4d; Still, M., 8s 7d; Sellars, O., 2s 6d; Smith, C., 2s; Suffell, M., 3s; Sands, M., 3s 6d; Saltmarsh, E., 7s 2d; Tozer, W., £1 0s 8d; Turner, L., 3s; Temple, E., 12s; Villars, C., 1s 6d; Wicks, M., 5s; Williams, L., £1 1s; Wiffin, R., 6s 7d; Wyard, S., £1 1s; White, M., 6s 2d; Wallace, E., 3s 1d; Worsley, F., 16s; Wingfield, L., 8s 6d; Wicks, R., 2s; Wilson, B., 11s 4d; Woodward, E., 14s. Total, £37 4s 6d.

*List of Presents from December 9th, 1896, to January 14th, 1897.*—**PROVISIONS:**—1 Sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 20 Ox Hearts, 100 lbs. Beef Suet, 128 lbs. Brisket, Mr. Stephen West; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 1 cwt. "Eureka" Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombs; 4 bags Greens, 4 bags Parsnips, 2 bags Potatoes, Mr. J. Norkett; 2 Fruit Trees, Messrs. A. J. and C. Allen; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Gatward; 1½ case Oranges and 50 Christmas 'ards, Mr. E. Newman; 1 box Butterscotch, Mrs. E. Pullen; 3 boxes Valencia, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. mixed Peel, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 4 bags Potatoes, Mr. H. Steed; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Wm Taylor; 4 sack Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover; 3 casks broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. S. Perry; 1 case Oranges, 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 4 sack Flour, Mr. J. Clifton; 1 Pig (weighing 105 lbs.), Mr. T. S. Price; 2 dozen boxes Coseaux, 1 cwt. mixed Sweets, Mr. James Pascall; 2 boxes Imperial Plums, 1 case Oranges, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. Wm. Vinson; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Son; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Paxman; 44 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 1 box Luggage, 8½ lbs. Bacon, a quantity of Sweets, Mrs. Batt; 28 lbs. Sweets, Mrs. S. Holder; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 5s Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Cake and a few Scraps, Mrs. E. Plush; 10 Rabbits, Mr. Samuel Barrow; a quantity Pastry and Cakes, Mr. Jno. Law; 25 quarterns Bread, Mr. Burr; 2 Turkeys, Mrs. J. Stoppard; 145 lbs. Beef, Mr. George Hagar; 8 quarterns Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 2 cases Oranges, the Mayoress of Croydon; 2 cwt. Cake, Messrs. Peek, Frean and Co.

**BOYS' CLOTHING:**—1 Jacket, Mrs. S. Street; 6 pairs knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 14 Shirts, Mr. T. Cross; 12 Shirts, 8 pillow Slips, Mrs. Wilkinson; 28 Articles, Miss Hunter; 1 Jacket, 3 pairs Socks, Miss Meares; 2 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 16 Articles, the South Street Baptist Chapel Dorcas Society, Greenwich, per Mrs. Charles Spurgeon; 6 Articles, Mr. Appleton; 3 knitted Scarfs, 3 pairs knitted Socks, Mrs. J. White; 1 dozen pairs knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 1 Article, Miss Cowherd; 1 parcel Clothing, Mrs. Jno. Robinson; 8 Articles, Mrs. D. T. Corke; 11 Articles, Mrs. Shell; 1 Vest, O. W.; 119 yards Cloth, Messrs. Henry Fisher; 2 Shirts, Mr. W. Goodman; 1 pair Trousers, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 4 Bows, 6 Ties, Mrs. Boyle; 4 caps, 14 Bows, Mr. A. H. Manvell; 1 Article, Miss A. Mackenzie; 5 Articles, the Uckfield Baptist Chapel Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, per Rev. H. Gardner.

**GIRLS' CLOTHING:**—4 Scarves, Anon; 27 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 5 Articles, Miss Hunter; 88 Articles, the Brighton Road Baptist Chapel, South Croydon, per Miss B. A. Pollard; 20 yards Flannel, Miss Hulbert; 6 Articles, Miss E. Wicks; 39 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 67 Articles the South Street Baptist Chapel Dorcas Society, Greenwich, per Mrs. Charles Spurgeon; 44 Articles, Mr. Appleton; 1 pair Stockings, Miss G. L. Gunner; 3 pairs Hose, 3½ yards Shirting, 3 yards Holland, 6 yards red Flannel, 6 yards Flannelette, 13 yards Print, 12 yards Calico, 2 wool Wraps, etc., Miss M. Corbyn; 16 Articles, Miss Cockshaw; 7 Articles, Miss S. Briggs; 6 Articles, Mrs. Howard; 87 Articles, the West Croydon Baptist Chapel Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss Chandler; 110 Garments (or Sale Room), Miss Higgs; 10 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 27 Articles, Abbey Road Chapel Bible-class Spare Moment Society, per Miss Butler; 24 Articles, Miss M. Gardner; 69 Garments, the Working Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Miss Daniell; 28 Articles, Miss Cowherd; 6 Articles, Miss Corke; 70 Garments, Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 19 Articles, Mrs. Shell; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 5 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 20 Articles, Campeborne Dorcas Society, per Miss E. Musk; 6 Articles, Mrs. Ritching; 8 Articles, Mrs. C. Smith; 10 Articles, the Uckfield Baptist Chapel Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, per Rev. H. Gardner; 4½ yards Flannelette, Mrs. E. J. Mutton; 4s Garments, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 6 Pinafores, for No. 6 girls, Mrs. Moss; 17 Articles, Miss Passmore; 2 Articles, a New Year's offering from a reader of the *Sword and Trowel*; 6 Articles, Miss M. Roberts; 3 Articles, Miss A. Mackenzie; 8 Articles, East Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Bristow; 145 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Jas. Withers.

**GENERAL:**—4 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; 6 Dolls, Miss N. Cheal; 3 doz. Balls, Miss Hulbert; a quantity Books and Magazines, Rev. Chas. Bullock; a quantity Books, Magazines, &c., A. L. B.; 500 tinted Packing Papers, Messrs. Wayne and Son; 1 vol. each Boys' and Girls' Own Paper, 1 Book of Poems, Mrs. J. L. Pring; 1 packet Christmas Cards, Mrs. Mitchell; 1 packet Christmas Cards, from Barnard Castle; 5 Dolls, 1 Quilt, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; a quantity Magazines, &c., the Drummond Tract Society, Stirling, N.B.; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. Jonas Smith and Son; 1 box Blacklead, Mr. E. E. Sharmar; a quantity Christmas Cards, Messrs. J. C. Axtens and Co.; 1 gold Brooch, Mrs. C. Hayes; 1 pair silver Serviette Rings, Mr. H. J. Hall.

# Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1896, to January 14th, 1897.*

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>			<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>		
Hereford, per Mr. Samuel Ward	11	5 0	Grant from President's Birthday Fund	10	0 0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	11	5 0	The Misses Kirtley	2	0 0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	15	0 0	Mrs. Raybould	0	10 0
Devonport, per Mr. W. Hawkes	11	5 0	Collection at Withington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Payne	0	8 8
Friends at Maldon, per Pastor C. Gooding	3	15 0	Mr. W. Barclay	0	1 8
Home Counties Baptist Association	20	0 0	Mrs. Elgee	0	10 6
Worcestershire Colportage local committee	7	10 0	A friend, per Mr. E. Ives	30	0 0
Suffolk Congregational Union	10	0 0	Friends' collection at Little Bethel Chapel, Minster	1	3 0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10	0 0	Mr. E. Priestley's shop fund	0	8 0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0 0	Mr. R. Brazil	1	0 0
Axbridge, per Mr. Charles Burcham	5	6 0	Mr. E. Harker	0	10 0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>		
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor	7	10 0	Messrs Cassell and Co.	2	2 0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5 0	Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2 0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0 0	Mr. W. Gale	0	5 0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	11	5 0	M. H. B. S...	0	10 0
Corton, per Mr. Thomas Harris	11	5 0	Mr. J. Passmore	2	2 0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	11	5 0	Mrs. Ann Baker	5	0 0
Sellindge, per Mr. T. Sharwood	3	10 0	Mr. Joseph Spiers	0	10 0
Eastchurch, per "H" for Sheppey	45	0 0	Pastor J. Spurgeon, D.D.	0	10 6
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0 0	Mr. H. Higbed	0	5 0
<b>£241 6 0</b>			<b>£59 18 0</b>		

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from December 7th, 1896, to January 15th, 1897.*

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
A. S., Glasgow	0	4 6	"For Jesus' sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	2 2
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Sheffield, per Mr. F. Ball	9	0 0			
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Cottenham	2	2 0			
			<b>£11 9 0</b>		

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

*Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1896, to January 14th, 1897.*

£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
Mr. H. T. Bath	5	0 0	Dr. Eccles	0	7 6
Mr. S. Hares	0	8 6	Mrs. Cunningham	0	4 0
M. and M. Christie	0	8 6	Mr. R. Astley	0	2 6
Mrs. McConnell	0	10 0	A friend from Bedford	5	0 0
A friend	0	2 6	"Phebe"	0	5 0
Mrs. Lloyd	0	5 0	H. S.	1	0 0
Jessie Taylor	0	10 0	Mrs. Munro	0	10 0
Miss Nice	0	5 0	In loving memory of a dear sister, A.R.	2	0 0
Mrs. Koss	1	0 0	F. G.	0	14 0
"H. O. N."	0	2 0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>		
A. S., Glasgow	0	5 0	M.N.	1	0 0
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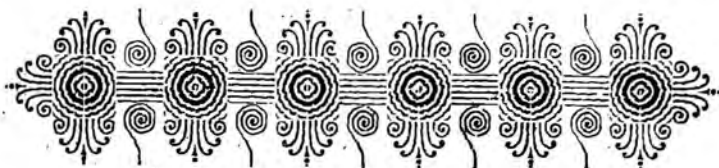


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Bedford, 1s; Lizzie Hayward, 2s; Pastor T. E. Titmuss, 2s; J. Chisholm, 2s; S. T. Knight, 1s; Miss E. Gurr, 1s; Marie Jeffreys, 10s.—Total, £31 10s 2d.

*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.*

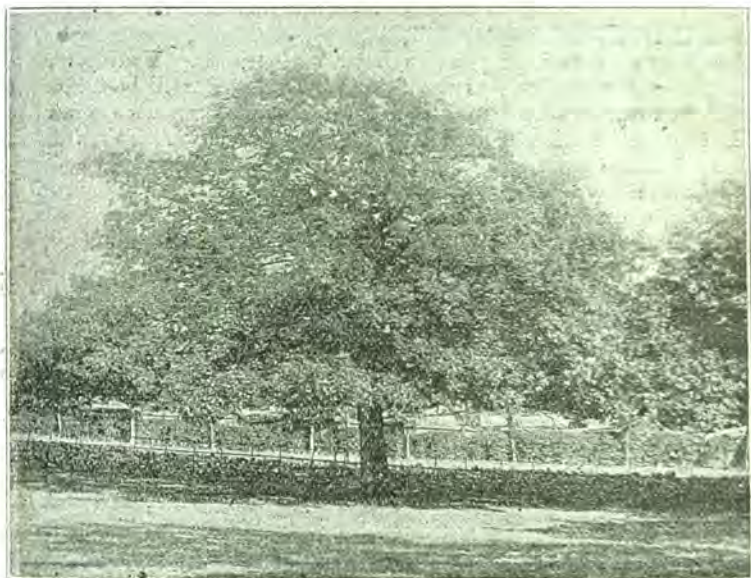
*Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and 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," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bezhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.*



THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 54.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*If the redemptive work of Christ is not equally available for all men, can we honestly offer salvation to them?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—It is not our business to "offer salvation" to anyone, but to carry out the great commission given by our Lord Jesus Christ: "Go ye into all the



world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and the very next verse explains what that gospel is: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." From other passages we know that whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. God has very plainly revealed to men in His Word what the way of salvation is, and He has made it perfectly clear that the atoning sacrifice offered by His dear Son on Calvary is available for everyone who believes in Christ.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—If a man be lost, was it not impossible, according to Particular Redemption views, for him to be saved?*

*A.—*Yes, according to Predestinarian views, that impossibility exists. I cannot explain everything I meet with in the Word of God, but these are facts,—every man living, to whom the gospel comes, if he believes it, and trusts in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, shall be saved; and every man living, if he does not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, shall be lost. His responsibility depends upon his believing or not believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. You may think over this subject as long as you like, but there will still be difficulties which you cannot solve; we do not know and we cannot know all that is in the infinite mind of God, and we must be content with what He has revealed to us in His Word. But I do see in the gospel a sincere promise to every man who hears that gospel that, if he believes it, if he trusts to the Saviour who is made known by the gospel, he shall be saved. "God so loved the world,"—just so much and no more, and no less,—"that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Brethren, that is the truth that I hold, and I go and preach it to every man without the slightest mental reservation; yet I believe that, in the Lamb's Book of Life which will one day be opened, there are written the names of all those whom God foresaw, foreknew, and foreordained unto eternal life, and that only for those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ was His substitution offered. It does not become, to its full extent, a substitution for any man until—like the offerer of old who brought his sacrifice to the priest, and laid his hands upon its head,—he appropriates it to himself by his personal faith. Andrew Fuller used to say that the atonement of Christ was *infinite in value, though specific in the Divine design*, and I agree with him; I cannot conceive either of the atonement being limited in value, or of its failing to accomplish Christ's specific design in making it.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What is your view about the term "eternal life"?*

*A.—*I do not think that "eternal life" means merely eternal existence; nor do I believe that existence and life are the same thing, any more than I believe that death and annihilation are the same thing. I believe that a person may exist in perpetual death, and that he may not really be living at all and yet be continually existing. In that familiar passage in John iii. 36, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not

see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him," there is no notion of mere existence in the word life, otherwise the whole passage would become meaningless. I never confuse the idea of existence with that of life, but many do, even among those whom one might expect to know better. A tree has a measure of life, an animal has another measure of life, a man has a still higher measure of life, and God has a yet higher measure of life, even that eternal life which He has given to all who believe on His Son, Jesus Christ.

Mr. Ruskin came to see me one day, many years ago, and amongst other things he said that the apostle Paul was a liar, and that I was a fool! "Well," I replied, "let us keep the two things separate ; so, first of all, tell me how you can prove that the apostle Paul was a liar." "He was no gentleman, and he was a liar, too," answered Mr. Ruskin. "Oh, indeed!" I rejoined, "how do you make that out?" "Well, there was a Jewish gentleman came to him, one day, and asked him a polite question, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' (1 Corinthians xv. 35.) Paul began by saying to him, 'Thou fool,'—which proved that the apostle was no gentleman; and then he continued, 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die,'—which was a lie." "No," I answered, "it was not a lie; Paul was speaking the truth." "How do you prove that?" asked Mr. Ruskin. "Why," I replied, "very easily. What is death? Death is the resolution into its original elements of any compound substance which possessed life." Mr. Ruskin said, "That is the most extraordinary definition of death that I ever heard, but it is true." "Yes," I replied, "it is true; and that is what happens to the seed when it dies, it is resolved into its original elements, and the living germ which is within it becomes the centre and source of the new life that springs from it."

"Then," asked Mr. Ruskin, "what do you mean when you talk of the death of the soul?" "I mean," I replied, "the separation of the soul from God; it was originally with God, and when it is separated from Him it dies to God, that is its death, but that death is not non-existence. The separation of the soul from the body is the separation of that which quickened it from itself, and it falls back into its original condition." "Well," said Mr. Ruskin, "you have proved that Paul spoke the truth, but you have not proved him to be a gentleman." "At all events," I answered, "the apostle was as much a gentleman as you were just now when you called me a fool." "So you are," said Mr. Ruskin, "for devoting your time and talents to that mob of people down at Newington when you might employ them so much more profitably upon the intellectual and cultured few, like that Jewish gentleman who came to Paul, and others whom I might name." I replied, "I always like to be the means of saving people whose souls are worth saving, and I am quite content to be the minister of that 'mob' down at Newington, and let those who wish to do so look after the cultured and refined."

In the text that I quoted a little while ago, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," our Saviour meant, I believe, to convey to us this truth. For a man to be

without faith in Christ, even in this world, is to be in a most awful and horrible state of spiritual poverty and degradation; and for a man, throughout all the existence of his soul, to be for ever without Christ, will be for him to be in a state compared with which all the tortures and torments of the Inquisition are as nothing at all. It may be that the lost will not suffer any such physical agonies as we are obliged to speak of in order to set forth the spiritual idea of separation from God, but we are quite sure that their doom is all too deeply described under the similes of the worm that never dies and the fire that never shall be quenched.

To me, it would be hell to be without God; it is to me hell even to doubt my union to the Lord Jesus Christ; it is hell to me even for a brief season to lose touch of God, to be out of fellowship with Him; and to lose that touch and to miss that fellowship for ever, to be continually going further and further away from God, would be to me to endure within my spirit a misery such as even the terrible language of the Lord Jesus Christ does not fully set forth. And remember, brethren, that there is nobody who utters such language about the doom of the lost as the Lord Jesus Christ Himself does; it is He who foretold what He will say at the last, "Depart from Me, ye who are about to enter into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Nobody but the Saviour knew what it was to be perfectly one with the Father, and therefore the very thought of any of His creatures being separated from God, and of their having to exist apart from God for ever and ever, suggested to Him the imagery of having a millstone about one's neck, and being cast into the sea, and moved Him to say, without simile or metaphor of any kind, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." This is a solemn theme, but we cannot go astray if in our teaching we follow the example set us by our Lord.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

I WILL STRENGTHEN THEE; YEA, I WILL HELP THEE."—Isa. xli. 10.

WHO will come with me to the King, this morning, to lay at His feet a petition for the fulfilment of this Word of His grace upon which He has caused us to hope? We shall be a company of feeble-minds, and Much-afraids, and Fearings, and Ready-to-halts, and we may make but a sorry appearance in His courts; but our necessities admit of no delay, and *this* King is so gracious, and hath so much love and pity for weak and needy ones, that He is sure to grant us, not an audience merely, but according to the desire of our heart. My own condition is such that I *must* have His help, or faint, and utterly fail, and I know there are many in like stress of need who will seek the King's face with me.

Blessed be His Name, we may come into His presence with holy boldness and confidence, bringing with us the warrant of our faith in

is own precious promise, fairly and legibly written on the pages of His Word, without blot or erasure, and with no "ifs" and "buts" mar its sublime simplicity: "*I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.*" Does He not love to be trusted? Does He not honour it? Can one word of His good promise fail, or shall not the thing which He saith come to pass?

And, as to our present need of succour, some of us can say, with ar-filled eyes, "O Lord, if *weakness* be a plea for Thy promised strength, then are we truly fit objects of Thy mercy, for we are at the west ebb of helplessness, we have scarcely strength enough left to feel that we are feeble, we are 'brought into the dust of death.'" God has "weakened our strength in the way," to teach us our dependence upon Himself; He has humbled us, that He may lift us up; He has shown us our own nothingness that He may be our all in all.

Most of us have needed this discipline of complete failure in ourselves to convince us that our strength is in God alone. He has had to humble us, and to prove us, to know what is in our heart; and as! with some of us, it has taken as long a time to do this as in the days of old, when the Lord's people wandered in the wilderness for forty years before they learned the lesson. Ah! what trouble our God takes with us! What ungrateful, perverse, rebellious children we have been! He has had to empty us of so much that is loathsome in His sight,—our pride,—our self-sufficiency,—our carnal security,—our own righteousness, before He could fill us with His Spirit, and take pleasure in us, that it is no wonder the process has been a painful one, and cost us many a cry and groan. We have been cast headlong from the heights of our pride and self-exaltation, and then, as we lay bruised and bleeding on the ground of self-basement, crushed under a sense of our own utter weakness, the Lord has drawn near, and given this gracious assurance, "*I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.*" "I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not."

But how shall I describe the joy with which we caught the first soft whisper of His tender voice, and recognized the strength-giving touch of His mighty hand? "*I was brought low,*" we said,—the words were scarcely audible, we were so weak;—but faith touched our lips with a cordial, and then, loud and clear from our unloosened tongue, rang out the triumphant testimony, "AND HE HELPED ME!"

Is it not wonderful, the incoming of Divine strength into an empty heart? Now we know by experience what the apostle meant when he wrote, "He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Here we have the same Promiser and the same promise, but in other words. "*I will strengthen thee.*" "I, the Almighty God, whose power is infinite, will strengthen thee, a poor worm of the dust!" Oh, the condescension and tenderness of our God! Our extremity is His opportunity; His mercy follows hard after our misery; and as soon as He has taught us our exceeding need, He supplies it with the bounties of His exceeding love. Then it is that He gives us "beauty for ashes, the oil

joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of sadness;" and oh! with what joyful hearts and shining eyes do afterwards walk in the light of His countenance! "Dear Lord," say, "it is worth while being weak, to be thus gloriously strengthened by Thee!"

\* \* \* \*

A few facts, extracted from the letters of correspondents, will go far to show that the work of the Book Fund continues its course of rising, and is still greatly appreciated by all who receive its benefits. "Immerse yourselves with Spurgeon," was the striking advice given recently by an examining Bishop to a group of newly-ordained clergymen, to whom, I presume, he was lecturing. The saying was reported to me by one who was present, and who took immediate steps to carry out the good Bishop's suggestion by asking me for a grant of books. This is not by any means the first time I have heard of the dignitaries of the Church of England enthusiastically recommending dear Mr. Spurgeon's books to their younger brethren.

As I write, I have before me a letter from a country vicar, in which the following interesting passage occurs:—"I remember, nearly twenty years ago, hearing the late Mr. Powell, the Rector of Abinger, a clerical friend what a treat he had lately had. When he was in London, he had heard Mr. Spurgeon give a short running comment on the reverse of a Psalm, and Mr. Powell made this impressive remark, which I can never forget:—'It was just like someone holding up a bag of large and lovely pearls in a dark room, and then, in some wonderful way, flashing a bright light upon each pearl in turn, from the top to the bottom of the string.'"

The illustration is a choice one, and I thought, when I read it, how truly we should rejoice that, by the good Providence of God, the light has kept on flashing ever since, though the dear hand that then set it had to lay it down. In *The Treasury of David* are gathered those precious rays which shone forth from the enlightened heart and mind of the Lord's favoured servant: and anyone with spiritual vision can still see the fair pearls of promise and petition glowing under the light of the interpreter's lantern.

The minister writes thus to me:—"It is not too much to say that I can value his diamonds more than I appreciate the books you have given me. It may interest you to hear how I have used them. My platform addresses are often enlivened by quotations from *Lectures to Students*, while my private devotional life has been well nourished by Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. But I puzzled for a long time how to use *The Treasury of David*, for while I could not be always dwelling on the Psalms, I found such a vast amount of sterling matter in the volumes that I greatly desired to utilize it. At last, I made an index, by going over each paragraph, and entering the subject of it under suitable headings. The quantity of really grand materials, available for the whole realm of truth, which I have thus gathered, is truly marvellous."

It is good pastor surely had "a happy thought" when he undertook this task, for though it must have cost him much labour and

tience, he will feel well rewarded by the help, and instruction, and enkindling of mental power resulting from his painstaking perience. The hint may be a valuable one to other preachers.

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The Lettish translation and distribution of the Sermons still go on prosperously ; there is no diminution of blessing or success in their circulation. Mr. Frey loses no opportunity of spreading them abroad ; is always on the look-out for Conventions and Conferences in Riga and other places, where preachers from the inland towns and villages gather together, and to these country pastors he wisely entrusts big packets of the good seed which they may carry home, and scatter among their own people. Yet this task is not always lightly or easily accomplished. Not very long since, I heard that three of the brethren were in prison for the offence of distributing tracts among the Russians ; " but we are praying for them," said Mr. Frey, " and though we do not know what will come out, the Lord will do His will " (His own right will.) The " Esthonian " translation has not passed the censor, and we must wait prayerfully till the Lord touches the man's heart, and bids him, " Let the Sermon go ! " This blessing also *will* come, though it seems to tarry ; we can never forget how the Lord helped us through a similar difficulty with the Lettish Sermon, nor how He has, ever since that time, granted " a free course " to the Sermons throughout the land.

It is just about four years ago that this work was commenced in England, and some idea of its extent may be gained from the fact that, during that period, I have expended £84 17s. in the production and circulation of 59,000 copies of seventeen of my beloved husband's courses ! This does *not* include £10 given by " Somebody " for the translation of *Farm Sermons*, of which I believe a large number has been printed and sold. I thank God for the help of many friends in this blessed service ; the glorious results of it will be realized and enjoyed over in Heaven.

\* \* \* \*

At last, the Urdu (Hindustani) translation of one of dear Mr. Burgeon's Sermons is completed, and I have received the first copies " No. 2,000." One part of this issue is printed on almond-coloured paper, which is very cheap, and greatly admired by the natives. We have commenced with an edition of 2,000 copies, but hope in process of time to add other Sermons, which will eventually be bound together in a volume. It is slow work, this rendering of Saxon into the languages of the Asiatics ; but, in this case, we may be assured that, though slow, it is sure, for it is undertaken by " The Punjab Bible and Religious Book Society," who have men on their staff thoroughly versant with both English and Hindustani, and the translation, when made, is submitted for approval to a committee of reliable men, mostly missionaries. Thus the purity of translation is guaranteed,—*most important* item in this service, as you know, for an error in expression or an alteration in the meaning of a word might altogether mar the teaching of the Sermon.

There is also the advantage that this arrangement will greatly assist in the circulation of the pamphlets, as all missionaries are instantly ordering books from the Society, and they will therefore more easily obtain them, than by application to an individual missionary.

Do not forget, dear friends,—those of you who send me money “For General Use in the Lord’s Work,” that you thus make His work ours; and, being interested in it, I beg you will not cease to remember us in your prayers. I think I have before told you that Hindustani (Urdu) is the language of the higher castes in India, and you may judge the importance of the effort now being made to introduce the Gospels to them by a sentence or two from the pen of my correspondent, a missionary of the C.M.S., who says:—“It will be a real boon to the Christian Church in the Punjab, to have a volume of Spurgeon’s Sermons in Urdu. Christian literature in the Indian languages is at present very scanty, and therefore such books as are published are read and prized far more than in England. We hope I may be able to carry out the proposal of having a series bound.” I am going to send for answer, “By God’s help, WE WILL.”

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Work-room details are all of *Work* this month, but they do not give any fair idea of all the business which gets done somehow, notwithstanding the weakness and weariness of the worker; nor can they picture the joy and gladness which come to her in the shape of God-given wages for her happy service. Sometimes I lay down a letter which tells of a sad soul comforted, or a tired heart refreshed by *steeple-leaflets*, or *A Carillon of Bells*, and all I can say is, “*Thou art a gracious God*,” so precious is the mercy thus bestowed. Or, when I have been enabled to lift up a poor pastor from some depth of trouble and perplexity, I feel so lifted up myself, that I can praise God for bringing me here to do such work. And Beulah! My beautiful little town at Bexhill! Dear House of my God! Who can imagine the delight and grateful thanksgiving brought into my lonely life by this sacred place and its Pastor! “*Thou art a gracious God!*” The words sit on my lips, and sing continually, like birds in the spring-woods, who are too happy to be silent.

By the way, Bexhill and the Black-foot Indians seem pretty far apart, but “this is a very small world, after all,” and I have just had a letter which links the two together curiously. The tribe of “Black-foot” is located right away in the far West of America, but they have an English missionary who once lived near to Bexhill, and who sends a dollar note—it looked like a “Black-foot” itself,—to purchase *A Carillon of Bells* and to buy a brick in Bexhill Chapel. A copy of *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, enclosing an account of the new chapel, had found its way into the Indian encampment; and when the missionary read it, such sweet memories were awakened, that the dollar was quickly sent forth on its mission of sympathy and love, and so, on the far ends of the earth, God has given a token of good for evil.

S. S.

# The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

## "A PRAYER-LOVING CHURCH."

HAPPY is the pastor who, in writing to me lately, was able to describe his flock as "a prayer-loving Church." I scarcely needed to read the remainder of his report. I could have guessed the truth. This sentence was as the cry of the look-out man,—“All's well.” I knew at once that my correspondent was not asking me (as alas! so many have to) to help him to another sphere. Who wants to quit a prayer-loving Church? Only he, surely, who is not himself devotional. I was pretty sure, also, that this was not a begging letter, though it must be confessed that some Churches, of which it cannot be said that they are *not* prayer-loving, are in need of funds. But those who pray best pay best, as a rule, so I was not at all surprised to read, further

“We have more than a dozen different funds in connection with the Church, and *in every case* there has been a balance to the good.”

I own that I was not particularly curious about other details of the cause.” This sentence seemed to satisfy me. I said within myself, What matters it whether the building is composed of stone, or brick, iron, or wood, if the *ecclesia*,—the real Church,—is prayer-loving? The materials employed in the construction of the edifice are immaterial if the spirit of prayer pervades the people.”

I did not find myself longing for a picture of the “sanctuary” that might know whether it boasted a “heaven-pointing spire” or not. It sufficed to know that the arrows of desire point that way, and that the bow-strings are not slack.

I have not made enquiry as to the social standing of the people. I do not fancy that they are *all* millionaires, though no man need shrink from pastoring such, *if* they are prayer-loving. I quite expect that, in this case, “The rich and the poor meet together.” Nor should I be a bit astonished if there is as little distinction as possible made between the so-called *upper*, *middle*, and *lower* classes. They love the mercy-seat, and *there* these distinctions are rendered void. All the vessels in a prayer-loving Church are unto honour, whether they be of gold or of brass, of china or of delf.

“A prayer-loving Church” is a *God-loving Church*. It rejoices in the Father's love, and loves Him in return. It therefore delights in conversing with Him. It realizes that prayer is more a privilege than duty. The members gather together for prayer, not because the *stor* bids them, but because their hearts prompt them. They know that “the prayer of the upright is His delight,” so they delight to pray. They love the gates of Zion because the Lord loveth them more than all the dwellings of Jacob. What He admires they relish, because He Himself is all their salvation and all their desire. The child who truly loves his father cannot rejoice in exile from him. The filial spirit seeks the Father's face. Alas! for him who had to do with the Christian community he was associated with, “Our church has seating capacity for 1,200, but *no kneeling capacity*.” It is



not essential to kneel to pray, but "kneeling capacity" is essential to every Church. "If I be a Father, where is Mine honour?" says the Lord our God. Let us honour the Father with love that reveals itself in constant coming to His throne of grace.

"A prayer-loving Church" is a *Christ-loving Church*. All true supplication is made in Jesu's name, and for His sake. How joyful is the task of appending His dear name to our petitions! 'Tis this that gives them power, and perfume. He is the all-glorious unit that bestows value on our ciphers. "We love"—not "*Him*" alone, but all that pertains to Him,—"because He first loved us." Hence is it that we love prayer. It is dear, because He is dearest. We love it because He loved it.

"Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of His prayer."

We love it because it brings us into closer fellowship with Him, our Best-beloved. His presence is our Paradise, His smile our sunniest summer-time, His mercy-seat our garden of delights.

"A prayer-loving Church" is a *Spirit-loving Church*. "The Spirit Himself" has begotten in its heart this grace of supplication. 'Tis He who keeps the flame alive. "Praying in the Holy Ghost" surely involves loving the blessed Spirit. He is not regarded by members of such a community as a mere quality, or influence, or emanation. He is to them a Person, an intimate Friend, the Paraclete. Such a Church would not think of grieving Him either by harbouring anything contrary to His mind, or by failing to avail itself of His gracious offices as Director, Preceptor, Comforter, and Strengtheners.

"A prayer-loving Church" is a *Church-loving Church*. Its members love each other with pure hearts fervently. How can they help doing so if they all love the throne of grace? Differences are forgotten there. Ill feelings have no chance to grow in an atmosphere of prayer. Quarrelling and grumbling generally come of prayerlessness. Prayerfulness is as salt upon such hateful weeds. When the thermometer of prayer rises to summer heat, the mercury in the thermometer of "malice, guile, and envies, and all evil speakings," drops down to zero.

"A prayer-loving Church" is a *World-loving Church*. By this I do not mean that it has forgotten the apostolic injunction, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." The Church that goes in for concerts, and dances, and fancy fairs, has neither time nor taste for prayer,—and *vice versa*. It is impossible to do both. They are contradictory to, and destructive of each other. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." What I mean is, that the prayer-loving people love the world that lieth in the wicked one, and long to see it brought to God. They pray not for themselves alone, but for the "other sheep." Nor do they end with prayer. With them, prayer and pains go together. A prayer-loving Church is a missionary Church both at home and abroad. "Christ for the world," and "The

world for Christ," are its twin mottoes, and it acts accordingly. It grudges neither men nor means that are expended in the extension of the Saviour's Kingdom. It dedicates its sons and daughters gladly to the good cause, and gives, even to the pinch, for its support. It has no sympathy with the oft-used inducement, "You'll never miss it."

This portrait of "a prayer-loving Church" is by no means a full-length one, nor is every detail drawn. But it must suffice as a pattern. Such a Church, it goes without saying, cares tenderly for the lambs of the flock, and rejoices in its faithful pastor. He, of course, is prayer-loving, too. This is only right and fair. Like pastor, like people. When Paul said to the Thessalonians, "Brethren, pray for us," he started praying for them; and what a prayer it was! "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patience of Christ." (R.V.)

This prayer-loving Church, I am pretty sure, will be increased with men like a flock, it will be as a city set on a hill, and as a candle on a candlestick. Its piety will be both patent and potent. What can it not accomplish? For, if it loves prayer, it is a God-loved, God-dwelt, God-blessed Church. "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."

Oh, that all the pastors who read "The Pastor's Page" may rejoice in having such a body of believers round them! Come, brethren, let us pray for this. "Dear Jesus, make Thy people prayer-loving, and, Lord,—*begin with me!*"

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### VIII.—EVIDENCES OF PROGRESS.

WHAT are they? Is not a Native Church, over two millions strong, one splendid sign of progress? Are not Bible truths leavening almost every strata of society in that distant land? In the National Congress, quotations from the Bible are more frequent than references to the ancient Shastres; God is more often spoken of in a Christian sense than "the gods" are mentioned; attributes of God, such as holiness, love, and mercy, are current in religious thought though ascribed to none in the Hindu pantheon; idolatry is kept up by the multitudes more as a custom of the country than as a religious duty; numerous reformers have arisen, who denounce caste, and other inhuman theories of the ancients; and everywhere the unique character of Christ is being acknowledged, honoured, and imitated. Casual visitors, ignorant of the vernaculars and ancient mythologies of the land, cannot see these things; and they look for different evidences of progress that shall meet their crude ideas of things.

It was ever so. History relates that "new members of the Indian Council arrived from England on the 19th of October, 1774. They landed with the firm conviction that the Government was a compound of tyranny and corruption which it was their mission to purify. As the

judges stepped on shore, one of them, observing the bare legs and feet of the natives who crowded to the sight, said to his colleagues, 'Our court certainly was not established before it was needed. I trust we shall not have been six months in the country before these victims of oppression are comfortably provided with shoes and stockings.' " But the natives of India are, for the most part, barefooted still; and we can hardly credit the puerile way in which these judges viewed the natives, as recorded in Marshman's history. We recognize the fact that centuries of good government cannot be expected to alter climatic and national environments. None ought to expect the East to be moulded after the ideas of the West. Yet blunders are made in this direction even by over-zealous Christian men as they speed through the land.

Indian history also gives an instance where native custom and feeling were threatened in a reckless way. It occurred in 1806, at Vellore, and the act resulted in a mutiny, and the massacre of a number of European officers and soldiers. "The Sepoys were forbidden to appear on the parade with ear-rings, or any distinctive marks of caste; and they were required to shave the chin and to trim the moustache after a particular model." These unnecessary orders were sufficiently vexatious; but it was the new form prescribed for the turban which gave the Sepoys the greatest offence, because it was said to bear a resemblance to a European hat. The Turk, who does not object to a European coat, trousers, and boots, will not relinquish the cap of his nation. The Parsee readily adopts a European costume, but retains his own distinguishing head-dress. Even the Hindoo, who apes European fashions, shrinks with abhorrence from "the use of the hat."

Thus, in the Indian churches, we shall find, right on to the end, some mental, social, and moral characteristics that remain unaltered; and havoc would certainly be wrought were blundering hands put forth merely to mould everything in Asia after the models of Europe. Christ is their Lord as well as ours, and as He gathered around Him men of very varied types while on earth, so to-day, in every land He is calling out a people for His praise. He will mould the Native Church of India after His own ideal, and not after ours. Evidence of the progress of His Kingdom should, therefore, be looked for with due recognition of all national characteristics, for they must remain. As a nation, the peoples of India are more religious and contemplative and patient than any other; and when the authority of Christ is fully recognized, and His truth accepted, we may behold there manifestations of His grace and power in unique types of character and life. Already, we behold a "Christ Society" in Calcutta, on lines somewhat different from any denomination that exists in Europe or America. In Madras, efforts have been made to create a "National Church of India," without the State aid or Episcopacy which the name would suggest to an English visitor. Indigenous missionary work on quite new lines has been attempted; and we may expect a greater development of these enterprises as the spirit of Christ dominates the native Christian life.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## “Come, Ye Children.”

A SERMON TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON,  
AT THE TEMPLE, ST. MARY CRAY, KENT, ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON,  
FEBRUARY 20TH, 1856.

FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

“Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the LORD.”—  
Psalm xxxiv. 11.

**I**T is a singular thing that good men frequently discover their duty when they are placed in most humiliating positions. Never in David's life was he in a worse plight than that which suggested this Psalm. It is headed, “A Psalm of David, when he changed his behaviour before Abimelech; who drove him away, and he departed.” This poem was intended to commemorate that event, and was suggested by it. David was carried before King Achish, the Abimelech of Philistia, and, in order to make his escape, he pretended to be mad, accompanying that profession of madness with certain very degrading actions which might well seem to betoken his insanity. He was driven from the palace, and, as usual, when such men are in the street, it is probable that a number of children assembled around him. You have the sad story told in 1 Samuel xxi. 10—15. In after days, when David sang songs of praise to Jehovah, recollecting how he had become the laughing-stock of little children, he seemed to say, “Ah! by my folly before the children in the streets, I have lowered myself in the estimation of generations that shall live after me; now I will endeavour to undo the mischief,—‘Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.’”

Very possibly, if David had never been in such a position, he would never have thought of this duty; for I do not discover that he ever said in any other Psalm, “Come, ye children, hearken unto me.” He had the cares of his cities, his provinces, and his nation pressing upon him, and he may have been at other times but little attentive to the education of youth; but here, being brought into the meanest position which man could possibly occupy, having become as one bereft of reason, he recollects his duty. The exalted or prosperous Christian is not always mindful of “the lambs.” That duty generally devolves on Peters, whose pride and confidence have been crushed, and who rejoice thus practically to answer their Lord's question, as the apostle did when Jesus said to him, “Lovest thou Me?”

Departing, however, from this thought, let me address myself to the text: “Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.” First, I shall give you *One Doctrine*; secondly, I shall give you *Two Encouragements*; thirdly, I shall give you *Three Admonitions*; fourthly, I shall give you *Four Instructions*; and fifthly, I shall give you *Five Subjects for Children*, all taken from the text and context.

I. First, I will give you *ONE DOCTRINE*. “Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.” The doctrine is, that *children are capable of being taught the fear of the Lord*.

Men are generally wisest after they have been most foolish. David had been extremely foolish, and now he became truly wise; and being so, it was not likely he would utter foolish sentiments, or give directions such as would be dictated by a weak mind. We have heard it said by some that children cannot understand the great mysteries of religion. We even know some Sunday-school teachers who cautiously avoid mentioning the great doctrines of the gospel, because they think the children are not prepared to receive them. Alas! the same mistake has crept into the pulpit; for it is currently believed, among a certain class of preachers, that many of the doctrines of the Word of God, although true, are not fit to be taught to the people, since they would pervert them to their own destruction. Away with such priestcraft! Whatever God has revealed ought to be preached. Whatever HE has revealed, if I am not capable of understanding it, I will still believe and preach it. I do hold that there is no doctrine of the Word of God which a child, if he be capable of salvation, is not capable of receiving. I would have children taught all the great doctrines of truth without a solitary exception, that they may in their after days hold fast by them.

I can bear witness that children *can* understand the Scriptures; for I am sure that, when but a child, I could have discussed many a knotty point of controversial theology, having heard both sides of the question freely stated among my father's circle of friends. In fact, children are capable of understanding some things in early life, which we hardly understand afterwards. Children have eminently a simplicity of faith, and simplicity of faith is akin to the highest knowledge; indeed, we know not that there is much distinction between the simplicity of a child and the genius of the profoundest mind. He who receives things simply, as a child, will often have ideas which the man who is prone to make a syllogism of everything will never attain unto. If you wish to know whether children can be taught, I point you to many in our churches, and in pious families,—not prodigies, but such as we frequently see,—Timothys and Samuels, and little girls, too, who have early come to know a Saviour's love. As soon as a child is capable of being lost, it is capable of being saved. As soon as a child can sin, that child can, if God's grace assist it, believe and receive the Word of God. As soon as children can learn evil, be assured that they are competent, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to learn good. Never go to your class with the thought that the children cannot comprehend you; for if you do not make them understand, it is possibly because you do not yourselves understand; if you do not teach children what you wish them to learn, it may be because you are not fit for the task; you should find out simpler words, more fitted for their capacity, and then you would discover that it was not the fault of the child, but the fault of the teacher, if he did not learn. I hold that children are capable of salvation. He who, in Divine sovereignty, reclaimed the grey-haired sinner from the error of his ways, can turn a little child from his youthful follies. He who, in the eleventh hour, findeth some standing idle in the market-place, and sendeth them into the vineyard, can and does call men at the dawning of the day to labour for Him. He who can change the course of a river when it has rolled onward, and become

a mighty flood, can control a new-born rivulet leaping from its cradle-fountain, and make it run into the channel He desireth. He can do all things; He can work upon children's hearts as He pleases, for all are under His control.

I will not stay to establish the doctrine, because I do not consider that any of you are so foolish as to doubt it. But, although you believe it, I fear many of you do not expect to hear of children being saved. Throughout the churches, I have noticed a kind of abhorrence of anything like child piety. We are frightened at the idea of a little boy loving Christ; and if we hear of a little girl following the Saviour, we say it is a youthful fancy, an early impression that will die away. My dear friends, I beseech you, never treat child piety with suspicion. It is a tender plant; do not brush it too hard. I heard a tale, some time ago, which I believe to be perfectly authentic. A dear little girl, some five or six years old, a true lover of Jesus, requested of her mother that she might join the church. The mother told her she was too young, and the poor little thing was exceedingly grieved. After a while, the mother, who saw that piety was in her child's heart, spoke to the minister on the subject. The minister talked to the child, and said to the mother, "I am thoroughly convinced of her piety, but I cannot take her into the church, she is too young." When the child heard that, a strange gloom passed over her face; and the next morning, when the mother went to her little bed, she lay with a pearly tear on each eye, dead for very grief; her heart was broken, because she could not follow her Saviour, and do as He had bidden her. I would not have murdered that child for a world! Take care how you treat young piety. Be very tender in dealing with it. Believe that children can be saved just as much as yourselves. I do not believe in infant baptism, because the New Testament does not teach it; but I do most firmly believe in the salvation of children, and when the child believes in Jesus, I at once cheerfully baptize that child, and receive him into the full fellowship of the church. When you see the young heart brought to the Saviour, do not stand by and speak harshly, mistrusting everything. It is better sometimes to be deceived than to be the means of offending one of these little ones who believe in Jesus. God send to His people a firm belief that little buds of grace are worthy of all tender care!

II. Now, secondly, I will give you TWO ENCOURAGEMENTS, both of which you will find in the text.

The first encouragement is that of *pious example*. David said, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." You are not ashamed to tread in the footsteps of David, are you? You will not object to follow the example of one who was first eminently holy, and then eminently great. Shall the shepherd boy, the giant-slayer, the sweet psalmist of Israel, and the mighty monarch, leave footprints in which you are too proud to tread? Ah, no! you will be happy, I am sure, to be as David was. If you want, however, a higher example even than that of David, hear the Son of David while from His lips flow the sweet words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the

Kingdom of Heaven." I am sure it would encourage you if you always thought of these examples. You who are teaching children, are not dishonoured by that occupation; some may say, "You are only a Sunday-school teacher," but you are a noble personage, holding an honourable office, and having illustrious predecessors. We love to see persons of some standing in society take an interest in Sabbath-schools. One great fault in many of our churches is that the children are left for the young people to take care of; the older members, who have more wisdom, taking but very little notice of them; and, very often, the wealthier members of the church stand aside as if the teaching of the poor were not (as indeed it is) the special business of the rich. I hope for the day when the mighty men of Israel shall be found helping in this great warfare against the enemy. In the United States we have heard of presidents, of judges, members of Congress, and persons in the highest positions, not condescending, for I scorn to use such a term, but honouring themselves by teaching little children in Sabbath-schools. He who teaches a class in a Sabbath-school has earned a good degree. I had rather receive the title of S.S.T. than M.A., B.A., or any other honour that ever was conferred by men. Let me beg you, then, to take heart, because your duties are so honourable. Let the royal example of David, let the Godlike example of Jesus Christ inspire you with fresh diligence and increasing ardour, with confident and enduring perseverance, still to go on in your blessed work, saying as David did, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

The second encouragement I will give you is, *the encouragement of great success*. David said, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me:" he did not add, "perhaps I will teach you the fear of the Lord," but, "I will teach you." He had success; or, if he had not, others have. The success of Sabbath-schools! If I begin to talk of that, I shall have an endless theme; therefore, I will not commence. Many volumes might be written on it, and then when all were written, we might say, "I suppose that even the world itself could not contain all that might be written." Up yonder, where the starry hosts perpetually sing God's high praises, up where the white-robed throng cast their crowns before His feet, we shall behold the success of Sabbath-schools. There, too, where infant millions assemble Sabbath after Sabbath, to sing,—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"

we see with joy the success of Sabbath-schools. And up here, in almost every pulpit of our land, and there in the pews where the deacons sit, and godly members join in worship, there is seen the success of Sabbath-schools. And far away across yonder broad ocean, in the islets of the South, in lands where those dwell who bow before blocks of wood and stone, there are the missionaries who were saved in Sabbath-schools, and the thousands, blessed by their labours, contribute to swell the mighty stream of the incalculable, I had almost said infinite, success of Sabbath-school instruction. Go on, dear friends, go on with your holy service; much has been done already, but more shall yet be done. Let all your past victories

in flame you with fresh ardour, let the remembrance of your triumphs in previous campaigns, and all trophies won for your Saviour on the battle-fields of the past, be your encouragement to press on with the duty of the present and the future.

### III. Now, thirdly, I will give you THREE ADMONITIONS.

The first is, *recollect whom you are teaching*: "Come, ye children." I think we ought always to have respect to our audience; I do not mean that we need care if we are preaching to Mr. So-and-so, Sir William this, or My Lord that,—because in God's sight such titles are the merest trifles; but we are to remember that we are preaching to men and women who have souls, so that we ought not to occupy their time by things that are not worth their hearing. But when you teach in Sabbath-schools, you are, if it be possible, in a more responsible situation even than a minister occupies. He preaches to grown-up people, to men of judgment, who, if they do not like what he preaches, can go somewhere else; but you teach children who have no option of going elsewhere. If you teach the child wrongly, he believes you; if you teach him heresies, he will receive them; what you teach him now, he will never forget. You are not sowing, as some say, on virgin soil, for it has long been occupied by the devil; but you are sowing on a soil more fertile now than it ever will be again,—soil that will produce fruit now, far better than it will do in after days; you are sowing on a young heart, and what you sow will be pretty sure to abide there, especially if you teach evil, for that will never be forgotten. You are beginning with the child; take care what you do with him. Do not spoil him. Many a child has been treated like the Indian children who have copper plates put upon their foreheads, so that they may never grow. There are many who are simpletons now, just because those who had the care of them when young gave them no opportunities of getting knowledge, so that, when they became old, they cared nothing about it. Have a care what you are after; you are teaching children, mind what you teach them. Put poison in the spring, and it will pollute the whole stream. Take care what you are after, sir! You are twisting the sapling, and the old oak will be bent thereby. Have a care, it is a child's soul you are tampering with, if you are tampering at all; it is a child's soul you are preparing for eternity, if God is with you. I give you a solemn admonition on every child's behalf. Surely, if it be murder to administer poison to the dying, it must be far more criminal to give poison to the young life. If it be evil to mislead grey-headed age, it must be far more so to turn aside the feet of the young into the road of error, in which they may for ever walk.

The second admonition is, *recollect that you are teaching for God*. "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." If you, as teachers, were only assembled to teach geography, it might not injure them eternally if you were to tell the children that the North Pole was close to the Equator; or if you were to say that the extremity of South America was hard by the coast of Europe; or if you assured them that England was in the middle



of Africa. But you are not teaching geography, or astronomy, nor are you training the children for a business life in this world; but you are, to the best of your ability, teaching them for God. You say to them, "Children, you come here to be taught the Word of God; you come here, if it be possible, that we may be the means of the salvation of your souls." Have a care what you are after when you pretend to be teaching them for God. Wound the child's hand if you will; but, for God's sake, do not wound his heart. Say what you like about temporal things; but, I beseech you, in spiritual matters, take care how you lead him. Be careful that it is the truth which you inculcate, and only that. With such a responsibility, how solemn your work becomes! He who is doing a work for himself, may do it as he likes; but he who is labouring for another, must take care to please his master; he who is employed by a monarch must beware how he performs his duty; but he who labours for God must tremble lest he doth his work ill. Remember that you are labouring for God, if you are what you profess to be. Alas! many, I fear, even among you, are far from having this serious view of the work of a Sunday-school teacher.

The third admonition is, *remember that your children need teaching.* The text implies that when it says, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." That makes your work all the more solemn. If children did not need teaching, I would not be so extremely anxious that you should teach them aright. Works of supererogation, works that are not necessary, men may do as they please; but this work is absolutely necessary. Your child needs teaching. He was born in iniquity; in sin did his mother conceive him. He has an evil heart; he knows not God, and he never will know the Lord unless he is taught. He is not like some ground of which we have heard, that hath good seed lying hidden in its very bowels; but, instead thereof, he hath evil seed within his heart. God can place good seed there. You profess to be His instruments to scatter seed upon that child's heart; remember, if that seed be not sown, he will be lost for ever, his life will be a life of alienation from God; and at his death everlasting punishment must be his portion. Be careful, then, how you teach, remembering the urgent necessity of the case. This is not a house on fire, needing your assistance at the engine; nor is it a wreck at sea, demanding your oar in the lifeboat; but it is a deathless spirit calling aloud to you, "Come and help me." Therefore, I beseech you, teach the fear of the Lord, and that only; be very anxious to say, and to say truly, "I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

IV. That brings me, in the fourth place, to FOUR INSTRUCTIONS, and they are all in the text.

The first is,—*Get the children to come to your school:* "Come, ye children." The great complaint with some teachers is, that they cannot obtain scholars. In London, we are having a canvass of the children; that is a good idea, and you ought to have a canvass of every country village, and of every market-town, and get into the Sunday-school every child you can. My advice to you is, get the children to come by all fair and right means. Do not bribe them; that

is a plan to which we strongly object, and it is only adopted in schools of the lowest order, schools of so mean a class that even the fathers and mothers of the children have too much sense to send them there. "But, then, Farmer Brown won't employ them, or the squire will turn them out of their situations; or, if the children don't go to the school on Sundays, they shall not go on week-days." Oh, that beggarly trick of bribing! I wish there were an end of it; it only shows the weakness, and degradation, and abomination of a sect that cannot succeed without using so mean a system. But with the exception of that method, do not be very particular how you get the children to school. Why, if I could not get people to come to my chapel by preaching in a black coat, I would have regimentals to-morrow, I would have a congregation somehow. Better do strange things than have an empty chapel, or an empty schoolroom. When I was in Scotland, we sent a bellman round a village to secure an audience, and the plan was eminently successful. Spare no right means, but do get the children in. I have known ministers who have gone out into the streets on the Lord's-day afternoon, and talked to the children who were playing about, and so induced them to come to the school. This is what an earnest teacher will do; he will say, "John, come into our school; you cannot think what a nice place it is." Then he gets the children in, and in his kind, winning manner he tells them stories and anecdotes about girls and boys who loved the Saviour, and in this way the school is filled. Go and catch the children. There is no law against it; all is fair in war against the devil. So my first instruction is, get the children, and get them anyhow that you can.

The next is, *get the children to love you, if you can.* That also is in the text, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me." You know how we used to be taught in the dame's school, how we stood up with our hands behind us to repeat our lessons. That was not David's plan. "Come, ye children,—come here, and sit on my knee." "Oh!" thinks the child, "how nice to have such a teacher, a teacher who will let me come near him, a teacher who does not say, 'Go,' but 'Come!'" The fault of many teachers is that they do not get their children near them; but endeavour to foster in their scholars a kind of awful respect. Before you can teach children, you must get the silver key of kindness to unlock their hearts, and so secure their attention. Say, "Come, ye children." We have known some good men who were objects of abhorrence to children. You remember the story of two little boys who were one day asked if they would like to go to Heaven, and who, much to their teacher's astonishment, said that they really should not. When they were asked, "Why not?" one of them said, "I should not like to go to Heaven because grandpa would be there, and he would be sure to say, 'Get along, boys; be off with you!' I should not like to be in Heaven with grandpa." So, if a boy has a teacher who talks to him about Jesus, but who always wears a sour look, what does the boy think? "I wonder whether Jesus is like you; if so, I shouldn't like Him." Then there is another teacher, who, if he is provoked ever so little, boxes the child's ears; and, at the same time, teaches him that he should forgive others, and be kind to them. "Well," thinks the lad, "that is very pretty, no doubt, but

my teacher doesn't show me how to do it." If you drive a boy from you, your power over him is gone, for you will not be able to teach him anything. It is of no avail to attempt teaching those who do not love you; so, try and make them love you, and then they will learn anything from you.

The next instruction is, *get the children's attention*. That is in the text, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me." If they do not *hearken*, you may talk, but you will speak to no purpose whatever. If they do not listen, you go through your labour as an unmeaning drudgery to yourselves and to your scholars, too. You can do nothing without securing their attention. "That is just what I cannot do," says one. Well, that depends upon yourself; if you give them something worth attending to, they will be sure to attend. Give them something worth hearing, and they will certainly hearken. This rule may not be universal, but it is very nearly so. Don't forget to give them a few anecdotes. Anecdotes are very much objected to by critics of sermons, who say they ought not to be used in the pulpit; but some of us know better than that, we know what will wake a congregation up; we can testify, from experience, that a few anecdotes here and there are first-rate things to get the attention of persons who will not listen to dry doctrine. Do try and gather as many good illustrations in the week as you possibly can; wherever you go, if you are really a wise teacher, you can always find something to make into a tale to tell your children. Then, when your scholars get dull, and you are losing their attention, say to them, "Do you know the 'Five Bells'?" If there is such a place in the village, they all open their eyes directly; or you ask, "Do you know the turning against the 'Red Lion'?" Then tell them something you have read or heard which will secure their attention to the lesson. A dear child once said, "Father, I like to hear Mr. So-and-so preach, because he puts so many 'likes' into his sermon;—'like this, and like that.'" Yes, children always love those "*likes*." Make parables, pictures, figures, for them, and you will always get on. I am sure, if I were a boy listening to some of you, unless you told me a tale now and then, you would as often see the back of my head as my face; and I do not know, if I sat in a hot schoolroom, but that my head would nod, and I should go to sleep, or be playing with Tom on my left, and do as many strange things as the rest, if you did not strive to interest me. Remember, then, to make your scholars "hearken."

The fourth admonition is, *have a care what you teach the children*: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." I have spoken upon that theme already, so, not to weary you, I only hint at it, and pass on.

V. In the fifth place, I will give you FIVE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS, five subjects to teach your children; and these you will find in the verses following the text.

The first thing to teach is, *morality*: "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it."

The second is, *godliness, and a constant belief in God's oversight*: "The

eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry."

The third thing is, *the evil of sin*: "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles."

The fourth thing is, *the necessity of a broken heart*: "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."

The fifth thing is, *the inestimable blessedness of being a child of God*: "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken. . . . The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

I have given you these five sub-divisions, now let me refer to them one by one. Here, then, is a model lesson for you: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord." David commences with an interrogative, "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days?" The children like that thought; they would all wish to live to be old.

With this preface, he commences to teach them *morality*: "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it." Now, we never teach morality as the way of salvation. God forbid that we should ever mix up man's works in any way with the redemption which is in Christ Jesus! "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Yet we teach morality while we teach spirituality; and I have always found that the gospel produces the best morality in all the world. I would have a Sunday-school teacher watchful over the morals of the boys and girls under his care, speaking to them very particularly of those sins which are most common to youth. He may honestly and conveniently say many things to his children which no one else can say, especially when reminding them of the sin of lying, so common with children, or the sin of petty thefts, or of disobedience to parents, or of breaking the Sabbath-day. I would have the teacher be very particular in mentioning these evils one by one; for it is of little avail talking to them about sins in the mass, you must take them one by one, just as David did. First look after *the tongue*: "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Then look after *the whole conduct*: "Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it." If the child's soul is not saved by other parts of the teaching, this part may have a beneficial effect upon his life, and so far so good. Morality, however, by itself is comparatively a small thing. The best part of what you teach is *godliness*. I said not, "*religion*," but *godliness*. Many people are *religious* after a fashion, without being godly. Many have all the externals of godliness, all the outside of piety; such men we call "religious," but they have no right thought about God. They think about their place of worship, their Sunday, their books, but nothing about God. He who does not respect God, pray to God, love God, is an ungodly man, whatever his external religion may be. Labour to teach the child always to have

an eye to God ; write on his memory these words, "Thou God seeest me." Bid him remember that his every act and thought are under the eye of God. No Sunday-school teacher discharges his duty unless he constantly lays stress upon the fact that there is a God who notices everything that happens. Oh, that we were more godly ourselves, that we talked more of godliness, and that we loved godliness better!

The third lesson is, *the evil of sin*. If the child does not learn *that*, he will never learn the way to Heaven. None of us ever knew what a Saviour Christ was till we knew what an evil thing sin was. If the Holy Ghost does not teach us the exceeding sinfulness of sin, we shall never know the blessedness of salvation. Let us seek His grace, then, when we teach, that we may always be able to lay stress upon the abominable nature of sin. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth." Do not spare your child ; let him know what sin leads to. Do not, like some people, be afraid of speaking plainly and broadly concerning the consequences of sin. I have heard of a father, one of whose sons, a very ungodly young man, was taken off in a very sudden manner. The father did not, as some would have done, say to his family "We hope your brother has gone to Heaven." No ; but over coming his natural feelings, he was enabled, by Divine grace, to assemble his children together, and to say to them, "My sons and daughters, your brother is dead ; I fear he is in hell. You knew his life and conduct, you saw how he behaved ; and now God has snatched him away in his sins." Then he solemnly told them of the place of woe to which he believed, yea, almost knew he was gone, begging them to shun it, and to flee from the wrath to come. Thus he was the means of bringing his children to serious thought ; but had he acted, as some would have done, with tenderness of heart, but not with honesty of purpose, and said he hoped his son had gone to Heaven, what would the other children have said ? "If he is gone to Heaven, there is no need for us to fear ; we may live as we like." No, no ; I hold that it is not unchristian to say of some men that they are gone to hell, when we have seen that their lives have been hellish lives. But it is asked, "Can you judge your fellow-creatures ?" No, but I can *know* them by their fruits. I do not judge them, or condemn them ; they judge themselves. I have seen their sins go beforehand to judgment, and I do not doubt that they shall follow after. "But may they not be saved at the eleventh hour ?" I have heard of *one* who was, but I do not know that there ever was another, and I cannot tell that there ever will be. Be honest, then, with your children, and teach them, by the help of God, that "evil shall slay the wicked."

But you will not have done half enough unless you teach carefully the fourth lesson,—*the absolute necessity of a change of heart*. "The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." Oh ! may God enable us to keep this constantly before the minds of the taught, that there must be a broken heart and a contrite spirit, that good works will be of no avail unless there be a new nature, that the most arduous duties and the most earnest prayers will all be as nothing, unless there be a true and thorough repentance for sin, and an entire forsaking of sin through

the grace and mercy of God! Be sure, whatever you leave out, that you teach the children the three R's,—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration. Tell the children they are *ruined* by the Fall, and that there is salvation for them only by being *redeemed* by the blood of Jesus Christ, and *regenerated* by the Holy Spirit. Keep constantly before them these vital truths, and then you will have the pleasing task of telling them the sweet subject of the closing lesson.

In the fifth place, tell the children of *the joy and blessedness of being Christians*. "The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." I need not tell you how to talk about that theme; for if you know what it is to be a Christian, you will never be short of matter. Ah, beloved! when we get on this subject, our mind cares not to speak; it would rather revel in its bliss. Truly was it said, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust." Yea, verily, blessed is the man, the woman, the child that trusteth in the Lord Jesus Christ, and whose hope is in Him. Always lay a stress upon this point,—that the righteous are a blessed people, that the chosen family of God, redeemed by blood and saved by power, are a blessed people while here below, and that they will be a blessed people for ever in Heaven above. Let your children see that you belong to that blessed company. If they know you are in trouble, if it be possible, come to your class with a smiling face, so that your scholars may be able to say: "Teacher is a blessed man, although he is bowed down by his troubles." Always seek to keep a joyous face, that your boys and girls may know that your religion is a blessed reality. Let this be one main point of your teaching, that though "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet "the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken. . . . The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants: and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

Thus have I given you these five lessons; and now, in conclusion, let me solemnly say that, with all the instruction you may give to your children, you must all of you be deeply conscious that you are not capable of doing anything in the securing of the child's salvation, but that it is God Himself who, from the first to the last, must effect it all. You are simply a pen; God can write with you, but you cannot write anything of yourself. You are a sword; God can with you slay the child's sin, but you cannot slay it of yourself. Be ye, therefore, always mindful of this, that you must be first taught of God yourself, and then you must ask God to use you to teach; for unless a higher Teacher than you work with you, and instruct the child, the child must perish. It is not your instruction that can save the souls of your children; it is the blessing of God the Holy Spirit accompanying your labours. May God bless and crown your efforts with abundant success! He will surely do so if you are instant in prayer, constant in supplication. Never yet did the earnest teacher or preacher "labour in vain in the Lord," and often has it been seen that bread cast upon the waters has been found after many days. So may it be with all of you, dear friends, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

# Clouds.

(AN EXPERIENCE.)

OUR griefs are like the clouds,—at times so black,  
 So heavy hanging in the sullen sky,  
 That only gloom and darkness mark their track,  
 And dismal grows our fairest destiny.

Our griefs are like the clouds,—yet may it be  
*The sun shall shine upon the cloud,* and then,  
 How wonderful the glorious tracery  
 Displayed in rainbow colours to our ken!

Our griefs are like the clouds,—inky as night,  
 Shadowy and fearful, threatening and malign,  
 Until God shines upon them with His light,  
 And then the colours of the rainbow shine.

J. R. WAY.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXXIX.—PASTOR W. J. HARRIS, EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX.



MY friendship with the subject of this sketch dates from my school-days. When I was a lad of fourteen, I was placed under the care of the late Rev. S. Borton Brown, B.A., at that time pastor of the Baptist Church at Romsey, Hampshire. Every morning, there used to come into the school-room, for an hour or two, a young fellow some two or three years my senior, who, under the guidance of Mr. Brown, was preparing for the ministry. This young fellow, of

fair and fragile appearance and with just the suspicion of down upon his upper lip, was W. J. HARRIS, now pastor of the Ceylon Place Baptist Church, Eastbourne. In those early days of our acquaintance, the few years of difference between us in the matter of age, and the glamour that rested upon him because he was "going to College," caused me to regard him with a good deal of reverential awe. But as our acquaintance deepened into friendship, this fear of my senior gradually diminished; and to-day, after more than eighteen years

have gone by, I can truly say that, though I fear him less, I love him more.

Mr. Harris was born in that old-fashioned, quiet, country town of Romsey, and is the youngest of three sons, the children of godly parents. I have heard him say, many times, that he owes everything under God to the precious, pious influence of his home-life. His father, who was only "called home" last year, was indeed "a man in Christ," devoted to his Master, and beloved by all who knew him. Of him, his son wrote, in a memorial sketch, which was published soon after his death:—"There was nothing unmanly in his Christianity, nothing of vacillation or compromise in his character, nothing flabby or molluscous in his life or service. As a Christian, a Nonconformist, and a Baptist, he was never ashamed of his convictions, and never hesitated to avow them as opportunity offered." Concerning the dear mother, much could be written. She is a true mother in Israel, and her influence over her boys has not been less than that of the father. "I can remember my mother's prayers for her boys, and for each one of us by name, as long as I can remember anything," is the testimony which her youngest son gives to this godly woman's concern for her children.

That which deepened and intensified the Christian life of the father and mother, had its direct influence upon their children. I refer to the great religious awakening in this country under Messrs. Moody and Sankey in 1874, and the early Conventions for the deepening of the spiritual life which were held in the same year,—the first at Broadlands, Romsey, at that time the home of the Right Hon. Cowper Temple, afterwards Lord Mount Temple, and the larger meetings convened at Oxford. To these gatherings of believers Mr. and Mrs. Harris went, and to each there came a vision of Christ that simply transfigured their life. Their pastor, Mr. Borton Brown, accompanied them to the Oxford meetings, and to him likewise there came a similar blessing, with results most gloriously manifest, for upon his return to his work at Romsey such a revival broke out under the preaching of the Word, that people wondered what had happened to the staid, respectable Baptist Church and its reserved and scholarly minister. It was another Pentecost, and the old question, "What meaneth this?" was uppermost in the thoughts of those who were strangers to the gracious operations of the blessed Spirit. Why, it meant that God had been pleased to hear a simple request for prayer which had been sent up at the Oxford meeting,—“that He would revive His work in the Baptist Church at Romsey.” Another request sent up at the same meeting by two rejoicing believers,—“that God would be pleased to hear the prayers of a Christian father and mother for the conversion of their three sons,”—was also heard, albeit the full answer did not come at once.

No, not at once; for it was not until four years later that the third of these much-prayed-for boys was brought to Jesus. Not until the summer of 1878 did the grace of God arrest W. J. Harris. A series of special services, arranged by his father and other friends connected with the Baptist Church, was being held in an auction mart in the town, under the leadership of Mr. E. J. Mitchell, now secretary of the



Scottish Branch of the Evangelization Society. "Willie" Harris, passionately fond of music, and no mean singer, was asked to play the instrument, and lead the singing,—a device to catch him by guile. During the early nights of the mission, he was quite unaffected; but on the Thursday evening, after a most impressive address, the preacher gave out the hymn,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

He insisted that none should sing the chorus except such as really meant it, and could sing it from the heart. The Spirit of God took hold of the young instrumentalist, and made him see that he had come to the parting of the ways: either he must sing this hymn and mean it, or be silent. And the way the Spirit led, he followed. Without any enquiry-room or talk with others, he yielded himself to Christ, and sang,—

"I do believe, I will believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
That on the cross He shed His blood,  
From sin to set me free."

He sang it from his heart, the young voice ringing out clear and sweet, awakening the harps of Heaven, and filling with the music of thanksgiving the hearts of those who had long sought the Lord on his behalf.

The young convert began at once to testify for Christ, first at a cottage-meeting, then in the open-air, and afterwards in the villages around, and wherever there was an open door. But the mouth-confession of his newly-found Saviour was not enough; he was obedient to the Lord's command, and was baptized by his pastor, Mr. Borton Brown, in October of the same year.

And now one desire filled the heart of this youth,—indeed, it was more than a desire, it was a burning conviction that he was called to be a preacher of the gospel. There was no uncertainty about the matter. He had heard a voice saying, "Who will go for us? and whom shall I send?" and he had responded with all his soul, "Here am I; send me!" Nor was there any hesitation as to the College to which he should go for training if only the Lord opened the way. In his father's house the name of "Spurgeon" was a name with wondrous charm in it. Like John Robertson, of Glasgow, Pastor Harris might almost say that he "was brought up on Scotch porridge and Spurgeon's Sermons," only he would have to substitute something more English for the porridge. Soon after his conversion, he came across an old volume of the great preacher's Sermons. That book became one of the lad's most precious treasures; it opened up to his view a new order of preaching altogether. From the first reading of those Sermons, the newly-awakened boy rose with his desire to be a preacher deepened; and with this intensified desire, a longing to be prepared for his life-work under the influence of the wonderful preacher himself. And so it came to pass that the young man, not quite eighteen years old, sought admittance to the Pastors' College.

His first interview with Mr. Spurgeon was much dreaded, but those whose joy it has been to come into personal contact with our "Mr. Great-heart" know how speedily his genial kindness dispelled all fear. "You are very young," he said to the youthful applicant. True enough, but that very afternoon he had been addressing the students on the apostolic injunction, "Let no man despise thy youth," and doubtless the memory of his lecture came to the help of the would-be student, for after the usual questions had been more or less satisfactorily answered, the peerless President said, his eye twinkling the while, "Well, we always have had Harrises here, and I suppose we shall be harassed by them to the end of the chapter. You can come in with the next batch of men. God bless you, and make a man of you!"

For three happy years young Harris was a student within the walls of the Pastors' College, receiving the distinguished honour of being voted to "the Apostles' Bench" before his term was finished.

In December, 1882, the youthful preacher settled at Spring Hill, Birmingham. At that time, Spring Hill was a branch of the Hagley Road Church, and the chapel was a plain, humble, factory-looking structure. The congregation was not encouraging in point of numbers, but the few people who gathered there for worship received the young minister with all their hearts. The blessing of God rested upon the effort from the start. A gracious work was done amongst the young people; the congregations increased; there were numerous baptisms and additions to the church; and it speedily became necessary to see about providing a larger building to accommodate the crowds that came to hear the gospel. A building scheme was launched, but the people were poor, and many difficulties were in the way. Like many another of "Our Own Men," Mr. Harris turned to the beloved President in his trouble. Mr. Spurgeon's advice, and, above all, the good man's prayer, in which he talked to God about the difficulties of the work as simply and trustfully as a child to his father, sent the pastor back to Birmingham with new heart in the enterprise, and with the absolute certainty that the project, so dear to him, would be accomplished in spite of all obstacles. And so it was. By patience and persevering effort, the difficulties were ultimately surmounted; and, in 1886, the new chapel was erected, with sitting accommodation for seven hundred people, at a cost of £3,000. But this task, and the anxiety connected with the undertaking, proved too much for a man of not very robust health. For a little while he continued at his post, but in 1888 he was compelled, very reluctantly, to relinquish the work he so much loved, and part from the people who loved him so well.

After a brief rest, he was asked to supply at City Road, Winchester. The church here had been in low water for a long time, and had been without a pastor for eight years. Before three months had gone, Mr. Harris accepted the unanimous invitation of the people to become their pastor. Here, in this cathedral city, he spent four happy, fruitful years,—years marked by steady but continuous revival. Again his health failed, and though he struggled on for a while, a sudden collapse precipitated his retirement to a cottage-home near his birthplace, his loving people at Winchester speedily sending after him the noble sum of £160 as an expression of their love and esteem.

After sixteen months' resting, resuscitating, and rustivating, Mr. Harris received and accepted, in the Spring of 1894, the invitation of the church at Eastbourne, to the vacant pastorate. In this fashionable sea-side town, he is winning for himself quite a unique place. His ministry, so spiritual in tone and so earnestly Evangelical in matter, is becoming more and more attractive to those residents and visitors who delight in the old truths.



CEYLON PLACE BAPTIST CHAPEL, EASTBOURNE.

During all the years of his ministry, Mr. Harris has been peculiarly favoured in the matter of deacons; he has never had an unpleasant church-meeting, he has been particularly happy in his relations with his young people, he has always tried to concentrate his aim upon his own proper work, he has never lost faith in the gospel, and has never resorted to worldly dodges to attract the people. He glories in the old gospel, and in life and ministry glorifies the Lord of the gospel.

A. W. LEIGHTON BARKER.

## “Abide with us.”

BY R. SHINDLER.

THE rear of an army on the march, especially when in retreat, often presents a piteous spectacle, and most of all when the day is drawing toward a close. The sick and weak are sometimes left behind to care for themselves, which means perishing by the sword, by the cold, or by famine. Notably was this the case in the retreat of the French army from Russia, the horrors of which were almost past description. The latter days, too, of many a worn and weary worker bear some analogy. One has witnessed many such cases, in both town and country, in the course of a long life. The prayer of the disciples is well suited to such, as they feel the shades of life's brief day gathering about them: “Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.” How blank is the day of life without Jesus! and how sad and drear life's evening, if His presence cheer not the scene, and soothe not the heart!

And yet, what multitudes ask not His presence, and do not desire His companionship! What myriads are ignorant of His worth, and even of His name, or they repeat it only in formality, or to abuse and blaspheme it!

Is the reader such an one? If he be, let him blush, and be ashamed; yea, abased before God for such treatment of His beloved Son, whom He has given as a ransom price for lost men; a Redeemer, a Leader, and a Commander to the people. Disloyalty, rebellion, ingratitude, folly, perverseness, gross wickedness, are terms all too slight to describe the conduct of such sinners. And what about the sin? Stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Then there are, beside the transgression and the shame, the fearful and unutterable loss. Oh, the sin and the misery of those who turn away from the all-lovely and loving Jesus! And those who neglect Him are in almost as bad a case.

Perhaps, however, it is otherwise with the reader. To him, Christ is all-lovely, “the chief among ten thousand,”—

“A sun among ten thousand stars.”

Jesus is precious to his soul, and he wishes to realize more fully and constantly His all-delightful presence. Let such remember that their love to Christ is the fruit and effect of His love to them. He would never have been precious to you, unless you had been precious to Him. “Since thou wert precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee.” The desire of His presence, and the desire to know and do His will, prove the sincerity of love.

To the aged disciples, this appeal seems specially appropriate. They have trod the weary ways of life's journey; they have borne the heat and burden of the day; they can say,—

“A weary path I've travelled,  
'Mid darkness, storm, and strife,  
Bearing many a burden,  
Contending for my life.”

And now the evening is approaching, or, it may be, is here. Oh, what presence so sweet, so delightful, so needed, so every way satisfying and sustaining as the presence of Jesus! His presence fills every empty

space, and occupies every vacuum of the soul; His love soothes every sorrow; His light cheers the darkening hours; His power supports under every load, and strengthens for every trial; His grace is sufficient for all things and all times.

Does He seem to need our constraining appeals and prayers? It is that the granting of our request may give us more abundant joy.

"He went in to tarry with them." There was room for Him in that house, and at that table, because there was room for Him in those troubled, but faithful and longing hearts.

The Lord grant to every aged, and weary, and suffering one, both the earnest prayer, "Abide with us," and the precious answer, "He went in to tarry with them."

"Tarry with me, O my Saviour!

For the day is passing by;

See! the shades of evening gather,

And the night is drawing nigh.

Tarry with me! Tarry with me!

Pass me not unheeded by.

Many friends were gathered round me

In the bright days of the past;

But the grave has closed above them,

And I linger here the last.

I am lonely; tarry with me

Till the dreary night is past.

Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;

Yet the spirit's eye would fain

Rest upon Thy lovely features;

Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!

Let me see Thy smile again.

Dull my ear to earth-born music;

Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer;

Feeble, tottering my footstep,

Sinks my heart with sudden fear;

Cast Thine arms, dear Lord, around me,

Let me feel Thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me

Every deed and thought of sin;

Open Thou the blood-filled fountain,

Cleanse my guilty soul within.

Wash me, Thou forgiving Saviour,

Wash me wholly from my sin.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,

Paler now the glowing West;

Swift the night of death advances,

Let it be the night of rest;

Tarry with me, O my Saviour!

Lay my head upon Thy breast.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,

Lord, I cast myself on Thee;

Tarry with me through the darkness;

While I sleep, still watch by me

Till the morning—then awake me,

Dearest Lord, to dwell with Thee."

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### III.—STORMS AND CALMS.

**W**HEN the great winds have quieted down, they are often succeeded by a season of morning mist, lifting with the uprising sun till nothing intervenes all through the lengthening day between the blue sky and fresh fields. Clear, crisp, exhilarating are such days. The storms are over; the air is filled with sunshine, and toned with the aromatics of spring growth. To stand then on the bridge spanning the fast-flowing river, and to think back to the dark times of drifting cloud and sleet, is to realize how great a change has come over things, for—

"Like an army defeated,  
The snow has retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!"

Or, may be, when the strong gale has swept the heights, you have slid down the slope into some sunny hollow, where only the muffled sound of the storm has come, or the hiss of the gusts as they have gasped by on their fierce race,—so still has been the hollow in comparison with the exposed hillside,—calm, low, and sunny, with Spring flowers and here and there a bee.

Or, once more, perhaps you have stood in a recess of the cliff, and watched an angry sea, the sky full of flying scud, with broken gleams of sunshine falling on a foaming surge. How safe the ledge of rock, high above the advancing waters which have leaped in vain fury, and at last,—baffled,—ebbed, leaving a stretch of smooth brown sand!

So have we seen the wild storms of sin sink away, the thunder-night of passion pass, and the sullen mists of doubt disappear, leaving a morning of faith shining brighter unto the perfect day. So, further, have we known the gusts of trouble come and go in fitful moanings while the soul has sheltered behind Omnipotence as in a quiet resting-place; and so, also, have we seen the surge rise and the breakers of death beat, and strange echoes of the past, like reverberations from cavern to cavern, have held the soul in awe, while yet, safe in the Rock of Ages, a look of triumph has lit up the eye, and a final song of victory has been heard above the billows' roar.

So was it early on an August morning. Long years of suffering had worn the wasted frame well nigh away. With what courage he had worked through many a weary day! How bright, though gasping for breath! How quaintly humorous! How assiduous as a church-

officer! To the point in punctuality when hardly able to crawl; at the services when others were at home with a headache for an excuse; beating time to favourite hymns when no longer able to voice the tune; reproving the laggard with the quiet reminder,—“Look at me;” and early on an August morning, propped up with pillows, searching in the eyes of his friends for relief, reviving and collapsing in turn,—a time not to be borne long by either sufferer or spectator,—he asks them to sing. How we sing at such times, God only knows. But they sang,—

“Jesu, Lover of my soul,”

and the dying man faintly waved his hand in harmony with the tune. Then he leaned back, and there was fulfilled for him that choice verse in the 107th Psalm,—“So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.”

\* \* \* \*

The picture of a schoolboy called to the bedside of an aged saint, developes slowly upon the plate of memory. She looks eagerly at the lad: stretching out her shrivelled hand, she grasps the boy's, and whispers earnestly, “My dear, live to Christ! Live to Christ!” . . . . . A young man sits half asleep in a suburban church. Suddenly, the preacher cries, “Young man, live to Christ!” Where had those words been heard before? . . . . . A dying bed. . . . . The grasp of an aged woman's hand. . . . . He has not been living to Christ; but he will from henceforth.

A week passes. He is at the Sunday morning service. The preacher is Professor Rogers of the Pastors' College. The Lord's supper follows the sermon. The backslider stays. As the official hands the symbol of the New Covenant, a young man, sitting at the end of an unoccupied pew, is missed. A dead weight presses upon his heart; has he missed *all*? Has the Lord ceased to be gracious? It is a dreadful thing to have tasted of Heavenly manna, and then to be forbidden to eat. A presentiment of the chill of a castaway is upon him. It is salutary that it should be so. Sure reconciliations spring out of sound recognitions. It was such reasoning which made the prodigal arise, and go to his Father.

Years have gone by, and a pastor sits beside the bed of a great scholar and preacher. All languages but one are lost to the dying man,—his eyes closed, his feeble breath flickering, his white head sunk deep in the pillow. They try to tell him of his visitor. No response. Too late? Not quite too late. Slowly the glazed eyes take on meaning. Falteringly the hand gropes. He is lifted a little. Then the younger man takes the feeble hand of his old friend. For a moment the eyes of the prophet of fifty years fix steadily on him, and these words break the stillness, “My dear brother, preach Christ; Christ crucified; nothing but Christ!” . . . . . Soon after, the Son of man came upon the surge, and His servant went away with Him, while he who had received a thrice-sent message walked out into the sunshine of a summer's day, and saw it not by reason of the glory that excelleteth.

\* \* \* \*

One evening, many years ago, a very tall old man, in his shirt-sleeves, with his hat set back, and a leathern apron tucked around him, strode up the aisle of a village chapel. At the sight of him, his pale-faced wife rushed out of the vestry door. Sitting with his hat on, the man, maddened with drink, glared at the minister. A hymn was sung, and then the people were dismissed. The intruder, stung by an awakened conscience, swiftly made his way out. Sobered sufficiently to put on a coat, he sought the pastor's house. A walk followed, and the two for a long time paced the dark lanes, an October gale swaying the trees overhead. The storm sweeping over the man's soul showed itself in fierce strides and halts, when he would swing his long arms as if to strike his companion. Suddenly standing still, he said, huskily, "I had a praying mother forty years ago; I don't believe I shall be lost."

A few weeks after this, the same two stood in almost the same place. The full moon shone out of a clear sky. A gospel service had just ended. "By the help of God, sir, the drinking days are over." The words came from the old man who had rushed up the aisle.

Yet again the two met. Changed, and in his right mind, a humble baptized believer, the former terror sat beside his friend. "What would your wife think if she saw you sitting by the likes of me?" "We are all one in Christ Jesus," was the reply.

Yet once more, much later, these two met. A little room,—a shoe-maker's bench and tools,—a Bible and bradawls on the bench together,—a grizzled man in his shirt-sleeves, with a leathern apron on,—a pair of horn spectacles pushed up on the iron-grey hair,—a tiny window, through which the setting sun shone crimson, covering the old man with glory,—a soul beaming through the seamed face as light through a stable lantern. "How are you getting along?" asked the visitor. "I have a little faith, and would not give it up for the world," said the man who had, once upon a time, with blasphemies, shaken his fist at the lightning. Soon after this, the night of Nature came on, but the star of hope cheered the gloom, till he saw the sun-rise, and entered upon the perfect day.

## Trying Times in Tunisia.

THE Medical Mission has gone steadily forward during January. 262 visits have been made, 277 nights' lodging have been given to poor country patients, and four visits to villages have been recorded. On these occasions, I have accompanied three missionary brethren now stationed here, the Truth being thus more fully explained and enforced than formerly when I was alone. This week, we had

### A SPECIALLY GOOD TIME

in a large country market, a *Mok'nine*. We hired a native *ouf* for the day; this was soon filled with patients, and a hearty gospel service was then held, with reading, preaching, and singing,—R. C. Morgan, Esq., the Editor of *The Christian*, giving one of the addresses, through an interpreter. Our hearts were glad, for such a service has not been held there for at least a millennium.



The pleasure, however, is not unmixed, for

#### A BITTER PERSECUTION

has broken out against us, and Monsieur Revoil, the "Resident-Adjoint" in Tunis, has expressed in the strongest terms his own and the French Government's determination to suppress all missionary work of every kind. A press law has been revived, partly, he says, for this very purpose, and we are now forbidden to give away or sell a copy of the gospel, even in our own houses. On one missionary a fine has already been inflicted, and he says the next offence will carry imprisonment with it, which he is ready to suffer for the sake of the gospel. Two Swedish missionaries have been interfered with while selling Scriptures in another town, and two lady-missionaries at Sousse have been summoned on a criminal charge of selling a gospel and giving away a tract!

#### THE REASONS GIVEN

are, first, that the murder of Dr. Leach and his family indicated Moslem fanaticism against us, though there is no evidence that Moslem religious feeling had anything to do with the crime, and all the accused persons in prison are said to be *Roman Catholic Maltese*. The other reason given, is the fear of a Mohammedan rising, although, even before the French occupation, during troublous times, the native government never interfered with the free sale of Scriptures, which has gone on for the last seventy years.

The *real* reason, after the late interpellation in the French Chamber concerning Algeria is, doubtless, a political one, and to please the Jesuits. It seems strange that, in a great free country, boasting of its "liberty, equality, and fraternity," such things as these should be.

Surely this new trouble is a new

#### CALL TO PRAYER

that the Lord will graciously make the wrath of man to praise Him, while protecting and prospering His own Word and Work. The difficulty has been put before the British Government, but we feel happy about it *only* as we look upwards. "Brethren, pray for us."

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## In Memoriam—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE fifth anniversary of the "home-going" of the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON was specially celebrated at Brighton, Bexhill, Greenwich, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and also at many other places of which we are unable to give particulars owing to lack of space.

Tuesday, January 26, was almost entirely devoted to three meetings in connection with the "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY. In the morning, the General Council met at the Y.M.C.A. offices at Brighton, and sought to make such arrangements for the future working of the Society as seemed to be necessary from its phenomenal growth during the past year. The time available did not suffice for the full consideration of the complete plan of operations, so the Council met again on the following Monday morning. As the result of the deliberations, a series of resolutions was passed with the object of placing the Society on a sound financial basis, and the following officers, with an Executive Committee of eight Brighton ministers and friends, were appointed for the ensuing twelve months:—President, Mr. Wm. Willett; Treasurer, Mr. Finnigan; Honorary Secretary, Pastor J. S. Geale; Secretary, Mr. W. Taverner.

From the fifth Annual Report, we extract the following facts and figures, that our readers may see how greatly the Lord has blessed the work hitherto, and also that they may be moved to pray for its continued and increased prosperity, and to aid its still further usefulness. Any friends desiring information about the Society, or wishing to become distributors, should write to Mr. W. Taverner, 72, The Drive, Hove, Brighton.

In the home department, there were, up to the time of writing the Report, 563 Branch Secretaries, with 4,695 distributors,—an increase of 2,685 during the year. It was stated that cases of conversion and of blessing received through reading the Sermons were constantly being reported, and as an evidence of the readers' appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon's discourses it was noted that 17,149 copies had been kept and paid for in the course of the twelve months. In the previous year, the number thus purchased was 3,600. The Report contained a grateful reference to the publishers' "In Memoriam" gift of "100,000 Sermons, ready covered and carriage paid," and mentioned that, of the million ordered since the last anniversary, 250,000 had been received, making 985,345 copies put into stock or into circulation since the work was started in July, 1892. There has been a considerable growth in the contributions towards the support of the work; in 1895, only 495 gifts, amounting to £20 3s. 1d., were received; but, during the past year, 4,686 donors have contributed £129 4s. 6½d., mostly in small sums. The kind friend who has enabled the Society to reach its present height of usefulness has no wish to retain for himself all the blessing which the Lord bestows upon generous givers, and it will be an encouragement to him if many more are moved to aid in the good work.

Although the principal portion of the Society's operations is carried on in the United Kingdom, there are already in various British Colonies 16 Branch Secretaries, with 281 distributors. If sufficient funds were forthcoming, the work could be extended to all English-speaking lands. This also will be done in due season, if it is the will of the Lord.

In the afternoon of January 26, a large congregation assembled for the service conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, in Holland Road Baptist Chapel, West Brighton, kindly lent by Pastor David Davies and his friends. The preacher read and expounded 2 Chronicles xxvi., and selected as the theme of his discourse verses 7 and 8, and part of verse 15. In exposition, prayer, and sermon, there were many loving and touching allusions to the various ways in which God "marvellously helped" his dear father throughout the whole of his unique career. Mr. Taverner gave a brief report of the progress of the Society, a collection was made in aid of its funds, and the service was appropriately closed with the Doxology and Benediction.

In the evening, a still larger company of the Sermon-distributors and other friends met at the Connaught Institute, at the other end of Brighton, for the annual public meeting of the Society. The President, Mr. W. Willett, presided; Mr. Taverner read the Report; Pastor Thomas Spurgeon prayed, and then, basing his remarks upon 2 Kings xiii. 20, 21, spoke upon the subject of "Posthumous Influence" as illustrated in the case of the prophet Elisha, and also in the continued usefulness of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons. He gave a remarkable instance of the way in which an early Colonial admirer of his beloved father had silenced a company of gainsayers by quoting from memory a passage from the *New Park Street Pulpit*, and closed by urging his hearers both to read and circulate the printed messages which had brought salvation to so many precious souls. Brief addresses were also given by Mr. J. W. Harrauld, and Pastor F. G. Wheeler (Brixton); and a collection was taken on behalf of the Society.

On Thursday evening, January 28, another meeting in connection with the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society was held in conjunction with the memorial service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. For about an hour

previously, a meeting for prayer, praise, and testimony was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. B. Sawday. Several of the Sermon-distributors from Brighton and various London Branches of the Society reported interesting instances of blessing resulting from the reading of the printed message, and much earnest supplication was presented for the Lord's approval still to rest on the work.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided at the meeting in the Tabernacle, at which there was a large attendance, notwithstanding the severe wintry weather. Prayer was presented by Pastor W. Stott (Battersea Park Tabernacle); Pastor C. B. Sawday read Psalm cxv.; addresses were delivered by Pastors Thomas and Charles Spurgeon, J. B. Figgis, M.A. (Brighton), and David Davies (West Brighton); Mr. Taverner gave some particulars of the progress of the Society; a collection was made in aid of its funds; and the Orphanage choir sang appropriate hymns at intervals. We regret that it is impossible to spare space for a record of the speeches on this important occasion, but they all bore testimony to the ever-increasing usefulness of the published Sermons of C. H. Spurgeon, and to the influence which he continues to exert in the church and the world, though he has been "with the Lord" for the past five years. Each person present at the meeting received from the publishers a copy of the reduced *fac-simile* of No. 2,500 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*.

On *Lord's-day morning, January 31*,—the exact anniversary of the "home-going" of his beloved father,—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached at the Tabernacle from the words of Stephen concerning Joseph, as recorded in Acts vii. 9, "God was with him." The discourse is published by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row, under the title, "The Secret of Success." The service was made even more solemn and impressive than it would otherwise have been from the fact that, during the sermon, one of the older members and an earnest worker for Christ, *Brother Watkins*, passed away to be "for ever with the Lord." In the evening, the Pastor preached from Isaiah xlv. 22,—"*Look unto Me, and be ye saved*,"—the text which, on that memorable snowy morning, January 6, 1850, was blessed to his dear father's conversion.

At South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, Pastor Charles Spurgeon preached memorial sermons, in the morning and evening of January 31, from Acts xiii. 22 and xi. 24, and in the afternoon delivered a special address at his Men's Bible-class on "The charms of the Christian life, as illustrated by the career of my father." A copy of the miniature Sermon, No. 2,500, was presented to each worshipper at the evening service.

As the whole of the work at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, is in a very special sense a memorial of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon, it was felt that there could not be a more appropriate season for the formation of the new church than the anniversary of his translation to the church triumphant. Accordingly, at the close of the evening service, which was conducted by Mr. Harrauld, Pastor J. S. Hockey read the names of the nine friends whom he had baptized at Bexhill upon profession of their faith in Christ, and of the thirty-one brethren and sisters who had been transferred from various Baptist churches. The new members rose to signify their approval of the *Manual of Faith and Practice* which had been drawn up for their guidance, and in the course of a brief address Mr. Harrauld gave them as a motto,—"*The Lord hath been mindful of us: He will bless us.*" The service was brought to a fitting conclusion with the observance of the Lord's supper.

## The Tabernacle Annual Church-meeting.

**A**NOTHER of these memorable annual gatherings was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on *Wednesday evening, February 10*, and from beginning to end was characterized by perfect unanimity and the utmost enthusiasm. Such a demonstration of the love and loyalty of his great flock must have tended to cheer the heart of PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, and to help him still to bear the heavy burden of service and responsibility which must be the portion of the man who is called to occupy his honourable position.

Several hundreds of the members met for tea in the lecture-hall and school-room, and they were afterwards joined by many others who could not be present at the earlier hour. The Pastor presided, and opened the meeting with prayer, after which Elder J. T. Dunn read the following summary of statistics for the past year:—Increase,—by baptism, 140; by transfer from other churches, 52; by profession, having been previously baptized, 25; making a total increase of 217: decrease,—by transfer to other churches, 171; by joining other churches without letters of transfer, 70; names removed for non-attendance, 115; for conduct inconsistent with their profession, 7; withdrawn at their own request, 5; emigrated, 2; deaths, 69; making a total decrease of 439, and leaving a net decrease of 222. The present number of members is 4,487. Connected with the church, there are 19 missions, with sittings for 3,425 persons, and 27 Sunday-schools and Ragged-schools, with 693 teachers and 8,830 scholars.

Commenting on the statistics, the Pastor said that he would have been glad if there had been a net increase of 222 instead of a decrease, but it must not be forgotten that there were circumstances which had very considerably affected the membership. First, there had been a very necessary and constant revision of the list. Next, the population around the Tabernacle is continually shifting, and the suburbs are growing at the expense of the town. Even the late beloved Pastor, towards the latter part of his honoured life, began to recognize the difficulty of maintaining the church-roll at its highest point. Especially when we remember all that has happened during the last five years, the Pastor thought we had great cause to thank God that so many had joined the church, and that the lee-way was considerably less than that which they had to mourn twelve months ago. It was also a matter for special encouragement that, lately, there had been more testimonies of direct and immediate blessing upon the preaching of the Word, the teaching in the Sunday-school, and the work of the various instrumentalities, than in any portion of the present pastorate.

The Pastor then referred to the various departments of the church's service which were afterwards to come up for consideration, and expressed his intense gratitude for the help which had been rendered to him during the year by Brother Sawday. He also said he thought it was a proof of the continued liberality of the Tabernacle folk that, during the past year, they had raised for all purposes, exclusive of home and foreign mission work, £5,166 15s. 6d., and as the Treasurer would presently tell them, they had *a balance in hand on every fund*.

This was the next item of business, and Mr. Thomas H. Olney, in presenting his four balance-sheets, specially mentioned that the satisfactory state of the accounts was largely due to the generous grants from the Pastor's Birthday Fund, whereupon the Pastor said he begged to give notice that, if the Lord spared him till another birthday, he should have another Birthday Fund, and if they gave him £358 15s. when he was forty years old, what would they not give him when he was forty-one?

Mr. Olney having been most heartily thanked for his past services, and unanimously re-elected as Treasurer, the following resolution was moved by Deacon Wm. Olney, seconded by Elder Thos. Cox, supported by the Pastor,

and carried with absolute unanimity and every expression of joy and thankfulness :—

“Resolved that we, as a church, record our grateful appreciation of the services of Pastor C. B. Sawday during the past twelve months, that we acknowledge with thanksgiving to God our brother's usefulness, especially in lightening the labours of our beloved Pastor, Thomas Spurgeon, and in releasing him for other duties, and that, knowing it is the Pastor's wish to retain the services of our dear brother, Mr. Sawday, we do now cordially invite him to accept the assistant-pastorate, and promise him our affectionate and prayerful support.”

Mr. Sawday had a most cheering reception on his return from the Pastor's vestry, where he had awaited the church's decision. In accepting the invitation which had been given to him, he told the members that, while he had been in the vestry, he had been looking at the portraits of Benjamin Keach, Dr. Gill, Dr. Rippon, and his College tutors, and he related what each of them seemed to say to him. The vast assembly was greatly moved by Mr. Sawday's closing sentences :—“When I turned to the bust of the late dear Pastor, I could almost see a smile on the face ; and as I looked up to that glorious portrait of my honoured friend as he was in his later years, I tell you, dear friends, that a voice seemed to say to me, ‘If the members of my church should ask you to serve them in any sphere, do your best. Stand by my son if you can be a comfort and a help to him.’ The late dear Pastor seemed to say to me what he once said in a letter, ‘You live in the very centre of my heart,’ and I felt that there was no message from him but one of encouragement to do my best, under God, if you, and your officers, and your Pastor should say to me, ‘Stay on, and do what you can for the furtherance of the work of the Lord at the Tabernacle.’”

Next came the election of Brother Joshua J. Cook (the son of a former Tabernacle deacon) to the diaconate, and then the reading of the College accounts, and the passing of the resolution pledging the church to its continued and increased support,—the members unanimously and heartily following the lead of their officers in both matters. The Pastor made appropriate reference to the unavoidable absence of Deacons Stiff and Payne, and Elders Ward, Atherton, Harden, and Cockrell ; and then announced that, *during the first week in March, special services would be held, with a view to the ingathering of the unsaved, commencing at half-past seven each evening, and that, at least for a time, the week-night service would begin at that hour, as so many friends appeared to be unable to get to the Tabernacle by seven o'clock.*

The Doxology and Benediction brought to a happy conclusion a meeting that is worthy to take its place among the many notable annual gatherings in the past history of the Tabernacle Church.

## 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 National Temperance League's Annual for 1897*, edited by ROBERT RAE, and published at 33, Paternoster Row, has for its frontispiece a capital portrait of Archbishop Temple, the President of the National Temperance League. The pages of this admirable Annual and Manual are crowded with information concerning the doings of

drink and the efforts that are being put forth to overthrow the evil. Oh, that they might be speedily successful !

Mr. Bullock is issuing, from “Home Words” office, 7, Paternoster Square, at 1s. 6d., a new and revised edition of *The Queen's Resolve, and Her “Doubly Royal” Reign*, of which 150,000 copies

were circulated in the Jubilee Year. The volume has been brought down to date, and will, doubtless, have a still larger sale in view of the approaching celebration of the "Record Reign."

*The Morning Star.* Yearly Volume. Haddon and Co.

WITHOUT adopting every opinion of our spirited contemporary, we heartily welcome the third yearly volume of its issue. Its emphasis lies mainly on the doctrine of our Lord's second coming, and on the conversion of the Jews, whilst other topics are not entirely overlooked. Those who desire special information and study on these themes could not do better than read this well-edited monthly.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us five more books which will all help to maintain their high reputation in the publishing world.

First comes a substantial 3s. 6d. volume of 420 pages,—*Women who Win*, by WILLIAM M. THAYER, which is intended as a companion to the work recently reviewed,—*Men who Win*,—but is, apparently, free from the blunders to which we were obliged to call attention in our notice of that work.

Another book at the same price,—*Wonderland; or, Curiosities of Nature and Art*, by WOOD SMITH, will be a great treasure to the boy or girl who may be privileged to possess it. The list of illustrations occupies two whole pages in double columns, and the wonders of almost every land and ocean are charmingly depicted both by pen and pencil. Brighton's new "Railway in the Sea" is mentioned among the curiosities of Art.

Half-a-crown will purchase FRED. WHISHAW'S stirring story, *Sons of Freedom; or, the Fugitives from Siberia*; for two shillings, one can obtain Miss M. DOUGLAS'S spirited narrative, *Across Greenland's Ice Fields*, a record of the adventures of Nansen and Peary on the Great Ice-Cap; and for a shilling, we can buy A. FRAZER ROBERTSON'S book for boys and girls, *Early Years of some Noble Lives*, which is really an admirable outline of the

principal events in the careers of George Washington, General Gordon, Elizabeth Fry, Lord Shaftesbury, David Livingstone, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and six other celebrities.

*Thomas Chalmers.* By W. G. BLAIRIE, LL.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

ANOTHER pithy volume of the capital "Famous Scots" Series. It is written with wide knowledge, much insight, deep sympathy, and great literary skill. Chalmers for many years was seen in the blazing light of a great publicity; but to the present generation he is little more than a name. This volume, with its mingled accuracy and freshness, should make them know and admire this colossal thinker, preacher, and servant of Jesus Christ. We believe it will.

*A Young Congo Missionary.* Memoirs of Dr. S. R. Webb. By WM. BROCK. H. R. Allenson.

A CHASTE tribute to an inspiring young life. Dr. Webb was a splendid specimen of the sturdy, robust type of Christian that is none too common, and whose early death seems so sad a loss to the whole Christian Church. The lad, the Christian, the student, the missionary, are set forth in briefest outline only; but the likeness is a living one, drawn with the insight of sympathetic and admiring love. It ought to have a place in every home bookcase, and in every Sunday-school library.

*The Apocatastasis; or, Restitution of all things.* By S. W. KOELLE, Dr.Ph. Elliot Stock.

A HASH of the old fallacies that bolster up the delusion of universal salvation, even after death. It reveals a more God-dishonouring purgatory than even Rome's ghastly fiction, and will only evoke the indignation of all who love the Son of God, who prize His sacrifice for sin, and who believe His wooings of entreating love, but also His words of earnest warning. "Poison in pretentious form, but none the less poison," is our label for it: need we say more?

*The Cross in Modern Life.* By Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

It would require a lengthened notice to do justice to this volume of sermons. With the literary form, we should suppose that even the man of culture would be satisfied; and there can be no doubt that the preacher has aimed, both in form and substance, at reaching his highest ideal. At the same time, there is a vein of optimism running all through this volume which is not borne out by human nature, or by facts, or by the trend of the times, or by the true significance of the Cross of Christ itself. We differ from the author in the belief that "the Cross is slowly drawing the whole world to it" (p. 22); and also in the conviction that Christ "makes man another creature, an infinitely improvable creature, an infinitely lovable being, because there is always something in him Divine" (p. 29). To us, the chief lesson of the Cross is that man, with all that he has of pomp, and glory, and loveliness, should go down with Christ to the place of death, and there die, as having no good in himself, and out of death, through crucifixion with Christ, rise in a new life as a member now of a new creation. We do not believe that, by a natural process, "the offence of the cross" will cease; or that there is any sign of a change in popular feeling in this matter, whatever optimists may allege, since the day the Holy One and the Just was delivered over by Pilate to be crucified.

*The Clue to the Ages.* By ERNEST JUDSON PAGE. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

A POWERFUL and scholarly exposure of the fallacy of Evolution. It is written in a reverent spirit, and displays a singular mastery of the bearings of Darwinism, not only as they affect scientific belief, but also Church History, Mediævalism, and the present "parting of the ways." Having read this book throughout, we have no hesitation in commending it as eminently suited to the thoughtful minds of our times. It is undoubtedly

original,—the work, not of a novice, but of a master-mind. In our judgment, its value lies, not so much in the author's own theory of Creation, as in the conclusive demolition of the evolutionary hypothesis, and the many profound applications of the argument on this; the destructive side. In this respect, we confess to great indebtedness to Mr. Page, both as regards deepened vision and enlargement of view: and while we fail to see the special advantage of "Creation by Principle" as distinguished from "Creation by Special Act," we yet heartily acknowledge the exceptional value of the contribution the author has given to scientific, theological, and historical enquiry. In brief, this work contains so much that is edifying and effective,—that needed saying, and had not before been said,—that we hope many editions may be called for; the more so because, in its present form, it is but a part of a greater whole that as yet is only vaguely shadowed forth.

*The Old Faith or the New. Which?* Teachings from the Epistle to the Hebrews. By C. E. STUART. Marlborough and Co.

EXCELLENT in aim and design, and successful in accomplishment. Without straining after novelties or startling statements, the writer brings out many points of lucid and beautiful teaching, showing the supreme excellence of the character and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Scholarly and reverent, thoughtful and attractive, it has a place of its own as a short handbook to this majestic Epistle.

*Immortality.* By Rev. I. HARTILL, Ph.D. Alexander and Shephard.

AN admirable and very successful endeavour to show how man's immortality is witnessed to by nature, by science, and pre-eminently by the revealed Word of God. The author is clear in his statements, fair in his arguments and conclusions, and bases all upon a firm belief in the inspired Scriptures. Wherever materialism has wrought its destructive work, this modest but excellent and able little book will prove a fine antidote.

*Gospel Pictures and Story Sermons for Children.* By D. W. WHITTLE. Morgan and Scott.

THESE are not so successful as sermons for children as we could desire. They are unbearably long, and too elaborate for most of the bairns. Each of them might well be split into four sections, and then prove enough for the listening powers of the average boy or girl. A shrewd teacher, or a pastor accustomed to speak to the young, will find much material here; but in its present form we fear it would rather weary than delight the juveniles. Perhaps American boys and girls are equal to this huge series of meals, but the slower and old-fashioned British youngster likes his mental food in smaller portions, and easier of digestion.

*Digging Ditches, and other Sermons to Boys and Girls.* By Rev. F. B. COWL. Charles H. Kelly.

AN admirable series of addresses; just the sort to brighten the eyes of the girls and boys who listen to them. Some of the stories are venerable with age, but they may be new to the present generation of juveniles, and many of the incidents we have not met with elsewhere. "Apples of Gold"—the heading of one of the addresses,—would have been a far more telling and appropriate title for the volume.

*Clean Hands, and other Addresses to Children.* By Rev. J. T. LEVENS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

IF the next generation is not a great improvement on the present one, it will not be for lack of instructors. It is a hopeful sign that so much attention is being given to the religious teaching of the young, as it proves that the Church is not unmindful of her Lord's commission to feed the lambs. Though not reaching our ideal of what children's addresses should be, many in this collection are of a high order, and both interesting and suggestive. Christian parents who wish to have something to read to their little ones on Sunday evenings

will find these talks very suitable for this purpose, and those who conduct Young People's Meetings will do well to secure the volume if its price (3s. 6d.) is not more than they can afford.

*A Bag with Holes, and other Addresses to Children.* By J. MITCHISON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A GOOD volume of an admirable series. The addresses are short, sunny, and sparkling with life; just the sort to make the boys and girls listen with flashing eyes and eager interest. To ministers who regularly talk to the bairns in the Sabbath service, and to superintendents who give occasional addresses, this excellent volume will be of great value. No better gift could be bestowed upon the many workers among the young.

*Sunday School Lessons; and Rightly Dividing the Word of Truth.* By Dr. E. W. BULLINGER. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

THE first of these pamphlets consists of a series of outline Sunday-school Lessons, which will be useful for enlarging into addresses either for the School or Young People's Societies. The second is an address given at Mildmay, and contains many good and gracious thoughts upon the important theme of which it treats.

*"Alive from the Dead."* By GEO. GOODMAN. Children's Special Service Mission.

THE sub-title of this booklet, "Earnest words for young people who have recently turned to the Lord Jesus," is a true description of its contents. It will be very helpful to young believers.

*Helps in Bible Reading.* By W. S. Alfred Holness.

WHEN they are such "helps" as this useful booklet is, we cannot have too many of them. Each of the Books of the Bible has its special features here indicated in a manner which should enable the reader to understand every Book by itself, and also as a part of the complete revelation of the will of God.



*Effie's Journey.* A story of Home, School, and Dreamland. By W.C.M. George Stoneman.

A VERY fanciful dream of Heaven; its one recommendation is that it clearly reveals that nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away the stains of sin.

*A History of Lay-Predaching in the Christian Church.* By J. TELFORD, B.A. C. H. Kelly.

A VAST subject put into a very compact little book, but not mutilated in the process. Some of the incidents here related are ludicrous, others heroic, and all pertinent to the theme. The decline of capable lay-preaching in many branches of the Church is a serious omen for the future; and if this treatise should lead to renewed interest in it, and a revived practice of it, it will have rendered valuable service. The Divinely-ordained preacher, whether recognized by man or not,

has always had an important place among the forces of light arrayed against the powers of darkness.

*Hours with the Bible. St. Peter to Revelation.* By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Longmans, Green and Co.

THIS is the closing volume of a delightful reprint of a splendid work. All the careful study and toil that made Dr. Geikie's *Life of Christ* so valued by ministers and students, are here, and a reverent spirit of love to the Divine Lord, which crowns and glorifies the mere expositor's faculties. It is a book that does not parade, but nevertheless reveals to every thoughtful reader, the careful and conscientious diligence and ripe information of the author. If the previous volumes, which we have not received for review as yet, are as good as this one, the whole work is of the greatest worth. We quite believe it is, since the last volume is of such high quality.

## Notes.

A series of *special evangelistic services* will (D.V.) be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, from February 28 to March 7, conducted by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday. Mr. Mayers, Mr. Chamberlain, and Madame Annie Ryall will sing sacred solos. All who have unconverted relatives or friends are earnestly invited to bring them to the meetings, and believers everywhere are entreated to plead for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon every gathering. The Pastor, though feeling personally weary and worn through incessant and arduous service, believes that the set time to favour Zion has come, and that various indications prove that the Lord is ready and waiting to bestow a great blessing upon the church at the Tabernacle.

We have devoted so much space, in the earlier portion of the Magazine, to reports of the special meetings held at the Tabernacle during the past month, that we have room only for a brief "Note" on one other gathering.

On *Wednesday evening, February 3*, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its monthly meeting, when our old and beloved friend, Pastor Wm. Stott, delivered his interesting and forcible lecture entitled, "Outside Signs and Inside Customs." Although the night was very wet, there was a large audience in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, and the lecturer was heartily welcomed on his arrival, and cordi-

ally thanked at the close of his lecture. Pastor C. B. Sawday occupied the chair; and at the close of the meeting 19 persons signed the Temperance pledge, and 16 were enrolled as members of the Society. The future of the work appears very promising, for, after being inaugurated only three months, close upon 100 members have been enrolled, and over 150 pledges taken. For the next two months, meetings have been arranged as follows:—

March 10. Mr. Charlesworth and the American Choir.

April 7. Limelight lecture by Rawei the native Maori evangelist, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon in the chair.

On *Wednesday evening, February 17*, an interesting missionary meeting was held at HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY. Cheques for £90 were handed to Rev. J. B. Myers for the Baptist Missionary Society, £70 being the twelve months' proceeds of the Haddon Hall "Penny-a-week Auxiliary to the B.M.S.," and £20 being a donation from the Sunday-school missionary collections. The total affords an illustration of the power of the pence. Three hundred people were present, and an interesting address was delivered by Rev. T. R. Edwards, home from India. A choir of Stockwell Orphanage boys sang their new American pieces, and a cheque for £7 was handed to Mr. Charlesworth, as a donation for the Orphanage, from Haddon Hall Sunday-school.

**COLLEGE.**—Mr. E. T. Beckett, who has been student-pastor at Ascot during part of his College course, has settled at Bildeston, Suffolk.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. W. C. Minifie, from Bournemouth to Zion Chapel, Bradford; Mr. S. Pilling, F.G.S., formerly of Blackpool, to Sandown, Isle of Wight; and Mr. C. W. Townsend, from Jemeay, to the Second Baptist Church, Cambridge, Queen's County, New Brunswick, Canada.

*In memoriam.*—Another member of our College fraternity, *Pastor R. T. Lewis*, of Kilmington, has been "called home." For many months he had been mentally incapacitated for ministerial work, so that it was indeed "a happy release" when, on January 27, the Lord took him to the land where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." We sincerely sympathize with our brother's widow, and with all who are left to mourn his loss.

Since the above paragraph was in type, news has reached us of the "home-going" of yet another of our brethren, *Pastor James Smith*, of Tunbridge Wells, whose portrait,



with a sketch of his life and work, appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel* for August, 1895. He is a brother who will be greatly missed from the important sphere which he has so well filled since 1831, and many in his previous pastorates at Burwell, Red Hill, Haddenham, and Leeds, will continue to think of him with loving remembrance of his faithful service. May his bereaved widow, and family, and church be all graciously sustained by Him who is the Comforter!

*Conference.*—The London brethren met at the College on Friday evening, February 19, to make arrangements for the next Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, the President, *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon*, presiding. The date fixed for this year's meetings is May 3–7, that is, the week following the Baptist Union meetings.

**ORPHANAGE.**—We have received from Mrs. James Withers the sixteenth Annual Report of the Reading Working Party for the Stockwell Orphanage, and are glad to note that, as the result of the work of the ladies, and the subscriptions, 427 garments have been sent to the Institution during the year. With great perseverance, the friends at Reading have all these years continued their loving care of the orphans, and they may rest assured that their efforts are heartily appreciated at Stockwell, and not forgotten by "the Father of the fatherless."

The forthcoming number of *The Orphanage Quarterly* will contain a full-page illustration of the matrons and girls now occupying "The Reading House" at Stockwell, together with a copy of the inscription on the memorial stone laid on October 4, 1880, by George Palmer, Esq., M.P., one of the most generous benefactors of the Institution.

Mr. Charlesworth has commenced in the *Quarterly* an interesting narrative of his American tour with the Orphanage choir, the first chapter closing with the landing at New York. He also gives particulars of the illness, death, and funeral of one of the orphan girls,—Ethel Page, who passed away on January 19.

As so many notable events are being arranged for next June, friends may be glad to have early intimation that the *Annual Festival* will (D.V.) be held on Thursday, June 17.

**COLPORTAGE.**—We are pleased to be able to state that an application has been made by *Pastor W. D. Guy*, of Great Staughton, St. Neots, for a colporteur, thus opening up another District. We trust that all in that neighbourhood who are interested in the Colportage Association will do their utmost to support the new worker, and that he may be the means of great blessing in the surrounding villages.

Another cheering item of news is that a kind friend has made us a further grant, for four consecutive weeks, of our dear President, *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's* new issue of sermons, thus giving them a fair circulation in all our Districts. We are looking for a large increase in the orders for them as a reward for our friend's generosity.

We are sorry to note that one of our men has been obliged to resign on account of ill-health, but hope even this trial may be overruled for good, through the Lord's blessing upon his successor, who will probably be appointed soon. Friends who look at the list of receipts will notice that our General Fund is very low this month.

All communications and contributions should be addressed to "Secretary," Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—February 4, eleven; at Haldon Hall, two.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From the estate of the late Mr. J. Kidd (on account) ... ..	1000	0	0	Mr. Levi Haigh ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ... ..	10	0	0	Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	1	0
An afflicted missionary in India, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	1	2	0	Miss C. S. Hooper ... ..	1	1	0
Pastor W. O. Minifie ... ..	1	1	0	Contribution from Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis ...	1	9	0
Contribution from Queen's Road Baptist Church, Wimbledon, per Pastor C. Ingrem ... ..	2	0	0	Contribution from Cottage Green Baptist Church, Camberwell ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Jephys ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Hooker ... ..	0	2	6
Balance of legacy, estate of late Mr. A. E. Cochrane ... ..	28	16	5	Miss Tolmie ... ..	0	10	0
"A friend at Southwell," per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge ... ..	0	10	0	Dividend from the estate of the late Rev. Thos. King ... ..	6	19	2
Contribution from the Monday night prayer-meeting at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar ...	0	12	6	Mr. J. Connold (in memory of C. H. S.) ...	2	10	0
Thankoffering for President's visit to Morice Square Baptist Chapel, Devonport, per Pastor A. A. Harner ...	2	8	0	Mr. W. Donaldson ... ..	1	0	0
2 Corinthians v. 8, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mould (in memoriam, C. H. S.) ...	1	1	0	A member ... ..	1	6	0
Thankoffering for President's visit to Bacup Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. B. Field ... ..	2	0	0	Proceeds of President's lecture at Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool ... ..	20	0	0
Mrs. S. Perry ... ..	2	2	0	Contribution from Toxteth Tabernacle Church, Liverpool, per Pastor S. J. Jones ... ..	3	11	6
Rev. R. J. Beechiff ... ..	0	2	6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Collection from Irwell Terrace Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor T. B. Field ... ..	1	0	0	Jan. 17 ... ..	16	14	2
				" 24 ... ..	4	18	6
				" 31 ... ..	50	0	3
				Feb. 7 ... ..	20	0	3
				" 14 ... ..	21	16	0
					119	8	11
					£1,188	17	5

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Ellison ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class, Bexhill ...	0	14	0
H. McS. ... ..	0	6	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. ... ..	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union, per Mr. T. H. Olney ... ..	5	0	0	"Harriett" ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Guthrie ... ..	1	0	0		£9	2	6

## Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 15th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. S. H. Perriam ... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. B. E. and Miss F. Hayward ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. M. Boodle ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Whatley ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne ... ..	0	10	6	Mrs. E. McClure ... ..	0	2	6
Miss A. Taylor ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Cloake ... ..	0	3	2
Two friends at Foots Cray, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman ... ..	0	3	0	Mrs. E. Doughty ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. D. T. Davies ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Record ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Berry ... ..	1	0	0	H. H. K. ... ..	1	13	0
Mrs. G. Fairfield ... ..	0	5	0	Postal order, Bulth ... ..	0	2	6
Master S. E. and Miss F. Mills ... ..	0	4	0	E. W. ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. J. Cains ... ..	0	5	0	"Seventy-six" ... ..	1	0	0
Messrs. G. Borwick & Sons ... ..	20	0	0	Miss A. Collins ... ..	0	5	0
"From the man in the Moors" ... ..	2	0	0	Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Staines ... ..	0	12	0	Mr. W. J. Pierce ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Jefferies ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. McDonald ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. J. A. Bell ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. Robert Stewart ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. W. Amos ... ..	0	1	6	Mr. W. Ronald ... ..	1	10	0
Stamps: Ognore Vale, Glam. ... ..	0	1	0	Postal order, Pangbourne ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Baker ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Perrett ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. W. Biggs, per Mr. H. Rogers ...	1	0	0	Mr. S. Halstaff Coles ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Herbert Bell ... ..	1	0	0	Anonymous ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. Thomas Butcher ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. Geo. Ord ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. F. Bartlett ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. B. Isaac ... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, Killough ... ..	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter ... ..	4	6	0
				Miss Cowan ... ..	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Lawson ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Geddes ... ..	35	0	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Willsher ...	0	19	0
Miss Keys ... ..	0	3	6
Mr. T. Davis ... ..	0	4	0
M. J. M. ... ..	0	2	6
Miss M. Joseelyne... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Dorsett ... ..	0	2	8
Stamps, Glasgow ... ..	0	2	6
Postal order, Lavender Hill ... ..	0	1	0
South-west London Band of Hope			
Union, per Miss S. R. Carr ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Bridges ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Spilman ... ..	0	10	0
A well-wisher, Rhondda Valley ... ..	0	10	0
Master W. A. Lewis ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Underhay ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Ironside ... ..	1	0	0
A. B. C. ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Davis ... ..	0	6	0
J. G. ... ..	0	10	0
A widow ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. G. R. Tanswell ... ..	0	10	0
A Folkestone working-man ... ..	2	12	6
Miss M. H. Mitchell ... ..	1	0	0
Bessie ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Dunlop ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. C. Hunting ... ..	2	2	0
Canisbay F. C. Fellowship Association,			
per Miss Forbes ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. A. J. Morris ... ..	0	10	0
Per Mrs. E. H. Collier:—			
Mrs. Collier... ..	2	0	0
Miss Skidmore ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. Reed ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. Lynn ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. Skidmore ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Scover ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. S. Skidmore, junr. ... ..	0	4	0
Miss Haigh ... ..	0	1	0
	2	13	6
Mr. A. J. Burt ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Mitchell ... ..	0	2	0
Providence Hall, Sutton-in-Ashfield,			
per Rev. C. T. Barrett... ..	1	17	6
Mr. W. Anderson... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Moses ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. H. Parry ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Woodward... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. James ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Bootle, Liverpool ... ..	0	2	6
Postal order, Tiverton ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Warrington... ..	0	13	0
Master T. Shaw ... ..	1	1	0
Master W. Cheer ... ..	0	5	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	0	11	4
Mr. Isaac Vinnal ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. A. Davies ... ..	1	0	0
Miss E. M. Perkins ... ..	0	10	0
A Southwell friend ... ..	0	10	0
I. C. M. ... ..	1	0	0
Postal order, Brecon ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. L. E. Comley ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. G. Skelly... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Thirza Haynes ... ..	10	0	0
"Weary" ... ..	0	4	0
Mr. Warren East ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Sear ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. F. Adams ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Wood ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. J. T. Mills ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. W. J. Lewis ... ..	2	2	0
Dr. F. W. Smith, per Executors of the			
late Mr. B. Corriok ... ..	5	5	0
Pastor J. Field ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Millist ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. J. E. Medwin ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Barritt ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. Jas. Spence, senr. ... ..	0	2	0
J. W. H. Dunfermline ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. E. Hopkins ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for the sup-			
port of an orphan for a year ... ..	20	0	0
Mr. T. D. Lewis ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Andrews ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wiles... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Robt Carson ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harding ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Ford ... ..	0	10	0
Per Miss E. Tarrant:—			
Mrs. Rogers and sister ... ..	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Tarrant ... ..	0	2	0
Miss Tarrant ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. Langley ... ..	0	1	6
Miss Rogers... ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. F. Tarrant ... ..	0	1	0
	0	11	6
Mr. A. Freudemacher ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Harvey... ..	0	5	0
Mr. S. P. Derbyshire ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Muil ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. Brown ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. Baker ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. R. Morgan ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Everest ... ..	0	10	0
Sale of John Ploughman's Almanacks,			
per the Misses Griffiths ... ..	0	7	10
Mr. and Mrs. W. Woolidge ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Key ... ..	3	0	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill ... ..	1	0	0
Stamps, Crech ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. J. Curtis ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. E. E. Gowing... ..	0	15	0
Mr. C. Chaplin ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. S. Penny ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. Culpin ... ..	1	0	0
F. J., High Cross ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. L. Haigh ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. L. Shepherd ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Evans ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon ... ..	1	2	4
A friend, per Mr. Chamberlain ... ..	0	7	6
Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. D. Heelas ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. G. W. Palmer ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson ... ..	0	5	0
	3	15	0
Mrs. Jas. Simpson... ..	0	5	0
Miss C. Coleman ... ..	1	0	0
For Jesus' sake ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Fiddin... ..	0	5	0
A. B. P. ... ..	1	1	6
Rev. Jno. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0
Miss E. J. Spurgeon ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Allen, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	1	0
Mr. B. Wood ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Sones ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. A. Humphries ... ..	0	9	9
Mrs. M. Halstead ... ..	0	7	6
Mrs. E. Gray ... ..	0	10	0
Richard and Sarah Haynes ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Harvey ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Skinner ... ..	0	5	0
F. G. ... ..	0	8	0
Mr. H. Kershaw, per F. G. ... ..	0	2	6
A reader of <i>The Christian World</i> , per			
Editor ... ..	1	0	0
Cotswold ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class and friends,			
Plymouth ... ..	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Risdon ... ..	1	10	0
W. J. H., per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon... ..	0	8	6
Dr. Riddell, per Mrs. R. P. Russell ...	2	10	0
Mrs. M. A. Booker ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Simonds... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. J. B. Simonds ... ..	1	0	0
Postal order, Dursley ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. L. Chapman ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. L. Evans ... ..	0	10	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. R. Beynon-Williams	1 0 0	Acre Mill Baptist Chapel, Bacup, per	
A friend in Texas	2 5 0	Rev. G. Charlesworth	0 18 0
Mrs. Spooner	1 1 0	Vernon Baptist Chapel, King's Cross,	
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1 1 0	per Pastor D. H. Moore	10 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1 1 0	Baptist Chapel, Totterdean Road, En-	
Mr. W. Clissold	1 0 0	field, per Pastor A. W. Welch	8 4 0
Miss York and a friend	0 10 6	Baptist Chapel, C.E. Society, St.	
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0 5 0	Helens, per Rev. Norman Macleod	1 12 7
Mr. M. E. Smith	0 5 0	Brighton Road Baptist Chapel, South	
Mrs. M. McIntyre	0 10 0	Croydon, per Pastor R. E. Chettle-	
Miss H. Winter	0 5 0	borough	5 1 3
G. E. Northampton	0 10 0	Werter Road Baptist Chapel, Putney,	
The Misses Porter	0 5 0	per Pastor S. H. Wilkinson	4 15 0
Mr. and Mrs. Alder, per Mrs. J. A.		Mrs. M. A. Bunbury	0 3 0
Spurgeon	1 1 0	Baptist Chapel, Rochester, per Pastor	
Exors. of the late Mr. W. Bainbridge	500 0 0	G. A. Miller	11 19 3
Exors. of the late Mr. Jno. Nelson:—		Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel,	
Boys' Orphanage	60 0 0	per Mr. H. Potter	4 14 5
Girls' Orphanage	60 0 0	<i>Collections in memory of Pastor C. H.</i>	
	120 0 0	<i>Spurgeon:—</i>	
Exor. of the late Miss Ann Titcher	25 0 0	Centenary Baptist Sunday-school, per	
From the Estate of the late Rev. Thos.		Mr. P. H. Davies	0 11 0
King	6 19 3	Devonshire Square Baptist Sunday-	
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr.		school, per Mr. A. J. Shepherd	3 9 5
W. Arnold Hepburn	10 10 0	Wealdstone Baptist Sunday-school, per	
A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	1 0 0	Mr. A. H. Powell	1 0 0
Proceeds of lecture on "The life and		Newbury Baptist Sunday-school, per	
work of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon,"		Mr. T. S. Waite	1 0 0
per Mr. Jas. Pearce	3 0 0	Burnham-on-Crouch Baptist Sunday-	
Box at Orphanage gates	0 14 3	school, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3 3 7
Mr. C. A. Goodbody	0 10 0	Mr. Simpkins' Bible-class, Lansdowne	
Mr. Haddow	0 2 6	Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth	1 0 0
Miss Tolmie	0 5 0	Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry,	
Pastor D. Tait	0 10 0	per Mr. W. Clark	0 13 0
Mr. and Mrs. Alchin	3 3 0	Collected by Baptist Sunday-school,	
Mr. Richard Guy	1 10 0	Faringdon, per Pastor H. Smith	0 9 0
A friend	1 0 0	Collected at United Communion Ser-	
Mrs. Mason	0 10 0	vice, Baptist Chapel, Worstead, N.	
Mrs. Morgan	0 2 0	Walsham, per Pastor A. S. Culley	0 6 2
Mrs. Taylor	0 3 0	Fillebrooke Junior C. E. Society, per	
Collected by Mr. R. W. Iverson	1 18 4	Mr. J. W. Spurgeon	0 10 0
Mr. Albert Mead	2 2 0	Goldhill Baptist Sunday-school, Cha-	
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	6 0 0	font St. Peter, per Mr. W. J.	
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> —E. S.,		Bradshaw	0 18 0
5s.; J. J., 5s.; Paddington, 2s. 6d.	0 12 6	Baptist Sunday-school, Coggeshall, per	
Mr. W. Joass	0 2 6	Mr. and Mrs. Willsher	0 18 3
Anon, Harrow-on-the-Hill	0 2 0	Ootton Street Baptist Sunday-school,	
Collected by Miss Searle, Oporto	3 19 2	Poplar, per Mr. Horn	0 15 6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Baptist Sunday-school, Cowl Street,	
Banknote from Bury St.		Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashby	1 5 6
Edmund's	5 0 0	Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school,	
Mr. A. J. Price	0 2 6	Sheffield, per Mr. W. Martin	2 0 0
Miss Davis	1 0 0	Baptist Sabbath-school, Helensburgh,	
Lill	0 10 0	per Mr. W. Thompson	0 14 4
A few friends, Narberth	2 0 0	Highgate Road Baptist Chapel, per	
	8 12 6	Mr. Coxeter	0 9 1
Orphan Boys' Cards (second list)	7 17 0	Proceeds of entertainment, Baptist	
Orphan Girls' Cards (second list)	7 12 8	Chapel, Ledburn, per Mr. H. Varney	0 16 0
Sandwich per Bankers	1 1 0	Proceeds of song service, Southwell	
Meetings per Mr. Charlesworth and the		Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H.	
Orphan Choir:—		Plumbridge	1 16 4
Lady Sotherby (for expenses)	2 0 0	Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school,	
Howard Institute, Pentonville	5 0 0	Wallington, per Mr. E. W. Lobjoit	1 1 0
Park Hall, Sydenham	1 11 0	Arthur Street Baptist Sunday-school,	
St. Anne's Workhouse, Brixton (for		Camberwell, per Mr. T. E. Stone	1 4 0
expenses)	2 2 0	Leyton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr.	
<i>Christmas Dinner Collections:—</i>		F. Bull	0 12 0
Baptist Church, Dowton, per Rev.		Baptist Sunday-school, Erith, per	
W. Evans	2 8 1	Pastor J. E. Martin	1 16 1
East Street Baptist C. E. Society,		Men's Bible-class, Erith, per Pastor	
Southampton, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon	5 14 9	J. E. Martin	0 14 6
City Road Baptist Chapel, Winchester,		Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel, per	
per Mr. W. H. Holliday	2 5 4	Mr. Burton	4 10 0
Scarsbrick Street Baptist Chapel		Union Chapel Baptist Sunday-school,	
Y.P.S.C.E., Wigan, per Mrs. L.		Shirley, per Mr. H. Webster	0 12 6
Marsden	3 5 6	Spott Road Baptist Sunday-school,	
Queen's Road Baptist Chapel		Cardiff, per Mr. W. E. Lewis	0 18 0
Y.P.S.C.E., Wallington, per Mr.		Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school, Tod-	
E. E. Armitage	5 5 0	morden, per Mr. J. Sutchiff Pilling	1 4 0
Baptist Chapel, Bampton, per Pastor		Victoria Street Baptist Sabbath-school,	
J. Stanley	0 13 9	Galushields, per Mr. D. Hunter	0 15 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Derby Street Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school, Burton-on-Trent, per Mr. F. J. Glover	1 0 2	Penge Tabernacle, per Pastor J. W. Boud	5 3 0
Irwell Terrace Baptist Sunday-school, Bacup, per Mr. J. R. Taylor	0 14 6	Free St. Ninian's Sabbath-school, Leith, per Mr. O. Scott	0 10 0
Baptist Sunday-school, Market Harborough, per Mr. J. W. Towers	1 0 2	Mr. O. Scott	0 2 0
Collected at Mothers' Meeting, Baptist Chapel, E. Dereham, per Mr. J. W. Ottaway	0 13 0	Surrey Square Baptist Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. C. A. Pavey	4 3 0
Kenyon Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Keevil	5 2 0	Halbeath Baptist Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Adamson	0 4 2
			£1,091 4 2

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):*—Andrews, F., 1s; Angus, J. B., 15s; Burroughs, D., 2s; Beard, B., 14s; Cowley, C., £1 1s; Crudge, E., 2s; Clarke, S., 1s 6d; Davis, A., 6s; Dixon, A., 5s 1d; Fox, J., 1s; Haselden, W., 5s; Jones, D., 1s 6d; Kingshott, A., 6s 6d; Llewellyn, H., 5s 3d; Mason, E., 5s; Newton, G., 2s 6d; Newton, H. B., 14s; Rogers, H., 4s 4d; Sargeant, D., 3s 2d; Sims, E., 6s; Smith, A., 1s; Tyers, P., 10s; Tier, O., 4s; Utton, A. J., 2s; Wickens, G., 2s; Walden, J., 3s 6d; Warner, T., 2s 6d; Warmington, S., 6s; Weston, H., 3s 2d.—Total, £7 17s.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):*—Ashton, K., 2s; Adcock, S., 3s 1d; Dunslow, R., 1s; Dennis, M., 3s 1d; Davis, G., 2s 6d; Dixon, C., 15s 3d; Ebdon, M. (second amount), 2s; Fletcher, G., 4s; Francis, K., 1s; Grove, K., 2s; Hunt, M., 2s; Hall, G., 6s; McDondach, A., 3s; Mason, M., 12s; McCarty, L., 1s 3d; Marjoram, E., 2s; Palmer, C., 1s; Payne, C., 2s; Rosser, L., £1; Stalker, A., 10s 3d; Sidders, L., 2s; Smith, M., 10s 9d; Smith, D., 4s; Tinworth, M., 4s 6d; Williams, L., £1 1s; Woolley, A., 1s; Widdeson, M., 15s.—Total, £7 12s 8d.

*List of Presents from January 15th to February 16th, 1897.*—Provisions:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 case Oranges, Messrs. C. and A. Deayton; 6 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Hearn.

*Boys' CLOTHING:*—4 Articles, Miss Baker; 8 pairs Socks, Mrs. Graham; 6 Shirts, Mr. T. S. Stevenson; 10 Articles, Mrs. Hurst; 3 Articles, Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

*Girls' CLOTHING:*—10 Hats, 14 pairs Stockings, Mrs. C. Cooper; 10 Mantles, 2 Capes, Anon.; 145 Garments (boys' and girls'), The Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; 28 Articles, Miss E. J. Emery; 22 Articles, The Sunday School, Derby Street Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Mrs. A. Blant; 24 dozen pairs Stockings, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burgess; 21 pairs Gloves, 13 Woollen Neck Ties, 11 Lace Fronts, Mrs. C. Cooper; 9 Articles, Miss Baker; 14 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 14 Articles, Bethesda Baptist Y.P.S.C.E., Forest Row, Sussex, per Mrs. E. A. Thomas; 4 Articles, Mrs. M. K. Hodder; 18 yards Calico, Mr. T. S. Stevenson; 9 Articles, Mrs. Hurst; 17 Articles, Mrs. Wormald; 1 Garment (No. 1 Girls'), Miss Chandler's Bible-class; 2 Cloaks, 1 Jacket, Mrs. Jensen.

*GENERAL:*—1 box Toys, 7 lbs. Sweets, 2 lbs. Biscuits, The Sunday School, Derby Street Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Mrs. A. Blant; 1 Vase, 6 Foot-warmers, Mr. W. Stiff; 2 Rings, 1 Locket, 1 pair Ear-rings (for sale-room), Mrs. Jensen; 1 Puzzle, Mrs. Hurst; 1 Black-board and Easel, Anon.; 1 box Roots, Anon.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1897.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>		Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney	10 0 0
Sellindge, per a friend	0 10 0		£97 0 0
Owling Hill Baptist Church, per Mr. E. R. Lewis	10 0 0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11 5 0	2 Cor. v. 8, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	0 10 0
Gildersome, per Pastor J. Haslam	4 0 0	Thankoffering for President's visit to Bacup Baptist Chapel	1 0 0
Cardiff and Penrhosiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11 5 0	Miss C. S. Hooper	1 1 0
Messrs. Greenwood Bros., "In memoriam"	10 0 0	Mr. C. H. Price	1 0 0
Wilts and East Somerset, per Mr. H. J. Deacon	11 5 0	Mrs. Donaldson	1 0 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	10 0 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Pewsey Vale, per Mr. R. Moody	2 10 0	Mr. T. S. Penny	1 1 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Wigney	1 0 0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5 0 0		£6 12 0
Do. per Mrs. Thos. White	1 5 0		

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1897.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Proceeds of visit of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith to Baptist Chapel, Hereford	8 9 10	Thankoffering for Mr. J. Nanton Smith's services at Ryde, I.W.	2 7 4
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Nanton Smith's services at Roomfield Chapel, Todmorden	4 0 0		£14 17 2

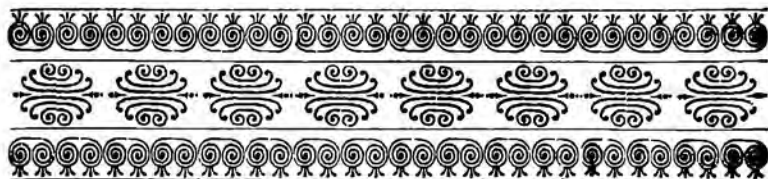
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. M. ...	0	5	0	F. G. ...	0	8	0
"Grateful" ...	0	5	0				
E. H. W. H. ...	0	2	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
Friends at Smiston Lundie	0	10	0	Mary and Eliza ...	0	5	0
"For the love of Christ"	1	10	0	A. H. W. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Hewitt ...	0	10	0	Miss Tunner, per Mr. Wm. Dalling	10	0	0
Mrs. Mackay ...	0	2	6	Mr. C. E. Tidswell ...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Barrett ...	0	10	6				
Madame de Mirimonde ...	0	8	0				
G. E., Northampton ...	0	10	0				
					£15	18	6

*Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 13th, 1897.*

Amount previously acknowledged	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Walter Hinson	1,482	13	2	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
E. L. S. ....	2	2	0	Mrs. Nunn	0	5	0
Miss Boreham	2	10	0	A student's mite	0	2	6
Mrs. Taylor and friend	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Edwards	0	10	0
Mrs. Cressall	0	7	6	E. M. Absolon	0	3	0
Walker's Will	0	3	6	Mrs. Parsons	0	10	0
Mrs. Campion	0	5	0	A mite for Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Gaston	0	5	0	Mr. R. B. Briggs (Registration fee)	0	2	6
Mr. J. Campion	0	5	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:-			
A. M. ....	0	10	0	Postal order from Eaversham	0	2	6
Part dollar note	0	2	6	Mrs. Soady	0	2	0
A lover of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0	10	0	Boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	0	5	11
Miss Taylor	1	0	0	"Ebenezer"	5	0	0
Postal order from Martock	0	5	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Proctor	3	0	0		£1,514	0	1

*Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bezhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.*





THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

APRIL, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 112.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*How would you advise us to deal with those who assent to everything that we say when we are talking to them about the salvation of their souls?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—I cannot advise you at all as to what you should do in such a case as that, except to advise you to trust in God, and to seek the guidance of the Holy



Spirit that you may take the right course with each individual with whom you are brought into contact. People differ so greatly one from the other that we cannot lay down any universal rule which will apply to them all.

I had once to deal with a man of this sort, who assented to everything that I said. When I talked about the evil of sin, he agreed with me, and said that I was very faithful. When I set before him the way of salvation, he assented to it, but it was evident that his heart was not affected by the truth. I could almost have wished that he had flatly denied what I said, for that would have given me the opportunity of arguing the matter with him, and pressing him to come to a decision. At last, I felt that it was quite hopeless to talk to him any longer, so I said, "The fact is, one of these days you will die, and be damned,"—and I walked away without saying another word. As I expected, it was not very long before he sent for me, and when I went to him he begged me to tell him why I had said such a dreadful thing to him. I answered, "It seems quite useless for me to talk to you about the salvation of your soul, for you never appear to feel the force of anything that I say. I might almost as well pour oil down a slab of marble as expect you to be impressed by the truth that I set before you, and my solid conviction is that you will be damned." He was very angry with me for speaking so plainly; and I went away again, leaving him very cross. Before many hours were over, he was in an awful state of mind; the Holy Spirit had convinced him of his state as a sinner, and he was in an agony of soul. That sharp sentence of mine was like the hook in a fish's gills, but that fish was landed all right. The man was brought to repentance and faith; he was baptized, joined the church, and not very long ago went home to Heaven.

Some men have been won to Jesus Christ in quite a different way from that which I felt led to adopt on that occasion. You may have heard the story of an earnest, faithful servant of the Lord Jesus, who was going to preach in a village barn, and who remarked to a man whom he met on the road, "We ought to be very grateful to God for sending us such fine weather as this." "I don't know anything about that," replied the surly fellow. "Don't you ever pray?" asked the preacher. "No," answered the man; "what should I pray for? The parsons do that sort of work." "Doesn't your wife ever pray?" enquired the good man. "I don't know, and I don't care; that is not the kind of thing that I ever think of," said the other. "But," rejoined the preacher, "don't you know, my dear man, that when you die you will pass into another world, and you will have to give an account of how you have lived down here?" "I don't know anything about it, and I don't care, either," exclaimed the countryman.

Then the Christian did what some people might call a very extraordinary thing; he said, "You are the sort of man for whom I am always on the look-out. I'll tell you what I'll do; if you will promise me that you will never pray so long as you live, I'll give you half-a-crown." "Oh!" said the man at once, "half-a-crown is worth having, I'll take it." The coin was duly handed over, and it was not long before the one who had taken it began to feel very bad about it,

and wanted to be off his bargain, but the preacher held him to his promise, and walked away.

As soon as the man reached his home, he said to his wife, "I met a man who said he would give me half-a-crown if I would promise never to pray as long as I live." "You did not take it, did you, John?" anxiously enquired the wife. "Yes, that I did," answered her husband, "and I paid for a pint of beer out of it on my way home." The woman then asked, "What was the man like? How was he dressed?" "I don't know, except that he had got a tall hat on," he replied. "But did you notice his feet?" "I only saw that he had a good pair of boots." "Ah! if he had taken them off, you would have seen his cloven hoofs, and if he had lifted his hat, you would have seen his horns!" "You don't think it was the devil that gave me that half-crown, do you?" "Yes, for certain it was the devil; it could not have been a good man, and I don't believe even a bad man would have done such a thing; it must have been the devil."

It soon happened just as the preacher intended and expected; the man sadly wanted to pray, though he had never prayed before, and his anxiety made him feel ill and bad. At last, his wife said to him, "John, there's someone preaching down at the barn to-night; you have sold yourself body and soul to the devil, but you had better go and see if the man can do anything for you." Accordingly, John went, and found that it was the individual whom his wife thought was the devil who was preaching. As soon as John could summon courage enough, he went to the front, and said, "I want to give you that half-crown back." "What half-crown?" asked the preacher. "Why!" replied the poor fellow, "you are the man that gave me half-a-crown because I promised never to pray all my life." "Oh!" exclaimed the preacher, "don't you try to get off your bargain; you sold yourself for that half-crown." "But I must pray," cried the man, "here, take your money back, and I do wish that you would pray for me."

That was an extraordinary way of getting a man to pray, but it evidently answered well in his case. "He that winneth souls is wise," and he must prove his wisdom by using the best means of getting at the hearts and consciences of those whom he seeks to win for Christ.

\* \* \* \*

(Without waiting for further questions to be put to him, MR. SPURGEON continued speaking to the students as follows:—)

Dear Brethren,—I am sure that God will accept our service, and give us true success in it, if we keep to His Word, and if we preach that Word in the power of the Holy Spirit, and if we go about our work for Him with the single aim of bringing glory to His holy Name. I am sure that you will all see the propriety of using to the very utmost this time of preparation for the ministry. There are some among you who are glad that your term in the College can be extended, for you have already proved the value of the training that has been given, and you are thankful to remain longer with us that you may be further fitted for your life's work. When a soldier goes out to battle, he is not content if he carries enough ammunition for an hour or two; for, after he had fired a certain number of times, the

hottest part of the fight might be just beginning, he would be quite unprepared for it, and would wish that he had taken more ammunition when he started. I have never heard of any man being too well prepared to fight the battle of life, or of any student being too well equipped for the Christian ministry. Therefore, brethren, make it your solemn resolve, in the name of God, that everything you do shall be done to the very best of your ability, and that all the ability you possess shall be worked up into the best possible condition. May God grant that all of you may be to the glory of Christ in the churches!

Still, I am sure that, when you have prepared yourselves mentally to the very utmost, the main thing will be the getting of your heart right with God. After all, brethren, holiness is the great secret of power in the Christian ministry. I could indicate one or two men who are noted for the excellence of their speech,—they have the gift of eloquence,—but they are not held in high esteem by truly spiritual men because their talents in that particular direction are not accompanied by that gracious character which the Holy Spirit delights to impart. A man may have an immense amount of knowledge, but if his general conduct is faulty and dubious, he is simply a ponderous mass of learning; and those who miss from him the highest qualifications for Christian service will even begin to think slightly of that very learning of which he is so proud, and treat it as a matter of little worth. But, on the other hand, he who walks with God will be the one who will draw his fellow-men to God. I therefore pray that it may be a prime consideration with all of us that we may be better men. If you ever get the idea into your head that you have learned all that can possibly be acquired, you may set yourselves down at once as fools; and if you ever dream that you are as holy as you possibly can be, you may rest assured that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark, something within you that is radically wrong. There is always room for growth, both in our knowledge and in our holiness, so let us seek to attain all that we can of both. The day will come when we shall have gone from these sunny glades and this fair sky; six feet of earth will suffice for each one of us. When we are sleeping beneath the clods of the valley, I hope that, as the hymn puts it, we shall be remembered by what we have done; or, if we are not remembered on earth, I trust we shall shine as the stars for ever and ever, for, "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

\* \* \* \*

(MR. PATON then delivered a most interesting address on his missionary labours in the New Hebrides. We need not give it here, as the principal points were practically reported by Mr. Horne, one of the students, in *The Sword and the Trowel* for October, 1885. When the good old man had finished, MR. SPURGEON again spoke, as follows:—)

It has been our honour as a College to have many brethren who have gone out into the foreign mission field, risking life and every-

thing for the sake of carrying the gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen. We cannot help praying that, out of the present batch of men, there may be several whose consecration to the cause of Christ shall take this particular form of moving them to go to the regions beyond with the message of salvation.

From what our dear friend has been saying to us, you will see at once the reason why an ordinary man could not have gone and learned the language of these people in the New Hebrides. There was no grammar, there were no books, the language was not written down at all, so an ordinary man could not have acquired it. The man for such work as that must be a master of the art of learning a language, and have all his wits about him, too. Our good friend, Mr. Paton, has proved that he was just such a man as was needed, and the Lord has greatly blessed him.

You, brethren, none of you know where your lot may be cast, nor exactly what kind of work you may be called to do for your Lord. While you are in College, do not consider that the time devoted to any of your studies is wasted, for you know not where you may be able to use the knowledge you have acquired. Do not imagine that ignorance can ever be a good thing; but believe that, the more you know, and the more your powers are developed, the more useful you will be in circumstances which are not foreseen by you at present, but for which you will be the better prepared by the thorough training you have undergone. While you are in College, give yourselves up to acquire all the learning that you possibly can; and when you leave College, do not imagine that your education is finished. I was noticing, in a paper I was reading only this morning, what was said about the modern system of educating boys. The writer was trying to prove what a hollow thing it is, and he quoted the case of a youth who said that he had "done" algebra, and "done" geometry, and I know not what besides. The lad was speaking to a professor in one of the universities, a gentleman who said that he had been a student of mathematics for twenty-eight years, and he was just beginning to know the elements of the science; but the boy exclaimed, "I have gone through it all in six months." Gone through it, indeed! It is one thing to "go through" algebra and geometry in school-boy fashion, and quite another matter to "know" it in the professor's meaning of that word. We are but of yesterday, and know nothing except what we are told; and in the highest sense, we know nothing but that which has been revealed to us by the Lord in His Word and through His Spirit. As the natives of the New Hebrides found that the "rain" came up out of the earth when the missionary dug a well, so shall we find it in our experience. If we will but dig, and keep on digging, we shall be rewarded by seeing a springing well of knowledge whereat many will rejoice to drink; but if we sit down in idleness, and fancy that we are going to get all we need for ourselves and our hearers by a miracle without any work, we shall find ourselves grievously disappointed.

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(Further questions followed, and another brief address from the President, which we shall (v.v.) publish next month.)

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

"THERE IS NOTHING TOO HARD FOR THEE."—Jeremiah xxxii. 17.

SHUT up in the court of a prison in Jerusalem,—the city about to be besieged, and its inhabitants threatened with captivity,—the prophet is yet commanded to buy a field, observing all the customary forms of purchase, just as if matters were not at such an awful crisis. The Lord's servant obeys at once; without question or delay, he purchases the field, and weighs out the money with, apparently, no chance of ever seeing or rejoicing in his possession. Splendid faith this! and we see the secret springs of his confidence when he exultingly says, "Ah, Lord God! behold, Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and stretched-out arm, *there is nothing too hard for Thee.*" It is worthy of note that these words so pleased the Lord that, further on in the chapter, He takes them into His own lips, and repeats them to the prophet, asking, "*Is there any thing too hard for Me?*"

Dear reader, your difficulties and trials may not be comparable or similar to those of "the weeping prophet," but they are very real, and seemingly insurmountable to you; and it is a fact that, of yourself, you can neither overcome nor endure them, so I want to remind you that the Lord's hand is not shortened, that what was true of His power in Jeremiah's time is as certainly true to-day, and that whatever present hardship may press upon you, or whatever burden may be weighing you down, you, yes, *you* may look up to Him with confident faith, and say, "*There is nothing too hard for Thee.*"

Oh, the blessed peace which such an assurance brings! I do not know what your particular sorrow or hardship may be, but I do know that, whatever its nature,—cruel, or bitter, or hopeless,—it is as "nothing" to Him, He is able to deliver you as easily as you can call upon Him for succour. An old writer says:—"Our God delights in what men deem extremities. He waits for extremes, He tarries for a crisis,—and why? In order that He should be looked up to for wisdom, strength, and deliverance, and that, when deliverance comes, He should have all the glory."

Now, dear friend, think of all the hard things there are in your life—hard circumstances,—difficult duties,—grievous pains,—sore struggles,—bitter disappointments;—hard words,—hard thoughts,—a hard heart of your own,—a hard heart in others;—gather all these, and many more together, and pile them one on another till you have a mountain of adamant,—your God still calmly asks the question, "*Is there any thing too hard for Me?*" When our hearts are weary of life's cares and crosses, when our courage flags because of our helplessness, and we cry out with the patriarch, "All these things are against me,"—what a stay and stronghold is the fact that our God has all power in Heaven, and on earth! There is nothing too mighty for Him to manage, there is nothing too insignificant to escape His notice. Jeremiah's faith sees no obstacles, stumbles at no hindrances, faints under no burden, shrinks from no responsibility,

because he realizes the sublime omnipotence of God, and fortifies himself by calling to remembrance His "stretched-out arm" in the creation of the heavens and the earth. Cannot we do likewise?

I took up a book, in a leisure moment, the other day, opened it carelessly, and this is what I read:—"It is a scientifically-proved fact that this great globe, on which we live, is spun round on its axis at the rate of *a thousand miles an hour*, and swung through space in its orbit at a speed *immensely greater!*" The words seemed almost to take away my breath. Was I calmly and constantly living in the swirl of such a stupendous miracle as this? Then surely I could say, "Ah, Lord God! *there is nothing too hard for Thee.* My little troubles and afflictions,—how small they must be to Thee; yet with what tender compassion dost Thou stoop from guiding the worlds in their courses, to succour and comfort the hearts of those who fear Thee!"

Never let us give up in despair while we have such a God to trust in. If there be a great mountain of sorrow or difficulty in your way, dear friend, do not be cast down by the darkness of its shadow; your God can either make a way for you through it, or He can guide you round it, or, just as easily,—He can carry you right over it! There is *nothing* too hard for Him. Expect Him to make the crooked things straight, and to bring the high things low; and while you keep humbly at His feet, He will work wondrously, and you shall see His salvation.

\* \* \* \*

A brief record of soul-experience, which came into my hands lately, will, I trust, be a comfort and help to some child of God who is in heaviness through manifold trials, or enduring afflictions which seem to be rather grievous than joyful.

#### WHEN ARE WE TO BE GLAD?

"'Rejoice in the Lord alway;' that is, when you cannot rejoice in anything or anybody but God. When the fig tree does not blossom, when there is no fruit on the vine, and no herd in the stall, when everything withers, and decays, and perishes, when the worm at the root of the gourd has made it to die,—*then*, 'Rejoice in the Lord.' When the day darkens into evening, and the evening into midnight, and the midnight into a seven-fold horror of great darkness,—*then*, 'Rejoice in the Lord;' and, when that darkness does not clear, but becomes more dense and Egyptian, when night succeedeth night, and neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appear, still, 'REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS.'"

These words were copied from one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, by a good man who shall in his own way tell you the story of what they did for him. "I was *very ill*," he writes, "I had spasms of the heart, and was not expected to live many hours. I had the paper on which the paragraph was written pinned to the wall of my room; and, as I paced up and down,—for I could neither sit, nor lie in my bed,—I read and repeated the words which, by God's grace, supported me. My sufferings were terrible, the pain at my heart was greater than

any mortal tongue could tell; yet amidst it all the Lord sustained me. My dear wife and children were much alarmed, and this increased my sorrow; but my God, in whom I rejoiced, at last restored me, and I am now a living witness that His grace is sufficient for any and every emergency.

"Oh, the glorious truths and lessons I have learned in my long affliction, and most of them have come from those precious Sermons! I feel prepared and ready for anything that my God and Father may appoint. As soon as I am able to walk round the village, I shall be off, distributing the Sermons *with increased faith*! I have also a good hope of all my children being brought to Christ, and several of my friends and neighbours. Many are feeling the power of the truth through Mr. Spurgeon's words. I have made a solemn covenant with my God, that I will serve Him *with my whole heart*, henceforth and for ever. I must not waste a single moment of my life, nor let a single opportunity slip. I am now pleading in prayer that God will save many, send a revival throughout all the churches, and bring my aged father to Himself, with others whose salvation I daily, hourly seek."

May this testimony to "the sweet uses of affliction," and the power of the Lord to sustain and comfort His servants in times of extremity, be blessed to some who are fearing lest their faith should fail when they, too, are called to pass through deep waters!

\* \* \* \*

As my gracious Lord so constantly gives me cause to praise Him for using my "Personal Notes on a Text" to refresh and comfort His people, I feel I may tell my readers of an instance which has come to my knowledge lately, that they may rejoice in my joy. The facts were communicated to me by an old and esteemed minister in Suffolk, and his kindness in thus making them known has greatly cheered me.

He says:—"Your 'Personal Notes' have been very sweet and helpful, and proved like balm to the wounded heart, not only to myself, but to others. Some time ago, I went to see a young woman who was very slowly recovering from a long and painful illness. She was much cast down, and fretted constantly because she wanted to be about her work, but was unfit for it; she seemed to me to be fighting against God's will. I took the *Sword and Trowel* out of my pocket, and read your notes on '*Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.*' I laid special emphasis on a sentence which had so impressed me that I had underlined it:—'*There is all the difference between the murderous blows of an enemy, and the needful chastisement of a loving Father's hand.*' Thank God, this had the desired effect; her heart melted, and she felt she could say, '*Thy will be done.*' Your words just fitted her case.

"Again I visited her. She had been going on happily; but, just at the time of my second call, the old feeling of rebellion had returned, and she was grieving over her sad lot. I read your notes on '*It shall not seem hard unto thee,*' and again they proved words in season to her soul, and I left her saying, 'Quiet my rebellious heart, dear Lord, and let me not grieve Thee by judging so hardly of Thy dealings with me.'

"I took the Magazine, month by month, for her to read, and the

Lord was pleased to use it in moulding her will to His, and in teaching her to cultivate a more resigned and quiet spirit. I found she became more spiritually-minded, caring less for the visits and conversation of worldlings who called to see her, and more for the society of those who loved the Lord. One day, she told me that her old friends now scoffed at her, and turned from her; even some of her own relatives began to rail at her, making her sad and heavy of heart, for when she tried to speak to them about soul matters, they only ridiculed her. I read your notes for the third time:—*‘Therefore I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me.’* These words, with your comments on them, released her grieved and fettered spirit, and she felt that, if God would hear and help her, she could joyfully bear any cross He chose to send.”

Is not this a rich blessing on my poor effort? These notes are always written in trustful dependence upon God; but with so deep a sense of my own unworthiness and incompetency, that I never send one forth without some fear and trembling lest I may have been presumptuous or careless in my comments on such sacred themes. Yet I am continually made to marvel at the grace my God puts upon the words; and, as even the commonest blade of grass bends to the earth under the abundance of the morning dew, so does my soul bow before God, laden with a weight of thankful joy that He deigns thus to use my pen in His service. S. S.

## Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 16.)

### XCII.—INVENTORY AND TITLE OF OUR TREASURES.

*“Therefore let no man glory in men. For all things are your’s; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are your’s; and ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.”*—1 Corinthians iii. 21—23.

The church at Corinth was lamentably divided, some choosing one minister and some another. A preference for one pastor to another is natural, and to some extent even innocent; but when it induces contempt of other ministers, it must be highly offensive to God. To idolize any minister, is sin; to neglect others, is depriving ourselves of a part of the “all” which belongs to us, and it is blind folly. To reprove the Corinthians for this evil, Paul gives them—

#### I. AN INVENTORY OF THEIR POSSESSIONS.

1. *“Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas.”* Gospel ministers are not their own, the people to whom they minister can call them theirs. They seek not honour, emolument, or advancement for themselves; but God’s glory in the profiting of His children. They differ greatly from one another. Paul has a mind clear, strong, logical. He is deeply learned in all doctrine, and has the power of keen penetration. Apollos is elegant in person, musical in his voice, graceful in his action; he is less the logician, and more the orator. Cephas is zealous,



plain, and blunt in speech; he deals in unadorned truth. Boanerges, the son of thunder, proclaims the law, damnation, wrath, hell, with terrible effect; but Barnabas, the son of consolation, dwells on Divine love, and soothes by his softer, gentler strains. John speaks of love with almost every word, Peter cries to Elymas, "Thou child of the devil," etc., yet all these preachers are God's servants, and so are ours to profit.

2. "*The world*" is ours. The only end of its continued existence is for us; when this purpose is served, it will be burned up. It is all ours, and we alone fully enjoy it; others abuse it. God's works in the world are ours, to teach us more about God. The world is ours to conquer for Prince Emmanuel, that as kings and priests we may reign with Him upon the earth.

3. "*Life*" is ours as a lobby to dress in, ready for the grand *entrée* into the palace of the King. Life is ours to enjoy, as the antepast of Heaven; ours in which to glorify Jesus. How sweet to have life as an opportunity of showing our zeal for our Lord! Life is the seed-time of eternity, the saints' purification time, when with sweet spices the Church is to be prepared for her Heavenly Bridegroom.

4. "*Death*" also is ours. Yes, thou grim monster, hold thy tongue, for I am thy owner! Try not to frighten thy master, but serve him. Death is our deliverance from sin, toil, trouble, care; our welcome to holiness, rest, joy, Jesus, Heaven. Death is to the Christian the gate to perpetual purity.

5. "*Things present*" are ours. Prosperity should profit us by exciting to gratitude, joy, holiness. Adversity is doubly ours as the fire to consume the dross, and purify the gold. Providence is ours to guide, provide, etc. Grace is ours to comfort, strengthen, constrain, restrain. Adoption, justification, the ordinances, Sabbaths, Bible, Church, all are ours.

6. "*Things to come*" are ours. Death we have already mentioned; but all future life is ours. At the resurrection we shall rise, the judgment will be the confirmation of our state of bliss. Heaven, eternity, God,—all the great unutterables are summed up in this expression: "things to come." Without these things to come, the list of our blessings would not be complete, but all things conceivable, yea, and all things inconceivable, are ours for ever and ever.

This brings us to the consideration of—

II. THE TITLE-DEED OF THE INHERITANCE: "*Ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.*"

They to whom all these things belong are Christ's,—

1. By the Father's gift to the Son.

2. By the Son's purchase on Calvary. With a great price obtained He all these blessings for His people.

3. By their complete consecration to Him,—resigning their souls to Him to be saved, their spirits to be renewed, their lives to be devoted to His service. They are not their own, but Christ's.

Unless you can say this, you cannot read your title clear, for you have none. You must be Christ's in three things,—His as a disciple, since He is a Prophet; His as a humble suppliant, since He is a

Priest; His as a loyal subject, for He is King. If you are His, you are His brother, His spouse, His bones and His flesh, one with Him for ever.

The second part of the Christian's title-deed runs thus, and is necessary to its validity: "*Christ is God's.*"

Christ is God's Son; therefore, what shall be denied Him?

Christ is God's Heir; so, who shall deny His right?

Christ is God's gift; will He not with Him also freely give us all things?

The devil, the world, and old unbelief, with all their quibbles, shall never upset this title-deed. Burn it, they cannot, for 'tis preserved in Heaven's archives.

But if a man claims these things which the apostle mentions, but does not possess the title-deed, his case when tried will fail.

III. THE PROPER BEHAVIOUR OF THE POSSESSOR: "*Therefore let no man glory in men.*"

Glory not in ministers.—"All are yours," therefore be not dazzled by one. "Ye are Christ's," so do not pin yourselves to man. "Christ is God's," so do not fancy He belongs to only one section of the Church, or to only one minister.

Glory not in self, for you are nothing, and you have nothing except as self is lost and merged in Jesus. Trust not your own strength; but be humble, and glory in God.

1. Search for the title-deeds in your heart. Be sure that, if they are in Heaven, you will have a copy of them.

2. If all things are ours, what fools we should be to murmur! The possessor of the earth must not cry for farthings, but be the happiest of beings all his life long.

3. Be liberal. If you have all things, you can afford to give a little. If Christ gave you all, surely you can give Him some?

### XCIII.—THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

"*I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.*"—Romans xii. 1.

It is a foul piece of lying and the abominable spawn of scandal to say that "the doctrines of grace lead to licentiousness," for a belief of them lies at the root of all Evangelical obedience, and they are the very cause of holiness.

The apostle who speaks most concerning election is now climbing the loftiest heights of practice.

We shall notice—those of us who are Christians,—

I. WHAT WE ARE TO DO: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice."

"*To present*"—not to give up when demanded, but freely to bring forward, and freely to give, and that every day, constantly. Legal obedience resigns, spiritual obedience presents.

"*Your bodies*"—the soul can only be presented in the body; the body can only be presented with the soul. The whole of our body—not the head, or hands, or ears alone,—the whole of our time and talents is to be presented.

"*A living sacrifice*"—in opposition to the dead ones of the law. Christ's death atones, but our sacrifice is not intended for that purpose. It is to be a living, not a formal, heartless sacrifice; a living, *i.e.*, an active, lively one. Some Christians seem, as we say, "dead and alive," not so ought it to be with any of us.

It is to be a living sacrifice; *i.e.*, it is to be presented in full life and vigour, not delaying till the death-bed. God loves not old dying bullocks for a sacrifice, but those which are at their best, and without blemish.

Here is consecration to God; as were the lambs of old, so must we be, dead to the world.

Here is self-denial, self-sacrificing, the death of self, loving others better than ourselves, becoming a sacrifice to man as well as to God.

II. HOW WE ARE TO DO IT: "Present your bodies . . . holy, acceptable."

"*Holy*." Holiness is the only way of offering ourselves to God; a man has not made a full surrender of himself until holiness predominates in him. The ways of penance, self-mortification, etc., adopted by Catholics, are not the methods God loves; but it is His delight for us to be holy. God never requires us to do anything at variance with His law, and the best way of serving Him is the way He has appointed.

"*Acceptable*." To be so, several things are required:—

1. They must be slain by the Priest, *i.e.*, Jesus in us must destroy sin. If anything else makes merely a reform in us, it will not be acceptable.

2. They must be offered on the one altar, Jesus. The only acceptable works are those done by faith in Him; we must offer only as His servants.

3. They must be mingled with salt. Jesu's merit must be put with them, He must season them to make them acceptable.

4. They must be wholly offered, and be whole when offered. If but an inch of the tail were gone from a beast presented as a sacrifice, it could not be accepted. So, with us it must be all or nothing; God will not accept us in part.

III. THE ARGUMENTS PAUL EMPLOYS: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, . . . your reasonable service."

"I"—your brother, God's ambassador, your minister,—"*beseech*"—strongly urge on you, more than desire or request; I beg and pray of you, even on my knees. "*You*"—both Jews and Gentiles, for I have been speaking of both.

"*Therefore*," *i.e.*, because of your election, since, if Jews, you are a remnant of a nation now given over to blindness of heart; and if Gentiles, that ye are not passed by, as under the old dispensation, and as the bulk of the world is even now at this time.

"*Brethren*"—my brethren, and brethren of Jesus; surely, your dignified rank demands such a sacrifice, since, you remember, you are thus honoured by grace.

"*By the mercies of God*,"—not by the terrors of Sinai, or the threatenings of the law, but by higher motives, by the gratitude you owe to Him. Not for the mercies of God, not to obtain them; but by

them, because you have received them; by your election, redemption, effectual calling, justification, adoption, perseverance, by the ills averted, by the good conferred, by the sin forgiven, by the holiness wrought, "I beseech you" to present your bodies a living sacrifice.

"Which is your reasonable service." Here is nothing at all unreasonable; you confess that you are purchased by Christ; "bought with a price;" it is therefore only fair that you should serve your Heavenly Owner as best you can. Creation, redemption, and all the grace we have received, make it nothing but rational and right that we should serve the Lord Christ with all our powers. Let not this urgent appeal be in vain; let us yield to it at once; surely every true child of God will do so?

1. This surrender will be impossible in our own strength; if Christ be not the slayer of sin, it will never die.

2. Let the Christian ever live in this spirit, for indeed it is a true Christian one.

May God help me to do it personally! Amen.

#### XCIV.—THE LOST SAVED.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix. 10.

This verse contains in a few words the sum total of Christ's works of salvation, and may profitably be illustrated by taking man in all his progress from death to life. Think what it is to be lost,—a child in a wood, a lamb on the mountains, sailors wrecked at sea,—so is man through sin.

I. BY NATURE, WITHOUT THE GOSPEL,—“LOST.”

In Adam,—by natural depravity,—by the first actual sin. By aggravated sin, doubly lost,—no hope, no way of salvation, but ruin stares him in the face.

II. BY NATURE, WITH THE GOSPEL, BUT WITHOUT THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

Naturally averse to good, and prone to evil, hardened yet more by crime, unmelted by wrath or mercy, by tears, by providences,—he is “lost” indeed.

III. THE FIRST STAGE OF SALVATION,—BEING SOUGHT BY CHRIST.

By the Word, by Providence, but especially by the effectual calling of the Holy Ghost.

IV. THE SOUGHT ONE THEN SEEKS GOD.

The sinner feels his sin, weeps over it, repents the commission of it; and then comes—

V. THE EFFECT OF THIS DOUBLE SEEKING.

The man believes in Christ, and so is saved; in due time, he arrives in glory, and he is then completely saved.

Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost; and *He does what He came to do.*

(To be continued.)

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### IV.—WHEN BUDS APPEAR.

NOW is the time to stand in the by-way before the budding bush, and ponder on the swelling and shrinkage of the year. The great visitation has begun; and, however many deductions there may be by frost and cloud, the sun will punctually increase the strength of his rays, and the rising sap within a thousand stems will seek to respond to the stimulus without. This stimulus has the subtle power of stirring every living cell to action, so that root-filaments are constantly sending reinforcements to the front. If we could really see the whole process of plant growth on a Spring day, how wonderful it would appear,—dull clods yielding salts of growth, and all the busy spores building up from utterly unlikely material the superstructure of flowers and fruits!

The bush, this morning, glistens with Spring dew-drops. The buds are like expectant lips. It is the way these things have of taking part in the response, "Day unto day uttereth speech." Inarticulate, but real, are these responses, for the life of the sap and the life of the sun are one; and when the great light returns, the buds come out to greet him. As the Psalter hath it,—*"There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them."* Spring dews are a contrast to Autumn mists, inasmuch as they dry with the increase of day; nor do they hang as tears on the weary eyelids of a dying year, but rather as excess of joy dims a maiden's lashes when her heart foretells the footsteps of her love. So, when the sun, "as a bridegroom," cometh out of his chamber, then the dew-drops, pure virgins of the morning, reflect his image, and the young leaves unfurl as bannerets, while sweet Nature stands, all in fresh loveliness, to be his bride.

The nineteenth Psalm, and many another Scripture, are in harmony with this budding time. The spiritually-minded of to-day may pause, also, before the opening leaves, and learn to be an expositor. The new leaf unfolding, spreading its full surface to sympathetic surroundings; the possibilities of its destiny,—whether to suffer untimely rents from sudden storms, or to be twisted from its true shape to serve as a roof for a maggot's home, or to live all the Summer long a breathing lung, drawing from the sun-saturated air the vital essence to be transmitted to the plant's growth,—these, with many more, will serve as texts for the student's future homilies.

\* \* \* \*

In the By-gones, when buds appeared, we used to traverse fragrant lanes till, at a village Manse, we found our goal. There, in a little room overlooking wooded slopes, two of us studied all the morning hours, going through Old Testament Books in Hebrew, and Gospels and Epistles in Greek. Then, as the day wore on, we would take such a work as *"Jonathan Edwards on the Will,"* or Sir William Hamilton's *"Metaphysics,"* and, wandering to the woods, sit down on sweet-scented fir-taggots, and discuss the themes. Many a time were we in a thicket

in a double sense. On other occasions, we arrived at some remarkable conclusions, *almost* inventing an absolutely perfect system of philosophy; yet, just as we were about to cry, "Eureka," we would find ourselves gazing abstractedly at the ceiling of the little room whence we had sallied forth. But, referring to our open-air studio, it is not given to all young ministers to put in a part of their education in such a romantic fashion. It would be a wrong term were we to use the word "finish,"—for when is our education *finished*? The writer, for one, feels himself every day terribly backward. Yet if this sketch should be read in a leisure hour by brother-students, it may give a hint to them as to a pleasant way of keeping up with profit the studies begun in College days. It was thus that two of us more particularly formed ourselves into a "continuation class" in the years gone by, though there are men all over the country who cherish memories of the gatherings of kindred spirits held long ago in the Manse on the wooded ridge above the waters of the Chess.

The ways over those tree-crowned heights have not been trodden for many a year. The fir-faggot seats of our out-of-door academy have long since crackled into flame, and curled away in blue smoke. The grand old titled rector, as humble in mind as he was exalted in piety and position, years back joined those who are truly "the upper ten," where all are "crowned heads" and peers of the Heavenly realm. The land steward, to whom we used to offer theological nuts to crack as an apology for trespassing, and who, though he did not know it, might be said to belong to the noble family of Waldegrave,—which simply means "keeper of the woods," he, too, has long since heard the "Well done, good and faithful servant," from Him whose prerogative alone it is to give lasting promotion. And the two students, who walked amid the opening leaves in their Spring days, have lived well-nigh through the Summer of life,—with what ripening fruit as the growth of the years, the Great Husbandman alone fully knoweth.

\* \* \* \*

A closing touch, pathetic in its way, may be interesting to the readers of our former reveries. There was a death among "the Ancients"\* of the Almshouses about the time when the harsh winds of early Spring frightened the buds. We met, one February day, a precise little old lady hurrying along; but at the sight of us she drew up with the courtesies of "auld lang syne," and began to mince her vowels as of yore. She had suffered a great loss, so she sadly told us. We looked at her shining black, and neat widow's frill; but we remembered that her blind husband had become a great sightseer years before. "My bird," explained the old lady. Then we learned that one of the most notable among "the Ancients" had passed away. The philosophic parrot had ceased to speak. "He lived with me over thirty years," sighed the little lady, "and never said a word I disapproved of." We ventured to remark that such a eulogium could not be passed upon many of the most famous statesmen and divines, let alone some of "the dear departed." The old dame looked far away,

\* See "Among the Ancients," by H. T. S., in *The Sword and the Trowel*, July, 1896.

and sighed. But she soon recovered, and added, "I could not bear to have him buried, so I am going this afternoon to see that he is properly stuffed; I shall be able to look at him that way." "But he won't talk to you," we put in. "No," she slowly replied, and the tears gathered. "How we all change!" she jerked on; "*you* are looking well, but we soon go. It's astonishing how quickly we are taken off. My poor bird seemed in perfect health in the morning that he died at night." We looked as grave as we could, and concluded that, as her feathered companion's death had made such a deep impression on the ancient almswoman, we might well appeal to her susceptible mind on higher things. We therefore led on the conversation to the theme of the great salvation, and thus the episode of the parrot afforded an opportunity for the preaching of the gospel.

## A Mountain Reverie.

O'ER the vales the vapours gather,  
 And the mists hang heavy there;  
 On the summit of the mountain  
 All is fresh, and clear, and fair.

Up upon the highest ridges  
 You will find a wider view;  
 More of glory, more of sunlight,  
 More exhilaration, too.

Out of shadow into sunshine,  
 Through the clouds to light sublime,  
 Into better, fairer region  
 You will pass as on you climb.

So it is in other climbing,  
 When the soul aspiring gains—  
 Turning from earth's lowland shadows—  
 Higher peaks of Heaven's range.

Groping out a plodding pathway,  
 Up the crag and jutting height;  
 From the sorrow to the shining,  
 From the darkness to the light.

Ever led, led on by Jesus,  
 Grasping still His wounded palm;  
 Climbing into choice communion  
 Bright and blessed, clear and calm.

Into heights of glorious prospect,  
 Up above the clang and din;  
 Walking 'midst God's golden sunlight,  
 Bathing evermore therein.

J. R. WAY.

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

### CAMPING OUT.

WERE I asked to name "the place to spend a happy day," I should not answer "Rosherville," but "The New Zealand Bush." And if one day there is happy, I can bear my testimony that a whole fortnight by no means exhausts the pleasure.

My poor little picture conveys a very faint idea of the beauty of our camping ground. A clearing in the forest provided a dry yet sheltered space, a brooklet babbled beneath the bridge, and broke into a waterfall not far below. A troop of tree ferns stood sentinel around our tents. A dead tree served as a cooking range, and there was fuel on every hand. We made four tabernacles there, three for dormitories, and one as a dining saloon. Our horses roamed almost at will, for there was a bar across the bridge that led towards home. Moreover, the corn-sack was a mighty magnet. We sported a flag-staff, and some colours which were hauled down regularly at the setting of the sun.



*Engraved on wood*

*by T. Spurgeon.*

### SUNSET IN THE BUSH.

Our beds were of fern,—spring mattresses, indeed!—and we sought them early. How still those evenings were! The whirr and whirl of town were quite unheard. Only the hooting of the native owl disturbed the silence, while in the early morn—

"The deep toll of the bell-bird  
Came softly to the ear."



We were a happy company, for we all loved Jesus, and delighted in the tokens of His power and love. It seemed to us that He Himself had said, "Come ye yourselves apart, and rest awhile." It was at His invitation that we withdrew from the haunts of men, so we were sure of His company all the time. How gloriously He entertained us! The atmosphere was of the clearest, so pure and bright, and charged with health, that every breath meant added strength. The scenery was of the loveliest,—giant trees and flowering creepers, fronded palms and plum-hued hills. The orchestra that sounded all the day, and serenaded us at night, was composed of the booming sea, the twittering birds, the rippling rill, and the whispering breeze. We, also, sang, as well we might in such a concert-hall.

The duties of our lot were light, and if in some cases they were unaccustomed, there was a special charm in consequence. Wood-gathering, fire-tending, water-carrying, horse-grooming, and meal-preparing were by no means irksome tasks. Even "washing-up" was robbed of its horrors by circumstances so enchanting, and the number of willing hands. Of sweeping, and dusting, and scrubbing, we were relieved, for of carpets, and linoleum, and bric-a-brac, we had none. The milkman and the butcher never came too late; of organ-grinders we were happily free, while postmen, and telegraph boys, and mendicants were conspicuous only by their absence. Yet it must not be supposed that there were no drawbacks. The sandflies plagued us at times and in sundry places; the mosquitoes held high carnival some nights, trumpeting defiance ere they sucked our blood. The horses wandered far too far occasionally, and the wind was not always in the right direction to keep the smoke of our fire from the tents. The fire itself was not always as amenable to reason as a well-behaved fire should be, and at least on one occasion the kettle would *not* boil when the ladies of the party were "dying for a cup of tea."

There were minor mishaps, and trifling ills, of course, nor can a faithful historian venture to record that all the members of the party always saw eye to eye. We were mortals, even though we seemed in a paradise, and the paradise itself was not without its reminders of the Fall.

We had some diversions as well as certain drawbacks. There was nothing particular to do. *That* was the beauty of it, for of "doing" we had had enough in town. Walking, riding, sketching, fishing, bathing, ferning, each had its votaries, while some liked reading and resting better than aught else. All this seems tame, I doubt not, to those whose notion of holiday happiness involves novelty, and rush, and changing scenes. "How howwibly slow, to be sure!" I hear the exquisite exclaim.

On one occasion, however, we enjoyed a real excitement. The glow of sunset was one evening excelled by the glory of a bush-fire. Fortunately, it was at some little distance from our camp, and the wind was in the right direction for our safety. Rarely have I seen so impressive a sight. Brock and Pain together (with due respect to their skill) could not produce such pyrotechnics. The trees were pillars of flame. From branch to branch leaped the live fire-brands.

The creepers were as so many shrouds up which the fire-flames swarmed, like sailors up the rigging. Every bush was a glowing furnace, every climbing plant was a flying fiery serpent, every tree was a flaming flambeau. Crash after crash startled us, and sent its shower of glittering sparks high into the smoky air. Never can I forget the flaming piles, the crackling undergrowth, the clouds of smoke, the glowing cressets, and the flying sparks. There was little fear of real danger, for of houses there were none, so there were no sad sentiments to spoil the scene. So we enjoyed our fireworks to the full, and cried, "O - - - - h!" and "A - - - - h!" to our hearts' content at each fresh set-piece. Some of thoughtful turn wondered how the fire commenced,—a broken bottle or a careless match might cause the mischief, or even spontaneous combustion, as some maintain.

The pastor in the company—for, of course, we had our chaplain,—was evidently gathering some sticks for his particular fire, and on the next Sunday after our holiday he took as his text, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" He told of how "the spark, scarce seen, will set ablaze the illimitable forest," and of how in a bush-fire the flame runs along the ground, and climbs up the hanging growths,—

"And as in triumph seizes on the boughs,  
And reigns upon the throne of pine-tree tops,  
And wraps the forest in a robe of flame."

He did his best, no doubt, but I confess I wished I hadn't seen the conflagration he attempted to describe. Still, I am bound to admit that he was at least as successful as I have been. I preferred the application of the parable, for it was more fervid than the description was vivid, the gist of it being summed up in this sentence:—"Be cautious of every little spark, lest the infernal flames should burst forth, and spread devastation over the whole circle of your lives."

He told us of the mischief wrought by tongue-sins. He bade us fight the flames, and advised us to keep a stock of hand-grenades to quench the rising fire. He assured us, however, that just as a bush-fire is best put out by a smart shower, so a downpour of grace and wisdom from above is the best extinguisher for the inflammatory element of evil.

This display of fireworks was a grand *finale* to our happy sojourn in the solitudes, but the whole season was enjoyable and profitable to a high degree. Who could dwell for fourteen days 'mid scenes so delectable without being drawn at least a little nearer to the gracious God who made them all?

"In contemplation of created things,  
By steps we may ascend to God."

If "an undevout astronomer is mad," what shall be said of one who dwells all day beneath "the spacious temple of the sky," who rests at night in presence of "a million torches lighted by God's hand," and yet withholds from Heaven his homage and his love? Oh, that every

holiday may lead us gently by the hand towards God! In the temple of His handiwork, everything saith, "Glory." Shall we alone be dumb? Rather let us cry,—

"Great are Thy works, Almighty! And if they  
So great, how great art Thou, who hid'st Thyself  
Behind this gorgeous scene, sustaining all!"

## A Miracle in the Literary World.

BY J. DINNEN GILMORE, CORK.

I HAVE a profound belief in the authenticity and absolute inerrancy of "my Father's letter to His children in the world,"—the Book which is emphatically *THE Book*. My faith in this "Wonderful, wonderful Word" has been *justified and confirmed by personal study*. Studying the Book for myself, I have come to see that my father's and mother's faith rested on a rock, whose granite depth no hostile leverage can reach. Studying the Book for myself has so confirmed my faith that I am bold to say, "If ever it comes to a matter of decision whether to believe God's revelation or man's speculation, I shall unhesitatingly say, with the apostle Paul, 'Let God be true, and every man a liar.'" Studying the Book for myself, I have come to see that its very structure proves its authenticity, its Divine origin. To use the words of Canon Liddon, "Revealed truth is not a series of propositions, having no relation to each other, and out of which the human intellect may make its choice. It is not like a scrap-book made up of extracts from all religions of the world. . . . Nor is it like a museum of statues, in which each composition is complete, and has no necessary relation to the figures around it. It is an organic whole, every portion of which is perfectly connected with the rest, as are the limbs of a living creature with its trunk and heart. Thus there is a *nexus* between all truths which fairly belong to the substance of revelation; a relationship at once so intimate and so persuasive that the believing soul cannot but be drawn onward from truth to truth."

The Word of God is confessedly one Book, not only formally, but really, though made up of sixty-six pamphlets, composed by not less than forty writers, scattered over a period of not less than sixteen centuries. The style and character of these pamphlets are striking in their variety and diversity:—"Some are historical, others poetical; some contain laws, others lyrics; some are prophetic, some symbolic; in the New Testament, we have four Gospels, one historic narrative, and twenty-one Epistles, followed by a symbolic poem in the most Oriental imagery." The writers were of every grade of culture and mental capacity, and moved in the most opposite spheres of life. Kings and fishermen, shepherds and physicians, are on the roll; yet the various books of the one Book are entirely at agreement. The subjects embraced, wide as is their range, are not merely so many treatises bound in one volume, but are really a single Book, and that Book a miracle in the literary world. "Even where, at first glance, there appears to

be a conflict, as between Paul and James, we find, on closer examination, that instead of standing face to face beating each other, they stand back to back, beating off common foes." The unity and symmetry of the Word of God are perfect. As Dr. Monro Gibson points out in his excellent little book on this subject, "The unity is that of a single organic whole, in which all the members together constitute one single body, pervaded, from head and heart to finger-tips, with the same life, and expressing the thought of a single mind."

Whence comes this unity of Moses and Malachi, of Matthew and John? a unity which could not be fully seen, or clearly understood, until John added the capstone, and declared, sixteen hundred years after Moses laid the foundation, that the building was now complete, and nothing further must be added. We can only account for this unity by believing that God is in it, that God is its Author,—His the one mind which pervades the whole. Evidently the only explanation is that given at the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son;" and by Peter in his second Epistle: "The prophecy came not in the old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Studying the Book for myself, I have found it a land flowing with milk and honey, well repaying all the time, or pains, or trouble spent in order to enter it. I have found this land to contain storehouses for God's pilgrim children, filled to the full with food most convenient for their mental, moral, intellectual, and spiritual development. There are rich gold mines, precious diamonds, and valuable pearls for man's enrichment. There are wide and well-stocked domains, in which, as we wander here and there, we find fresh beauties revealed, and catch glimpses of scenery the entrancing loveliness of which surpasses man's natural powers to conceive.

"'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise."

Studying the Book, we find it contains many excellent and eminent names given to it by God, that He might draw our affections more fully towards it. Each name supplies us with a fresh and further reason why we should search it again and yet again. It is a *mirror*,—to show me myself and my Saviour. It is a *hammer*,—to break my hard heart. It is a *fire*,—to purify me from evil. It is a *two-edged sword*,—to pierce me through and through, and afterwards to enable me to fight for my King. It is *medicine*,—to heal me. It is *milk*,—to nourish me; *food*,—to sustain me; and *wine*,—to cheer me. It is a *lamp* and a *light*,—to guide my feet aright, and lead me in paths that are safe. It is *water*,—to wash me. It is *treasure*,—to enrich me. It is a *key*,—to unlock for me the gate of Heaven. It is *good seed*,—to produce a harvest for God's glory. It is a *discerner*,—to keep my motive always pure. Thus the Word of God has every name given to it that is calculated to make us seek, study, and search it instead of anything else.

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## Fellowship Meetings.

THIS is an age of variety and of change, and the caterer for worldly amusements is very shrewd in introducing any novelty that is likely to "take" with the public, and bring grist to his mill. Hence, we are frequently confronted with flaring advertisements on the street hoardings of "variety entertainments," etc., in which the wit, the wisdom, and the folly of man are all combined to amuse the people, and to cause even the sad ones, for a little while, to forget their sorrows. Many of the professed Christian churches, too, are following in the worldlings' wake, and are issuing programmes of very doubtful entertainments in order to entice the people, and to please their senses, but not to minister to the spiritual wants of the needy soul.

We, who are seeking to follow the Lord fully, do not want performances in our churches and chapels, nor any intellectual entertainments, to take the place of the old-fashioned gospel of Christ; yet it may be well sometimes to have a little variation from the ordinary routine, and not to keep always in the old ruts, regardless of whether they are the best course for us or not. For, in face of the fact that music-halls and theatres are crowded almost every night, and public-houses are thronged with paying guests, it certainly is not a very healthy sign of the vitality of the Christian religion when, out of churches consisting of two or three hundred members, we see only a mere handful of people at a week-night service, and perhaps a score or less at a prayer-meeting. Surely we need our spiritual appetites sharpened, more heavenly aspirations, and burning zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; then should we *ask* as those who truly *wanted*, and our prayer-meetings would become a more blessed reality and power than at present.

It might be well, too, if our public petitions were interspersed occasionally with notes of spontaneous praise. We have plenty of singing, but there is too much *system* in it, and it is frequently resorted to just to spin out the time. Often, some poor heart may be full, either of sorrow or of joy, and it would be a relief to such an one if a spirit of liberty prevailed in the meeting, so that it might make its experience known, and ask for prayer, or sound a note of praise. Why, even a hearty "Amen!" or a joyful "Hallelujah!" will sometimes infuse fresh life into the meeting, and chase away the monotony with which our great enemy would fain spoil our best devotions.

Then, instead of calling upon the friends by name to engage in prayer, as is still the practice in many places, is it not more Scriptural to let those speak to the Lord whose hearts He has touched, or who feel led by the Holy Ghost to do so? "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," but how can there be liberty if one man is to decide whether they shall pray or not? Many times have I heard such remarks as these:—"I would have liked to engage in prayer this evening, but had not the opportunity;" or, "I was sorry Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ called upon me, for I felt no liberty of utterance just then."

No, let the Lord Himself be the Conductor, then there will be no

clogging of the wheels, nor discord in the working. Oh, for more Holy Ghost fire in our hearts, that we may be loosened from our surroundings, and be able to worship God in spirit and in truth !

Might it not be well, at least occasionally, to have a *Fellowship or Testimony Meeting* ? We get so many sermons, and speeches, and addresses, but so little *personal testimony* ; yet, if we are indeed the people of God, surely we have some experience in Divine things, and could say a few words to the edification of others. The Psalmist says, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Well, brethren and sisters, has not the Lord done great things for *us* also ? Surely we may well take up the strain, and follow his example when he says, "Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Let us meditate on those beautiful words in Malachi iii. 16—18 : "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," etc., and ask ourselves if we cannot speak also of His mercies, His deliverances, and His wonderful works. Never mind though it be in simple words and broken language ; if it comes fresh and warm from the heart, then doubtless some poor weary souls shall be encouraged to forget their burdens, and to go on their way rejoicing. And, possibly, some thoughtless ones, too, might thus be led to think on these things for good. I believe there are thousands of God's people who are languishing through want of more personal testimony, whose hearts might be gladdened by the experience of others, and by knowing how the Lord had delivered them in similar trials. The Christian has no need to resort to books of fiction, nor to sensational entertainments, for amusement ; truth is stronger as well as stranger than fiction, and much more wonderful ; and if it be faithfully told, it cannot fail to be entertaining and also profiting to the hearer. Besides, since the experience of saints of old was written for our learning, why should ours be all passed by in silence ?

Of course, objections may be raised against a meeting being thrown open for personal testimony ; yet, if it be presided over by a godly, judicious pastor, it cannot go far wrong, and might prove very helpful to the friends generally. The pastor, too, would thus become better acquainted with his flock, and might find in such gatherings fresh subjects that he might afterwards speak upon in the pulpit. He would also have opportunities of speaking "a word in season" at the time, and of clearing away any errors or difficulties in the minds of his people. It would, doubtless, likewise tend to draw the minister and his church and congregation more closely together, and endear them to each other. The apostle Paul advocated such meetings, and frequently admonished the saints to exhort and edify one another. Surely they were not more experienced or capable of doing so then, than believers are now ? Is Christ indeed precious to our souls, and yet are we too bashful to speak His praises, except in the singing of hymns ? When the apostle commanded that "all things be done decently and in order," surely he never intended to exclude all liberty, nor confine the speaking to those who have gone through a course of special training for the ministry ?

Is it strange that so many should be weak in the faith, and spiritually sickly among us, seeing that there are so few facilities for the people of God to counsel and stimulate each other?

General Booth made a happy hit when he began utilising all his forces, and requiring even the newest converts to testify of what the Lord had done for their souls; and hence it is that the Salvationists, with all their faults and imperfections, are so vigorous and successful in their work, and that so many from other sects join them. Through lack of experience and discipline there is, of course, a good deal of wild-fire with their zeal; but I once heard Mr. C. H. Spurgeon say that he would rather have a little wild-fire than no fire at all.

There is no doubt that such gatherings for personal testimony as I have described above might become very blessed seasons, if they were presided over by experienced and deeply-taught Christians. In connection with the church of which it is my privilege to be a member,—Kenyon Baptist Church, Brixton, (Pastor, James Douglas, M.A.)—we have now and then a Fellowship Meeting of the kind here advocated, and the time is always found to be exceedingly enjoyable, inspiring, and helpful; and if similarly conducted, such gatherings might be productive of great blessing to other churches also.

C. H. B.

## The King on Calvary.

**O** KING most wonderful, of thorn-crowned brow,  
And pierced hand, and foot, and open side;  
To Thee in lowly reverence I bow,  
And hail Thee King of kings, though crucified!

Yet who am I, with that transcendent name—  
At which the angels bow—to make so free;  
I, who, alas! to my abundant shame,  
Helped, by my sins, to nail Thee to the tree?

It is Thy gentleness that makes me bold  
To greet Thee with the tribute of my love;  
And that same grace that, in the days of old,  
Drew sinners to Thee, will not me reprove.

Do not I love Thee? Is there aught beside  
Thy love, that I would ask for as a boon?  
Does not my heart rise to Thee as the tide  
Swells to the gentle drawing of the moon?

And this shall be the blessing—if I may,—  
For which, with all my heart, I make request;  
Teach me to love Thee better, day by day,  
For he has most of Heaven who loves Thee best.

## “Our Own Men” and their Work.

XL.—PASTOR DAVID L. DONALD, CHITTAGONG, BENGAL.

CHITTAGONG is the most Eastern of the many stations of the Baptist Missionary Society in India. It lies on the North-east bend of the Bay of Bengal, and it has a population of 1,290,167. Mr. Donald

writes:—“The district presents to the missionary opportunities of the most varied and interesting kind . . . . We are rather out of the track of missionaries here, and seldom see any of our fellow-labourers. We are not, however, without our visitors,—from the tiger which stopped at

the foot of our hill to quarrel with the cobblers; the thief who stole our Christmas pudding; the other thief who carried off our carving knife and lemonade the night before a great festival; the negro who had travelled with circuses all round the world, and was in danger of being left for ever in Chittagong for want of fourpence to take his luggage to the steamer; the Burmese who proved his standing as a Christian, and his knowledge of Christian teaching, by repeating the commands, ‘Thou shall not steal,’ ‘Thou shall not get angry,’ &c.; to the Salvation Army officer, who is striving to solve the knotty problem of the best labour for the Lord’s vineyard at the cheapest price. But the day we long for is the day when our door shall be besieged by men enquiring the way to Zion.”



The brother whose portrait is given above, was born on May 10th, 1865, in Dundee, Forfarshire. He was the eldest of four children. His father, Peter G. Donald, was a chemist; and when David was but eight years of age, the family moved to London. His parents being Presbyterians, they were for some years members of John Knox’s Church at Stepney. Here the children attended the Sabbath-school, and little David drank in the doctrines of God’s Word that he now so highly values, and loves to preach. At the early age of fourteen, he was brought to Christ; and though he was always a serious and thoughtful lad, this act of trust marked a new era in his history. A casual remark, dropped by his day-school teacher, led him to read his Bible through; and as he read, he made the grand discovery that Christ was his own Redeemer!

Thus began a life of devotion that was to bring the same revelation within the reach of a people in a distant land in a language he did not then know existed. His enthusiasm and desire to work for God seem to have been aroused at once. As his sympathies widened and grew, they led him to think much of other lands and their spiritual needs. The Congo especially allured him by its terrible claims; but in the



meantime the diamond required cutting and polishing, that it might the better reflect the light of God, and blaze it forth afar. So he naturally took up work near at hand. In connection with John Knox's Church, there was organized a "Band of Mission Workers," and David joined them. Then much of his spare time, and especially his Sundays, were spent at the "Strangers' Rest" in Ratcliff Highway. Here, work among sailors tested his devotedness and pluck, and unconsciously prepared him for service in the Chittagong Harbour, thousands of miles away. All labour fits us for further service in some future sphere, and we missionaries look back with gratitude to God for all the discipline and all the work of the past.

David's heart was soon set upon the ministry, but his father's health was too precarious for him to look forward with any certainty to this; yet various phases of work for his Lord were permitted him. When about twenty years of age, he became one of the workers in connection with Miss Macpherson's Home of Industry in Bethnal Green. On Lord's-day mornings, preaching was carried on by a party of these zealous labourers in the notorious Bird Fair, where bird and dog fanciers congregate for business. Early in 1888, David left business, and gave up his whole time to work among the emigration children of the Home; and thus he was being prepared to enter the Pastors' College as a tested, earnest, successful worker for Christ. He was baptized at Shoreditch Tabernacle, by Pastor W. Cuff, and in the Spring of 1889, he was admitted as one of the students of our *Alma Mater*; and during the whole of his College course there were few who laboured more zealously at their studies.

Brother Donald did not pass at once from the College to the mission-field, as so many do. He rather followed the example of Dr. Carey and others of the early missionaries, who were first pastors at home, and then missionaries abroad. He therefore had the advantage of acquaintance with church work before going out to bear the burden and heat of the day in a strange land. At Coupland Street Chapel, Manchester, our brother found the anvil upon which to sharpen his weapons for warfare. There, too, he acquired something of the experience that goes to make up a leader of men. But no sooner was he ready for the Divine call than it came from above; and he was not disobedient, as, alas! so many are. With a glad heart and a determined will, he started for India in October, 1893.

Mr. Donald's father had died ten years before, and his devoted mother was ill when the ship sailed. He was never to see her again on earth, for her long and trying illness ended her life. Happy son to have had such a mother! Happy mother to have had such a son! Her last thoughts were of her two boys,—one in India, and one in California. Only one daughter was left to her; but the departing saint was rich in grace and faith, and lacked nothing. It is a privilege that lasts a lifetime to stand by the bed-side of one so full of trust and hope. On October 8th last, we stood by her grave, and afterwards wrote to her son David details of her last days.

On November 22nd, 1893, Brother Donald arrived at Barisal. A letter of welcome from that station had previously reached him in Calcutta, for if any of "Our Own Men" have never met before, they

are sure to greet one another heartily in a distant clime. The new-comer immediately gave us an idea of good sterling worth. At the first prayer-meeting in the native chapel, he gave a short address, which the writer had the pleasure of interpreting sentence by sentence. In this way he found a footing at once among the natives whose language he now uses so well. In our hall in the town, he preached to some forty hearers the following Sunday, and it was remarked how well his style and matter were adapted to the English-speaking natives. To-day, he requires both the vernacular and English in that far-away corner of the Bay of Bengal.

In November, 1895, Mr. Donald was married in Calcutta to Miss Evans, who had come across the seas to complete his life, and become to him a true help-meet. In Chittagong, they at once settled down to their work for the Master, and already fruit has been ingathered in that part of the vineyard. The sphere is an important one, and besides work immediately around the mission-house, there are regions beyond calling for zealous service and prayerful devotion.

Mr. Donald finds much to encourage him in the result of labours carried on to evangelize the hill tribes around his district. "Our work among the Mughs on the hills," he writes, "has been a source of great joy to us this year. It is true, we lost our two evangelists before the year had far advanced, and were obliged to fall back for workers upon two young men of our church who had only been baptized eighteen months or two years before. Fresh from Buddhism, they knew little of the Christian faith. But they have joined learning to teaching, and the good work has gone on. Our evangelist, Babu Nobin Chandra Dutt, of Chittagong, seeing the need, gladly consented to leave his home, and go and work among this strange and interesting people; and he has been greatly rewarded in the joy the work has afforded him. The people are primitive, they have no caste, and live by cutting wood or raising crops. They do not plough, but move from place to place, and so secure fresh ground to clear, and new soil for their seed. On every hand they give our preachers a hearty welcome. Constant requests come in for a preacher to visit some distant village. They buy the Scriptures readily, and pay liberally in grain when they have no money.

"In the Spring, our old preacher, Ko Shwe Lau, brought down two young men who wanted to be baptized. They were short, thick-set men, true samples of their fellow-countrymen. It was not easy for me to enquire into the state of their hearts. I understand English and Bengali; the old preacher understood neither, but could speak Hindustani and Mughee; the converts could understand nothing but Mughee! So, with the questions filtering through English and Hindustani into Mughee, and the answers returning back the same way, it was no great wonder that I had to say to the old preacher, at the end of the interview, 'These young men don't seem to be very familiar with gospel truth.' 'No,' replied the old man, 'but they know more about that than they do about their own Buddhism.' 'Tell them,' I said, 'there is no temporal advantage in being a Christian, and it will probably bring persecution.' I watched the words travel through the Hindustani into Mughee, and as they

reached one of the young men in his mother-tongue, I saw his brow contract as he cried, 'I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid.'"

So, the next afternoon, the two young Mughls were baptized in the mission chapel by Mr. Donald, upon a profession of their faith. One of them, however, was taken ill with cholera, and it was feared that he would never return to his native village; "but," says Mr. Donald, "we prayed, and God gave the answer." That very night, he recovered. The other young man "returned home to find his father-in-law determined to rob him of his wife;" and he was dragged before the local court. He stood firm in his faith in the Lord Jesus, and was rewarded ultimately by having his wife restored to him in due course of law. Hindus, Buddhists, and Mussulmans are ever tolerant till conversion definitely occurs; then their wives begin, and petty and cruel persecution surrounds the man who dares to cross the Rubicon. Of every convert in India it might justly be written, "By faith, when he was called to go out, he went out, not knowing whither he went." Both the promised inheritance that allures him forth, and the thorny path that lies between, are absolutely unknown quantities to him.

Close around the mission-house, a great variety of work is carried on by Mr. Donald, his wife, his colporteur, his native evangelists, his school-teachers, and his church-members. Where English, Bengali, Burmese, and Mughee are all in constant use, our brother needs a Pentecostal zeal, and the gift of "buying up opportunities." Chittagong is also a port and harbour, and on board steamers at anchor Mr. Donald finds opportunity for distributing Christian literature among both officers and men. "We had service on board once," he writes, "and rejoice to believe that one soul was won for Jesus!" Among natives also our brother has gathered in his "first-fruits" of the harvest that waves around him. We all know that the first ripe handful is a type, a portion, a promise, and a sample of a growing crop. May Mr. Donald so find it!

" Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
May the moral pioneer  
From the future borrow;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!"

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## " Little Girl, will you Pray for me ?"

HE was an Italian sailor, and he was standing at the Yarmouth fish-wharf, listening to a few Scotch fishermen who were singing and preaching. It was a cold day, but he was clad as though it had been the height of summer, for all his other clothes had gone from him at the bidding of sinners like himself.

The service was over, and the people had nearly all left the cold shed when our foreign friend accosted the leader of the band thus, only in broken English :—" Please, sir, can you tell me how it is that

you have said the same in English to-day, as my mother used to say in Italian, when I was a boy at home?"

"Yes, of course," replied the preacher, "the Bible says the same thing to everyone; but what did your mother say?"

"She said that if I did not believe in Jesus, I should be lost."

"And so you will be lost if you do not believe in Jesus," answered the preacher.

"Please, sir, may I go home with you? You are a good man, I think," said the Italian.

"Oh, yes! come along," responded the Lord's servant, and in his home the Italian heard again the story of the cross, and then a little time was spent in prayer. Antonio also prayed.

Oh, how simple, how touching, was his prayer! He would have been a fine model for an artist just then; his eyes were closed, his face upturned, and his fore-fingers extended, as he pleaded, "Lord Jesus, help me to put my fingers into Thy blessed wounds just now!"

The sailor, by faith, laid hold of Jesus, and soon could say, "My Lord and my God."

The preacher had a little girl, not much more than a babe, and as the sailor was about to leave the house, he asked permission to take the child for a minute. His request being granted, he said to her, "Little girl, I am a poor sailor; I have no friends, and no one to pray for me in the whole world. Little girl, when you pray God to bless mother and father, morning and night, will you just say, '*and the poor sailor, too*'? If you will do this, I shall be so glad."

The child promised, and that night, for the first time, she added to her prayer the words, "and the poor sailor, too, for Jesus' sake! Amen."

The sailor was bound for Liverpool, and a letter from that port duly reached the preacher, telling of the writer's joy and peace. Another letter, the last, just before the ship *S——*, of Liverpool, left for Bombay, contained the following paragraph:—

"The good ship *S——*, Captain *S——*, will leave here on ——— for Bombay. Please write to me there, but do not pay the postage, as I shall be glad to pay that myself, I do so wish to hear from you; and I want always to think that, in any storm or trial, your little girl is praying for me. Since I asked her to pray for me, '*Nil desperandum*' has been ever upon my lips, for I feel lifted up with the thought that someone on earth is praying for me."

A letter was sent to "Antonio, the ship *S——*, Bombay;" but it was returned. The ship did not reach that port, but went down in a gale.

Did Antonio feel a joy in having a little girl to pray for him night and morning? If you are a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have the joy of knowing that He is ever interceding on behalf of all His people. When the storm was lowering, when the skies became black, when the waves rose high, when the ship staggered like a drunken man, when the sea swept all before it, when the ship was sinking, when heart and flesh failed, did Antonio still say, "*Nil desperandum*" (Never despair)? So, by the grace of God, may you and I, dear reader, never despair while God lives, and Christ pleads!

Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

## Thomas Raban, a Man Worthy of Honour.

BY R. SHINDLER.

THE village of Yardley-Hastings, in Northamptonshire, is near to Olney, in Buckinghamshire. It is celebrated for its ancient oak, standing in Yardley Chase, a mile or more from the village, and commemorated in Cowper's elegant lines. To very many people, however, a more venerated and beloved spot is that on which stands the Independent Chapel, with spacious school-rooms on one side, and the Manse on the other. This spot has associations carrying us back to the beginning of the last century, or even to an earlier date, though its original history is lost in obscurity. Those who laboured to found and build up this cause of Christ were evidently more anxious to secure a good record on high than to transmit to posterity the annals of their struggles and sufferings and successes. One of the most notable pastors was Mr. Thomas Raban. This good man's name stands on record linked with those of several distinguished preachers and writers of the day. He was born at Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where Legh Richmond afterwards laboured with much success, his ministry leading to the formation of an Independent Church in that place.

Mr. Raban was apprenticed to a builder at Olney, when Moses Brown, author of "Sunday Thoughts," was vicar of the parish. From him he first heard the truths of the gospel, having been convinced of sin and guided to the Saviour when about ten years of age. Mr. Brown formed a lasting friendship with the pious apprentice-lad, and he became a regular hearer and communicant at his church. Now and then he had the privilege of hearing the celebrated James Hervey, rector of Weston-Favell, of whose sermons he retained to the end of his days a grateful memory, speaking of them with great satisfaction and delight. A still more celebrated name is also associated with his, that of George Whitefield; of whom he used to say, "I once had the honour of having him hang on my arm; and, to be sure, I thought myself the happiest of men;" and again, "I attended him as a guide to a village where he was going to preach, to my unspeakable gratification."

About the year 1778, Mr. Raban and an intimate friend began to exhort at prayer-meetings attended by members of the Church of England. Their thoughts went no further than the edification of Christian people of their own communion, but the great Bishop of souls was thus preparing them for labours which were to be fraught with blessing to a wider circle of hearers. It was about four years after this when, the church at Yardley being destitute of a minister, Mr. Raban was asked to render them assistance. After supplying for some time, he was requested to take the oversight of the church, to which he consented, and was ordained the following year.

Many good people at that time, who attended the ministry of earnest Evangelical preachers in the Establishment, seem to have had, as we should now say, no very strong "Church principles." They valued above everything the preaching of Christ crucified, as the sole hope of the guilty sinner, and as the Bread of eternal life for souls hungering

after salvation. To them, commonly, forms and rites, the question of ceremonies and liturgy, were at most of secondary importance. When, therefore, a gospel minister was removed, or died, and a worldly, carnal, or High Church incumbent succeeded, they readily and very naturally preferred being fed in a chapel to being starved in a church.

Mr. Raban had become established as a builder in Olney, and having a large growing family, he determined to continue his worldly calling, and serve the church at the same time. This he did for years, and with great credit to himself, so that he needed not to draw much on the funds of his people, who were mainly the poor of this world. They readily gave him, however, what he valued more than money, their warm affection and their earnest prayers. He must have been a diligent man, as he established preaching stations in different places around; one at least, that at Woburn, Bedfordshire, grew into a settled congregation.

While pursuing his business avocations, he experienced many remarkable deliverances from injury and death, illustrating God's care over His servants, and the truth of the lines, not then written,—

“Plagues and death around me fly;  
Till He bids, I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love sees fit.”

On one occasion, being in an unfinished building two stories high, his foot slipped, and he fell to the ground, pitching upon an axe the edge of which stood upright; it cut his hat, but missed his head, and besides a shaking, he was very little injured. At another time, a large piece of timber, on which he had set his foot, heaved up and fell with him into a saw-pit, and an anvil, weighing nearly a hundred-weight, connected with the wood, fell on him; but it only bruised his leg, which was soon healed. On another occasion, he experienced a still more wonderful preservation. He was assisting in raising a beam in a mill, when the rope slipped, and the beam under which he stood, fell with him from a height of four stories. He was much injured, but his life was preserved. Once again, when he was driving a team with a load of hay down a narrow lane, he attempted to get on the other side of the waggon, and was thrown under the wheels. With a rare presence of mind, he called to the horses to stop, and they pulled up in a moment, and he was once more saved from instantaneous death. With such instances fresh in his memory, he would often quote, with emotions of thankfulness, the words of the psalmist: “Bless the Lord, O my soul, . . . who redeemeth thy life from destruction.”

The incident which brought about his death, shows by contrast the special care God had over him while he had work for him to do, and also illustrates the truth of Cowper's lines—

“Safety consists not in escape  
From dangers of a frightful shape;  
An earthquake may be bid to spare  
The man that's strangled by a hair.”

After preaching, on Lord's-day, 9th May, 1803, at Woburn, when leaving the house of a friend, his foot slipped over a pebble, he fell, and his right leg was broken, and on the last day of the same month he departed to his rest. Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnell, preached his funeral sermon from the words, "And all Judah and Jerusalem did him honour at his death."

Though at first connected with the Established Church, his Nonconformity was conscientious and sincere; but he still maintained Christian intercourse with those ministers of all denominations who preached the truth, and with sincere Christians generally. Such men are few, and perhaps fewer than in his time; but they are worthy of all honour, and will meet with a large reward. The Lord raise up like faithful men, and multiply their number more and more!

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## German Baptists in Queensland.

BY PASTOR WILLIAM HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

THOSE who have examined the Queensland page of *The Baptist Handbook* will have noticed a short list of "German Baptist Churches, not in the Association." Concerning these it has been difficult for me to obtain accurate information, as I have no official connection with them.\* Recently, I had the opportunity of visiting one of them, and believe that my experiences may be interesting to English readers.

Avoiding any discussion of our various immigration schemes, I may state that some of them have conduced to the settlement in certain localities of persons of one nationality. Thus, the majority of the farmers at Freestone Creek are Danes, while at Marburg, Engelsburg, and other places, the Germans predominate. Having sufficient numerical strength, they have established the religion they brought from the Fatherland, so we have Scandinavian Lutheran, Scandinavian Baptist, German Lutheran, and German Baptist Churches. Twenty-four years ago, one of the latter was formed at Mount Walker; and until one of our country pastors recently began to visit the district, no English service had been held there. Rosewood, which is thirty-six miles from Brisbane, has a large German population, but the Baptist Church was formed by the English residents. Pastor T. U. Symonds has included Mount Walker in his preaching-stations; and when I went to conduct Sunday-school anniversary services at Rosewood, he arranged that, the next night, I should visit Mount Walker.

We started at 9.30 a.m., and soon left cultivation behind us as we passed through part of the station property. Towards noon, we were again among the farms, the splendid growth of lucerne and corn (maize) making a pretty picture, and giving every promise of a prosperous season. Mount Walker is a prominent landmark 1,550 feet high, skirting which we arrived shortly after one o'clock at Mr. Lobegeiger's. Here we dismounted, saw that our horses had a feed, and, with appetites whetted by our fifteen miles' ride, sat down to the substantial meal which was soon set before us. The roughness of the road accounts for the rate of our progress. After a short rest, we were again on our way, making other calls till it was 5.30 p.m., when we finally unsaddled at the home of Mr. Carl Dickfoss, an enterprising farmer who has long acted as pastor of the Mount Walker Church.

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\* Some of our readers may remember that our Brother Higlett is Secretary of the Queensland Baptist Association, and therefore compiles the statistics for the Handbook.—*Ed.*

In nearly every house we visited, we noticed on the walls a large portrait of C. H. Spurgeon. This had been issued with some German Baptist publication, and bore beneath it the text, 2 Tim. iv. 7, in German, with the familiar signature of him whose work was not confined to one nationality, and who was loved and esteemed by German settlers in Queensland almost as much as by his own flock. How could we feel otherwise than at home? These were no longer strangers and foreigners when, from their walls, the eyes of "the dear governor" looked down upon us all alike. The previous day, we had taken dinner with one who, in years gone by, had been coachman to Mr. Spurgeon at Nightingale Lane, and who always delights in a talk with any who have known his old master. These German brethren had no such reminiscences to relate, but they could speak of him as one whom, having not seen, they yet loved. At 8 p.m., a congregation of about forty-five gathered in the church, and listened most attentively while we told of Christ's power and willingness to save and help. Having an engagement the next evening in Brisbane, we were in the saddle at 6.15 a.m., reached Rosewood just after 9 o'clock, and caught the morning train to town.

The Mount Walker Church is passing through a critical experience, which either has been or will be felt by all the German Baptist Churches in the Colony. It is in the transition stage of language, and so many other issues are involved that, unless wisely directed, bitterness may arise, and the welfare if not the existence of the Church be imperilled. I know nothing of the Baptist Churches in Germany, but many of the rules and customs in the Queensland Churches belong to a day that has passed away. Families cannot sit together in church, the males must take one side and the females the other. In one church, there is a rule that the girls must leave before the last hymn, so as not to walk home with the boys; but, as may be supposed, the lasses simply wait behind the trees till the lads come to them. Church-discipline is very strict on matters which we should regard as altogether trivial. I have been seriously assured that one young man had his name removed from the church-roll for unbecoming conduct, because on his way home from church he was seen to kiss his sweetheart! Marriage into another denomination is forbidden, and a father has felt it his bounden duty to propose the removal of his son's name for marrying a Lutheran.

Now it must be remembered that the young people are educated in our State schools, and not only acquire the English language, but English ideas also. Some even dislike to be thought Germans, and one mother told me what is a common experience, "I speak to my children in German, and they answer me in English." Is it surprising that the young people rebel against the stringency of their church rules, and desire the adoption of the English language and customs? That such will eventually come to pass, is inevitable; and some parents and churches are wise enough to anticipate it. They recognize that it is better to yield up their cherished mother-tongue than run the risk of completely alienating their children from the church;—better that they should be Baptists with English language and customs, than go to another church, or stay away altogether. With some, however, it is otherwise. They came to Queensland when too old to easily acquire another tongue, and they stoutly resist its introduction, while they foresee all manner of evils as likely to follow the innovation of English customs into church-life. Hence discord and bitterness are sometimes developed.

Thus I have tried to present one of the problems confronting our German brethren in Queensland. There can be no doubt as to its ultimate solution. Sooner or later,—when the older generation has passed away, if not before,—Germans and Scandinavians, with English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, will merge into one Australian people, and we shall see fulfilled the motto, "One people, one destiny." Meanwhile, I hope no one will be misled because I have presented but one aspect of German Baptist church-life, and that a somewhat unfavourable one. I have lived for many months in a



family of Germans, and can testify generally to their excellence as colonists, and concerning some at least can bear willing witness to their sterling piety and zeal for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints. In the coming transition, may the rising generation lose nothing of value, and be able at the close to say, "We have kept the faith." I have reason to think that my visit was not in vain, in suggesting that we should multiply the links which bind us together in our common Baptist principles, rather than magnify the differences of language and custom which to some extent divide us.

## Some Fasting ; others Trusting.

OUR looking upwards in prayer, has caused our circumstances to "look up" also. It is said that the French Resident has explained that he did not mean quite what he said about stopping *all* missionary work. It is reported also that the Swedish and Italian consuls are interesting themselves on behalf of their respective fellow-subjects who have been interfered with ; and though one English missionary has been heavily fined, our own lady-workers have been let off with a nominal fine of one franc. Our Lord has, indeed, sent us forth as sheep among wolves ; pray ye, therefore, dear friends, that we may be wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

### "MY LORD RAMADAN"

is the name by which the common people speak of the month which has just closed. During it, they fast by day, and feast by night,—with much satisfaction to themselves, and considerable damage to their health.

"*This*," said one of them to me, with flashing eye and evident pride, "*this fast* is the difference between us ; we fast, you do not ; we pray, and you do not." "Do not I pray ?" I enquired. "No," was the answer, "your prayers are not prayers, for they are not commenced with the right form of words."

I tried to persuade several of my patients, who were clearly injuring their already weak health, to break their fast. A friend said, "They will not mind what you say ; they know that all Christians are their enemies." "But," I remarked, "*true* Christians are not your enemies." "*I can't* believe that any Christians love us," he said seriously. That morning, I had received a cheque for the purchase of much-needed drugs ; so I showed it to him, and explained what it was, and why, and whence it came, and I believe it proved to him a veritable "Christian evidence."

### THE SWEETEST WORDS

I have heard this month, came from a poor Moslem woman (the widowed mother of a consumptive lad who, we hope, died in Christ some months ago). Thinking she was near her end, some relatives came to see her, and induced her to take her little furniture, and go with them to her native village. They thought her sinking fast, but as she did not die at once, they soon tired of her, and let her get back, as best she could, to her little empty room ; they kept her furniture, however, for they wanted *it*, not her. So there she sat again, alone and destitute, with a hacking cough, and rapidly-advancing dropsy ; yet could she say cheerfully, "Jesus has taken away my sins ; I trust Him lying down and rising up. What He does is best. Jesus has taken away my sins." May she be among the first-fruits of a great harvest !

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## The Special Services at the Tabernacle.

BY PASTOR C. B. SAWDAY.

FOR some time, it has been laid on the heart of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon to conduct a week's evangelistic mission at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. This desire has now been carried out, and meetings have been held, night after night, from *Lord's-day, February 28*, to *Lord's-day, March 7*, with results that have more than met the expectations of all who have so gladly laboured with the Pastor from day to day.

By way of preparation, special meetings for prayer were held, in which intense longing for the salvation of souls was very evident. Church-officers and church-members pleaded and agonized for the arm of the Lord to be made bare.

The arduous work of canvassing the district, and visiting some 25,000 to 30,000 homes, was most willingly undertaken by the members of the Young Christians' Association, the Tract Society, and many others, so that 180 visitors went forth with 30,000 invitations to the people to attend the services. Every night of the mission, God's people met for prayer before the public service, and more than once an overflow meeting for prayer was held.

The Sabbath evening congregations were unusually large, and, despite the unfavourable weather on the Monday and Tuesday nights, splendid audiences gathered in the Tabernacle. These increased night by night as the weather improved and the interest deepened, and all through the mission the power of God was upon the preacher and the hearers.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is not only a Pastor and Teacher of the Lord's people, but also an Evangelist of the very first order. Depending alone on the Holy Spirit, and studiously avoiding all carnal methods, he preached the gospel of the grace of God, and the crowds listened, as for eternity. As he spoke of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, the certain doom of the impenitent, the love of God in the gift of His Son, the death of Christ for the unjust, and His power to save to the uttermost from sin's curse and power, many repented and believed. Each night, young and old flocked to the enquiry-room, and entered into the peace of God. Not a few remarkable cases of men, arrested and converted after having gone far into sin, have already come to notice. The Word has also been greatly blessed to the families of church-members. The results already known are but the beginning of what shall yet be seen as the fruits of this mission. The Pastor was so happy in the work, and so manifestly sustained by the good hand of the Lord through the prayers of his people, that he seemed as fresh at the end of his laborious task as at the beginning. The able help of Miss Hall, who presided at the harmonium, of Mr. Parker, who led the singing, and of Madame Ryall and Messrs. Mayers and Chamberlain, who sweetly sang the gospel, all largely contributed to the success of the mission.\*

Not a few expressed a desire for the continuation of the special effort, but this could not be. Let every ordinary service be thus preceded by prayer, and accompanied by faith, then ingathering may be looked for every week as the year rolls on. Surely this baptism of love and of power from on high will make this beloved Tabernacle Church to prosper and rejoice for many a day to come.

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\* Mr. Sawday's modesty would not permit him to mention his own very important part in the mission; but he loyally took his place at every service, and materially helped in the good work. What he says concerning Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is true of himself, for he is "not only a Pastor and Teacher of the Lord's people, but also an Evangelist of the very first order."—*Ed.*

## 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 People's Bible History, prepared in the light of recent investigations by some of the foremost thinkers in Europe and America.* Edited by Rev. GEO. C. LORIMER, LL.D. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The Christian Commonwealth Publishing Co.

It is impossible to devote sufficient space in our crowded columns for anything like an adequate review of this colossal work, which is now issued in a popular edition ranging in price from £1 to £1 10s. net,—about one-fourth of the amount charged for the original edition. The present issue consists of a handsome volume of 942 pages, with 57 full-page illustrations and seven maps. Notwithstanding the literary eminence of the editor and some of his colleagues, and the excellence of their contributions as a whole, Mr. Gladstone's Introduction imparts to the work an altogether unique interest, which is still further increased by an admirable portrait of "the grand old man" sitting in his study.

The eighteen authors of the various sections are classified as follows:—4 Baptists, 1 Christian ("Campbellite"), 2 Congregationalists, 4 Episcopalians, 1 Lutheran, 2 Methodists, 2 Presbyterians, 1 Unitarian, and 1 Universalist; and among them are included Dean Farrar, Professor Sayce, and Drs. J. Agar Beet, J. Monro Gibson, G. C. Lorimer, R. S. MacArthur, and G. F. Pentecost. With such a wide range of writers, the work could scarcely be equally reliable throughout; but it is a notable addition to the literature of the century, and well worthy of careful study. Starting with a history of the manuscripts of the Old Testament, and proceeding step by step from the record of the Creation to the end of the Inspired Canon, the volume is fittingly closed with Dr. Lorimer's glowing "account of the events which make the two hundred years subsequent to the apostolic era singularly

significant in the spiritual annals of mankind."

"Preachers of the Age" Series. *The Heritage of the Spirit, and other Sermons.* By MANDELL, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH. Sampson Low and Co.

SINCE the publication of this volume, the author has become Bishop of London, a fact which will probably give to his discourses a still wider welcome than they would otherwise have enjoyed. Several of these sermons were preached "before the University of Oxford," and amongst them is one on the Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, in which we are told:—"Both go up to the Temple to pray; both of them were religious men, engaged, each after his own manner, in his religious duties. Both of them were accepted before God, and both of them received a blessing on their service; but the blessing vouchsafed to the one was greater than that given to the other." This brief extract will be quite sufficient to show most of our readers that the teaching of London's new bishop is not such as they could endorse.

*The Biblical Illustrator.* By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. II. CORINTHIANS. Nisbet and Co.

FULLY equal to its many predecessors in this useful series, the present volume will be heartily welcomed by those who have made good use of the mass of expository, homiletic, and illustrative matter which Mr. Exell so diligently collects. Twenty-eight volumes have now been issued at 7s. 6d. each, but any four of them can be obtained at 4s. 6d. each through all booksellers. They are a treasure indeed to those who have but small libraries.

*The Confessions of a Deacon.* By LEO GRANGE. Arthur H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row. 1s. net.

"LEO GRANGE" is "one of our own men" who has won his spurs in the

literary world by his contributions to *The Baptist*. We are glad, therefore, that these *Confessions* have been issued in a volume, for they are worthy of permanent preservation, and deserve a wide circulation. There are brilliant and pathetic passages in these pages which are scarcely to be excelled in some of the most popular works of present-day writers; and, best of all, "Leo Grange" clings firmly to the faith he learned at the Pastors' College. Many of our readers will be glad to know that *The Sword and the Trowel* is shortly to be enriched with some articles from our brother's pen.

The new publishing firm of A. H. Stockwell and Co., is to be congratulated upon the appropriate and taking cover of the little book, and upon the altogether admirable style in which it is produced.

The approaching celebration of the "Record Reign" probably accounts for the issue of two new volumes in the Sunday School Union's shilling "Splendid Lives" Series,—*The Story of Victoria, R.I., Wife, Mother, Queen*, and *The Story of Albert the Good (Prince Consort)*,—both by W. J. WINTLE. The quotations from letters, diaries, and memoranda given in the latter book are inserted by the Queen's special permission. We are glad to see, in *The Story of Victoria*, the passage recording the fact that, "quite recently, she wrote to the Sultan of Turkey, making a personal request that the Armenian atrocities should be checked." Had Oliver Cromwell been King of England, they would have been stopped long ago, and we should have been saved from the disgrace of seeing the Union Jack flying side by side with the Turkish banner on the ramparts of Cana.

*Fragrant Memories of Constance Jane Blunden, of Shoreham, in Sussex.* E. Wilmshurst.

A SIMPLE but pleasing record of the spiritual experience of a young woman of gracious character whose lot was cast among the Strict Baptists of Sussex. She preserved in her diary many of the choice sayings of the

ministers to whom she listened, together with her own thoughtful comments upon various hymns and passages of Scripture; these must now be specially sacred to those who are left to mourn her loss. We cannot accept all the teachings of our "Hyper" friends, but we would rather rise to their excessive heights of doctrine than descend to the depths of Down-grade-ism!

*Discipline and Service; or, Memorials of Arthur Henry Davies.* By THOMAS DAVIES. Partridge and Co.

THE story of a brief life, beset with weakness, but sublimed by chastening. How variously that Scripture finds fulfilment, "To them that have no might He increaseth strength"! Sometimes, the absence of learning, or poverty of parts, or some natural defect, is made the vehicle of Divine display; at other times, as in this instance, a weak frame and a suffering body are chosen to mirror forth the all-sufficiency of God's grace. This story is tenderly told, and is not less a tribute to the Master than a memorial of one in whom grace gloriously triumphed over infirmity.

*The Early Churches of Great Britain prior to the coming of Augustine.* By J. HUNT COOKE. Alexander and Shephard.

IF not exactly analogous to making bricks without straw, the limitation in respect of data is sufficiently pressing to suggest the comparison. On the whole, however, such facts as exist seem rather to point in the line of Mr. Cooke's exposition than otherwise; and were the Free Churches now on the lines occupied fifty years ago, we are inclined to think the analogy would be nearer still. This half-crown book is interesting both in style and matter, and fills a needed niche. Without magnifying the Free Churches, which in the present day have grave cause for humiliation, the Early Churches of Great Britain may fairly be construed as remote alike from Anglicanism and Romanism, and as supplying a link, like the Free Churchism of the past, with Primitive Christianity.

*Earth's Preparation for Man, as given in Genesis I. & II.* By Rev. HENRY J. ALCOCK, M.A., T.C.D. Nisbet and Co. Price 1s.

ON the assumption that "what is new is not true," Mr. Alcock's theory of the Mosaic Record is to be condemned; but, apart from that assumption, we are not drawn to the novelty that would restrict that stately account of the Earth's preparation for man to a comparatively small portion of Western Asia. That the Hebrew word for earth (*eret*) is somewhat flexible in meaning, occasions no more difficulty than does "*terra*" in Latin or "earth" amongst ourselves. The context plainly shows, in Genesis I. and II., that the globe of *earth*, and not a mere *land*, or spadeful of mould, is intended.

*On some Disputed Points of Interpretation relating to the Prophecies Recorded in the Book of Daniel, and of the Last Days.* Nisbet and Co.

THIS shilling pamphlet is exceedingly well written, but, considering the contested ground occupied, the thought is put in too condensed a form to meet fully the need of the general reader. We would commend this work, however, to the class in whose interests it is obviously prepared, and to whom the conflicting interpretations of the schools need no recapitulation. The writer himself is a convinced historicist; and, whether right or wrong, succeeds in building up, on the historical basis of interpretation, a seemingly strong structure.

*Seven Strong Towers.* By LADY ALICIA BLACKWOOD. Printed at Palestine House, Hackney Downs.

AN exposition of the seven names of Jehovah given us in the Old Testament, and chiefly with a view to comfort the troubled and weary through suffering. The gracious authoress, in her bereavement, seeks to solace other sad hearts, and has found balm and blessing in the names of the One Changeless God. Verbal criticism has not been attempted, and yet large and personal familiarity with the Word of God gleams on every page. The

fountain of Truth here flows forth in its many healing and refreshing streams; and whoever drinks must lift up the head. It is a sweet, modest, fragrant, violet-like book, for which many will be both glad and grateful.

*Jesus the Poet.* By Rev. J. REID HOWATT. Elliot Stock.

WE are not charmed with the title of this work, and think a happier one might have been found, even though it had been less "concisely expressive of the contents." It is a pity to create titles in respect of the Name that is above every name, and which God Himself has clothed with glory and honour. We object to the title, not merely because it sounds "somewhat ambitious," but because it is a piece of human garnishing, a fall, as it were, from the simple grandeur of Heavenly adornment.

But leaving the title, we find here a series of "brief readings on the metaphors and similes uttered by our Lord in the Gospels," of a nature that denotes much acuteness, pith, and point on the part of the writer. These readings are certainly readable, they are often suggestive, free from Rationalistic bias, richly Evangelical, and invariably practical. The subject is one eminently adapted to the author's special gift, and the treatment is according to his happiest manner.

*The Divine Fatherhood—the Divine Sonship that saves men: being six lectures on Regeneration.* By JOSEPH ANGUS, M.A., D.D. Alexander and Shephard.

WE have here the ripe fruits of extensive reading and sanctified judgment. All that is written is pervaded by a spirit of candour, and by an obvious desire to win the reader by a patient treatment of the subject in hand, and by carefully-constructed argument. Dr. Angus writes in no *ex cathedra* style, but as a steward whose one aim is to be found faithful, and who is called, amid the mass of views collated, to approve or disapprove as the balances of the sanctuary may determine. Only in

the most nominal sense can Dr. Angus recognize the Fatherhood of God to be universal. For all practical purposes, and certainly in a saving sense, the Fatherhood of God is particular.

A broad distinction is drawn between Creational Fatherhood and Spiritual Fatherhood,—the latter alone being related to the new birth, and forming the gospel ground of covenant mercy. This point is pressed, with none the less earnestness and desire to ensure conviction, albeit every utterance is born, like the dawn, out of the stillness. "It is," says the author, "with this new birth that the proper and complete spiritual Fatherhood begins" (p. 21); and again (p. 23), "Unless this view be accepted, the whole system of theology is reduced to confusion. Its most characteristic doctrines become unmeaning. An all-sufficient sacrifice, a regenerating Spirit, conversion and renewal, can have no place where the Divine Fatherhood is the Fatherhood of Creation alone." For our own part, we would carry the subject a point farther than Dr. Angus does, and ask,—If God be a Spirit, does it not follow of necessity that the only possible Fatherhood in the case is one which is spiritual? Why speak of Creational Fatherhood as if any larger Fatherhood were possible than that which His own nature as Spirit determines?

*The Christian's Looking-Glass. A Mirror of Christ's Doctrines.* By H. SMITH. Watts and Co.

A VERY trenchant and searching testing of modern Christianity by the practical precepts of our Lord's teaching. The title is a little misleading, for the teachings here selected are only a fragment of our Saviour's testimony, and are treated as if they were the whole. Within those limits, however, they are terribly penetrating. The author is the candid critic of professing Christians; perhaps his next appearance may be as their sincere helper; and who can tell whether, yet later, he may not himself look in his own mirror, and then say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"?

*The Theology of Modern Fiction.* By T. G. SELBY. C. H. Kelly.

AN able review and criticism of the popular heresies that abound in the fiction of to-day. Mr. Selby is fair to the verge of apparent compromise: but this makes his trenchant analysis and exposure of the false teaching all the more powerful. The quotations and digests of the plots are rather overloaded; but even with this drawback, it is a notable and valuable volume. It is a startling indictment, cool and judicial, of a horrible condition of things. Every minister should read this book, and learn how, wisely and well, to antidote the plague that is being eagerly contracted by the pew; whilst parents should study it with a view to the preservation of their children from the leprosy that too often comes into the home from the modern lending library.

*Messages of To-day for the Men of To-morrow.* By G. C. LORIMER, D.D. Christian Commonwealth Publishing Company.

BREEZY and brainy talks to young men, in the florid style of the American orator; packed full of historical, biographical, and literary allusions that compel attention as well as show the wide reading of their author. Dr. Lorimer is always alert and attractive, and knows how to arrest the attention even of the unspiritual to his message. We should have liked to meet with more definite and dogmatic statement of the saving truths of the gospel in these pages; they would then have been in the front rank of addresses to "the men of to-morrow." Even now, they are of a high order and full of literary and artistic charm.

*Thoughtful Hours.* By H. L. L. Fourth Edition, enlarged. Nelson and Sons.

A DAINTY presentation of sweet, sunny, spiritual songs that have already won their way into many homes and hearts. The printing and binding, in their modest excellence, make the book a pleasure to handle and read, and fitly agree with the precious contents in quality. Just the thing for a birthday present for a friend.

*Her Father's Honour: or, Gertrude's Life-Work.* By KATHARINE A. RICHARDS. George Stoneman.

A STORY founded on facts, and containing some mysteries which are to be cleared up in a sequel if this book has a rapid sale. The heroine is a wilful girl with a bad temper, whose father's memory and the love of her friends are blessed to a complete change in her character.

A neatly-bound two-shilling volume, — *Alys of Lutterworth*, by KATE T. SIZER (Charles H. Kelly), is a *Story of the Times of Wiclif*, well worth reading in these modern days. If our children must have tale-books, let them have such as this, from which they can learn the manners and customs of the by-gone centuries, and also the truth that never grows old.

From "Home Words" office is issued a new illustrated edition of *Dayspring, a Story of the Time of William Tyndale*, by EMMA MARSHALL. It forms a handsome five-shilling volume, which should be in every Sunday-school library and every Protestant home in the land. Our children and young people can never read too often the history of the "Reformer, Scholar, and Martyr," who gave us the first English translation of the New Testament; perhaps some of them will all the better remember the principal incidents in Tyndale's life, because they are here woven into a tale of the time in which he lived, and laboured, and died for the cause of God and truth.

Other second editions of books which we commended when they were first published, and which therefore do not need detailed notice now, have come to hand as follows:—*Union and Communion*; or, *Thoughts on the Song of Solomon*, by J. HUDSON TAYLOR (Morgan and Scott); "*So Great Salvation*," by Rev. G. H. C. MACGREGOR, M.A. (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh); *Alutch: a Story of the Chinese Hills*, by ELEANOR STREDDER (George Stoneman). A cheap edition of the Hon. GERTRUDE BOSCAWEN'S *Anne Fleming*; or, *the Commandment with*

*Promise*, has been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Messrs. Blackie and Son have sent us one more volume in their School and Home Library,—*Essays on English History*, by LORD MACAULAY. If the young folk, who have so eagerly devoured some of the lighter literature previously included in this series, will leisurely digest this more substantial fare, they will probably find that their mental powers have been considerably benefited during the process. They will also learn what one of our great English writers has to say about the events linked with such names as Lord Burghley, John Hampden, John Milton, Sir James Mackintosh, and Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

From Messrs. Partridge and Co. have come two small story-books, nine-pence each,—*A Flight with the Swallows*, by EMMA MARSHALL, relating a little girl's experience in visiting San Remo; and *Paul: a little mediator*, by MAUDE M. BUTLER, a gospel and love tale that anyone may read with pleasure and profit. Then follow three eighteen-penny stories,—*Nobly Planned*, by M. B. MANWELL; *Claire*, by T. M. BROWNE; and *The Minister's Money*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD. The first and second of these tales of love and adventure are very much of the order of many that have preceded them; but the third is a wild, weird story of a minister reclaiming a spendthrift laird by breaking the bank at Monte Carlo! That would be, with a vengeance, "doing evil that good might come," and we cannot imagine any right purpose that can be served by the publication of such a book.

A volume issued by the same publishers, at the same price, but worth a hundred times as much as the one just mentioned, is Rev. J. MELDRUM DRYERRE'S *Heroes and Heroines of the Scottish Covenanters*. These are true tales that cannot be told too often. Our boys and girls should learn by heart the story of their ancestors' struggles to secure for us the civil and

religious liberty that we enjoy to-day, that they in turn may hand on the priceless blessing to those who may come after them. Let every Sunday-school librarian see that this valuable historical work is included among the books under his charge, and also take care that it is constantly brought before the notice of both teachers and scholars.

*The Church of Rome and her Barriers against Union and Unity.* By AN AGED SERVANT OF CHRIST. Chas. J. Thynne, 6, Great Queen Street.

AN elaborate historical confutation of the claims and pretensions of the Romish See, called forth by Mr. Gladstone's recent letter to the Pope. This indictment is like a cannon loaded to the muzzle with solid shot; and the missiles are the "many infallible proofs" of Rome's truculence and falsity. That the reading of these closely-packed pages is no small trial to the spirit, is owing to the unsavouriness of the subject with which it deals; yet it is a theme which must not be dropped owing to the Romeward tendency of the times, and the short memory of the nation, which is all too apt to forget how much its prosperity is the result of its Protestantism.

*A Question in Baptist History.* By W. H. WHITSITT. Louisville: C. T. Dearing.

THIS booklet has caused quite a stir in America, where the author has been vigorously denounced for his assertion that the Baptists did not practise immersion in England before the year 1641. We think his arguments quite inconclusive, but we cannot see the great importance of the question after all. Baptism by immersion, on profession of faith, is as old as the Saviour's teaching and example; and this is surely enough for us. Whether there was a gap in Baptist practice in England before the seventeenth century, may be to many minds an interesting enquiry, but it is not vital either to true faith or obedience. Our orders are far more ancient, and our one authority is, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

*How to Preach with Power.* By Rev. W. H. YOUNG, Ph.D. Elliot Stock.

THE feature in this work which has struck us most is its almost boundless variety; it resembles a store where nearly everything is sold. Nothing serious is omitted, and no point of detail, however minute, is dropped. If one wants to see the wide-awake American, homiletically complete and wanting nothing, he may have his curiosity satisfied by scanning these pages. That any one mind could think of all these things, and interweave, with so many threads, a pattern of exhaustive variety, is in itself a marvel of achievement, meriting no small meed of recognition. Our only fear is that no average pastoral mind could, in the course of a single lifetime, conform itself to an ideal so multitudinously varied. Still, this, which appears to be an error of excess, may, after all, be a prime merit, as it will certainly tend to prune the ministerial conceit which Dr. Young justly takes somewhat severely to task. It would be folly for our older ministers to try to compass this work; but the younger men, in the full elasticity of their powers, should bravely undertake the task. A homiletical library of instruction in a single volume is a cheap investment; and the result, wheresoever assimilated, cannot but tell favourably on the tone and power of the preaching.

*The Art of Extempore Speaking.* By H. FORD, M.A. Elliot Stock.

ALTHOUGH this brief volume adds little that is new to the rules for becoming an extempore speaker, it emphasizes the old ones with considerable force and effectiveness. For the vast majority of preachers in the making, the lectures by the late beloved Editor of the *Sword and Trowel* will be much more useful; but Mr. Ford's treatise has still a place of its own.

The overwhelming impression, however, as one reads, deepens the conviction that public speech, if it is to be of mighty power, is always a great natural gift, and cannot be altogether acquired. Training can do much; but there must be a good



deal to train, if the result is to reward the labour. Orators of the Divine sort are Divinely made.

*Reveries and Realities; or, Life and Work in London.* By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

THIS record of extra-pulpit work should stimulate many another pastor to similar efforts to strengthen and expand his church organizations. It is a simple but marvellous story of what can be done to reach and bless those who generally are untouched by the churches. The manner of telling it is altogether delightful, and compels profound gratitude to God for such mingled wisdom and piety as are here manifest. There is pathos and true poetry, sometimes so deep as to compel tears; but, permeating it all, a savour of love to God and man that removes it utterly from the merely maudlin or the feebly sentimental. We unfeignedly rejoice in such a record being possible, and trust that it may be widely read, and be the seed of many a similar work elsewhere.

*Our Dear Home Life.* By Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M.A. Nisbet.

THE papers that go to make up this choice little volume are modestly described as "homely talks on courtship, marriage, and family life." It must not, however, be imagined that they are feeble platitudes and threadbare commonplaces. The book is a literary bunch of violets newly picked,—sweet, fresh, fragrant,—though of unassuming form, and lowly habit. There is an exhilaration as of the morning dawn, a sense of breezy inspiring, and moral bracing, that comes as you read these gracious talks about the ideal Christian home.

Never of the "goody-goody" school, Mr. Greenough has to all his former strength added, in this volume, the fervour of an avowed love for Christ. He has abandoned some of his old asperities, and given us a tender, sympathetic exposition of the Evangelical faith as applied to home relationships and duties. We heartily rejoice in this, and bespeak for this delightful book a warm welcome from

the Christian families of our dear homeland.

*Fallen Angels.* By one of them. Gay and Bird.

WE can scarcely imagine any person being helped in any way by this strange hotch-potch of pretentious philosophy and demented theology. If we feared any of our readers were likely to purchase and peruse it,—which we do not,—we should only say, in *Punch's* famous dictum on another matter, "*Don't.*"

*Our Eyes and how to Preserve them from Infancy to Old Age, with special information about spectacles.* By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S., F.R.M.S., President of the British Optical Association. Chatto and Windus.

THE fact that this work has reached its seventeenth edition, and twenty-sixth thousand, is itself a high testimonial to its value. Any of our readers who find their eyesight failing should consult the author of this booklet, or Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite, whose advertisement, with Mr. Spurgeon's personal commendation, appears on an earlier page of the present Magazine.

*The Management of Infancy.* By ANDREW COMBE, M.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

FOR more than fifty years, the work of which this is an abridgment has been before the public. It is not quite in our usual line of books, as the subject of which it treats is mainly dealt with from the medical standpoint. It contains much physiological information and advice, with some appalling statistics of infant mortality, which it is believed may be greatly lessened if the counsel here given is followed. The work is "chiefly intended for the use of parents," and aims at being "the nursery companion of the mother." Judiciously used, it may be very beneficial to the health of both parents and children, but much of the advice seems to us impracticable unless one wishes to be continually under medical treatment.

*Lined with Love.* Friendly Talks with young Girls about the Yoke of the Lord Jesus. By Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A HELPFUL manual for girls, especially suitable for those who are just leaving home for domestic service, or other employment. The references to "Confirmation" and "The Holy Communion" will be most appreciated by Church of England readers.

We are glad to see that Pastor ARCHIBALD G. BROWN'S Protest against "The Devil's Mission of Amusement" has reached the 164th thousand. It can still be obtained of Messrs. Robert Banks and Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, London, one penny each, or 7s. per 100.

The same publishers have just issued the fourth edition of Mr. Brown's most instructive sermon, entitled, "The Odd Sparrow."

## Notes.

Any friends who were unable to hear PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON'S lecture on "Pins and Needles," and many who did have that privilege, will be glad to know that it is to be delivered again at the meeting on behalf of the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, to be held at the College on *Tuesday evening, March 30, at 7.30.* Admission to collectors, free: other friends, 6d. each. On the previous occasion, the time was too short to allow the whole of the lecture to be given; at this meeting, it is all to be delivered.

On *Wednesday evening, April 7*, in connection with THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, Rawei, the native Maori evangelist, is to give a lecture, illustrated by many beautiful dissolving-views, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

The Secretary of the BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY asks us to call attention to a pamphlet, published by Messrs. Alexander and Shephard, and entitled, *Bible Translation Society: its formation and justification.* It is a most interesting record of the proceedings at the public meeting held at New Park Street Chapel, March 24, 1840, to form the Society. Mr. Hill writes:—"As its purpose is to prepare, print, and circulate pure versions of the Word of God,—free from Roman Catholic misrepresentation on the one hand, and the mystification of the terms for baptism on the other,—it surely ought to be encouraged by all genuine Baptists." We think so, too.

From a leading article in a recent number of *The British Weekly*, we take the following extract, feeling sure that it will be of interest to many of our readers:—

"We have before us a volume entitled, '*The Most Holy Place.*' Sermons on the Song of Solomon, by C. H. SPURGEON (Passmore and Alabaster). . . . We have in this volume a most valuable contribution to Christian literature. The Church does not yet know what a great saint and doctor

she possessed in MR. SPURGEON. If religion is to be derived from revelation, and if theology is to be kept close to Christian experience, living or dying therewith, then we do not hesitate to say that MR. SPURGEON was not a whit behind the very chiefest of theologians. Of course, what little criticism there is in the book is of small account, and it does not profess to be important. What is important is the depth of Christian knowledge the book discloses, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the greatest treatises on the love of CHRIST to His people, and on His people's love to CHRIST that the Church possesses, wonderful alike for fertility and exquisite delicacy of thought. The writer plays with the images of the Canticles, not always with a careful reverence and reserve. 'I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley,' he comments upon thus: 'Red as the rose in His sacrifice, white as the lily as He ascends on high in His perfect righteousness, clothed in His white robe of victory to receive gifts for men,' and the volume is full of such beautiful fancies, though what is at the heart of it is not fancy, but the very truth of truths. MR. SPURGEON was remarkable beyond most preachers for the passion and intensity of his personal love for CHRIST, and here it appears in every sentence."

THE YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION.—A most important gathering, in connection with the above organization, took place on *Saturday evening, February 27*, at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, the area of the building being crowded, and several hundreds occupying the galleries. The proceedings had been preceded by a public tea in Hawkstone Hall, followed by a Conference at which about 250 were present. The chair was taken by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., the President of the Union for the current year. In his inaugural address as President, in succession to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. Meyer expressed his intense interest in the movement, and announced his intention of endeavouring, during his year of office, to

bring it under the notice of the young Christians of all our London churches. He intimated that his two-fold aim would be, first, that independent churches should each have their own missionary, and next, that the Young Christians' Missionary Pledge should be placed in the hands of all our young church-members.

The succeeding speakers—Dr. Harry Guinness, of the Regions Beyond Helpers' Union, Rev. R. Wright Hay, of the Baptist Missionary Society, and F. W. S. O'Neill, Esq., who represented the Students' Volunteer Mission,—followed very largely upon these lines in their stirring speeches, which were marked by unusual intensity and power. The enthusiasm elicited during the earlier part of the meeting gave place to a thoughtful solemnity as the responsibilities resting upon individual Christians were pressed home upon the crowd of youthful listeners: and a copy of the Young Christians' Missionary Pledge having been placed in the hand of each one, there was a great hope that, in many cases, a sincere response would be given to the call for consecration to the missionary work. The evening's programme was interspersed with some appropriate sacred solos by Miss Ada Rose.

#### HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.

—The twenty-seventh anniversary was held on *Wednesday evening, March 17*. Mr. Samuel Barrow presided, and the attendance at the tea and public meeting was very large. The Report contained the following information:—"The number of baptisms since the Hall was opened in March, 1884, has been 411. The present number of communicants is 328. A Sunday evening service seldom passes without enquirers being seen. There are 29 tract-distributors, 56 Sunday-school teachers, as well as open-air preachers and Gospel Temperance workers. Thirty-five of our younger friends have formed a Society called the 'Onward Open-air Mission Band,' working in the open-air, and visiting the smaller Mission Halls around. The Sunday-school has an average attendance of 736 children. There are two Bible-classes for young men and three for young women, which all have separate class-rooms. The Sunday Evening Separate Service for Children and the Monday Evening Christian Bands, senior and junior, are the source of much spiritual blessing in the School. Financially, God has blessed us. During the last two years we have been able to put by £62 6s. 1d. towards a Renovation Fund. The total amount raised in all branches of the work in the twelve months has been £790 5s. 3d."

COLLEGE.—Mr. Thomas Douglas has completed his course, and settled at Waltham Cross.

The following brethren are removing:—Mr. B. J. Cole, from Lossiemouth, to

Orangefield Place Church, Greenock; Mr. W. G. Hailstone, from Reading, to Poole, Dorsetshire; Mr. R. F. Jeffrey, from Folkestone, to Mount Pottinger Church, Belfast; and Mr. P. J. Ward, from Toledo, to Pomona, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

We rejoice to hear that Mr. R. S. Latimer, and the Boulevard Church, Weston-super-Mare, have been invited to unite with the friends hitherto worshipping at Bristol Road Chapel in that town. Those of our readers who remember our Brother Latimer's brave battle for the right will join in congratulating him on the way the Lord has led and blessed him since the trying time when he took his stand "for the cause of God and truth."

*In memoriam.*—Just as the "Notes" were in the printers' hands, the news reached us that another member of our College brotherhood,—*Pastor E. Vaughan*, of Castlemaine, Victoria, was "called home" on January 17. Our Brother Walton bears the following testimony concerning his "promoted" comrade and friend:—"His record in South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria is an honourable one. It is marked by all the characteristics of a man called of God to the work of the ministry. . . . His was essentially a ministry to those who value the grand qualities of the heart more than the acquirements of the head, who think more of a big heart than of a big brain. . . . His knowledge of the Scriptures and of our denominational principles and practices was full and true. His flock was always instructed, comforted, inspired by his ministry. . . . Those who knew him best, loved and esteemed him with all their heart."

The widow and two daughters of our brother will be remembered in sympathy and prayer by those in the homeland who knew him, as well as by the many who learned to love him while he was labouring for his Lord in the colonies.

EVANGELISTS.—*Pastor J. Wesley Boud*, of Penge Tabernacle, writes:—"Mr. Burnham has been with us ten days, conducting special services. Our hearts are much cheered by the visit of our brother; God's children have been refreshed, and sinners saved."

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of the collectors was held on *Tuesday, March 16*. Many friends from a distance were unable to attend, owing to the bad weather. In the absence of his brother, Mr. B. I. Greenwood, *Pastor Thomas Greenwood*, of Balham, presided, and was introduced by the President, Mr. G. A. Britton, a student in Cheshunt College, and formerly a boy in the Orphanage, gave a very able and interesting address, and the remaining items of a very capital programme were contributed by the boys and girls at present in the Institution.



# Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 13th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0	Mr. Jas. Smith	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0	Mr. M. Steel	0	10	0
An English Churchman, in memory of				Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6
C. H. S.	2	0	0	Mr. H. S. Nunn, per Mr. Iverson	1	0	0
Mr. J. White	1	0	0	Thankoffering from two sisters, Don-			
F. G. B.	0	1	6	caster	2	2	0
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—				Miss Murray	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Prebble	0	5	0	Collected by a friend	1	14	10
Mr. J. Blofeld	0	10	0	A thankoffering from R. F. T.	0	5	0
	0	15	0	Mr. S. Brook	0	5	0
Proceeds of lecture by Mr. Lacey, on				Costers' Hall Christian Mission, per			
"The Life and Work of Pastor				Mr. W. J. Orsman, J.P.	5	0	0
C. H. Spurgeon"	2	2	0	Mr. George	0	5	0
Messrs. F. Foulger and Co.	2	2	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Miss Ellison	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Ewins	0	7	6
Mr. Jas. Hughes	0	5	0	Mr. D. Peck	0	5	0
Rev. T. J. Cole	2	2	0	Mrs. Shurmur, per Mrs. E. E.			
Messrs. Horn and Co. and employes	3	0	0	Sharpton	0	10	0
Mr. G. F. Darrell	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Leaper	0	15	0
Collected by Miss M. Collin	0	16	0	Mr. J. McKenzie	1	0	0
Mrs. Powlesland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0	Mr. Fredk. Fitch	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Muir	1	19	0	A. B. B.	0	10	0
Anonymous	50	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Gill	0	10	3	Miss A. Scott	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Porter	0	7	2	F. J. High Cross	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Stamps, Manchester	0	2	0
Sympathy	0	5	0	Mr. A. J. White	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Stage	0	10	0	Y. R. A. M.	2	12	0
Mr. Donald Stewart	1	0	0	Miss R. Cane	1	0	0
Postal order, Hutton Garden	0	2	6	Miss M. Davies	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. J. Kearry	0	10	0	Mr. W. Moore	5	0	0
Mrs. Bellise	0	14	0	Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
A grateful one	0	1	0	Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mr. Lewin Sealy	1	0	0				5 12 6
F. G.	0	12	0	Per Mr. Wm. Ogg:—			
The Misses E. and G. Warren	0	5	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
Mr. T. Gurney	0	5	0	Miss Mountfield	0	4	3
Mr. L. P. Roff	0	2	6	Mrs. Millett	0	3	2
Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle gates	0	3	6	Miss Scogrins	0	2	4
Given to Pastor T. Spurgeon outside				Mrs. Main	0	4	3
Byrom Hall, Liverpool	1	0	0	Mrs. Bartholomew	0	10	6
Postal order, from Tain, Ross	1	0	0	Miss M. Hoare	0	5	2
Mrs. E. Parsons	0	10	0	Mr. Hopkins	0	0	8
Mrs. Haddock	0	2	0	Miss Barrow	0	3	8
Postal order, St. Ives	1	0	0	Mrs. Ottoway	0	1	7
D. N., postal order, Chatham	0	6	0	Mrs. French	0	2	6
Mr. C. Norton	0	4	0	Mr. M. Blake	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Shipway	0	5	0	Miss Morrell	0	0	8
Orphan boys' cards:—				Miss Horne	0	4	2
C. D. Trinder	0	2	6	Miss Ayling	0	4	4
H. Stannard	0	5	0	Donations:—			
T. Grundy	0	0	6	Rev. J. S. Wyard	0	4	6
W. Algar	0	1	0	M. M. M.	0	10	0
J. Rouse	0	2	5	Mrs. I. Hoare	0	5	0
	0	11	5	Miss H. Hoare	0	1	0
Orphan girls' cards:—				Mr. Ogg	0	5	0
B. Gibson	0	7	0	Odd farthings and halfpence	0	0	3
D. Harris	0	4	0				4 1 0
E. Sandy	0	3	3	Mr. J. Millard	0	5	0
J. Witting	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0
B. Mott	0	1	6	Collected by Mr. H. G. Green	0	2	0
E. Clutterbuck	0	4	0	Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0
J. Hall	0	4	1	Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
U. Buhicrosan	0	5	7	Mr. T. Brown	0	10	0
W. Plumley	0	13	6	Collected by Mrs. Beale	1	0	0
	2	5	5	"With two sisters' best wishes"	0	10	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0	Mr. A. Overy	5	0	0
Postal order, J/89 697, 502	0	5	0	Anon., Kingston Blount	0	2	6
Mr. G. Green	0	2	0	Mr. Jas. Lundie	0	2	6
Mr. T. Field	0	5	0	A sermon-reader, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Sale of jewellery	1	1	6	Mr. W. E. Eastman	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. H. Messent	0	16	0	Collected by Masters D. and J.			
A thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's				Dearlove	0	2	7
sermons—Gratitude, Swansea	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Newbold	0	5	9

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Master B. Bomford	0	17	6
Mr. Jas. Binstead	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. I. Whitaker	0	10	0
Mr. G. B. Vanheon	1	0	0
Mr. C. Schultz	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Humphreys	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	8	0
"In memory of my mother"	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Allmy	0	5	0
A. B.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	1	8	2
Collected by Mrs. Bradley	1	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Hees	0	18	3
Collected by Mr. G. Hicks	2	10	0
Mrs. Critchell, per Mr. G. Hicks	0	10	0
Miss Wilson, per Mr. W. H. Mason	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Crawley	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. Zuber	0	3	6
Collected by Miss E. S. Harrison	0	1	6
Mrs. E. Durrant	1	0	0
Mrs. Newbatt	1	0	0

Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—

A reader of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons	1	0	0
Miss J. F. Dickson	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Melville	0	10	0
Mrs. Baines	4	0	0

Admiralty money order, No. 56,532, Feb. 20/97	5	15	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	0	10	0
Rev. John Kempton	1	1	0
Christmas dinner collection, Baptist Church, Bideford, per Pastor F. Durbin	0	5	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Susan Harvey	5	19	8
Executor of the late Mrs. Ann Shields	45	0	0
Executor of the late Mr. Samuel Coxeter	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting collecting-box	4	5	1
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	0	10	8
Haddon Hall Sunday-school	7	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Woolwich	2	13	5
Sale of programmes, Woolwich	0	8	10
Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A., per Mr. W. H. Buncombe	4	1	6
Lake Road Baptist Chapel, Portsmouth (proceeds of meeting in Town Hall and collecting boxes)	64	13	4
Pilgrim Hall, New Kent Road	2	14	6
Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school, Wimbledon, per Mr. T. A. Holton	1	18	0
Edith Road Baptist Chapel, Nunhead, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	3	15	0
Edith Road Sunday-school Benevolent Fund, Nunhead, per Mr. F. A. Peskett	1	1	0
Duke Street Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne	1	14	1
Baptist Sunday-school, London Road, Lowestoft, per Mr. R. T. Peck	3	5	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Bishop Auckland, per Mr. C. S. Gibson	0	6	6
Pear Tree Green Congregational Sunday-school	0	15	3
Free Church Sabbath-school, Beaulieu, per Mr. J. Fraser	0	10	6
Warwick Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Leamington, per Mr. T. Pratt	1	13	4
Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school (second amount)	0	2	8
Croham Road Baptist Sunday-school, Croydon, per Pastor A. J. Reid	1	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Ceylon Place, Eastbourne, per Miss English	0	17	0
Corsham Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Davies	1	10	0
English Baptist Sunday-school, Newbridge, per Mr. N. J. Fox	1	1	0
Chatsworth Road Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school, Clapton, per Mr. J. Cooper	0	10	0
	£339	7	7

List of Presents from February 15th to March 13th, 1897.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 24 tons Potatoes, Mr. Robert Graham; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. Gaward; 14 dozen Eggs, Mr. John Harman; 46 lbs. Beef from Malvern; 3 Fowls, 1 Rabbit, 2 Cakes, Mrs. Barrah.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—16 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 10 Mantles, 2 Capes, Mrs. Ruthford; 20 Articles, Miss Dawson; a parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. Robinson; 34 Articles, Miss E. J. Emery; 6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 15 Garments, Mrs. Wilson; 6 Hats, 2 Knitted Woollen Scarves, Mrs. Colvin; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. A. E. Davies; 1 parcel Pieces (for Mats), Mrs. Bavin.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Articles, M. A. H.; 7 Shirts, E. M. C.; 1 Suit, 2 Jackets, Mr. A. Pitts; 3 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL:—1 Quilt, Miss M. L. Sampson; 6 Iron Holders, &c., Mrs. Mitchell; 4 Pillows, 1 Quilt, 1 Table Cover, 3 Towels, and a few Sundries, Mrs. Thirza Haynes.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock	40	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	10	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	11	5	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. O. Evans and Sons	10	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per "E. S."	20	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	8	15	0
Shinley and Wolverhampton, per Mrs. E. A. Tyler	11	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Gildersome, per Mr. Samuel Crowther	3	15	0
Western Baptist Association	11	5	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0
Hereford, per Mr. Samuel Ward	9	5	0
	£143	0	0
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Miss C. S. Hooper	1	1	0
Miss C. H. Price	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Donaldson ... ..	1	0	0	<i>Donations:—</i>			
Miss E. Dale ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Walter, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Miss E. York ... ..	0	10	6	Miss Marshall, per Mrs. H. Mears	1	0	0
Miss R. Daniell ... ..	0	10	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Bullman ... ..	0	15	0				
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0				
Mrs. Bully ... ..	0	10	0				
							<u>£10 16 6</u>

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.
Donation from Deacons of Camden Road Chapel, per Mr. W. C. Parkinson	3	3	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Kenyon Baptist Chapel	5	5	0
	<u>£8</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>

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

*Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 13th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
C. L. A. ... ..	0	10	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
H. O. N. ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Stainton	2	0	0
Mrs. Lloyd ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Jones	5	0	0
A. P. B. ... ..	0	10	6				
F. G. ... ..	0	8	0				<u>£9 3 6</u>

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

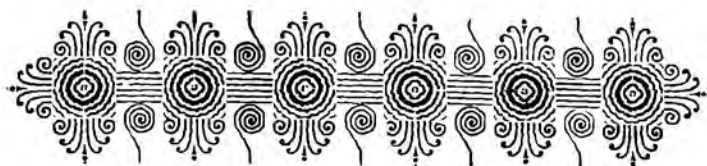
*Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 15th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,514	0	1	Mr. W. Higgs (for boundary walls and fence)	62	10	0
F. M. H. ... ..	0	5	0	S. S. ... ..	51	11	11
Mr. Noon ... ..	0	1	0	<i>Per Pastor J. S. Hookey:—</i>			
Mrs. Sinclair ... ..	0	5	0	Pastor E. White	0	5	0
Mrs. Baines ... ..	1	0	0	Pastor A. Morling	0	5	0
Mr. J. Y. V. Vernon ... ..	5	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	0	7	3
"In memoriam" ... ..	2	0	0				
Mr. E. Torrey, per Pastor Thomas							
Spurgeon ... ..	5	0	0				<u>£1,643 10 3</u>
Miss Horner ... ..	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.

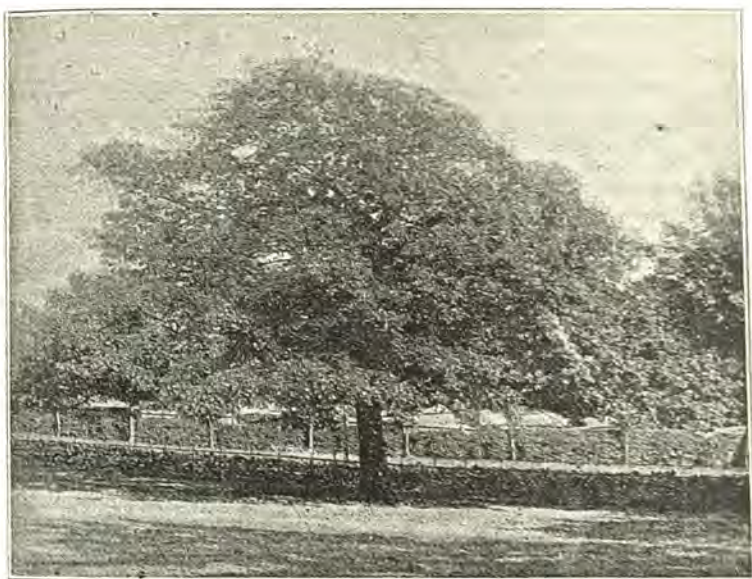
*Special Notice.*—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and 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," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Edlestwood."

O. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 161.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*How would you advise us to treat those people who are constantly bringing up their perfectionist views?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—I should let them bring them up, and take no notice of them, if possible. There are many things that are best cured by being let alone, and



perfectionism is one of them. At its best, it is an infirmity of noble minds; but in other cases, those who hold such views have been great troublemakers in the churches, and have done a vast amount of mischief. Whenever any brother comes to ask me what he shall do with regard to a member who fancies he has become perfect, I always say, "Don't take any particular notice of him, and then he will get irritated by your indifference, and you will discover how very imperfect he is. But if you lie down in front of him, and begin barking, you will only attract all the more attention to him, and cause him to think the more of himself." From a very wide and lengthy observation, I am able to say that all whom I have met, who have thought themselves perfect, have been very far from it; while others, who have seemed to me as near perfection as any people could be, have been the very persons who have lamented their imperfections and shortcomings.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—May I ask, sir, whether you would advise us to visit all our people regularly?*

*A.*—That must depend upon the size of your congregation. I do think that, when a brother has only a small congregation in a country village, he will find it wise to do a good deal of pastoral visitation, and he will in this way help to keep up his congregation; but when a minister has a congregation of eight or nine hundred, how can he go the round of them all? It would be quite impossible for me to visit all my people; it would be absurd even to attempt it.

Let me just remind you that there is a vast difference between truly spiritual pastoral visitation, and the chit-chat and gossip which sometimes go by that name; and remember also that there are other ways of keeping your people together, and the best method is so to preach the truth that they cannot stay away from the house of prayer, but must come out whenever they can. At one of our Association meetings, I heard a brother say that he always visited all his people regularly; but some of his friends have told me that they would be better pleased if he came to see them less frequently, and spent more time in his study, so that his preaching might have more in it. Keep your sermons up to the mark, brethren, and then visit your flock as much as you can, but not too much.

\* \* \* \*

(MR. SPURGEON brought to a close the questioning on this particular occasion by giving another address, as follows:—)

Dear Brethren,—It may be that, in the good providence of God, some of you will go far away from us, to the other side of the globe, to that new land that is yet to grow into a great empire; you will be like the sappers and miners of an army, preparing the country for its conquest by the Saviour, our omnipotent Leader. Some of you may die at sea, and be buried where the pearls of the ocean lie deep beneath the ever-rolling waves; others of us may be called to labour in our dear homeland, and when our work is done, we shall sleep with our fathers. We cannot hope to remain an unbroken band, as

we have been during your happy student-days; for the Lord wants some of us for the Congo,\* and others, it may be, for India, or China, or other parts of the great foreign mission field. It will be so, and it ought to be so. Such "salt" as this ought not to be kept in the box; it ought to be scattered wherever there is corruption and putridity,—to stay the plague of iniquity, and to preserve that which is good. True soldiers of Christ must go to the war wherever their great Captain sends them, and be prepared to "endure hardness" for His sake and the gospel's.

But, brethren, the point I want just now to impress upon you is, that we shall all meet again—if we are found faithful,—in the land where there are no graves, where the cypress can never grow, where tears are never shed, and where—despite all those pretty hymns about the shining strand,—we are to gather where there is to be no more sea. We shall meet again, dear friends, where flowers never fade, and where sin can never come to mar our peace and joy; we shall meet again there if we are found faithful. But shall we be faithful? We shall if the Lord shall make us to be full of faith. I do not like that theory which some propound, "God will be faithful to us if we are faithful to Him." You can tell the exact strength of a chain if you know the strength of the weakest link in it; we are very weak links, and if the endurance of the chain depends upon us, it will soon be snapped. I believe that, if we have fully committed ourselves to God, relying upon the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and trusting to His almighty grace, He will keep us. My soul delights in those precious promises, which the Lord has given to His covenant people, "I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people;" and "I will put My fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Me."

I do not believe that any man, who has been thoroughly in love with the gospel, can ever leave it. He who has truly seen the Lord, and proved the effect of the love of Christ upon the soul that trusts Him, will have a remembrance which will abide with him after all else may have faded away. My own convictions concerning Christ are more deeply engraved upon my heart than anything else of which I am conscious. My sense of sin, my conversion, my pardon through His precious blood, my joy and peace in believing,—all these will, I believe, remain with me when everything else has passed from my recollection. It is strange how God strengthens a sanctified memory. I have known old men, who had forgotten almost everything, but who still could preach the gospel; and I have heard of dying men, who were unable to recognize their wives or their children, but they knew the name of Jesus when it was whispered in their ear. There is a wondrous union between Christ and the soul that is joined to Him by bands of love; and here, in this still evening hour, beneath this summer sky out of which the sun is setting, I trust that each one of

\* One of the students who had asked a question "under the oak" on this memorable occasion was John Maynard ("Little Jack," of the Stockwell Orphanage), who sailed for the Congo a few weeks later, and was in Heaven in about six months. Two other brethren who were present are still missionaries on the Congo.

us can say, "I have lifted up mine hand unto the Lord, and I cannot go back."

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine."

As for myself, brethren, I have no new creed to make, and none to learn. There is much more that I want to know of my Saviour, but I do not want to know of any other saviour; with the apostle I can say, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." I glory in the cross, but in nothing else: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The world, with all its wisdom and philosophy, has never found out God; my philosophy is all wrapped up in the cross of Christ. I am well content to go shares with those who have gone before me to the skies. Some of them, as they burned to death for Christ's sake, cried aloud, "Christ is all." I am quite willing to take my part with the apostles whom the wise men of to-day count to be fools; and with those still greater fools, as many consider the Reformers who brought back into the light the great doctrine of justification by faith. I am satisfied to tread the path my sires have trod; I have an illustrious pedigree in the skies, and I will not snap that chain which links me with those who have entered the glory-land. This faith saved them in the time of poverty, and persecution, and martyrdom, and death; and it will save me. At any rate, I would sooner risk my soul on all the difficulties of the old theology, so long tried and proved, than on all the beauties of the novel doctrine taught by so many nowadays. I believe we are all of one mind upon this matter, and some of us may live to see great alterations concerning the present popular teaching. I have felt the utmost contempt for certain individuals who have lately been abusing Mr. Gladstone, and I thought it was quite right on the part of those young men who banded themselves together to defend "the grand old man." Now, in a still higher sense, let us make a solemn league and covenant that we will avenge every attack that is made upon the truth of God; and if the old faith is to be despised, let each one of us be ready to say, "Here is one who is perfectly content to bear a share of the reproach; and if you men of the new school profess to be wiser than we are, you shall prove it if you can, and we will see which form of doctrine the Lord will bless to the winning of souls; and when all our service is over, and Christ comes to judge the world, we are quite willing to abide the test of that great day."

Whenever I have been thinking over a certain proposition, and I have come to what I consider a pretty safe conclusion, I do not feel satisfied with my own judgment alone; but whenever I take my own judgment upon any matter, and deliberately lay it down at the feet of the Lord Jesus Christ, desiring to be taught by the Holy Spirit what is the will of the Lord in that thing, I feel a wonderful ease and rest of heart about it. I am certain that I have made no mistake in absolutely laying down my own judgment and every other faculty, that I may be taught and guided of God. One fatal flaw in the thought of the present age is that every man seems to think that he can make his

own religion, and manufacture a god according to his own mind, and practically be his own christ and everything that he wants. The real truth is that, apart from the Lord Jesus Christ, each one of us is nothing and nobody; and the only hope of our ever becoming anything is for us to die out of ourselves into the life of God. Our thoughts need to be brought into subjection to the thoughts of God, and our lives need to be made to run on the lines laid by God; this would be for our safety, and I believe for our success also. We may learn a lesson from what happened in the last century; the style of much of the preaching was such as tended to the emptying of chapels and the multiplication of spiders, and Nonconformity gradually drifted away towards Unitarianism, and true religion would have become almost extinct in England if the Lord had not raised up those two believing men, Whitefield and Wesley, and others likeminded, who were a great power for good in the land. And I believe the Lord has raised us up, together with many others who hold the same faith, that we may fight this battle, and win the victory, to the glory of His holy Name. Whenever I have found myself represented as a fool because I cling so tenaciously to the old faith, I have thought to myself, "What man, by proclaiming any new doctrine, has been able to draw such congregations as have filled the Tabernacle for the last quarter of a century simply to listen to the preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified?" We do not set up to be anything great in ourselves; but we do set up to be servants of the great God, believers in the great Saviour, proclaimers of His great salvation, and, God helping us, we shall keep on doing this till we die; and then, unto principalities and powers in the Heavenly places, we will make known the manifold wisdom of God.

\* \* \* \*

*N.B.—A new series of questions and answers will (D.V.) be begun in next month's Magazine.*

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

"IN THE MULTITUDE OF MY THOUGHTS WITHIN ME THY COMFORTS DELIGHT MY SOUL."—Psalm xciv. 19.

"**THY** comforts delight my soul." Blessed Lord, how sweet is this text in my mouth! The taste of it is "like wafers made with honey." It is both meat and drink to my heart, for every word has joy and refreshing in it; so that, like the "best wine" of the Canticles, it "goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak." "*Thy comforts—Thy comforts delight my soul.*" Give me grace, dear Master, to sit at Thy table this morning, and eat and drink abundantly, as Thy beloved ones may do, of the Divine dainties Thy love has here provided! Help me so to speak of them, that not only my own soul, but the souls of others may enjoy the Heavenly manna and be filled with the mingled and spiced wine of remembrance and expectation! Human comforters we may have had, and we blessed

them for their kindness; but none can comfort like Thee, for Thou art "the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort." Come then, dear Lord, help us to spread out this feast of fat things, and set it in order before our eyes, that we may see what reason we have to "comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

"*In the multitude of my thoughts within me,*" the first of Thy comforts, gracious God, is this,—that Thou hast said unto my soul, "I am thy salvation." *He saves us*, not because of any merit in us, or any deservings of our own; but because sovereign grace chose us, and Divine compassion redeemed us, and when we were far off, infinite pity brought us back, and made us nigh by the precious blood of Christ. It may well "comfort our hearts," this "everlasting consolation and good hope through grace," coming as it does direct from "our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God, even our Father, which hath loved us." A saved and pardoned sinner can truly say, "Thy comforts delight my soul."

The next thought is that, having saved us, *He keeps us*. "We are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Comparatively few Christians put God's keeping power fully to the test. If we would trust Him for the keeping, as we do for the saving, our lives would be far holier and happier than they are. "I will keep it every moment," is one of those grandly unlimited promises which most of us are afraid of, and we store them away in the background because we dare not believe them, and bring them out into the light of our daily practice. O foolish and unbelieving hearts, how much of soul-delighting comfort do we thus miss!

Then comes another thought, *He cares for us*. Dear friends, if you are His, you know the exceeding comfort of casting all your care upon Him, and being quite sure that He will "undertake" for you. Have we not often come to Him oppressed and burdened with an intolerable weight of anxiety and distress, and been enabled to roll the whole mass of it on Him, leaving it all at His feet, and returning to our work with a lightened and restful heart? Some of us have had burdens and sorrows, which would have crushed the very life out of us if we had not been enabled to look up and say, "Thou, Lord, hast holpen and comforted me." Yes, truly, God's care for us is one of the sweetest comforts of our mortal life.

Closely linked with this is that other thought, that *He knows all about us*. Our enemies—sometimes, even our friends,—misunderstand and malign us, they misconstrue our words and actions, and impute to us motives which never actuated us. But our God knows the thoughts and intents of our heart, and never makes a mistake in the judgment He passes on us. The comfort of this knowledge on the Lord's part, to those who are "suffering wrongfully," is inexpressibly precious. They can lift up their heads with joy, and say, "The Lord is good. He knoweth them that trust in Him." I have known this comfort so delight the soul that trials and temptations had no power to vex or annoy it, for it was hidden "secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

Lastly (though there are many, many more), one of the multitude of thoughts that stand out prominently from the rest, as a comfort that delights the soul, is that *He loves us*. This truth has been running through the fields of previous thought, as a silver streamlet glides through the meadows;—here, it should deepen and expand to a broad and fathomless ocean, had I the power to speak of its height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and to tell of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.

But my pen utterly fails here. I feel as John Berridge must have done when he wrote, “We must *die* to speak of Christ.” You who love Him, and know that He loves you, must each one say to himself what that “comfort of love” is to your own heart. This will be a better comment than any I can offer. And, if some poor distressed soul is mourning the loss of the sweet consolation which Christ's love alone can give, let him call to remembrance a tenderly precious promise which the Lord put into the lips of the prophet Isaiah, “I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, AND RESTORE COMFORTS UNTO HIM.”

\* \* \* \*

A very pleasant, encouraging letter, which I have received, deserves to be enshrined in these records. The reference to the Tabernacle service, long ago, to the Almanack, and to my beloved's books and work will interest you as much as it pleased me. The writer, who is a clergyman in a far-away land, says:—“For the last eighteen years, your husband's Sermons and books have been a great blessing to me. I heard him preach twice in the Tabernacle, and on one of those occasions my sainted mother was with me; and as she, a plain Scotch-woman, looked round the immense building, she said, ‘They will never fill this place to-night!’ Her attention was diverted for a time; but when the doors were opened, and the crowd rushed in, and the house was crowded in a few moments, her wonder and amazement were beyond expression. She is gone to glory now. Through her I was led to Jesus, and I am at present in this remote and isolated place, striving to lead others to Christ.

“Your little Almanack reaches even to us, and is a guide and comforter. An old lonely widow woman was telling me, the other day, how precious the texts were to her soul. She knew more about Mr. Spurgeon than I did, and, need I say, she loved him well? I have often thought of writing to you to thank you, and to praise God with you for His goodness to and through you. My people are peculiar, I do not know one rejoicing believer; they are religious, but great slaves to opinion. Many of them wish to fear Jehovah, and serve other gods; while, alas! many church communicants go to and seem to enjoy promiscuous dancing balls. God has been stirring my soul, and I feel the force of the little article in this year's Almanack, ‘The Disappointed Dog.’ I have had, in previous years, the joy of winning souls; but I, too, have been, if not *content*, at any rate not what I should have been in regard to the perishing and Christless ones. They wish to be left alone. Ministers are too ready to cry, ‘Peace,’ and to preach away

without troubling much whether souls are saved or not. There will be a dreadful awakening some day. The power of the Holy Spirit alone can enable us to be faithful and successful winners of souls."

Here is another letter,—a very quaint one,—from an old Welshman, who, though living 170 miles from London, claims that Mr. Spurgeon was his beloved Pastor. "For over 30 years," he says, "I have fed upon his Sermons, and I have taken the *Sword and Trowel* for nearly as long, so that I know your history since you left New Park Street Chapel. How I grieved over the disaster in the Surrey Music Hall, and how annoyed I was at the behaviour of that Committee when Mr. Spurgeon took Exeter Hall, and with the unkind comments sent by a London minister to a Scotch paper! I was angry, too, when I used to read a certain Dr.'s 'snap-shots' of jealous sentences, many of which will be read with disgust in the future. And I was daily in sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon as he passed through the cold showers of the 'Down-grade' hailstones. Thank God, he fought that battle gloriously! He was a truly brave man, 'who dared to say the right, when right was miscalled wrong.' If I were rich, I would certainly open an ababaster box, and pour its contents on his name and memory!

"But my great delight has been in his grand work, *The Treasury of David*. What a storehouse of fine spiritual food it is! Seven barrels of wheat-meal, always full, always fresh, sweeter each time it is used;—fuller than the Egyptian granaries, more soul-satisfying than all the combined delights of earth! I have also a great liking for *John Ploughman*, and several times have sent him and his horses to plough my neighbours' fields; but, for some reason or other, the horses always fail to find their way home, and then I have to buy a fresh team! Now I must conclude by telling you that, years ago, I walked twenty-two miles to hear 'John Ploughman' preach in Sir Watkin's park. I shall never forget it. The text was, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' What a grand solo it was! The melodious notes ran up and down between the upper 'Do'—The Lord—and the natural 'Me' below—'I shall not want.' It was Heavenly music, and a time of bringing great glory to God."

\* \* \* \*

I have been to Bexhill. I have seen my "beautiful little Zion," I have heard the gospel in all its fulness and simplicity proclaimed within its walls, I have worshipped the Lord with a grateful heart, and sung His high praises in the assembly of His people, and I have sat with them at His table, and remembered His love, and His death. Verily, that day I came to Elim with its wells and palm trees, and my soul encamped there with great joy by the waters.

Now I have returned from this blessed pilgrimage more assured than ever that there is a great work to be done for the Lord at Bexhill, and that He is doing it, in His own gracious and glorious way. From first to last let us give to Him the honour and glory, for to Him alone it is due. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." Oh, that I could praise Him as I ought! My heart is full of gratitude,

*(Supplement to "The Sword and the Trowel," May, 1897.)*



MRS. C. H. SPURGEON AND FRIENDS AT THE CUTTING OF THE FIRST SOD FOR NEW CHAPEL, BENHILL.



my soul overflows with thanksgiving, yet how impossible it seems to clothe my feelings with adequately expressive words. When I stood looking at the present building, and at the space of ground which the larger House of God is to occupy, a great awe fell upon me, and I could have wished that every brick, and stone, and rafter, and every blade of grass growing in the field, had had a voice to shame my silent tongue, while they sang the praises of Him who had done such great things for us!

The services at "Beulah" are bright and joyous. The people come in eagerly, as if they were hungry, and expected a good meal there; and, certainly, the dainties of the gospel feast were spread for them on that Sabbath morning, when Mr. Hockey preached from the words, "Come, for all things are now ready." If any poor sinner there did not "come," it must have been because he "would not."

And how the dear souls do sing! They do not "leave all the praise to the organ," for again and again I heard their voices rise above the notes of the pretty instrument which two dear friends have presented to "sweet Beulah Land." Oh, it *was* good to be there; I felt I was in the midst of a living church, and that the power of the Spirit of God stirred among the people.

Then, in the evening, my dear son Charles gave a very pleading and powerful discourse from the two words, "his Father," tenderly pressing home the fact of the Father's love upon the conscience of those who had wandered from Him. I shall be greatly surprised if we do not hear of some prodigal's return to the heart and the home of the gracious Lord whose love and mercy were so attractively set forth. The Lord's Supper at the close of this service was the crowning bliss of the day; when we sat together as a little company of believers, and thought of Him, and blessed Him for dying for us, and rejoiced that He still lives and loves us. Do you not think, dear friends, that I had a Sabbath day at Bexhill which will be remembered by me till I come to the gate of Heaven?

On Monday, at 11 a.m., we had a little ceremony in the open air, and an informal meeting in the Chapel, which you will read about further on in the Magazine; and so I had the joy of inaugurating the new effort, embracing the erection of the larger place of worship, for which we shall need *more faith, more money, more prayer*, and certainly *more hearty praise*; because the gracious God, who has led us and blessed us so wondrously thus far, is pledged, both by His nature and His Word, to complete the work He has begun.

One word as to finance. OUR GOD SENDS THE MONEY. No man, woman, or child is *asked* to give; but if a Divine prompting comes to anyone, I pray you do not ignore it, dear friends; I, as the treasurer, shall be grateful to receive help, great or small, towards this work of the Lord in my hands. Please remember that my "boast in the Lord" that the School-Chapel should be opened FREE OF DEBT, has been, by His grace and goodness, most abundantly fulfilled.

S. S.

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

### CUTTING THE FIRST SOD. INTERESTING CEREMONY.

**D**URING the past month, a further impetus has been given to the new work by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's second visit to Bexhill. Believing that the time had arrived for making a beginning with the larger Chapel, Mrs. Spurgeon consented to cut the first sod, and so to start the work of preparing for the foundations of the future building. Accordingly, on *Monday morning, April 12*, quite a good company of friends assembled in the School-Chapel for a brief preliminary service. After a hymn had been sung, Pastor Charles Spurgeon offered prayer, and Pastor J. S. Hockey delivered a short address, in the course of which he said that he devoutly thanked God that Mrs. Spurgeon was able to be with them that day; there would not have been a Baptist Chapel at all in Bexhill had it not been for her, and certainly they would not have had the larger edifice about to be erected had it not been for her splendid generosity.

The congregation then adjourned to the ground, and the ceremony of cutting the first sod was duly performed by Mrs. Spurgeon. We are very glad to be able to present to our readers, in a special supplement issued with this month's *Sword and Trowel*, a view of this interesting scene, and we are also very pleased here to report the "few words" spoken by Mrs. Spurgeon on this memorable occasion.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. SPURGEON said:—I would like, dear friends, to say just a few words. I am not going to make a speech. God has not bestowed upon me the gift of utterance, and my son will speak on my behalf; but I want to tell you how delighted I was yesterday to hear your dear Pastor (Mr. Hockey) preach the pure and simple gospel in that little Chapel we have just left. You cannot imagine how dear the place is to me. All the tenderest emotions of my heart are touched by the sight of this "little Beulah" of yours,—and mine. It has been built to the glory of God, first and foremost, and He has already come and taken possession of it, and made it His own house, by "receiving sinners" there. He has filled it with His glory! But it also enshrines the precious memory of my dear one who has gone to be with God, and therefore it has a peculiar sacredness for me. This cutting of the first sod is a small beginning of what I am sure will have a great and glorious ending, for the work is of the Lord all the way through, and He never does things by halves. You have done me the honour of making me treasurer of the Building Fund, and I am going to tell you a secret concerning that Fund. People do say that ladies cannot keep secrets, but I have kept this one so long that it is burning my heart this morning, and must be told. In addition to the amounts reported, the Lord has given me

A THOUSAND POUNDS

towards the cost of the new Chapel which we now propose to build.

This money is in the Bank, and we are going to trust God for the rest. God began the School-Chapel, and He is now beginning the larger edifice which is to be erected as a House for His glory. I pray that the Lord will richly bless Mr. Hockey, and give him many souls as seals to his ministry.

\* \* \* \*

Another hymn having been sung, Pastor Charles Spurgeon suggested that the spade used by his dear mother should be silver-plated by making it the receptacle for contributions towards the Building Fund. The amount thus given was ultimately made up to ten guineas.

On returning to the chapel, Pastor Charles Spurgeon referred to the happy providential arrangement by which his beloved mother and himself were enabled to be present on that occasion, and said he was sure they had that day done, in the name of the Lord, just what his dear father would have desired to be done if he could have been with them. His mother had begun to dig out the foundation of a new station on the line to Heaven, and he hoped some would take their tickets, and enter the gospel train that morning. He rejoiced in the good work which had already been accomplished in Bexhill, and he exhorted the friends to imitate the early Christians, who "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." These were the four sides of a great square. British soldiers always liked to fight in squares when they were few and the enemy many, and they had withstood many attacks that way; and if the Bexhill Baptists stood firm in similar fashion, their future would be God-honoured, and far greater in prosperity than they could imagine.

Pastor W. J. Harris, of Eastbourne, expressed the great joy he felt in having any part in the proceedings of the day, and especially in meeting dear Mrs. Spurgeon, "the mother of the Pastors' College." From the Tabernacle pulpit there rang out for thirty years that wonderful witnessing for Christ which had penetrated to the very ends of the earth, and now from the bereaved home at "Westwood" a most gracious ministry was still being exercised. The present School-Chapel, and the larger one about to be built, were the results of that ministry. He believed that, if any church had ever been born of the Holy Ghost, it was the Baptist Church at Bexhill; they had a living church, a living preacher, a living Lord, and a living gospel.

\* \* \* \*

Our readers will notice, by the cash-list on page 252, how grandly the total for Beulah Baptist Chapel has grown. From the amount there announced must be deducted the sums already expended, leaving for the new building, now begun, about £1,235. Contributions towards the £2,000 (or thereabouts) still required may be sent to Pastor J. S. Hockey, Bexhill, Sussex; or Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

## “Our Own Men” and their Work.

XLI.—PASTOR E. A. CARTER AND THE PIONEER MISSION.

THE Church of Rome has many characteristics which are entirely abhorrent to us as Evangelical Christians; but she has one custom which Protestants, and even Baptists, ultra-Protestants as we are, may both admire and imitate. It was one of the secrets of success in her career of conquest that she found a place and a welcome for workers of utterly diverse kinds, and this is still one of her chosen methods of maintaining her hold upon the people. In this respect, she is wise. Though in many points



she contravenes the Divine order, in this one she falls in with and follows it. Variety in unity is a regnant law in God's universe.

A brief glance at this series of papers on “Our Own Men” will suffice to show that, in at least one section of the Evangelical Churches, this primary principle has not been lost sight of, or neglected. The beloved Founder of the Pastors' College got down to bed-rock as regards the principles on which the work should proceed. One thing he desired, that “the Word of God should have free course, and be glorified;” but in the realization of that desire he saw that there was room for men and methods of very varied types and attainments,—men of “culture” who could fill the best pulpits in our land, and fill them with distinction; and men of “go” who could go where there was no pulpit, and by their “go” make a pulpit for themselves, gathering a people out of the streets to become a people for the Lord. Mr. Spurgeon also saw that the methods to be used must be as diverse as the men,—a comprehensive elasticity in work combined with a steady oneness in the Word.

The case before us, of PASTOR E. A. CARTER and the PIONEER MISSION, furnishes us with a fine illustration of this comprehending elasticity both in the order of workers and the methods of work. How entirely apart from the ordinary run of pastoral service is this enterprise of the Pioneer Mission! How fitted the worker is for his work! Coming of a business family, having enjoyed what is called “a good commercial education,” serving an apprenticeship to business by actual engagement in it for a series of years, he was thus enabled to bring to the Lord's work, not only a consecrated spirit, but a disciplined business mind; and for such a service as now for years he has been rendering, this was a prime necessity. Moreover, the possession of some measure of what is called “means”—though not perhaps an absolute necessity, is certainly a distinct advantage. To initiate new movements, or take hold afresh of old and languishing work, needs

not only a devout heart and business mind, but also the control, on the part of the worker or his friends, of a little of that "money" which, according to the proverb, "makes the mare to go"; all the better is it when the worker himself has this useful commodity, and all the more readily will he find other friends willing to stand by him, and aid him with their sympathy and substance. Family connections, education, early life and training, and the possession of some means, all conspired to fit the man for his mission.

Yet—so slow are we all to see "eye to eye" with the Great Worker, and to understand His plans for us,—not all at once, nor indeed for a long while, did our brother see his way into this work. At first, the foreign field had its attractions; from "the regions beyond" there seemed to come a call which, at any rate, must receive solemn and earnest consideration. Would that more of the Lord's servants would give that consideration! Surely our glorified President was right in saying, "The question for each of us is not,—whether I may go as a missionary, but whether I may refrain from going." The call heard by our brother was very real; but, at least for that time, it was not for him; God had work of another kind for him to do. The Master knew, as He always does, where and how His servants can best serve Him; so Mr. Carter was "not suffered to go" to other lands, but was kept where *he* was equally needed, and where *his* service, for the time being, could best be done.

A recent critique, in the literary column of one of our evening papers, contained a sentence on this wise:—"One of the best preservatives of democratic sympathy is *the capability of hearing a sigh.*" May we not alter two words, and then apply them here? One of the best preservatives of a *Christian* spirit is the capability of hearing a sigh. That capability our brother had; it was "the sighing of the prisoner" in dungeons of heathen darkness that he had heard; and though it may not be for him to open the doors of that prison-house, yet, retaining that gracious capability, he soon found that not alone from "afar" but also from "nigh at hand" sighs from the poor and needy, the burdened and the bound, were constantly being breathed out to God,—sighs which, echoing back from Heaven's battlements, are God's call to His warriors on earth.

When the present writer was leaving "the school of the prophets," the dear President was consulted with regard to the student's acceptance of the call from the church over which he was soon to preside, and where he has remained up to the present time. Mr. Spurgeon, as was his wont, answered enquiry by enquiry, *and* something more. "Round about you, close at hand, are Mitcham, Merton, Morden,—all in need of mission-work. Seek to do it, and I will help you." Those were his words, and they were seed-grain.

The idea thus mooted proved to be one of the things which, amid the strange interworking of forces, helped to direct the capabilities of Mr. Carter's consecrated spirit and disciplined mind into the channels in which they have since come to flow. A prospecting party of two was formed,—Brother Carter was one of the two,—and after some considerable search, the Pioneer Mission, in its pioneer stage,

began its work. A piece of ground was found, and taken, though not by the two who first prospected, but by one of these and *his* brother (Pastor F. C. Carter), and on this site the two brothers—brothers by nature, brothers by grace, and brothers of the Pastors' College brotherhood,—erected a chapel, and began work. This they sustained for a good while; indeed, until it was thought high time that the people should have an opportunity of more fully developing their own powers by having less opportunity to lean on others. Thus began one of the many kinds of work now carried on by the Pioneer Mission.

After this, a different form of service came to hand. The little cause at Harefield, Herts, had "fallen on evil days," and here, for a season, our brother's energies were used with gracious issues. The church was resuscitated, and presently handed over to the charge of a young brother labouring under the auspices of the Herts Baptist Union,—that young brother afterwards becoming one of our valued missionaries in India.

By this time, the vision of a life-work was shaping into definiteness. Could not more be done along the same or similar lines? Could not other workers engage in it? Could not young men be found who, at small cost, could man these efforts, and prepare themselves at the same time for further and larger spheres of service? These things began to be considered in the busy brain of the pioneer of the pioneers. He took counsel with others, and notably with two, Pastor James Douglas, M.A., of Kenyon Chapel, Brixton, and the dear President of the Pastors' College, since gone to the Summerland. Each of these honoured servants of Christ was greatly pleased to know both what had already been accomplished and what was further planned and purposed. Sympathy and co-operation were thus secured, work went forward, one after another places were found and furnished with workers, our brother himself developing into a sort of peripatetic bishop, guiding his under-workers, suggesting and supervising, aiding and encouraging, rendering help, not only financially, but also by preaching "visitation" sermons and conducting special missions.

We cannot tell all,—but Farnworth, near Bolton; New Brighton, near Liverpool; Withington, near Manchester; Douglas, in the Isle of Man; Christchurch, Hampshire; Sharon Hall, Liverpool; Kibworth, in Leicestershire; Sherborne and Wimborne, in Dorsetshire; Fenton, Staffordshire; South Molton, in Devonshire; Sutterton, Holbeach, and Horncastle, in Lincolnshire; Tenbury, in Worcestershire; and Hampton Court, in Surrey; are some of the places where work has been done by our brother and his co-workers. Far North, to "the land o' cakes"; and South, to the sunny climes about the pine region of South Eaux; East to the Lincolnshire coast,—land of the sunrising; and West, to that home and headquarters of Evangelical preaching, the Principality of Wales;—into all these parts the Mission has gone, and everywhere with blessing resting on it. It has proved to be a veritable bit of that Kingdom of which the King Himself said, "It is like a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his garden; and *it grew*." That is its gracious and delightful

characteristic: "It grew." It grew downward, taking deeper and yet deeper "root"; it grew outward, covering wider and yet wider areas; it grew upward, for it has been used of God to the raising up of many souls to live Godward-tending and godly lives. *A soul-saving agency* is perhaps as good a description of the Pioneer Mission as can be found. And still we trust and pray that it may grow and develop yet further. There is need,—need in our dear homeland; changing circumstances in the country, and the rapidly-multiplying populations in the towns, call for ever-fresh effort and fully-consecrated service. There are new districts to be entered, old work to be remodelled, and languishing "causes" to be revived. There is also need in "the regions beyond." Alas! how great is that need! And still the leader of this pioneer work sees the vision, and hears the voice of "*that man*" standing on the other side, and saying ever, "Come over,—come over and help us;" and still his heart beats responsive, and his hopes kindle afresh whilst he looks for the door to open by which he shall obtain entrance, and so be enabled to go in, and in some way help to take possession of that great promised land of heathendom. The Pioneer Mission exists "for the furtherance of the gospel." Anywhere, everywhere, and by all right means, it seeks that the Word of God may have free course, and be glorified. Founder, supporters, workers are all united in one desire,—"*Thy Kingdom come!*"

Ought not such a work to be well supported? Ought not the wealth in which our country so abounds, and of which God's people have their share, to be readily contributed to help it on? Surely such whole-hearted consecration as is shown by our brother and his wife—true "help-meet" as she is,—calls aloud for generous and constant aid. Husband and wife freely spend their substance, cheerfully and gladly forego the pleasure and restfulness of a settled home, and give up body, soul, and spirit to meet the exigences of this enterprise by which the Word of God is spread far and wide. Such workers, leading such a work, and receiving such manifold tokens of Divine approval, should find ever-increasing power to enter in through the ever-multiplying open doors of opportunity. Friends willing to help, or desiring to know more about the work of the Pioneer Mission, can write to Pastor E. A. Carter, "Oreston," Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

CHARLES INGEM.

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### IX.—GEMS OF INDIA.

INDIA has always been famous for its wealth. Marco Polo was probably the earliest European traveller who reached that country. This was in 1271; he looked with wondering eyes upon the pearl fisheries, and gazed with great admiration upon the bejewelled Rajahs of that land. No wonder that, on his return to his native land, he was full of "travellers' tales" such as would hardly pass as current coin to-day. Precious stones, he averred, lay in great abundance at the bottom of a ravine guarded by deadly serpents. On the hills above,

white eagles flew around in search of prey. Natives were accustomed to throw pieces of meat into the valley to induce the eagles to swoop down to where men dared not descend; and, as the birds returned with their reward, the people drove them off, to find diamonds sticking to the pieces of meat left behind on the ground.

We know that there are more precious things in India than gems and pearls. Men and women are of infinitely greater value than earthly treasure, though they lie far down in the dark and deadly vale of superstition and idolatry. "That old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan," still guards jealously and determinedly his possessions there; and the rescuer, who resolves to descend, has to be ready for stern conflict. "There is a mine in India," said Andrew Fuller; and Carey's heroic and daring response was, "I will go down if you hold the ropes." So, first one, and then another precious jewel were rescued, to adorn the crown of our Lord and Master. "On His head are many crowns," and gems from all lands shine therein. From India many a Koh-i-noor has been lifted to the realms of glory, and for more than a century has that vale of darkness been thus searched by daring rescuers who love the Lord.

It is recorded of the famous Ala-ud-deen, that he sent his armies to the remotest parts of India, until his generals collected tribute from the Rajahs of the South, and plundered palaces and temples as far as the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar. The riches they saw were beyond telling; treasuries were overflowing with gold, silver, and precious stones; but the Rajahs were black barbarians, dwelling in palaces of wood and thatch, and wearing nothing but a cloth about their loins, while they were loaded with bracelets and anklets of gold and jewels, and necklaces of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls. Temples were covered with tiles and plates of gold, and idols were made of gold or silver, and decked, like the Rajahs, with jewels.

There was untold earthly wealth amid a debasing and barbarous environment; and this is a type of much that exists in India to-day. With excellent laws and good government, educational advantages and modern civilization, international communication and daily papers, awakened consciences and political feeling, there still exists to a sad extent a degrading and debasing idolatry that sways and dominates the life as really as barbarism did the ancients of that land. As great wealth and fearful degradation, so, educational advantages and gross superstition are plainly incongruous. Yet this is the state of many in India to-day. Outward changes but bedeck the race, and he only is a true jewel who is one inwardly; for real excellence is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the appearance merely. The ornament of the hidden man of the heart, a meek and quiet spirit, is in the sight of God of great price. But this is the work of grace, a new creation; and, thank God, there are many such in the native churches of that land! Of these we hear the Lord saying, "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels." Behold, the Divine Lapidary is already polishing them for the high and holy position they are to fill in His great jewel-room above, where they shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!

ROBERT SPURGEON.



## The Pastor's Page.\*

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

A HAPPY MEMORY.

ON at least four occasions, I have been present at public meetings in the Brighton Dome. On one of these, J. M. Bellew was giving readings; on another, Philip Phillips, "The Singing Pilgrim," charmed us with his sacred music. On the third, I myself held forth on the glories of "Brighter Britain."

The fourth occasion is likely to live longest in my memory. Details of the others have already faded, but much of this remains. The crowd was great and representative, for to the erstwhile stables of the Prince's whimsical Pavilion each quarter of "London-by-the-Sea" had sent its contingent, that July evening in 1884, to listen to a lecture by Rev. PETER MACKENZIE.



I regret to say that, who the chairman was, and what he looked like,

\*In last month's "Pastor's Page" the engraving of the wood block was attributed in error to T. Spurgeon. He was merely the draughtsman; and it is an interesting fact that the engraving was done by the friend (Mr. T. Hollidge) who accompanied Pastor T. S. on his first voyage to the Antipodes, and on whose father's premises, at 5, Fetter Lane, he learned the art of wood-engraving. The portrait of Rev. Peter Mackenzie is inserted by the kind permission of Rev. C. H. Kelly.

and what he said, have vanished like a dream. I am not sure that I should have remembered that we sang three verses of "Come, ye that love the Lord," if I did not happen to retain possession of two copies of it, on which I managed to scribble a few notes of the remarkable discourse.

The reverend gentleman had very little of the ecclesiastic about him. He seemed perfectly at home from the outset. *Some* lecturers are fidgety till they start. J. B. Gough confessed to being so. Not so the Wesleyan divine. I do not think that anything would have put him out. From first to finish he was an imperturbable Peter. He was used to it! And well he might be, for a year later he wrote, *re* the demand for his services:—"I have had to refuse 257, many of them needy and worthy," and in 1893:—"I have 600 sermons and lectures booked." So there is little wonder that he was at his ease. He had a "Hear, hear!" for the chairman, and a very loud "Amen!" after the prayer; he seemed to relish the singing; he leapt to his feet as soon as called upon, and plunged straightway into his theme; and, though he must have been an hour and a half hard at it, talking in immense spirits, and at a great rate, he was as lively when concluding as when commencing. The audience was a highly expectant one. It looked for something out of the ordinary. It had probably heard of Peter's peculiarities. Perhaps the story of how he sent a Cornish audience into uncontrollable laughter had reached its ears. In that instance, neither the singing of a hymn, nor the taking of the collection, sufficed to stay the hilarity. So the people had a mind to laugh on the slightest provocation, and verily they would have had to in any case. There was something irresistibly comic about the lecturer's appearance and style. What with eyes that twinkled merrily, a mobile mouth, and a decidedly broad smile, he impressed one at a glance as a specially lively lecturer. There would be no prosy platitudes, and therefore no dull moments, and no somnolent tendencies, while Peter Mackenzie, all alert, and brimful of humour, was occupying, and parading the platform.

I know not whether "Elijah" was the favourite theme with him out of his nearly forty lectures. He was very fond of "Queen Esther" (of whom he used to relate that she collected £2,830 in eleven months). Certainly, the subject seemed a congenial one. "The prophet of fire" might well suit a Methodist with so much fire of his own. The feature of style which most impressed me consisted in the fact that ancient history was considerably modernized. We had a presentment of Elijah up to date. He was, in fact, a Wesleyan minister, with several circuits. It did not transpire, however, that class-meetings were held very regularly at that time.

Our first glimpse of the prophet in the lecture, as in the Scriptures, revealed him announcing before Ahab the curse of a drought of indefinite duration: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." The message was distinct, and authoritative. There was no mistaking it. "Even the infidels," said Peter, "might have pawned their umbrellas." This was Elijah's "farewell sermon." He removed at once to another circuit. He didn't wait after the

electric shock that his announcement must have caused. He gave the king leg-bail, and absconded with the keys of the clouds."

Our next peep of the prophet was at the brook Cherith, where he was sustained by bread and flesh brought by ravens, morning by morning and evening by evening. The lecturer referred to attempts to explain away this miracle. He understood that, by the alteration of certain vowel-points, the word rendered "ravens" might be read *merchants*, or *Arabians*. He made no trouble of such discussion. "Suppose they *were* Arabs; it's no odds if the travelling preacher was put up, and fed." As to the ravens being unclean, (perhaps the Arabs were, too!) the prophet didn't devour the birds; it wasn't crow-pie he lived on, the ravens were only the carriers,— "God's Parcels' Post." The banished prophet wouldn't complain who brought the food so that he did but get it. "Abigail came to David on an ass." But ravens lived on carrion! Well, perhaps Elijah was a bit of an aristocrat, and liked his meat a little gamey! Moreover, it was probable that the ravens brought, not what they themselves preferred, but what Elijah liked,— "roast duck, for instance (*minus* the green peas), and *that*, maybe, out of Ahab's farmyard!" Anyhow, the lecturer was not going to be turned from the Scripture story. "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." "*I have commanded!*" That settled it. "Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?" Elijah was fed by ravens, assuredly, despite all difficulties which did exist, and those that critics and sceptics have tried to create. Meanwhile, Elijah drank of the brook. It was at once his fountain and "his musical box." Methought I heard the brooklet singing this sweet message, "The Lord will provide."

Again the scene was changed. Where was the next circuit to be? Zarephath, of all places! "Shetland again!" as he lamented who was banished to that unpopular sphere. But he was bound to obey, nor did he need a "Taylor's removal van" for his household effects. And he was to go to a widow woman. Here came a good word concerning godly widows, who "will not want as long as Elijah's God lives." As the prophet approached the gate of the city, he espied "a lonely-looking lady gathering sticks." Then we had the Scripture story, though not in Biblical language, of the promise to supply her wants from an exhaustless barrel and cruse, and of her beautiful faith in the Word of God. She didn't say, "You work the miracle first." Like the lepers who went to show themselves to the priest before they were cleansed, this widow woman "believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Those lepers were described as hastening,— "like Weston and O'Leary," (champion walkers, were they not?) "they ran away from the leprosy, and it has never overtaken them since."

I remember the sweet reference to the sorrow that befell the widow in the death of her son, and the enforcement of the great truth "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." "There is hope for me as long as I'm worth a switch," said the lecturer.

Elijah's meeting with Obadiah was very forcibly described, and especially "the governor's" hesitation to inform Ahab of the prophet's return. "'Don't put yourself about, Obadiah,' said Elijah.

'I'm going to show myself to him.' Then we were assured that Ahab would have been "a decent sort if he had only been properly mated. Jezebel was at the bottom of all the bother. Ahab was like putty in her hands." I shall never forget what fantastic tricks Peter played with his handkerchief at this stage. Surely, never conjurer did greater wonders with one. He twisted it round, and rolled it into a ball, stretched it forth, and spread it out, and squeezed it tight. The handkerchief was the king, with whom the heathen queen did just exactly as she pleased.

Then came the crowning scene on Carmel's sunburnt summit. Elijah was determined to put an end to the duplicity and hesitation of the people. He would have it out with them. They must determine who was the true God, and then serve Him alone. "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." He therefore proposed a test,—the test of flame: "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." "If yours answers, we'll join the member for Northampton" (Bradlaugh). The priests and people agreed to the proposal. They said aloud, "It is well spoken." Perhaps they said within themselves, supposing they had the best of the bargain, "Our god is a fire god, and the world's as dry as a tinder-box."

How I wish I could give some idea of the description of the futile prayers of Baal's priests, and of how Elijah mocked them. Mackenzie translated their sarcasm into modern phraseology. Elijah said to them, "Why don't you call upon your god? Are you joining the Society of Friends? Either he is talking, or he is pursuing. Perhaps he has gone to Dongola, and is hunting crocodiles." (There was an Egyptian expedition on just then!) "Or he is on a journey. Perchance he has gone to seek the North Pole; or he is at the seaside for a change of air, or he is enjoying a nap!"

Ah, but you should have seen Peter Mackenzie when Elijah's turn arrived! "Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me." For the while, we left the Dome, and were on Carmel. Mackenzie was Elijah. He repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. Before our eyes he took the twelve stones, and built an altar in the name of the Lord. Then we saw him make a deep wide trench, and place wood, and the pieces of bullock. We watched them pour the water—twelve barrels full,—over all. At the supreme moment, he prayed that marvellous prayer, "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy Word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart back again." With arms uplifted, and with flashing eye, Peter Mackenzie recited this petition, while the people hearkened breathlessly,—as if, indeed, it were all new to them. *Then, THEN* the fire of the Lord fell!! Verily, we should hardly have wondered if it *had*. All seemed so real. While memory lasts, I shall retain a vivid recollection of the description of that falling fire. It consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. But the most wondrous thing about it was that "it consumed also the indecision of the

people," for they fell on their faces; and they said, "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."

It was strange to pass from this height of triumphant faith to the deeps of depression into which the prophet fell. But "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are." Now he runs with girded loins before the chariot of Ahab, "like a real Bedouin," declining the king's invitation to "jump up into the trap;" and, presently, he flees headlong from the angered queen. The inconsistency of the man was pointed out by the reminder that, having reached the wilderness, he requested for himself that he might die. "He ran like mad to save his life, and then asked the Lord to kill him!" Thus even with Elijah the pendulum swung to and fro. How good God was to him! He sent him an angel, and a miraculous meal, and then directed him unto Horeb, the mount of God.

Peter Mackenzie found fine scope for his descriptive powers in God's interview with Elijah at Horeb. He made the scene, with its wind, and 'quake, and fire, to live before us. We also heard the still small voice. I call to mind how the Lord chided and cheered His servant. He had complained that he alone was left. "Nay, nay," said his Master, "there are 7,000 members in that circuit, you ought to have known that, Elijah; I'm afraid you haven't been a good visitor." Amongst other encouragements was the promise of a helper. "I'll send you a curate, to say, 'Amen!'" and so it came to pass that Elisha came beneath the prophet's mantle. We got a passing glimpse of Elisha's marvellous life. He had indeed a double portion of his master's spirit, for he wrought many more miracles than his illustrious predecessor did. Amongst these, we were reminded of how he first smote his enemies with blindness, and then "gave them a knife-and-fork tea," and said a kind "Good-bye" to those who came to apprehend him.

But who shall tell of how Mackenzie depicted Elijah's translation? I couldn't take notes then,—there was too much fire about! I had to look and wonder while the flaming coursers bore the fiery prophet away, away; and the chariot of fire "tore past the burning milestones" on the King's highway. I could only watch,—as Elisha did,—while "Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven," and cry with him, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

I think, though, that we all found ourselves looking for at least a portion of "the mantle that fell from him."

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## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &C., &C.

V.—WITH BIRDS AND BEES.

MANY years ago, when duties detained us far into the summer night, we used to wend our way home, 'twixt dusk and dawn, through the dense woods which lined one of the roads of Kent. This part of our path was always walked with hushed footsteps, for the solemn trees seemed to us like the nave of a great sanctuary, and the

song of the nightingales as an unseen choir. Having, not long before, lost a youth's best earthly friend,—a godly mother,—our susceptible spirit was easily swayed by the sounds that came to us from the mysterious darkness, lighted only by moonbeams here and there. Often we stood still and listened. In that quiet hour, when most of human kind slept,—and there are more asleep near the turn of the night than at any other time, and more than we wot of lose their chronic pains in a fresh doze towards morning,—just then we used to pause, and hearken to the stirrings in the deep woods. Perhaps, from far away, the “to-who” of the owl would reach us; or, close at hand, a querulous little twitter would set us thinking that it must take the mother-bird all her time to keep the youngsters from kicking one another out of bed. These feeble chirps would be followed by a soothing trill, a confidential reminder of nearness and protection, and then, after a slight flutter, all would be still again.

But what used to hold us most were the song of the nightingale and the first signs the birds showed at the break of day. These woods and copses were a favourite haunt of the sweet singer of the night. How spirit-like the sound of that “jug, jug,” coming out of the thick darkness of the trees, as the hidden singer poured forth his message! Naturalists tell us that the male nightingale is supposed to reach our shores first, and that his song increases in sweetness as the arrival of his mate draws near. He sings in expectancy at a certain spot, and there his true love will find him, for she can tell his note amid a thousand.

Thus is it with the saint and her Beloved; she knew Him in the far-off land, and, now she has crossed the flood, she hears again *His* voice; and though the full choirs of Heaven give forth their music, His greeting attracts her more than all beside. Oh, what a melody will that be, ye saints of the Lord, when He, who is the sweetest Psalmist of all Israel, rejoices over His Bride with singing! What the note of the finch is to the soul-borne song of the nightingale, even David's harp shall be in comparison to the strains of Jesus as He pours forth the solo of His love for the redeemed who have come to Him from across the waters for rest and peace.

\* \* \* \*

The natural world has much to say to those who “watch for the morning.” The night has its life as well as the day, and wonderfully interesting are the movements and voices of living things on the moor and in the field through the semi-darkness preceding the break of the summer's dawn. Especially is this so when moonlight adds its beauty to the situation. It then seems as if the cocks in the farm-yards for miles round anticipated the hours; while the intermittent rustlings through the long grass and banks tell of many a small creature who is “making a night of it.” The birds, too, are restless, and very early begin to twitter, like children whispering across each other's beds, “Are you awake?”

What wonder that our mystic-loving forefathers peopled the dells with fairies, who killed “cankers in the musk-rose buds,” and warred “with rear-mice for their leathern wings,” wherewith to make elves' coats! What wonder that Philomel was invoked to join in the

lullaby which hushed Titania sleeping on a bank of thyme! The song of this minstrel of the night is enough to make one dream. You can imagine furry things answering in rhythmic dance, and white-winged moths circling to the song, in some green amphitheatre studded with glow-worm lamps, and filled with an admiring audience of bats from the barn, frogs from the marsh, and bejewelled toads in the front seats!

\* \* \* \*

What wonderful eyesight and hearing form the endowment of the small creation! We have held our breath while watching rabbits gambolling on a turf slope. The slightest scent or sound of us would have stopped their happy antics. The squirrels, too, as they have played among the pine branches; one human movement, and their droll gymnastics would end. Birds, also, have rare organs of sight and sound. Lean, if you will, over the park gate, and look up into the topmost branches of the tall elm. There, in the highest prongs, is a rough nest. Upon it is a rook. She has her eye on you; you can tell that by the way she holds her head. You feel as guilty as when the old lady of the dame-school used to "fix" you through her spectacles. There are many ways of being overlooked; but to be "shadowed" by a rook is one added to the usual list. Point your walking-stick upward towards these high-perched philosophers who have one answer to all questions; and away they will go to a great height, "cawing" clamorously.

Nor is the hearing of birds less wonderful. The sweet nightingale affords an instance of this. An authority tells us that "one bird will answer another, taking up the song where the first ceases, when they are far beyond our power of hearing." This has been proved by witnesses placed mid-way, and close to the rival songsters. These persons have timed the intervals between, "and found that, to a second, one bird began the instant the other was silent." Though the distance was too great for human ears to catch a note of the bird farthest from the listener, the hands which marked the seconds on the watches showed that one bird had never begun to sing until the other had ended.

When the nesting season draws to a close, the nightingale loses his voice, only croaking at the approach of danger. The impulse which inspired and sustained his song ceases until the brooding season nears again. The love from whence God's sweet night-singers draw the motive for *their* melody, ever remains the same. It is always "brooding season" with those who have made a nest on the Lord's altar. *Both* partners of this heavenly compact know how to sing. The bride learns from the Bridegroom, who rejoices over her "with singing." Yet, when we think of it, are there not some in the church who were wont to praise His Name, who are strangely silent now; nay, rather, have they not turned "croakers"? Grace remains the same, but they have no voice wherewith to respond to the "charming sound."

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We know a by-way, hedged here and there with wild cherry and crab, along which, too, the whitethorn glistens with dew when the

mists roll away, and the sun breaks through, on a May morning. Then is the time to watch the industrious bee making his way, with heavier flight, from flower to flower. Most assiduous of collectors is the bee, unceremoniously entering the dwellings from whence he takes his toll. He is the Inland Revenue officer of the insect world, and collects his Queen's taxes without scruple. Surely, some modern politicians must think the bee a fellow after their own heart. He is "no respecter of persons." The aristocrats among the flowers are compelled to yield their gold; and, if some unpretentious-looking plant, like the white nettle, is known to have a heavy bag, bee after bee draws upon it. The wayside flower might echo the complaint of the poor tradesmen:—"When the dust has spoiled my shop-window, the water-cart appears, and turns the grime into mud; and if I make a little profit on a fine morning, the tax-gatherer will be sure to call in the afternoon."

It may sound too bad to put the honey-loving bee—the greatest carrier in the world in proportion to his size,—in such a category. Let us think of him, rather, as bent upon gathering and storing of the best; and let us wonder at the wealth of nectar the flowers contain; and marvel even more at the mysterious process by which, out of the split rock, and gravels, and clays, the thing should spring which yields such sweet,—a Plant of Renown out of a dry ground.

Here we must leave our half-clothed moral to the generosity of our readers for an array of words.

## A Sermon on Clapham Common.\*

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY AFTERNOON, JULY 10TH, 1859,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"Be ye therefore ready also."—Luke xii. 40.

**H**APPILY for us, it is not often that men are struck dead by lightning. Remember all the multitudes of men existing upon the face of the earth, then calculate the number of thunder-storms, and you will see that, after all, many of the fears which disturb our minds in time of tempest and of storm are far more groundless than we are apt to imagine. It is but here and there, and now and then, that the scathing blast smites the earth, and a fellow-creature is launched into eternity. When, however, such a solemn event occurs, we ought to hear in it the voice of God, and listen to what He says to us. I thought, as I passed this tree a short time since, what a sermon it

\* On Lord's-day, June 26th, 1859, a violent storm passed over the Southern suburbs of London. On Clapham Common, a tree was struck by lightning, and a man, who had sought shelter beneath it from the rain, was killed. Mr. SPURGEON, remembering the charge given by Paul to Timothy, "*Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season;*" determined to preach beneath the fatal tree on the afternoon of July 10th, and to make a collection on behalf of the widow of the man who had been killed. About ten thousand persons assembled, and Mr. Spurgeon preached from a waggon which had been brought to serve as a pulpit. The collection for the poor woman amounted to £27 10s. 4d.—T. W. M.



might preach if it could speak ! How the rustle of its leaves might forewarn us of the stealthy footsteps of death ; and, as it towers toward Heaven, how it might be regarded as a finger directing us to look upward to the skies, and seek the Lord of grace and mercy !

The sermon of the tree this afternoon is simply this,—“ *Be ye therefore ready also.*” I wish I had strength enough to speak it out, and that my voice might be heard by you all, while I endeavour to draw from this tree a solemn lesson, and to impress it upon your minds.

*To die ! To die !* This is the sure end of earthly life. However long our life may be, it must terminate in death ! We are not to live here always. The day, however calm and bright, must die into the evening. The flower, however sweet, hath its root in the grave, and it must die. The very earth must one day pass away ; the sun himself will grow dim with age, and Nature’s wreck is sure. All things must shake, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and pass away. *We* must all die ; there is no escape from the skeleton king ; his hand *must* bind us in the silent grave. We may struggle as we will, but the stream of time is carrying us onwards, and we must be swept away ; strong swimmers though we be, we cannot contend against the flood, but onward we must go, each day bearing us upon its bosom to the boundless sea of eternity.

I. Since, then, death is certain to each of us, WHAT IS IT TO DIE ?

First, *to die, is to stand in the presence of the King of kings.* Is no preparation required ere we appear before the Majesty of Heaven ? Why, if men are about to have an audience with Her Majesty the Queen, they think much about it, and prepare carefully for it ; and do we think that we may rush unprepared into the presence of the King of kings ? Do we imagine that the God, whose majesty is boundless, will permit us to come before His face without preparation ? Or, if we do so, can we think that He will not drive us from His presence, and appoint us our portion with the lost in hell ?

*To die, is not only to appear before the King, but to stand before the Judge of all.* There is a judgment to come at the last day ; but, nevertheless, there is a judgment passed upon every individual the moment when he appears in eternity. The scales of justice are standing even to-day ; and, when I die, I must be weighed at once. My hearers, shall you and I be found of the right weight at last, or shall the verdict be, “ MENE, MENE, TEKEL : Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting ” ?

*To die, is to stamp our lot to all eternity.* We may change here ; many have been changed by grace in this life ; but there are no changes in the world to come.

“ Fixed is their everlasting state ;  
Would they repent, ’tis now too late.”

Life is the writing ; death is the signature and the sealing. Then shall each of us be compelled to feel, “ What I have written, I have written.” The voice of the angel over the tomb is, “ He that is unjust, let him be unjust still : and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still : and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still : and he that is holy, let him be holy still.”

Now if we look at death in this light, as our appearing before the KING, our standing before the JUDGE, and the settling of our eternal existence, what arguments we might draw from these facts that we should be "ready also." Many a man says, "Oh! when I come to die, I shall say, 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' and so I will get ready to go to Heaven." Dressing for Heaven, my friends, is not done quite so rapidly as that. Besides, how do you know that even five minutes will be given to you for repentance? I have heard of a man who often made it his boast that he would so prepare for Heaven; but, alas! coming home one night, drunk, his horse leaped the parapet of a bridge, and he was heard cursing as he descended to his doom. Such may be your lot; sudden death may smite you, and there will be no time for you to prepare to meet your God. Remember that, once dead, preparing time is over. The breath has sped from the body, there lies the corpse, it will never know life again in this world; its eyes can never shed tears of repentance, neither can its heart beat with sorrow. Its needs are all done. Put it into the grave, and bury it; in this world, its memory and love are lost; alike unknowing and unknown, it shall not be numbered with the living. And as for the undying soul, its work is done, too. "Yea, saith the Spirit," concerning the righteous, "that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." "Yea," saith Satan himself, concerning the wicked, "their works are over, too; but their punishment shall overtake them, and the rod of conscience, and the terrible wrath of the just God, shall crush them to the lowest hell."

II. If death be what I have said, it is needful that we should be prepared for it; but WHAT IS THE PREPARATION WE ARE TO MAKE?

My hearers, there are two things necessary before a man can face his God without fear. The first is, *that his sins should be pardoned*. When an unpardoned sinner shall come into the presence of God, he shall not stand in the judgment, for the burning wrath of God shall consume him like stubble. "Depart," says God, "depart, ye cursed; ye have lived in sin against Me; go and reap the harvest ye have sown; inherit the reward of your own works." Sin unpardoned clothes a man with rags; and shall a man stand in rags before the King of Heaven? Sin unpardoned defiles a man with filth and loathsomeness; and shall filth and loathsomeness appear before perfection, or blackness stand in the presence of light and purity? Sin unpardoned makes man an enemy of God, and God an enemy of man. O sinners, I hope you do not think that you can face God while your unforgiven sins, like putrefying sores, are covering your souls!

"Well," cries one, "but I will get rid of my sins very easily; I never intend to commit any more, and then no doubt God will blot out all I have committed for the sake of my repentance." Nay, nay; that is not the way in which a just God deals with men. Go to your creditors, and say to them, "I owe you fifty pounds; but, if you will blot out my debt, I will never get into your debt any more." Do you imagine they would listen to you for a moment? Assuredly not; nor would you have the impudence to try it. You expect to have to pay your debts, and you will have to do so; and what you owe to Divine Justice, as a debt of punishment, must be paid, either by you, or

also by Jesus Christ. Do not think that God will burn the bonds; imagine not that he will rend in pieces this record of your iniquity. No; the books will be opened, and every transgression will receive its just recompense of reward. Oh, think not that sin is so easily buried! It still lives, it never dies; there is nothing that can kill it except the precious blood of Christ, who died upon the cross at Calvary. He who would not fear death must have his sins forgiven; but how is this to be effected? He who would be forgiven must go away straight to Jesus Christ, who is the only Saviour from sin. There is no other way of salvation, no other hope, no other refuge; therefore, fall upon your knees before Him, and confess your sin to Him. Pretend not that your sin is little, acknowledge that it is great; go just as you are, admit all your faults and all your iniquities, and then lift your tearful eyes to Heaven, and cry, "Lord have mercy upon me, for Jesus' sake!" Plead the blood of Christ; no man ever perished while trusting to the blood of Christ; no sinner ever remains unforgiven if he is but able to plead the righteousness of Jesus Christ.

"Well," cries one, "I will try to get better, and then ask to have my sins forgiven." Ah, hopeless task! The best way in which you can beg is in rags. When I first lived in London, a man called on me in rags, asking charity. I gave him a pair of old shoes and a coat; and, after he had put them on, I thought, "That poor fellow, I dare say, will lose a good deal this day if he tries to beg in those clothes." However, I watched him, and soon discovered that he was wiser than I thought he was, for he took off the shoes, and put them in a bag behind him; and he put on his almost soleless shoes, and his ragged garments, because they were the best livery he could wear. There is no livery like rags for a beggar, and no livery like a sense of need for a sinner. If you would be saved, go to Christ just as you are; do not be dressing or smartening yourselves up. Away! away to the cross of Jesus Christ; all you may do to recommend yourselves will be only making bad worse; go to Jesus, for—

"None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good."

There was once a monk in his cell who, upon reading his Bible, found out the way of salvation; he discovered that there was no way to Heaven but by Jesus; and when the superintendent of the monastery came in to visit him in his dying moments, the poor monk bade him go away, crying out, "Thy wounds, O Jesus! thy wounds, O Jesus! these are my hope; these are my refuge." Sinners, lay hold of Jesus Christ. Ye doves, ye who are timid, and fear the tempest of God, go and hide yourselves in the cleft of the Rock of Ages; so shall ye be sheltered in the day of the fierce anger of the Lord.

Now, as I have said, the first thing necessary for salvation is pardon of sin, and that is to be had through faith in Christ Jesus. But, secondly, even if a man's past sins are pardoned, *he would not be prepared to die if his nature were not renewed.* If you could blot out all your sins in a moment, and if it could be possible for you to go to Heaven just as you are, you could not be happy there; because Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. An unconverted

man in Heaven would be like a fish out of water ; he would be wholly out of his element. Holy George Whitefield used to say that, if an ungodly man could go to Heaven as he is, he would be so miserable there that he would ask to be allowed to run to hell for shelter ! Ye who find our places of worship as dreary as prisons, and Sundays to be dull days, how could you endure everlasting worship ? How could you bear to have eternal Sabbaths, and continual songs of praise morning, noon, and night ? Why, you would say, " Let me out, Gabriel, let me out : this is not the place for me ; let me be gone. I am not happy here." Listen to the words of Jesus, " Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Ye must be born again."

" Well," cries one, " I will change my nature." My dear friend, *you* cannot do it ; you may alter your habits, but you cannot alter your nature ; there is only One who can make that great change, and that One is the Holy Spirit. Jesus Christ by His blood blots out sin, and the Holy Spirit by His grace renews the heart. You may reform, but that will not take you to Heaven. It is not being *reformed*, it is being *re-born*, it is being made a new creature in Christ Jesus, that saves the soul. There is a passage in the Bible which says, " The dog is turned to his own vomit again ; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." The sow went back to her wallowing in the mire because she was a sow ; if she had been changed into a sheep, she never would have done so. So God, by His power, must change you from lions into lambs, from ravens into doves ; or else, where He is, you can never come. But will the Spirit of God do this ? Oh, yes ! If you cast yourself simply on Jesu's blood and righteousness, your nature is changed already, and the work of sanctification will go on from day to day, and from week to week, until you will be made perfect, and you will stand before the bar of God without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing ; you will be holy as Adam was when he came from the hand of his Maker.

This is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ ; He presents to every sinner, who believes in Him, the pardon of sin, and a renewed nature. Do you ask, " How are these to be obtained ?" I answer,—All who seek these mercies shall find them. Alas, many men will not seek them ; they are so hardened in heart that they reject the gospel of Christ. But, my friends, if the Spirit of God inclines your hearts to seek Christ, rest assured that He will never cast you away. At any rate, if ye be not saved, blame not God ; the gates of Heaven stand open night and day, and over the gates there is written,—

" Come and welcome,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

There is nothing in God's Word that can keep you from salvation if you are now earnestly longing for it. Open your ears to the cry of love and grace,—

" Come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, sinner, come."

Whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ, hath the pardon of

his sins, past, present, and to come; his nature is changed, and, die when he may, he shall see God's face with joy, and shall stand accepted in the Beloved, and prepared to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever.

III. And now, my dear hearers, I must apologize for not being able to speak as I could wish; but, nevertheless, with all the earnestness that I have in my soul, I would ENDEAVOUR TO PERSUADE YOU TO "BE READY," because none of us can say when our last hour may come, or where is the spot on which we shall die. Our poor friend, who came here, a fortnight ago, to shelter himself from the deluging rain, little thought that this was the spot where he would meet with his death. None of us know where we shall die; there may be some other tree, on some other common, where you or I may experience the terrors of the lightning flash; or there may be a room and a lowly bed in which we shall breathe our last. The house is doubtless built in which we shall die; the tree is growing which shall make our coffins, and our graves are gaping for us.

I was preaching in Essex, a few months ago, and the sermon was scarcely finished, when a Christian woman, who was hearing it, dropped dead in her pew. It was but a little while ago in Kent, that, during a sermon, a poor man, who had bent forward, and listened with all his ears, fell forward on his face, and then and there appeared before his God. Sudden deaths are not such common things as perpetually to keep us in alarm; yet they are common enough, I hope, to make both young and old arise and hear the voice of the Lord, "Prepare, prepare to meet your God." O my hearers, it will be but a short time with the very longest-lived among us! I see here and there a hoary head; is that white hair yonder a crown of glory, or is it a fool's cap? It is either the one or the other. There are young persons here, too; if they look forward to the longest time that we may live, yet how brief is the period! *Time*—how short! *Eternity*—how long!

Well, then, *since we must die, I do beseech you to think of death.* Why should all your time be spent in thinking of the things of this world, when there is another world beyond the present? Why, *why*, is this short life to have all your thoughts, and the life to come to have none of them? I have heard of a monarch who, having a fool in his court, gave him a walking-stick, with an injunction never to part with it until he should meet with a bigger fool than himself. He kept it for many a day until, at last, the monarch lay dying. The fool, who was a wise man after all, came and said to him, "Master, where are you going?" "Well," said he, "I am going to die." Said the fool, "How long are you going to be there?" "Oh!" said the monarch, "for ever and ever." "And," said the fool, "have you made any preparation for the journey? Have you any house to live in when you get there? Have you nothing ready?" "No," said the monarch, "I never thought of those things." "Then," said the fool, "take this stick that you gave me; I play the fool in this world, but you have fooled away the next; you have neglected the world to come, and are a fool in very deed." Is not that, after all, the English name of what those men are who are so careless of the world to come? Are they not fools in very deed and truth? Be not *ye* such fools.

Ye rich men, will your riches serve you when you shall die? If you had a golden coffin, would that shield you from the worm? Ye poor men, will your hard daily drudgery serve you when you have worn out your limbs, and laid yourselves down to breathe your last? Ye learned men, will your wisdom serve you when you stand before your God? Ye fair and lovely ones, will your fine appearance serve you when you must undress to die? Though you paint an inch thick, to the complexion of the worm-eaten skull you all must come at last. How will your jewels and your vain-glorious apparel serve you then? I beseech you, be prepared for the world to come.

I do entreat you to begin to think, and I will give you one argument why everyone should be prepared; it is this, that we may rest assured *God will not let us go into Heaven in a crowd*. When we reap the cornfields, there are always little weeds which get twisted with the wheat, and they are carried into the barn with the good grain; but when the Son of man shall send forth His reapers in the time of harvest, not one ill weed will be carried into His garner. All the good wheat will be there, not one grain will be lost; but not a solitary weed or tare will be carried into the garner of Heaven. God Himself will search and try us; every soul must go through the fiery ordeal of God's examination. We shall not rush into His presence in one indiscriminate host; all God's sheep at last must "pass again under the hands of Him that telleth them." Could we foolishly attempt to steal in unawares, a voice would be heard crying, "What doest thou here? Get thee gone; thou wast not one of Mine on earth; thou shalt not be one of Mine in eternity."

My voice and mind fail; I know not how it is, but when I most long to speak impressively, my voice fails, and thought dies away. Let me, however, remind you that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came down from Heaven, was born in human flesh, became man, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and at last died upon the cross at Calvary, a death too shameful to be described,—a death most awful for its pain, and shame, and scorn, and agony. It is by the merit of His death that you are to be saved. Like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so do I lift up Christ Jesus the Saviour. Every one who will come and look to Jesus Christ, the bleeding Saviour, shall be saved. Not one eye was turned to the brazen serpent without relief; and not one sinner shall look to Jesus Christ and be disappointed. He died that we might not die; He suffered, bled, agonized, and died that we might never perish. In vain your prayers, in vain your ceremonies, in vain your confirmation, in vain your sacrament, in vain your going to church or to chapel, except you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing but the blood of Christ can make atonement for sin; nothing but the robe of Christ's righteousness can enwrap the sinner's naked soul, and make him to stand accepted at the last great day.

I will put the plan of salvation as simply as I possibly can, and then you shall go. There was once a poor man, a huckster, who used to go round to country villages selling his little goods. He was said to be "half-cracked," and very likely he was, for he was constantly in the habit of getting drunk, and that is enough not only to half-crack any-

body, but quite to break him. At any rate, he was not a very sensible man, as a man is not likely to be who drives his senses out of him with drink. However, this poor creature, in going round on his journeys, heard some old women singing this simple little ditty,—

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all ;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”

Jack recollected that. “Ah!” said he, “that just suits me.” So he began to hum it himself as he went round on his huckstering expeditions ; and, by God’s grace, that little ditty burnt its way into poor Jack’s heart. After some time, he became a converted man, gave up his swearing and drinking, and began to attend the house of God regularly. At last, he determined to join the church ; so he went to the minister, and he asked Jack, “Well, friend, what can you say for yourself?” “Not much,” said Jack, “only this,—

“‘I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all ;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.’”

“But,” said the minister, “can you not tell me more than that?” “No,” said Jack, “I can’t, for that is *all* I know.” That was his whole confession of faith. “Well, friend,” said the minister, “I cannot refuse you church-fellowship ; but you will have to come to the church-meeting, and the church-members will have to see you, and to judge of your fitness.” Jack accordingly went to the church-meeting, and there sat some good old-fashioned deacons ; some of whom began to see whether they could not find fault with him. Jack stood up, and being requested to state his experience, he simply said,—

“I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all ;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.”

So one old deacon said, “Is that all you have to say?” “Yes,” says Jack, “that is all.” The minister said to the members, “You may ask my friend here some questions, if you like to do so.” One asked, “Have you not many doubts and fears?” “None,” says Jack, “I never can doubt but that ‘I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,’ for *I know I am* ; and I cannot doubt that ‘Jesus Christ is my all in all,’ for *He says He is*, and how can I doubt Him?” “Well,” said another of the members, “but sometimes I lose my graces, and my evidences, and then I get very sad.” “Oh, but,” answered Jack, “I never lose anything ; for you see, ‘I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all,’ and you know no one can rob me if I am nothing at all, and then you know, ‘Jesus Christ is my all in all,’ and who can rob Him? He is in Heaven. I never get richer or poorer, for I am always nothing ; but I always have everything.” Then another member began to question him thus, “But, my dear friend, do you not sometimes doubt whether you are a child of God?” “Well,” said Jack, “I don’t quite understand you ; but I can tell you I never doubt that—

“‘I’m a poor sinner, and nothing at all ;  
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.’”

“Yes, yes,” said the member, “but sometimes I make great advances on the road to Heaven, and then I feel a great deal better ; but I

often go back again, and that causes me trouble. "Ah!" said Jack, "but, you see, I never go forward; for I am always 'a poor sinner, and nothing at all;' and I cannot go back, for 'Jesus Christ is my all in all;' and, blessed be God, He will not go back, and so I am always safe." Ever after that in the villages they used to call him, "Happy Jack," for he was always happy; and the reason was, that no one could drive him from that simple stand-point. Just so is it with me; there is nothing in me, but I trust in Jesus; I deserve punishment, I am lost in myself; but I just look to Him who came into the world to save sinners, and I know He will not let me perish.

Sometimes, when I try to explain the plan of salvation, I tell what happened to me once at New Park Street Chapel. There came to me an Irishman, when I was in the vestry, and Pat began by making a low bow, and saying, "Now, your *Riverence*, I have come to ax you a question." "Oh!" said I, "Pat, I am not a *Riverence*; it is not a title I care for; but what is your question, and how is it you have not been to your priest about it?" Said he, "I have been to him; but I don't like his answer." "Well, what is your question?" Said he, "God is just; and if God be just, he must punish my sins. I deserve to be punished. If He is a just God, He ought to punish me; yet you say that God is merciful, and will forgive sins. I cannot see how that is right; He has no right to do that. He ought to be just, and punish those who deserve it. Tell me how God can be just, and yet be merciful." I replied, "That is through the blood of Christ." "Yes," said he, "that is what my priest said, you are very much alike there; but he said a good deal besides, that I did not understand, and that short answer does not satisfy me. I want to know how it is that the blood of Jesus Christ enables God to be just, and yet to be merciful." Then I saw what he wanted to know, and explained the plan of salvation thus,—“Pat, suppose you had been killing a man, and the judge had said, ‘That Irishman must be hanged.’” He said quickly, “And I should have richly deserved to be hanged.” “But, Pat, suppose I was very fond of you, can you see any way by which I could have saved you from being hanged?” “No, sir, I cannot.” “Then, suppose I went to the Queen, and said, ‘Please your Majesty, I am very fond of that Irishman; I think the judge was quite right in saying that he must be hanged; but let me be hanged instead, and you will then carry out the law.’” Now, the Queen could not agree to my proposal; but suppose she could,—and God can, for He has power greater than all kings and queens,—and suppose the Queen should have me hanged instead of you, do you think the policeman would take you up afterwards?” He at once said, “No, I should think not; they would not meddle with me; but if they did, I should say, ‘What are you doing? Did not that gentleman condescend to be hung for me? Let me alone; shure, you don’t want to hang two people for the same thing, do ye?’” I replied to the Irishman, “Ah, my friend, you have hit it; that is the way whereby we are saved! God must punish sin. Christ said ‘My Father, punish Me instead of the sinner;’ and His Father did. God laid on His beloved Son, Jesus Christ, the whole burden of our sins, and all their punishment and chastisement; and now that Christ is punished instead of us, God would not be just if He



were to punish any sinner who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ. If thou believest in Jesus Christ, the well-beloved and only-begotten Son of God, thou art saved, and thou mayest go thy way rejoicing. Die when thou wilt, there is no hell, but Heaven for thee; and thou shalt see the face of thy God with joy and gladness, and praise Him for ever and ever." I believe my Irish friend found peace that day.

I do beseech you, dear friends, by the love of God, think of these things, and be prepared to meet your Maker, by the pardoning of your sins and the renewing of your nature. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you may then take your stand, not only under this tree in a lightning storm, but in the tempest of the last great day, when the earth shall shake, and the heavens tremble and pass away. You will have no cause for fear, for he that believeth in Christ is saved, and shall never come into condemnation. Come what may, the wings of God are over him; saved he is, and saved he must be for ever and ever. May the Lord now add His blessing; may He grant, moreover, that a more solemn impression than I can hope to make may be made upon you, as once again you gaze upon this spot! There is, in St. Paul's Cathedral, a little chisel mark in the floor, which you may never have noticed, but which some time may be shown to you. That is the memorial of the death of some man who, being employed on the dome, fell down, and was dashed to pieces. What a solemn spot is *that*; and what a solemn spot is *this*! My dear hearers, ere you go away, breathe a prayer for pardon; and, as often as you pass this awful spot, think of your past lives, and of the world to come. It is said that we often walk over our own graves without knowing it; and that we often come to other men's graves and death places without being aware of it; but *there*, in that tree, stands the monument of the awfully sudden death of a fellow-creature, and let it be so recorded.

May God bless the widow; may He bless the orphans; and may He bless you! But, my dear friends, ere we go away this afternoon, will not each one of you pray for himself that his sins may be pardoned? Will you all separate, having come together in vain? I do beseech and pray you to lift up your hearts to God, and cry, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Look this very instant to Christ Jesus, who died upon the cross. We cannot hope ever to meet again until the last tremendous day; oh, may we all meet then at the right hand of God!

\* \* \* \*

(The above is a good specimen of the Sermons the beloved preacher was wont to preach when, on special occasions, he was brought face to face with a promiscuous crowd, forty years ago. As I have transcribed this discourse, I seem to have been carried back to those early days, when the dear Pastor's whole soul seemed to have been poured out in an intense desire for the salvation of men. He then preached with an impassioned energy, that manifested itself even more than in his regular ministrations, as he realized that he had but that one opportunity to plead with the vast congregations that they would look to Jesus, and be saved.—T. W. M.)

## “Not Tired in Well-doing.”

THE revolution of another year's distribution of “Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,” and “Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts,” in house letter-boxes, and the gift of Cards entitled “Trust Jesus—Jesus Saves Now,” to working-men proceeding to their avocations between 5 and 7 a.m., invites me to the interesting task of recording some particulars of its history. At the outset, it is right to recognize with gratitude the goodness of God in granting me a sufficient measure of health to continue the work of distribution. My years for enjoying such exhilarating exercises as climbing Mont Blanc, the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, and the cone of Vesuvius, have passed away; but enough elasticity has remained for the less onerous task of climbing house-steps, varying from one to thirteen in number, to distribute C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons among the people, and in this way seek to capture them for Christ.

When God puts grace into the heart, the hands and tongue and pen will be sure to find employment in some good work or other; and in circulating these Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards, which carry light, instruction, and warning, into private houses, factories, and workshops, I feel certain that I am engaged in a work that is thoroughly good, and that God approves of, and that He will bless. In the course of my distribution, I have met with persons who have told me that Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons were the agents, in the hand of God, in accomplishing His gracious purposes of salvation to their souls; and I believe that Christians who circulate them are helping to diffuse the truth as it is in Jesus, and are thus hastening forward the period when the knowledge of the Lord shall be spread all over the world. Last summer, during a two months' sojourn in Geneva, Berne, Zurich, Constance, Basle, Worms, Strasburg, and other Swiss and German cities where the illustrious and immortal Reformers, Calvin, Luther, Zwingle, Huss, and Jerome of Prague preached, and laboured, and suffered in defence of the gospel, I embraced every opportunity of distributing the Sermons to the English visitors.

The number of Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards I have distributed, one by one, during the year ending this March, has been 46,400; and from the commencement of my circulating the Sermons, in the month of March, 1885, and the Cards, in the month of November, 1889, the total number distributed has been 438,650; and, so long as they exist, there is no knowing when their influence for good will cease, nor the possible blessing resulting from them. During the last twelve months, as in preceding years, I have handed the Illustrated Tracts, and Cards, accompanied with a distinctly audible “Good-morning!” to hundreds of men, alas! entering public-houses on their way to work between 5 and 7 in the morning. It is pleasing to notice that their reception by the people generally has been of an encouraging kind; and I believe an amount of moral good has been done. Even though the immediate result is scanty and defective, it is a comfort to know that this effort to make men happier and better than they are is acceptable to God notwithstanding its deficiencies. The life's work of the beloved author of these Sermons and Tracts was to introduce souls into the Kingdom of Christ, which is “righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost” (Romans xiv. 17). Seeking to bring men to Jesus Christ was the great aim of his forty years' ministry, the desire of his heart, and the labour of his life. But even when this most desirable object is not fully attained, well-wishers of our country, in its higher aspects and interests, will recognize the immense importance of leavening all classes of the community, especially the masses of the people who lie at the foundation of the social pyramid, and sustain its superstructure, and upon whom to a great degree rests its future stability, with the spirit of the gospel of Christ, which makes for peace and goodwill. I regard the wide distribution of

C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons as one means of averting from this kingdom the spirit of lawlessness and anarchy which has, over and over again, turned the social edifice on the Continent topsy-turvy, and produced disastrous results, some of which my own eyes have witnessed.

The following instances illustrate some of the many diverse idiosyncrasies which I have encountered while distributing the Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards:—

(1.) While dropping one of the Sermons into a house letter-box, the door was opened by a gentleman, who carried a small tray, on which stood two tumblers of smoking hot liquor for two cabmen, who stood by with their cabs. "Good morning, sir," I said. "What is it?" he asked. "I was putting one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons into your letter-box, sir," I replied. Taking the Sermon out of the box, he read some lines, and exclaimed, "Who ever saw a man putting Sermons in letter-boxes at 6 o'clock in the morning?" "O sir!" I rejoined, "the devil's servants are busy at their evil work night and day, and Christ's servants should be equally active." A lady came to the door, to whom he handed the Sermon, and repeated my words as if impressed with them. I gave the lady one of the Cards, entitled "Trust Jesus," and proceeded with my work at the neighbouring houses. The result of that conversation was, the intoxicating liquor was taken back into the house, and each of the cabmen received one of the Sermons from me.

(2.) A gentleman, on accepting one of the Sermons, and reading some of it, became deeply agitated, and said, "I have made up my mind to commit suicide; my life is most miserable; my troubles are unbearable." I spoke to him of Christ's invitation to all who are heavy laden to come to Him for rest to their souls. He handed me one of his cards, by which it appeared that he was an architect, and he asked me to call upon him. I proposed, as an alternative, that he should meet me that evening at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and accompany me to public worship; he promised that he would do so, but he failed to keep the appointment.

(3.) A man, on receiving one of the Cards, read its head-lines, and asked, "Do you believe this?" I replied, "Yes." "I believed it once," he said. "I was a member of Dr. P——'s church; but now, I believe religion is all a myth, all imagination and delusion. Christianity is a failure," etc. Such extravagant outpourings of offensive folly are easily answered; but it saddened my heart to listen to them issuing from the lips of one who had once been seemingly won over to Christ, and had become a member of a Christian church. When the heart has never been renewed by the grace of God, or savingly brought under its power, the restraints of religion are felt to be irksome and oppressive, and, in this case, a desire to shake off the yoke appeared to be the true cause of the man's religious declension.

(4.) "Did you give these Cards on the street, this morning?" asked the leader of three men who evidently were waiting for my exit from public worship on a Sabbath morning in the town of Westport, Ireland; and he held up some of the Cards headed, "Trust Jesus,—Jesus Saves Now," for me to recognize them. I answered, "Very likely I did, for I give many of them away." "It is not allowed *here*," he said sternly. "Why not?" "I tell you it is not allowed *here*," he repeated fiercely. I said, "I am *here*, under the protection of the law, I presume. You can return me the Cards if you don't like them." "Oh, no!" he said, "we will keep them; we will see further about this. I wish you would give me two or three hundred of them." "Why?" I enquired. "I would tear them in pieces," he replied; so I said, "Good morning!" and walked away.

If the Cards had taught unscriptural doctrines,—as, for example, that a Roman Catholic may, without any sin, eat eggs on a Friday; but if he eats the hen that laid the eggs, he will commit a mortal sin, a sin so heinous that, unless he confesses it on bended knees to a priest, and receives absolution, and atones for eating the hen on a Friday by doing the penance

the priest commands, he must expiate his transgression in Purgatory,—no objection would have been raised to my distributing them. Or, if the Cards had taught the hideous Mariolatry, promulgated by Mr. Herbert Vaughan, who illegally assumes the rank and title of “His Eminence the Lord Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster,”—in which the Virgin Mary is worshipped impiously as “Mother of God,” “Queen of Heaven,” “Sovereign Mistress of the Universe,” “Refuge of sinners,” “The only Hope of sinners,” “The Peacemaker between sinners and God,” etc.,—I might have distributed any number of them without molestation. But, because they point weary and heavy-laden sinners to Christ *alone* for salvation, my opponents feared lest such Scriptural teaching might undermine and overthrow Romish superstitions and idolatry in the minds of some deluded dupes and slaves of priestcraft. Readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will probably remember how the intolerant and persecuting principles of Popery were exemplified in the year 1893 by the public burning of the late beloved Pastor’s Sermons in the town of Zahleh, in Syria, and the curse fulminated by the bishop, and publicly read by his priests in all the eight chapels of Zahleh, upon those who received and read them. The bishop in his curse commanded his dupes to “Burn them, burn them, for in them is a deadly poison”; and he was not ashamed to publish his remorseless curse in the Jesuit journal of Beyrout! (*Vide The Sword and the Trowel*, March, 1894.) How long shall the Romish apostasy deceive mankind with its sorceries, and hinder the progress of the gospel of Christ throughout the world? The time of its final overthrow, depicted in The Revelation (Chapters xvii. and xviii.) is, I believe, approaching; and may God hasten the day!

I conclude this report with the hope that the Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards which I have had the pleasure and the privilege of distributing, may awaken attention to Divine things among the people, too many of whom seem wholly immersed in earthly matters; and I pray that God may cause His Heavenly blessing to rest on all those in whose houses and into whose hands they have been placed, and make them instruments for their eternal salvation. The praise of all the good done must be ascribed to God only, for it is He that not only worketh in us both to will and to do, but that worketh by us to make what we do successful.

T. G. OWENS.

## A New Use for the Koran.

FOUR hundred and thirty visits have been paid us during March. About 120 of these have been during our excursions to six—more or less distant—towns and villages. A new experience comes with almost every one of these visits. At one place, we had freedom in spiritual things, but did next to nothing medically; a quack doctor had lately visited the neighbourhood, and the people feared to trust me. Usually, however, the opposite is the case; they are ready patients for medicine, but impatient of gospel truth. Their

### USUAL LINE OF OPPOSITION

is like this:—“We believe in all the prophets” (144,000, they say); “your gospel is not the true gospel.” “Mohammed and the Koran are all that anyone needs.” “One word from the Koran is equal in value and meaning to a thousand words from any other book.” Or perhaps the objector takes this line:—“You say that Jesus was God; well, then, when God was on earth, there must have been another God ruling in Heaven, which makes two Gods, and proves that you are idolaters.” Their historical ideas are peculiar; for example, they say Jesus was the nephew of Moses,

for Jesus was the Son of Mary (Miriam), and Moses was the brother of Miriam (Mary), therefore clearly Jesus was the nephew of Moses! Job, they believe, was eaten up by worms; and one learned (!) *fokee* was utterly disgusted with the Bible when he read that David besieged Rabbah, which he misread Rubbie (God), and then cast the Book from him as a blasphemous composition.

One of our brethren has done

#### SPECIALLY GOOD WORK IN DISCUSSIONS,

going down, like Benaiah, into the lion's pit, and dealing with Islam there. He proved from the Koran that Christ must die, for, when speaking of Jesus, it is written, "I will make you to die." Against their assertion that Mohammed is the intercessor, there is a passage which says, "In the *last* day there shall be no intercessor." "That is true," says our friend, "but yet in *this* day Jesus ever liveth to make intercession." Again, Mohammed cannot intercede for others, for he himself was a sinner, for the Koran says, when speaking to Mohammed:—"I will forgive *your* sins," while of Jesus no book, not even the Koran, says that He was a sinner. As to contradictory passages, the Koran again says:—"If you are in doubt, ask the people of the book;" so let us read it together. To a Moslem, who asserts that the whole Bible is *in* the Koran, the missionary holds up the two books side by side (the Koran is only, perhaps, one-fifth the size of the Bible), and shows the statement to be palpably untrue.

On another occasion, discussion will flag or fail altogether, and then we sing a gospel hymn, or we carry on a conversation between ourselves, bringing out the gospel message; or one of us tells a parable, after the manner of the native story-tellers. Thus, while preaching the gospel, and healing the sick, we strive by all means to save some. We long to see the Spirit's convicting and converting power manifested, that the dry bones may live. Our preaching may be crude and simple as the blast of the rams' horns around the walls of Jericho; but, marching on at God's command, we are certain of victory. Meanwhile, dear readers, we still ask your prayers and your help, for mighty is the foe, and "great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## 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.

Volume VIII. of *The Christian Pictorial* is fully equal to its seven predecessors; in some respects, it even excels the best of them. The weekly numbers are always welcome visitors, for they bring a portion for everyone in the household; and the half-yearly volumes, in their delicate and dainty covers, are worthy of a permanent place on the library or drawing-room table. The recent leading articles on the atrocities in Crete ought to help to stir up the nation to a sense of the wrong that our fleet has done to the brave

people struggling for their life and liberty.

Everything just now must have some connection with the record reign, so Mr. Henry Frowde has issued, from the Oxford University Press Warehouse, *The Queen's Diamond-Jubilee Bible*, "in sizes and at prices to suit all classes of Her Majesty's subjects." The Bibles contain portraits of the Queen in 1837 and 1897, and also photographic illustrations of the cartoons by Sir Joshua Reynolds representing the seven virtues.

*Religious Equality in its connection with National and Religious Life.*

By A. MACLAREN, D.D. New Edition. Alexander and Shepherd.

A PAMPHLET worth its weight in gold; the most suggestive thing about it being that, though originally composed as far back as 1871, it is as fresh and modern as if it had been written to-day. This is because, passing by all that was merely accidental and circumstantial, it went to the root of the whole controversy as to State Establishments, and showed how utterly at variance they are with the spirit and the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no bluster here, but plenty of controlled enthusiasm for justice, and restrained but powerful indignation at injustice. The logic is invincible, because founded on Bible truth; and the language is, like everything that Dr. Maclaren says or writes, condensed wisdom and beauty. For distribution among thoughtful and cultured people who are willing to "hear the other side," this is the finest antidote to State-churchism that could be circulated.

*Twenty-six Years of Mission Work in China.* By GRACE STOTT (of the China Inland Mission). Hodder and Stoughton.

AN illustrated work of 366 pages, without a dull paragraph in it, and fully deserving the verdict of the founder of the Mission, J. Hudson Taylor, as given in the preface:—"It is emphatically a story of work,—earnest, persevering work,—which God has blessed; an unvarnished account, it brings out clearly the lights and shades of missionary service." Mrs. Stott has made the life-story of herself and her late devoted husband to live in this book; and has shown, in almost endless vicissitudes, faith's conduct under trial, and how, despite manifold temptations, greater is He that is in His people than he that is in the world. We see here, as it were, the missionary in his working dress, constantly in touch with soul-weakness, but also in touch with the Omnipotent Hand. One cannot but admire the grace of God in the writer, as also in her

husband, who was a man of shining simplicity of faith, and marked individuality of character. We have no doubt that the perusal of this volume will inform many minds as to China's millions, and be a means of attracting other workers to that vast mission-field.

*In the Tiger Jungle; and other Stories of Missionary Work among the Telegus of India.* By Rev. JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, M.D., D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THIS is not so much a sustained narrative as a series of graphic incidents culled from a missionary career of thirty-seven years. It is written in an entertaining style, and makes prominent the aspects of adventure in a devoted missionary's life. Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Y.P.S.C.E., writes a warm commendatory preface, deeming the book to be such as may well be owned by every Christian Endeavour Society and mission circle; and drawing attention to the romantic headings of the chapters, such as "The Stick-to-it Missionary," "Winding up a Horse," "An Audience of Monkeys," etc., as calculated especially to interest the young, and quicken their missionary zeal. While no doubt the book has this bearing, and might fitly have a place in every Sunday-school library, the record is such as old as well as young may read alike to their entertainment and profit. It is beautified by eight full-page illustrations, and an admirable photograph of the author; we heartily commend it as a bright and breezy volume, rich in stirring incident and thrilling narrative.

*On the Threshold of Three Closed Lands.* By Rev. J. A. GRAHAM, M.A. Edinburgh: R. and R. Clark. London: A. and C. Black.

A most choice production, admirably written, elegantly got-up, and containing within the brief space of 166 pages, no fewer than 119 illustrations. Many of these views of the singularly beautiful region, which lies like a wedge adjacent to the closed lands of Tibet, Bhutan, and Nepal, are superb; and enable the reader the

better to appreciate the descriptive power of the writer. From this work much may be learnt concerning the country, the peoples, the religions, the fruits of the Scottish Mission in this border tract, and the prospective bearing of the pioneer labours of those whose names (whether now absent from the body, or still in it,) are inseparately linked with the missionary records of the region. The volume would make an excellent birthday or other present. It is a credit alike to author and publishers, and is sure to be esteemed by all to whom the sacred cause of missions is dear.

*Our Travels Round the World.* By Major-General E. C. SIM. Alexander and Shephard.

AN abstract of personal reminiscences of men and places in the regions visited, which include Singapore and Siam, China, Japan, and the South Sea Islands, Australia, and New Zealand. It is an unvarnished record describing events as they occurred, and such features of interest as the climate, scenery, etc., presented. To intending voyagers, the information given will be of value; but for general purposes, more descriptive power and wealth of incident seem desirable.

*Clogshop Chronicles.* By JOHN ACKWORTH. C. H. Kelly and Co.

ANY book that can make a case-hardened reviewer laugh and cry in turns, and compel him to read its pages to the very last word, must have in it more than ordinary power and literary skill. Yet, this is what the present volume has done; and when we came to the end, we longed for more. The character-sketching is inimitable, the piety both robust and deep, and the pathos strong and true, without the faintest touch of the maudlin or the feebly sentimental. Though written in Lancashire dialect, there is no need of a glossary to understand the meaning, for it is English, though clogshop English. Methodism has had many racy and able chroniclers, but none have quite equalled John Ackworth, and we shall be surprised if his pen

is not kept busy with such charming idylls as these, which will be sure to delight all who read. "Many thanks, Mr. Ackworth, we shall eagerly look for another such splendid volume from you."

*Inmates of the Mansion.* An Allegory. By J. ASHTON. Second Edition. Digby, Long, and Co.

"WHAT can the man do that cometh after the king?" This irresistibly occurs to the mind when reading a modern religious allegory; for has not John Bunyan made all followers to be poverty-stricken in comparison with his matchless and immortal dreams? Yet, Mr. Ashton has done very well, and written a capital little book, worthy to be read and pondered especially by young men and women. The diction is too advanced for children, and would for adults have been stronger if judiciously pruned; but these are blemishes of method rather than of matter, which is excellent throughout.

*Object Lessons for Children.* By Rev. C. H. TYNDALL, M.A. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

NEVER, surely, were the children in our congregations so catered for as they are now! Addresses and hymns, specially for them, are now introduced into most Sunday morning services; and the teacher of the class has a serious competitor—albeit a colleague and helper in the same work,—in the modern pastor. As the result of this increased care for the boys and girls, books of addresses to children abound; and this, one of the latest issued, is of considerable value and helpfulness. All the subjects can be—more or less to the edification of the listeners,—illustrated by certain objects, such as a ragged coat, a handsaw, a bucket, some dried fish, etc., etc., and will doubtless interest the young folks who see and hear these things. Whether, on the whole, this is not carrying to the verge of the ridiculous the principle of teaching through the eye, we will not say; in any case, a quick teacher will gain many points of instruction from this all-alive and up-to-date little book.

*The Origin of Genesis.* By Pastor GEO. STOSCH. Elliot Stock.

PERHAPS the best introduction to this thoughtful, devout, and scholarly work, is the following extract from the author's preface:—"Towards the close of 1891, while engaged in missionary work in Madras, among the Tamil population, I heard Dr. Pentecost complain that German theology had spread such mists around Holy Writ as threatened to dim the brightness of its shining for the Christians of the whole world. Ever since then, I have longed to prove that there still exists in Germany a school of theology bound in obedience to the Word of God. This desire has induced me to prepare for English readers my studies on *The Origin of Genesis*." That the author has done well in acting thus will, we think, be the verdict of intelligent readers. While framed for constructive and not destructive purposes, this "Defence of the first Book of Holy Scripture against the destructive criticisms of a disintegrating science," is not cast in an English mould, but bears the stamp of the German mind. The point that struck us most is its penetrating subtlety, the power shown in marking lingual distinctions so fine as to be invisible, or nearly so, to the English eye.—the power, in other words, of catching fine distinctions latent in the Word, but generally undiscerned, even by scholars. In the chapter on Adam, numerous instances of this faculty occur, which tend unquestionably to deepen our interest in the Inspired Record. Pastor Stosch has the triple qualifications of Hebrew scholarship, keen analytical judgment, and marked reflective power, and in *The Origin of Genesis* he has produced a work of undoubted merit and originality.

*Sin Punished, but Sins Forgiven.* By A. C. S. H. R. Allenson.

A SOMEWHAT adventurous pamphlet, theologically considered; but written in an unexceptionable spirit. We hardly think the able author has quite succeeded in embracing the whole girth of the subject, or that his view of the Atonement sounds

sufficiently the depth of what is signified by Christ being made a "curse" for us, or the bearing of Law in relation to *Forgiveness*. Unless we have mistaken the writer's meaning, he hardly attaches the force that Scripture does to the legal difficulty in the way of pardon which the Atonement of Christ removes.

*Foundation Truths of Scripture as to Sin and Salvation.* By JOHN LAIDLAW, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

OF this Handbook we can only speak in terms of highest praise. It is published at 1s. 6d., but its expository value is beyond all price. In these days of indeterminate teaching, and lamentable departure from "Foundation Truths," the issue of a Handbook such as this is doubly welcome. Would that the chairs of theology were generally filled by men equally instructed as Dr. Laidlaw in the way of life, and equally competent rightly to divide the Word of Truth! We commend this book to all who desire themselves to reap the harvest of spiritual edification, and to be in a position to feed others with the true Bread of Life.

*The Ideal City.* The crowning vision of Patmos. By Rev. J. THOMAS, M.A. Arthur H. Stockwell and Co.

A DOZEN very able sermons on "the City of God" as revealed to John in Patmos. Sanctified philosophy is their very essence; and all the resources of the preacher's knowledge and culture are made tributary to this. Without accepting every detail of his interpretation, we are grateful for such a sane, sound, and yet deeply spiritual treatment of an acknowledged difficult theme. For the private Christian, or the preacher, this book will be of much service, and we congratulate both author and publisher upon its production. Common-place sermons are a dreary and dismal drug in the market, but those that have inspiration and thrill in them will always command a welcome. These discourses belong to the latter order, and will, we feel sure, find a ready sale, and furnish much profitable reading.



*The Conspiracy of Silence Broken.* By Rev. JOHN PARKER. Nos. 1 and 2. One penny each. Glasgow: Pickering and Inglis, 73, Bothwell Street.

THESE reprints from Mr. John Robertson's lively paper, *The Christian Scotsman*, are worthy of a wide circulation. The first is a scathing criticism of Professor Bruce's book, "*With open face*;" and the second is an equally severe condemnation of "Ian Maclaren's" volume, *The Mind of the Master*. In the following sentences, Mr. Parker shows the inherent weakness of the latter work:—"Dr. Watson has gained great celebrity as a novelist, and perhaps this accounts for the glaring defects of the book before us. He reconstructs Christianity in his inner consciousness, much in the same way that he dressed up the peasants of Drumtochty." The two pamphlets should be carefully studied, and then placed in the hands of those who specially stand in need of such an able Scriptural guide as the writer proves himself to be.

*Testimony of Recent Scottish Presbyterianism to the Principles of the Baptists.* Prepared and collated by Rev. JAMES BLACK, M.A. Alexander and Shephard.

THE sub-title of this threepenny pamphlet is, *A Baptist Catechism, with Pædo-Baptist Proofs*. It is a most ingenious and instructive arrangement of quotations from Dr. James S. Candlish's Handbook, *The Christian Sacraments*. If it induces those who read it to search the Scriptures, to see whether these things are so, or not, Mr. Black's work of compilation will not have been in vain.

*Ministerial Table-talk.* By Rev. J. J. POOL, B.D. R. D. Dickinson and Co.

THIS is as racy a book of ministerial and pulpit gossip as we have ever met with; and in proof of that, we point to no less than twenty extracts from the late peerless President's *Lectures to my Students*, which it contains. Mr.

Pool has the precious knack of seizing upon incisive and salient points connected with the preacher's vocation, and then illustrating them from a most copious treasure-house of incident. There is not a dull sentence from cover to cover; and if it is never very profound, the whole book is nevertheless very practical and pleasing.

*Loose Leaves from a Minister's Manuscripts.* By SAMUEL WAINWRIGHT, D.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is a book of musings—some may think them dreams—on the deeper aspects of life, character, destiny, and God. The power of reflection shown is not of the common order, and the utterance answers to the ever-changing character of the thought. "Loose Leaves" are meanderings, but not aimless; they are products of the silent hour, and rest aloft, like the fleecy clouds on the calm impalpable pillars of the firmament; but their design is not visionary,—the language they speak is the echo of the deep truth that subtends and ought to inform the life of man. It is rare, we should think, for ministers' manuscripts, in these days, to have loose leaves like these, which float so far away, and yet, while in touch with earth, are even more at home in ethereal realms. The general effect is wholesome, for the pervading spirit of the whole is helpful to true piety. We might almost sum up the character of this book by saying that it is a philosophical and religious poem; and that the thought, while in the form of prose, is adorned with poetic setting.

We must add, however, that, in our judgment, these "loose leaves" would have been winged with more power had they contained more of the doctrine of the cross, and less of the magniloquence of Carlyle.

*How to Fish to Catch.* By a Fisher of Men. George Stoneman.

A TWOPENNY booklet, tracing the analogy between natural and spiritual fishing. It is worthy of extensive circulation.

## Notes.

The death of GENERAL SIR ROBERT PHAYRE, K.C.B., removed from the ranks of Protestant and Evangelical Christian workers one who will be greatly missed. It will be interesting to all friends of Mr. SPURGEON to learn that the gallant general was a regular reader and ardent admirer of the printed Sermons, and, as recently as January 21, he had written to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, giving the numbers of thirty-six discourses, published in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, which he wished to have bound in a volume and entitled, "*The Everlasting Gospel of the Old and New Testaments*. By PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON."

This selection, having been made so near Sir Robert Phayre's translation to glory, will have a peculiar value in the estimation of the many friends who knew and loved him. Those who desire to possess the thirty-six Sermons can obtain them of our publishers, post free, for 3s.; or they will shortly be issued in a volume bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d.

**YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION.**—A meeting, of a similar character to the one reported last month, was held on *Saturday evening, March 27*, at the Shore-ditch Tabernacle. Addresses were delivered by the President of the Union, Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., and by Mr. W. H. Gairdner, B.A. (of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union), Dr. Harford Battersby (of Livingstone College), and Rev. F. W. Baller (of the China Inland Mission).

**PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.**—The friends who met at the College on *Tuesday evening, March 30*, were very sorry to find that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who was to have delivered in full his lecture on "Pins and Needles," was unable to be present owing to an attack of rheumatism. Happily, the painful malady did not remain long, and the Pastor was soon as busy as ever in his Master's service. At short notice, Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel, very kindly consented to act as a substitute, and gave a large portion of his lecture on the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, for which he was heartily thanked by Mr. Frank Thompson on behalf of the deeply-interested audience. To the collectors gathered at the tea-tables, and afterwards at the meeting in the Conference Hall, Miss Cox, of the North Africa Mission, gave very graphic accounts of the work carried on at Sousse, Tunisia, and the surrounding district, specially describing the medical mission under the superintendence of Dr. Churcher. The amounts collected are duly acknowledged among the other receipts of the month. In a recent letter, Dr. Churcher wrote:—"I am sometimes sad to see how slowly funds come in." Cannot some of

our readers change our brother's sadness to gladness? Collecting boxes can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.

**METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LADIES' WORKING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting was held in the lecture-hall on *Monday evening, April 5*. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and addresses were delivered by Pastor W. Stott and Deacons T. H. and W. Olney. Miss Sears kindly sang two sacred solos, "Calvary" and "The Holy City." Many cases of want and distress have been visited and relieved by gifts of money and garments during the past year. We quote a few from the Report read at the meeting, thinking they might interest our friends, and arouse sympathy and help.

A. E., who has been a confirmed invalid for many years, cannot sufficiently express her gratitude for help rendered by this Society. She was formerly a lady's maid; but paralysis set in, making her nearly helpless. She is now in a Home, and partially supported by this Society, and so kept from destitution.

Mrs. H. for some weeks received help. The doctor thought her baby was born blind, but said it must go to the Eye Hospital, where it was received as out-patient. This meant 2s. 6d. a week for at least seven weeks for a woman to take it; the mother having already been laid up five months. By the timely help of this Society and other friends, the poor woman was greatly helped and comforted, and the child has now the sight of one eye restored.

Mrs. —, a poor widow, and very old, tries to maintain herself by nursing. Unfortunately, she contracted fever, which resulted in the death of one of her patients; she was obliged to isolate herself for a considerable time in the country before again venturing to resume her work. Her weekly rent in London accumulating all this time, she was naturally very much in arrears; but with the help of money from this Society she was freed from debt. She was very grateful for the aid afforded her.

There are many other cases equally interesting and deserving, but the above will show some of the work of the Society during the past year. This is the 42nd year of its existence; and as this is a memorable year in many respects, shall we not try and make it a Jubilee year in *this* work? The committee will be glad to receive help either in the form of subscriptions or gifts of garments. The need is very great, but much care is exercised that only the truly deserving are helped. All the applicants are visited, and while relieving their bodily wants, many of the visitors are greatly cheered by the simplicity of their faith, and their gratitude to God for the kind friends

raised up on their behalf. Contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Buswell, 32, Stockwell Park Road, S.W.

**"JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**—On *Wednesday evening, April 7*, a special meeting was held in the Tabernacle, at which a very large audience assembled. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and after praying for a blessing on the gathering, gave a most cordial welcome to the lecturer, Rawei, the Maori evangelist, who delivered an exceedingly interesting account of the Maoris, their manners and customs, and the work which he and his wife, Hiné, hope to do among them on their return. The dissolving-views, showing some of the beauties of New Zealand scenery, and specimens of the natives under various aspects, were both numerous and brilliant, while the hymns sung by Rawei in Maori and English added to the pleasure and profit of the evening's engagements. The lecturer did not omit to mention the evil influence of strong drink upon the natives. He is a most able and worthy brother, and strikes us as being specially adapted to the service to which he is returning. Many in England who have heard him speak and sing the gospel will pray the Lord very richly to bless him to the conversion of multitudes of his own people.

**COLLEGE.**—Mr. A. J. Payne has left Peterhead, and taken charge of the new work at Earlsfield; and Mr. C. E. Stone, of Middlesbrough, has become pastor of the Union Church at Castle Street, Luton.

The principal event this month is the *Tenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association*, to be held in the week commencing May 3. Will our readers pray for a blessing on all the ministers and students who will be gathered together? The public meetings of the week

will be on the Monday evening at the Shoreditch Tabernacle, and on Monday and Thursday evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's presidential address, together with a report of the Conference, will (p.v.) appear in next month's Magazine.

**COLPORTAGE.**—The annual meeting of the Association will (p.v.) take place on *Monday evening, May 31*, in the Tabernacle, when we hope to have most of our colporteurs present, and some of them will give an account of their work. There is every reason to believe that the Report of the past year's work will compare favourably with that of the previous twelve months, both spiritually and financially.

It is with great regret we have to mention the loss by death of one of our chief workers, Mr. Brooking, who for nearly twenty years had served the Association faithfully and well in the capacity of Trade Manager. The Master has now called him to higher service.

All manner of projects have been started in commemoration of the Queen's "record reign." We should like to make the present year the best we have ever had; and with this object in view, we would ask all friends interested in the Colportage work to send a special donation for our General Fund, which is very low, and so enable us to maintain our present number of men, and to extend our borders by opening up New Districts where earnest labourers for the Lord might sow the good seed of the Kingdom.

All communications and contributions should be addressed, "Secretary," Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—April 1, fourteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.
Pastor E. Ashton ... ..	0	2	6
Collected at Drummond Road Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh ... ..	3	0	0
The late Mr. W. Casson, of Kibworth, per Mr. A. Baires ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. Roff ... ..	0	2	6
Pastor C. L. Gordon ... ..	0	5	0
Collection at Octavius Street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour ... ..	0	14	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. J. A. Yoxall ... ..	0	10	6
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. ... ..	10	10	0
Mr. James Batty ... ..	1	0	0
Higham Hill Baptist Church, per Mr. Stuart Miller ... ..	1	1	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor W. A. Biss ... ..	1	0	0
Thankoffering for President's visit to Middlesbrough, per Pastor C. E. Stone ... ..	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	10	6
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor W. Adams ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Wilson ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. J. Moser ... ..	10	10	0
Rev. Robert Shindler ... ..	0	2	6
Miss E. E. Jones ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. Jones ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Adderley ... ..	1	0	0
Anon. ... ..	0	4	0
Sir Frederick Howard ... ..	2	2	0
Dr. Alfred Fennings ... ..	10	0	0
Collection at Grovelands Chapel, Read- ing, p-r Pastor R. M. Hunter ... ..	0	16	9
Thankoffering for President's visit to Hartlepool ... ..	3	3	0
Mr. C. P. Arlow ... ..	5	5	0
Pastor F. G. Wheeler ... ..	1	1	0



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Ackland	...	0	16	0	Mr. J. Ballantine	...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Pocock	...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	...	0	7	1
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Hiley	...	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	...	0	4	0	Mrs. E. Stockman	...	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Weeks	...	0	5	0	A friend	...	10	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Morgan	...	0	4	0	Miss I. Wornell	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Wilkins	...	0	8	6	Mrs. W. L. Ewart	...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier	...	0	2	6	Mr. T. Trounson	...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss E. Harrison	...	0	6	8	Mrs. Uridge	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	...	0	8	6	Mrs. E. Aston	...	1	1	0
Postal order, Morley, Yorks.	...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Mackie	...	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. G. Willoughby	...	0	10	8	Mr. D. Land, per Messrs. Passmore	...	...	...	...
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	...	0	4	6	and Alabaster	...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Daisy Bond	...	0	15	8	Collected by Mr. F. Baldwin	...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	...	0	7	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter	...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Luxford	...	0	8	0	Mrs. H. Kevill	...	10	0	0
Miss A. Cowles	...	0	5	0	Dr. W. J. Van Someren	...	5	5	0
A friend	...	20	0	0	W. H. B.	...	4	0	0
Mrs. Nicholson	...	100	0	0	Miss E. Waterhouse	...	2	0	0
The Guardians Hemel Hempstead Union	...	...	...	...	Mr. R. Finlayson	...	0	10	0
(re J. Watson)	...	10	0	0	Miss L. M. Walker	...	1	0	0
J. E. F. S.	...	10	0	0	Miss Roberts	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. R. F. Lewis	...	0	16	3	Mr. W. Fyson	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. R. Freestone	...	0	7	0	Stamps, Rochester	...	0	0	6
Collected by Mrs. Beard	...	0	13	0	Mrs. S. J. Johnson	...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Fox	...	0	5	6	Miss Gregg	...	0	1	6
Collected by Miss Slipper	...	0	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. John Mead	...	4	4	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Pilgrim	...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Horton	...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Sampson	...	0	4	0	Mr. David Cule	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	...	0	5	1	Miss Cousin	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss D. Martin	...	0	2	9	Mr. W. B. Hackett	...	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. H. Letch	...	0	10	0	Miss D. Gunter	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Letch	...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Munday	...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss C. Hes	...	0	6	6	Collected by Miss A. Solomon	...	2	11	0
Mrs. Layzell	...	0	2	8	Mr. E. P. Morris	...	1	1	0
"Postmen's pence"	...	0	8	0	Mrs. D. Summerville	...	0	10	0
Miss M. Hall	...	3	3	0	A. Somerleyton friend	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Gooding	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Dowson	...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Twaites	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Wilson	...	1	0	0	Mr. John Moser	...	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	...	0	12	0	Mr. Samuel Jarvis	...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Austin	...	0	8	0	The Dowager Lady Abercromby	...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss J. Potter	...	0	5	0	Mr. James Wilson	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Trill	...	0	5	6	Stamps, Market Harborough	...	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Tatten	...	0	5	0	Miss D. Leng	...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Wilkins	...	1	9	1	Collected by Master J. Hicks	...	0	16	3
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs.	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Fursdon	...	0	1	0
Morgan and Scott	...	18	2	0	Miss M. Earl	...	0	10	0
Messrs. W. Runciman and Co.	...	20	0	0	W. P.	...	0	10	0
A. R. T.	...	0	7	6	Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Dyke	...	1	5	0	Mr. Farley's box	...	4	17	6
The late Mr. W. Casson, per Mr. A.	...	...	...	...	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	1	1	0
Baines	...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Williamson	...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	...	0	3	0	Dr. A. Fennings	...	100	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	...	0	3	0	Mrs. E. W. Bell	...	1	0	0
J. B. C.	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Yates	...	0	10	6
W. H. W.	...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawgood	...	2	4	6	Mr. C. Hooper	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Roff	...	0	10	6	Mr. G. Shaw	...	2	0	0
Mr. A. W. Anden	...	0	5	0	Mrs. P. A. Bonnetto	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	...	0	18	0	Stamps—Ross	...	0	5	6
Mr. L. P. Roff	...	0	2	6	Mr. P. Norman	...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Paterson	...	0	7	6	Mr. E. Reynolds	...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Green	...	0	9	0	Miss F. Hall	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Burgess's Bible-class at Orphanage	...	0	11	0	F. J.	...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	...	0	10	3	"Bessie"	...	5	5	0
Mrs. Patterson	...	0	4	0	Mr. H. Crees	...	2	2	0
Gertrude, "In answer to prayer"	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Vogue	...	0	2	6
Mrs. N. Sparrow	...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Williams	...	0	10	0
Townley Street Mission, per Mr.	...	...	...	...	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	...	0	2	0
Tomkins	...	0	11	8	F. S., per P.B.	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Jarry, per Miss E. York	...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Davies, per Messrs. J. Wheeler	...	...	...	...
Mr. Geo. Wood	...	0	2	8	Bennett and Co.	...	45	0	0
Stamps, Camberwell	...	0	1	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith	...	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Vincent	...	0	13	0	Miss E. Taylor, per Mr. F. C. Neve	...	0	0	10
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	...	10	0	0	Mr. E. L. Simpson	...	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Markram	...	0	10	0	Mr. D. Campbell	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hooper	...	2	0	0	Mrs. H. Goodiff	...	0	5	0
Postal orders, Huddersfield	...	2	0	0	F. G.	...	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoyles	...	0	10	0	Mr. S. C. Knight	...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss F. Baker	...	0	4	7	Miss Brown	...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
T. R. ...	...	...	...	Teachers and Scholars, Railway Mission Sunday-school, West Brompton, per Mr. Gooding...	...	...	...
Mrs. Miller ...	...	...	...	Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Mathewson ...	...	...	...
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	...	...	...	Executors of the late Miss Fanny Spears ...	...	...	...
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Sons ...	...	...	...	Executors of the late Mrs. Phoebe Seed from the Estate of the late Miss G. I. Small ...	...	...	...
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald ...	...	...	...	For new desks in Boys' Schools:—	...	...	...
Mr. C. Walter ...	...	...	...	Mr. S. Patriok ...	...	...	...
For Jesus' sake ...	...	...	...	Mrs. A. Shearman ...	...	...	...
Mr. S. H. Perriam ...	...	...	...	Mr. David Cule ...	...	...	...
Mr. C. Pinnell ...	...	...	...	Mr. P. Rumney ...	...	...	...
Mr. J. Wilson ...	...	...	...		...	...	...
Stamps, Putney ...	...	...	...	H. C., Colorado, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ...	...	...	...
Mr. S. Admans ...	...	...	...	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	...	...	...
T. Hayball ...	...	...	...	Abbey Street Baptist Chapel, Bermondsey ...	...	...	...
Postal order, Whitstable ...	...	...	...	Chatsworth Road Baptist Chapel, Norwood ...	...	...	...
Mr. G. Middleton ...	...	...	...	Conference Hall, Mildmay Park ...	...	...	...
Mr. W. Lawrie ...	...	...	...	Colonel J. T. Morton ...	...	...	...
Miss M. Parker ...	...	...	...	Croydon Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Union ...	...	...	...
Per Mr. G. H. Melton:—	...	...	...	Harlow ...	...	...	...
Mr. Fillenham's box ...	...	...	...	Wisbech ...	...	...	...
Mr. G. H. Melton ...	...	...	...	Collecting Boxes:—	...	...	...
Miss Melton ...	...	...	...	Barnden, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Christmas dinner collection ...	...	...	...	Batchelor, Miss R. ...	...	...	...
	...	...	...	Beament, Miss E. ...	...	...	...
Miss Harris ...	...	...	...	Belben, Miss ...	...	...	...
Andrew and Margaret Roger ...	...	...	...	Belleine, Miss C. ...	...	...	...
Mr. W. J. Eldridge ...	...	...	...	Belleine, Miss M. ...	...	...	...
W. J. S. ...	...	...	...	Bell, Master E. ...	...	...	...
Mr. J. Foulkes ...	...	...	...	Blandford, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Mr. George Gray ...	...	...	...	Bliss, Miss ...	...	...	...
Mrs. Knight ...	...	...	...	Boswell, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. Groves ...	...	...	...	Bown, Master C. ...	...	...	...
Mr. and Mrs. Bland ...	...	...	...	Bown, Miss ...	...	...	...
Mrs. Panter ...	...	...	...	Butler, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
"Golden wedding" ...	...	...	...	Burleigh, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. J. J. Davies ...	...	...	...	Burn, Mr. ...	...	...	...
A country minister ...	...	...	...	Burt, Miss E. M. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. Gearing ...	...	...	...	Butt, Miss ...	...	...	...
F. G. B. ...	...	...	...	Butt, Miss D. ...	...	...	...
Mr. R. E. Whitehead ...	...	...	...	Carter, Miss ...	...	...	...
Stamps, Grantham ...	...	...	...	Claridge, Miss J. ...	...	...	...
A child of God ...	...	...	...	Colley, Mr. ...	...	...	...
Mr. Hartswell ...	...	...	...	Cooper, Miss B. ...	...	...	...
Mr. W. J. Cole ...	...	...	...	Cooper's Stores, Limited ...	...	...	...
Mrs. M. A. Stringer ...	...	...	...	Cornish, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. J. J. Monk ...	...	...	...	Cox, Mr. H. O. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. G. A. Bond ...	...	...	...	Crowder, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Wyddgrug ...	...	...	...	Culley, Miss F. ...	...	...	...
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore ...	...	...	...	Dennish, Master A. ...	...	...	...
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	...	...	...	Dobson, Miss B. ...	...	...	...
Roehford ...	...	...	...	Dobson, Mr. ...	...	...	...
Mrs. E. S. Holmes ...	...	...	...	Eldridge, Master H. ...	...	...	...
Mr. James Hill ...	...	...	...	Elhott, Miss ...	...	...	...
	...	...	...	Everett, Mrs., and Son ...	...	...	...
Orphan girls' collecting cards:—	...	...	...	Field, Miss ...	...	...	...
A. Griffiths ...	...	...	...	Field, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
E. Cracknell ...	...	...	...	Fisher, Mr. H. ...	...	...	...
K. Collins ...	...	...	...	Fletcher, Miss G. ...	...	...	...
	...	...	...	Forward, Miss G. ...	...	...	...
Blackthorn Street Sunday-school, Bow, per Mr. E. F. Weason ...	...	...	...	Frisby, Master J. ...	...	...	...
Bocebery Park Baptist Sunday-school, Pokesdown, per Mr. G. Toms ...	...	...	...	George, Master E. ...	...	...	...
Y. W. C. E., Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge ...	...	...	...	Goodwin, Miss ...	...	...	...
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Smith ...	...	...	...	Griffiths and York, the Misses ...	...	...	...
Parsons Heath Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch ...	...	...	...	Grimes, Mrs. ...	...	...	...
Lower Baptist Sunday-school, Chessham, per Mr. W. F. Bates ...	...	...	...	Grose, Master A. ...	...	...	...
Battersea Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. G. J. Rowley ...	...	...	...	Hall, Miss A. ...	...	...	...
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, Young Christians' Missionary Union, per Mr. E. J. Wigney ...	...	...	...	Hart, Mr. ...	...	...	...
East Hill, Wandsworth, Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. S. Saunders ...	...	...	...	Hewitt, Miss ...	...	...	...
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath-school, per Mr. J. Laidlaw ...	...	...	...	Herrington, Master ...	...	...	...
Lordship Lane Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Carey, for 1896 and 1897 ...	...	...	...		...	...	...

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Hertzell, Mrs. ...	0	4	6	Richardson, Mrs. H. G. ...	0	14	3			
Hollands, Miss E. ...	0	6	0	Roberts, Master A. ...	0	1	2			
Howton, Miss M. ...	0	1	9	Robins, Mrs. S. ...	0	7	1			
Hoyle, Miss A. ...	0	3	3	Roper, Mrs. ...	0	5	6			
Isaacs, Miss E. J. ...	0	1	4	Russell, Mrs. ...	0	3	11			
Jacobs, Miss E. ...	0	1	1	Shotton, Miss ...	0	1	8			
Jewhurst, Miss ...	0	8	9	Silley, Mrs. ...	0	2	2			
Johnston, Miss ...	0	17	3	Smith, Master T. ...	0	11	6			
Kington, Mrs. ...	0	4	9	Smith, Miss K. ...	0	1	2			
Lake, Master A. ...	0	2	4	Stapely, Mr. ...	1	0	0			
Lee, Mrs. ...	0	1	5	Stevenson, Mrs. ...	0	10	6			
Luckhurst, Mrs. ...	0	13	6	Sutton, Master T. ...	0	5	1			
Madder, Mrs. ...	0	3	9	Taylor, Miss ...	0	1	0			
Maddell, Miss ...	0	5	6	Tompkins, Miss H. ...	0	2	0			
Mallison, Mrs. ...	0	4	5	Verney, Miss B. ...	0	6	3			
McGregor, Mrs. ...	0	3	5	Watson, Mrs. ...	0	3	5			
Middleton, Mrs. ...	0	3	1	Whittington, Master S. ...	0	7	2			
Moore, Mrs. D. H. ...	0	4	5	Willoughby, Miss H. ...	0	8	11			
Moore, Miss E. ...	0	5	0	Young, Mrs. ...	0	2	0			
Moore, Master S. W. ...	0	16	8	Young, Master W. ...	0	1	3			
Morgan, Mrs. I. ...	0	7	0	Boxes under 1s. ...	0	1	2			
Mills, Mr. Walter (shop box) ...	1	15	6					39	18	2
Newbery, Mrs. ...	0	10	0	<i>Collecting Books:—</i>						
New, Master C. ...	1	10	11	Barrett, Mr. H. ...	5	5	0			
Newton, Mrs. ...	0	2	7	Brown, Miss J. H. ...	0	13	6			
Older, Mr. ...	0	14	8	Charles, Miss F. B. ...	0	5	0			
Parker, Master E. and Miss F. ...	0	2	9	Coleman, Mr. ...	0	5	0			
Palmer, Miss ...	1	1	1	Jephs, Miss ...	0	19	0			
Palmer, Mrs. ...	0	5	0	Nance, Master J. ...	0	4	11			
Pankhurst, Mrs. ...	0	10	0	Noble, Mrs. ...	0	6	6			
Parker, Master H. ...	0	1	3					8	2	11
Payne, Miss ...	0	7	2	<i>Donations:—</i>						
Payne, Mrs. ...	0	9	6	"In memory of T. Greenwood" ...	10	0	0			
Perrin, Miss E. ...	0	7	1	Mr. B. I. Greenwood ...	10	0	0			
Pierson, Master F. ...	0	2	8	Mrs. Randall ...	0	10	0			
Plummer, Miss N. ...	0	9	6					20	10	0
Randall, Mrs. ...	0	8	7					£1,394	19	0
Randall, Miss L. ...	0	3	3							

*List of Presents from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.*—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 Large Cake, Miss Dawson; 29 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 18½ lbs. Grapes, Mr. A. William.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—11 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 pairs Socks, the Servants of the late Mr. J. Colman, of Croydon, per Miss Button.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—12 pairs Gloves, Miss O. Selfe; 27 articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 17 Articles, Miss E. B. Robinson; 4 Articles, J. D., Clapham; 27 Straw Hats, Messrs. J. S. Harman & Son; 47 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 14 Garments, Mrs. Rabbeth; 7 Articles, the Servants of the late Mr. J. Colman, of Croydon, per Miss Button.

GENERAL:—7 lbs. Grass Seed, Messrs. Sutton & Sons; 1 box Flowers, Miss E. Moore; 1 box Toys, Mrs. Rabbeth; 12 gross Matches, Mr. Edwards; 13 Dolls, The Young Women's Bible Class, Warwick Street Baptist Sunday-school, Leamington, per Miss E. Varley; 1 box Fancy Goods, Mrs. Hunt; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. H. Woolland; 7 Texts on Porcelain, a quantity of Magazines, 2 pairs Boots, 42 Servants' Caps, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 11 Large Engravings (10 Doré's, 1 Long's), Mr. Cha. Maclean.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.*

*Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—*

	£	s.	d.
Southern Baptist Association ...	60	0	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds ...	10	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. Wm. Ashley ...	7	10	0
Devonport, per Mr. W. Hawkes ...	11	5	0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey ...	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil... ..	11	5	0
Cowling Hill, per Pastor E. R. Lewis... ..	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor... ..	7	10	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	20	0	0
Corton, per Mr. T. Harris ...	11	5	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. J. G. Stow ...	10	0	0
Harrow, per Mr. S. H. Harwood ...	10	0	0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	3	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
	£167	10	0

*Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—*

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Harker ...	1	1	0
A friend, for purchase of President's new issue of Sermons ...	2	5	0
Mr. J. A. Yoxall ...	0	10	6
Mr. Jas. Butty ...	1	0	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	4	0	6

Annual Subscriptions:—				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Miss Poute	...	...	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Stevens	...	...	...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Fitzgerald	...	...	...	1	1	0							
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead	...	...	...	2	2	0					£13	5	0

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Long Eaton, per Mr. W. Woodforth	5	1	1
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
	£6	1	1

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

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Croydon	0	10	0	For translations of sermons:—			
Mrs. Mott	0	5	0				
H. O. N.	0	7	0	Mrs. Clarke (with 12s. for Book Fund)	0	7	9
Mrs. Mannington	0	10	0	Miss Spliedt	2	0	0
Miss R. Dodwell	0	1	0				
F. G.	0	8	0		£6	8	9
C. P.	2	0	0				

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1897.

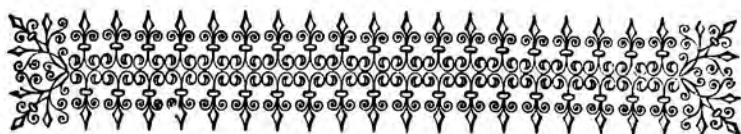
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,643	10	3	Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
C. H. S. S.	500	0	0	Miss Hodges	1	0	0
S. S.	500	0	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Dividend	17	10	8	Mr. E. W.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Croydon	2	0	0	Mr. C.	0	10	0
Mr. James Wilson	1	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	0	12	0
Mr. M. W. C. Dixon	0	10	0	Freewill offerings at cutting of first sod for new Chapel by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	10	0
A friend	0	5	0	Mrs. Soady	3	0	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	1	0	0				
Mrs. Mott	0	10	0				
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0				
Amy	0	5	0				
					£2,689	2	11

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write 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," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.





THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 209.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*In going to a new pastorate where there were no elders, what would be the best way to appoint them,—by the pastor, or the deacons, or the church-members?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—We cannot appoint any officer in the church; the church must appoint its own officers. When I came to New Park Street, the church had deacons,

but no elders; and I thought, from my study of the New Testament, that there should be both orders of officers. They are very useful when we can get them,—the deacons to attend to all secular matters, and the elders to devote themselves to the spiritual part of the work; this division of labour supplies an outlet for two different sorts of talent, and allows two kinds of men to be serviceable to the church. As there were no elders at New Park Street, when I read and expounded the passages in the New Testament referring to elders, I used to say, "This is an order of Christian workers which appears to have dropped out of existence. In apostolic times, they had both deacons and elders; but, somehow, the church has departed from this early custom. We have one preaching elder,—that is, the Pastor,—and he is expected to perform all the duties of the eldership." One and another of the members began to enquire of me, "Ought not we, as a church, to have elders? Cannot we elect some of our brethren who are qualified to fill the office?" I answered that we had better not disturb the existing state of affairs; but some enthusiastic young men said that they would propose at the church-meeting that elders should be appointed, and ultimately we did appoint them with the unanimous consent of the members. I did not force the question upon them; I only showed them that it was Scriptural, and then of course they wanted to carry it into effect.

My elders have been a great blessing to me; they are invaluable in looking after the spiritual interests of the church. The deacons have charge of the finance; but if the elders meet with cases of poverty needing relief, we tell them to give some small sum, and then bring the case before the deacons. I was once the unseen witness of a little incident that greatly pleased me. I heard one of our elders say to a deacon, "I gave old Mrs. So-and-so ten shillings the other night." "That was very generous on your part," said the deacon. "Oh, but!" exclaimed the elder, "I want the money from the deacons." So the deacon asked, "What office do you hold, brother?" "Oh!" he replied, "I see; I have gone beyond my duty as an elder, so I'll pay the ten shillings myself; I should not like the governor to hear that I had overstepped the mark." "No, no, my brother," said the deacon; "I'll give you the money, but don't make such a mistake another time."

I am sure it is good to have two sets of brethren as officers of the church, instead of one set who have to do everything, and who often become the masters of the church, instead of the servants, as both deacons and elders should be. You cannot appoint these officers yourselves, brethren, nor can the deacons. You should talk the matter over first with the deacons, and then, if they are willing, you should go to the church, and mention the names of brethren who have already proved their fitness for the work, and ask the members to elect them. The very *worst* method of selection is to print the names of all the male members, and then vote for a certain number by ballot. I know of one case in which a very old man was within two or three votes of being elected simply because his name began with A, and therefore was put at the top of the list of candidates.

*Q.—Is a minister justified in refusing to marry one of his members to an unconverted person?*

*A.—*Yes, I should say that he is. Such a case did happen with one of my predecessors at New Park Street; he said to the young woman, "No, Jane; I shall not marry you to John; I will have no share in your sin in marrying an ungodly man." Every minister ought to have sufficient moral courage to see the couple, and to talk very kindly but very firmly to them. After pointing out to them the teaching of the Scriptures concerning being unequally yoked together with unbelievers, and telling them of the misery that usually comes of disobedience to the apostolic command, I should say to them, "Since these are my convictions, you cannot expect me to take any part in such a marriage; if you will insist upon going contrary to the Word of God, I should advise you to go to the Registrar's office; but I should recommend you to wait until you can marry 'in the Lord.'"

I had a young woman, who was a member of my church, and who said to me what they all say in such a case, "I know I shall bring him round to my way of thinking, and I shall never let him drag me down to his level." "Very well," I replied, "the next time he comes to see you, just try this little experiment. Ask him into the kitchen, tell him to stand on the floor while you stand on the table, and then see whether you can pull him up on to the table with you, or whether he can drag you down to the floor with him." She said at once, "Why, of course, he will pull me down!" "Yes," I answered, "and if you marry him while he is unconverted, he will drag you down to his own worldly level." Alas! it all happened just as I foretold; and, years afterwards, the poor broken-hearted backslider came and told me her sad story, and begged to be taken into the church again.

If one of your church-members wants you to marry her to an ungodly man, I should advise you at once to say, "No, I cannot do that; I am willing to do anything that is for your good, but this is a matter in which I can take no part whatever."

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Is it advisable to allow ladies to speak in church-meetings?*

*A.—*Well, that depends upon what the ladies may wish to say. Suppose there is a candidate before the church, and I know that one of the female members can testify to his Christian character, I should not hesitate to say, "Our Sister Brown knows this young man; would she like to tell us anything about him?" I think it would be most seemly if she should reply, "Yes, dear friends, he is a very admirable young man; I am especially grateful to him, for he has been the means of the conversion of my husband." It would be a very great pity for anybody beside Mrs. Brown to give such a testimony as that. I should say that it is right for ladies in our church-meetings to speak when they are spoken to in such a fashion as that; but when women get up to join in discussions after the manner of men, I think they had better hold their tongue. The apostolic rule is very clear: "Let your women

keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak." It is not merely in the congregations, but in the churches—the assemblies of the members—that they are to keep silence, so far as teaching or usurping authority is concerned; but with regard to answering questions or bearing testimony as to applicants for fellowship, they do that admirably.

(*To be continued.*)

## Concerning Creeds and Confessions.

"I AM no opponent of confessions of faith. If a man tells you he will have no creed or confession to stick to (nothing but the Bible), set him down for a heretic or an idiot, or both. He *has* a creed, if he is a Christian at all. And he will stick to it, if he walks in the Spirit, whether he is in the pulpit or society. Yes, sir, he has a creed, if he is not a downright *fool*! Indeed, our greatest danger lies just here; we have too much shortened our creeds, and forgotten our confessions, and ceased to preach the *great doctrines*. The doctrines are the great things, after all. One of our prominent men courts popularity by an occasional sneer at 'old dead orthodoxy,' as he calls it. He is doing injury to the cause of truth. The seeds of error which he is sowing will spring up by-and-by. If he does not become a heretic himself, his admirers and followers will. He does not believe the Westminster Confession of Faith; and, in my opinion, if that were a standard now among our churches and ministers, as it was once, when the Catechism was taught in our schools, we should not have so many *creedless* ministers among us ignorantly working to undermine the great principles of the Reformation, by sneering at 'old dead orthodoxy,' like the Rev. Dr. —. They *hate* the *doctrines*, sir. So, you see, I am not against systems and creeds; but I want a minister to have a *creed*, and a *heart*, too. I want him to have a system; and then I want him to know that his system does not contain *everything*, and that he himself does not know everything. The Bible has a depth, and a richness, and an extent, too, in its meaning, which no human system can express. Preach your *text*, my son, your *TEXT*, *right out*, and not your system."

The above remarks occurred in a conversation at Brooklyn, New York, more than forty years ago. They came from a venerable brother who was then more than threescore and ten. They were almost prophetic; not only with regard to some portions of the United States,—New England, in particular,—but in relation to Great Britain, also, and to the Baptist denomination as well as to Congregationalists and Presbyterians. "What the Spirit saith to the churches," will apply equally to the doctrines taught, and the conduct and character to be maintained. "Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works." Yes, the doctrines of grace must have their fitting place in our sermons and Sunday-school teaching, if men and women are to be trained in the truth, with a backbone, and a heart, and not be mere specimens of molluscous Christianity.

R. S.

# The Heaven-ward Railway; or, All Along the Line.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE  
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT,  
THOMAS SPURGEON.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BROTHERS ALL,—with all my heart I thank you for your whole-hearted welcome; and, if you will let me, I will return the compliment at once. Welcome, welcome, welcome; thrice welcome to the Conference! Welcome, from one year of mercy into another year of grace! Welcome, from your own dear place of worship, and your faithful flock, to yon grey, giant meeting-house, and to its church, which is the mother of us all! Welcome, from twelve months of earnest, honest toil, to four or five short days of sweet refreshing! Welcome to the most successful among you, who have brought your sheaves with you, and are consequently rejoicing! Welcome to the depressed and down-hearted! May the very sparrows on the London housetops say, “Cheer up,” to you! Welcome to the elder brethren, who, I trust, have none of the spirit of “the elder brother” in them! Welcome also to those who are but girding on the harness! “Welcome!” says the College, for it is always glad to see its old boys back beneath its roof. “Welcome!” say the tutors, for are not they—I speak it with all reverence,—are not they old boys, too? “Welcome!” say your hosts and entertainers, for they have not yet grown tired of entertaining angels unawares. “Welcome!” say many who were not able to open to you their doors, but who have contributed very heartily towards the expenses of your coming. I have had little gifts from servant-maids, who sent a word of loving welcome to the servants of the Lord. And welcome, last, but not least in heartiness, from the President, who loves you well, and whose year of office is almost over, but who would fain have the keynote of his swan-song, “Welcome, welcome, welcome!”

The object of our gathering is, as you know, distinctly spiritual. We have not come hither to engage in commercial pursuits, nor to discuss educational questions, nor to express our views on political subjects. We have come to pray and praise, to hear the gospel's joyful sound, and to build each other up in our most holy faith. Yet I think we may allow ourselves a little latitude on this occasion, in the shape of a grateful passing reference to an event of national interest,—the more so as it is quite impossible of repetition within the career of the youngest freshman amongst us.

This is an *annus mirabilis*,—a wonderful year! In a few short weeks, our sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, will have reached the sixtieth anniversary of her accession, and then she will have sat upon old England's throne a greater number of years than any other of our monarchs; and, thank God, her reign has been stronger as well as longer than the rest! This is not the time, nor the place, to descant on the progress of her country, the purity of her court, the prosperity of her commerce, and the compassion of her spirit. We praise our

God for all of these, and we pray with our whole souls that Heaven's own joy may fill the royal heart. I verily believe that she herself would have us attribute all to Heaven, so I shall ask you, when you have sung a verse of "God save the Queen!" by way of prayer for her, to join in a verse of "Glory to God on high!" by way of praise to *Him*.

(The whole assembly at once rose, and very heartily sang the following verses:—

"God save our gracious Queen,  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen!  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen!"

"Glory to God on high!  
Let earth and skies reply,  
Praise ye His name:  
His love and grace adore,  
Who all our sorrows bore,  
Sing aloud evermore,  
Worthy the Lamb!"

The President then proceeded with his address, as follows:—)

### **The Heaven-ward Railway; or, All Along the Line.\***

A certain journalist, in giving his impressions of a service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, described the dear old building as "of the railway-station order of architecture." I confess that, so far, I have failed to see the aptness of his comparison, and it is hardly worth our while to tarry to discover whether or no it was meant as a compliment. I only know that never was a building more suitable for its purpose than yonder hallowed House of Prayer. The order of its architecture matters little, if in it men can hear of Jesu's mighty love. But the comparison set me a-thinking, and started a train of thought in which I want you also to travel. Of the previous occasions on which I have been privileged to address you, I can say, "I have used similitudes," and I feel disposed to do so still. Once, we "took shipping," and sailed the wide seas o'er; last year, we took poison,—or rather, some antidotes. What if this time we take a journey by rail, and go tripping up the line? We shall endeavour to combine business with pleasure. There will be precept upon precept as well as line upon line.

Perchance, our churches are, or ought to be, more like railway-termini than even the reporter supposed. Maybe, there are signs in the signals, and side-lights in the sidings, and points in the switches, which we shall do well to observe. If our eyes are open, we may find illustrations all along the line. One has said, "There seems to be little poetry in a railway;" and you may feel inclined to add that

\* In preparing this address, I have been greatly helped by a fascinating work entitled, "Our Railways," by J. PEMBLETON (2 vols., Cassell & Co.)—T. S.

there is likely to be less religion, but we may perhaps find both. Truth to tell, I did not dream of discovering any reference to railways in the Bible, till I read as follows from *Palestine Re-peopled*, by James Neil, M.A. :—"In Isa. lxvi. 19, 20, the word translated 'swift beasts' is confessedly obscure. It would seem, from the natural derivation, to mean circles, or 'circles within circles,' and has by many been supposed to refer to *railway trains*. A very similar allusion is made in reference to the means of transport of the troops which shall be arrayed against restored Israel : 'Behold, they shall come with speed swiftly. . . . their wheels like a whirlwind.' (Isa. v. 26-28.)" Some think they see, in the marvellous developments as to means of transit, a fulfilment of such predictions as : "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Even in the Congo country, the iron horse is coursing now. Would God it carried only that which comports with and helps to spread the knowledge of the true God ! Fire-arms and fire-water do much to neutralize the blessing that devoted missionaries bring !

I am encouraged in my attempt to cull some metaphors and lessons from railway matters by the reflection that many of our places of worship have been displaced by the great companies. I doubt not that ample monetary compensation was forthcoming ; but, still, I think they owe us something. Many a historic meeting-house has had notice to quit ; and, once again, the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth is in danger of being removed in favour of a railway-station. One could hope it may be spared that fate. We are not enthusiasts over bricks and mortar, and consecrated edifices ; but this is the place where John Newton, one of the sweetest of our singers, "a servant of slaves in Africa," proclaimed a jubilee to all the serfs of sin, and helped to pilot them to freedom's shore. O railways, spare *this* church ! It is only fair to add that we have turned some railway premises into places of worship (at a reasonable rent, of course) ; indeed, if I mistake not, we have amongst us, at this present, several railway-arch bishops, and you will find, in this year's College Report, mention of the use of an old railway-carriage as a mission-room in Somersetshire. Moreover, some of our preachers have graduated from the locomotive workshops,—Hugh Stowell Brown being a notable example. Among the applicants for admission to the Pastors' College just now, are some railway men,—one of them being a *spring-maker*. He ought to be an acquisition to a church ;—many of them are wintry enough. Thank God that there are still found men who are willing to be Baptist ministers, though being so virtually involves a vow of poverty ! Equally thankful should we be that the Pastors' College still welcomes those whose "advantages" are few, but who have already proved themselves workmen that need not to be ashamed.

I must remind you, too, that there are some places of worship on the line. "The Bishop of Dakota goes through his diocese, wherever there is a railway track and no place of worship, in a travelling church, with altar, pulpit, font, and organ, and so spacious that it will seat 70 people." I think I could suggest a good way to increase the accommodation ;—dispense with the altar and the font ! What need of these is there in our churches ? This one is clearly not on

apostolic lines, whatever rails it travels on. The Baptists in America have several chapel-cars. These seat rather more than 70 persons, I presume. They bear such appropriate titles as "Evangel," "Good Will," and "Glad Tidings." The railroad companies side-track them at desire, and haul them free of charge. What wonder is it that the manager of one of them enthusiastically declared that "he felt as if he owned the whole railway system"? He was on his *mettle*, evidently. Thus the gospel runs, and is glorified. A worthy preacher once assured me that a reporter made him quote Acts viii. 29, thus, "Go near, and join thyself to this *chapel*." (Chapel for chariot.) Well, but, in some respects, a chapel is a chariot; at least it should be "a going concern," and alas! there are always some to drag on behind. I find also that there is such a thing as "railway theology." It pertains to popular preachers who "have no opportunities for study, except what they can make for themselves in railway carriages." The journal from which I quote, adds:—"We have observed that the theology of railway carriages is the most dogmatic, intolerant, and excommunicating of all." I confess that I was not aware that there is an overplus of dogmatism nowadays. To *my* thinking, the trumpet gives a none too certain sound; and covenants, and creeds, and definite doctrines are—well, simply *shunted*! But then, I myself have done a good deal of travelling lately!

One other reason I have for connecting railway systems with our work for God. On the 13th of April last, I read in the morning paper that a certain lady, to whom I have the honour of being somewhat closely related, did, the day before, cut the first sod of ground on which a Baptist Chapel is to be erected, and that she "made a graceful speech after the ceremony." It further stated that the lady afore-mentioned "was accompanied by her son." Now, when I tell you that the said son sits on my right hand, you will say, "God bless the elect lady, and her son, and the chapel that is to be!" But "cutting the first sod" is distinctly a *railway ceremony*. Is the Bexhill Baptist Chapel to be, like the Tabernacle, "of the railway-station order of architecture"? Let us hope so *of the church*, if not of the chapel. It will be a *depôt* doubtless, as the Yankees call their stations,—literally, a place where goods are stored. Milk, and wine, and meat, and bread will there be gathered. It will be a starting-place, as, thank God, all our chapels are, for the best of journeys. I should not wonder if there is some "coupling" done there, too, of more than one description. Some will be married *to* the Lord, and others "*in* the Lord." It will have a booking-hall, and platform, and rail, and "fire," and water, and, in consequence, *steam*. Let us hope that the turn-table of repentance will be in frequent use. The name of the station is, "Beulah," and it is to stand in memory of one—so dear to all of us,—who has already passed through on the up-line to the Celestial City.

You already perceive how this subject lends itself to holy purposes. With God's help, we may profit much as we inspect the station, travel with the guard, ride in the coaches, walk up the six-foot-way, and stand on the vibrating foot-plate. "Take your seats, please; all right behind?—then, *right away*!"



Our churches, chapels, Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, and, indeed, every organization connected with Christian communities, ought to be *setting-out places for Heaven*. For the commencement of this journey, *conversion* is as necessary as is the ticket procured at the booking-office,—though it is by no means essential that the date should be so plainly stamped upon it. On some accounts, though, they are to be congratulated who can tell the glad details of their new birth,—the place, the day, the hour. Thus was it with John and Andrew:—“They came and saw where Jesus dwelt, and abode with Him that day: for it was about the tenth hour.” O happy, happy day! O ever-memorable hour! Is it not just as well that the ticket should be inspected occasionally? Let us make our calling and election sure. Some stow their tickets away so safely that they cannot produce them on demand. Others are almost too anxious about the piece of cardboard. The spiritual parallel of these we have with us always. There is no possible use in everlastingly calling in question our evidences, and overhauling our conversion; equally unwise is it *never* to investigate them, and to resent the enquiries of those who virtually say, “Tickets, please.” Our preaching ought to be of this “ticket-examining” sort occasionally, though it is far from being a popular style. Ours it is to be popular “with the superintendent,” as the oft-used story has it. Before the train starts, we must be as sure as mortals can be that every passenger has his passport. Conversion—“old-fashioned conversion,” as someone styles it, should be a first essential to membership; and on *our* section of the line, Believers’ Baptism is part and parcel of it; it is the confession with the mouth which Paul couples with the confidence of the heart.

And when we are booking, let us ask for a through ticket. Who would think of leaping out at each fresh stopping-place to take ticket for the next? Yet some attempt to travel Heavenward after some such fashion. “One step’s enough for me,” they say, thus wresting a precious truth to their own discomfort, and delay.

The platform of the railway-station tempts me to say a word about pulpit *versus* platform in our meeting-houses. I am disposed to agree with the saying that it is one sign of the Divine authority of preaching that it has survived the use of the egg-cups, and swallows’ nests, and pill-boxes, which so long did duty as coigns of vantage for sounding forth the Word of Life. A few remain unto this day, as I know to my cost. What abominations they are, to be sure! They were designed, I fancy, to foster the notion that the parsons are scarcely of the same flesh and blood as the persons who occupy the pews. He is a cut—or *two*—above them. He stands alone. He must, moreover, be carefully fastened in with bolted doors, lest there should seem to be anything in common ’twixt him and the congregation, and he must stand quietly, just *so*, the whole time, his arms also being prevented from undue movement by the ecclesiastical gas-standards to his immediate right and left. What more effectual method could be devised for preventing appropriate gesture, and so for lessening the preacher’s force?

The *amplitude* of a railway platform is of course undesirable, but I do commend its *altitude*. There is no need for the preacher (or for

his preaching) to be far above the people's heads. A few feet from the floor suffices, that is, if the gallery is only sufficiently "raked", and the floor itself should rise if the area is large. We want to be near the people, and as much as possible on a level with them. With this in view, I would go as far as to dispense with the rail wherever possible. It has its uses, as the young beginner knows;—how tenaciously it has been clutched! Even the old stager is glad to put a hand upon it, or to lean over it in confidential heart-reaching talk. But I, for one, do not desire to be fenced in, or roped off. If the platform is low, the rail may go. I had no semblance of one in the Auckland Tabernacle. Since my departure, a worthy deacon has presented an elaborate rail as a token of gratitude to God for a great mercy,—(not my departure!)—and I have been favoured with a photo of the pastor and officers securely ensconced behind it. In forwarding it, they expressed some fear that I should not approve the alteration, and doubtless they awaited my reply with some interest. I made answer to the effect that the associations of the new erection were so charming, and that the officials looked so content, and safe, behind the barrier, that I could not find it in my heart to bring a railing accusation against them. Who will call me dogmatic or intolerant after that? Every man to his taste. It may be that my successor needed some restraint. Some are given to such ceaseless perambulation, and to such violent rushes forward, that the audience may well be alarmed. I remember one brother, who paced up and down the service through, for all the world like a caged lion. I quite approved a rail in that case. If the Rev. Mr. Leopard changes his spots so often, and so expeditiously, it is as well to set some bounds to his rampaging. I have heard that, at an up-country station in India, a tiger once took possession of a railway platform; whereupon a wire was sent to the nearest official to the following effect:—"Tiger jumping about on platform,—please arrange." (Why didn't they send the wire through the tiger?) Tigers on our platforms must, of course, be arranged for! Rail or no rail, let us mind that nothing conspires to separate between our people and their pastors. We shall not lose in dignity by disclaiming superiority. We do not wish to be less thought of than heretofore; but if we think less of ourselves,—well, it gives the other folk a chance to think the more of us.

What an example of *activity* is provided by a busy terminus! All is bustle. From the station-master to the carriage-cleaner, all are alive and alert. It is a hive of industry. So should our churches be. There is work enough for every heart, and for all hands. "All at it, and always at it,"—only each must have his allotted place and task, and be content with it, and conscientious in it. "Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers?"

"Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive the train."

But neither the engineer nor the lubricator must take it easy.

"In vanity pass not away thine hours,

All should be earnest in a world like ours."

Some have an intense horror of excitement. Poor dears! The jog-trot style suits them. The government stroke is fast enough. So it

is—for convicts; but we have not so learned Christ. He is our ever-loving Lord. It is a great delight to serve Him.

“How happily the working days  
In His dear service fly!”

There are, of course, some hazards connected with stir and movement, but so there are with inertia and laziness. “Activity is liable to commit some injuries, but indolence is sure to do no good.” We want some of “the railway-station order of” organization and dispatch, if not of architecture, in our churches!

Here also is an object-lesson in *punctuality*,—at the departure platform, at all events. Away goes the express, to the tick, and it will probably be “on time” throughout its course. If it should start late, it will hardly redeem the time. Railways have surely helped to induce punctuality. As early as 1845, a railway company announced an excursion leaving Nottingham at 5.30. It added:—“Parties will have to be *wide awake* at an early hour, or they will be disappointed. Promptitude on the part of the railway company calls for the same from the passengers.” Let us adapt that last sentence:—“Promptitude on the part of the minister calls for the same from the worshippers.” Of course, if the preacher gives them five minutes’ “grace”, they will take it, and as much more as they like. But so sweet a word as “grace” is surely misapplied in this case. Unpunctuality is a *disgrace*. “Punctuality is the soul of railway business.” So should it be with us, and with our people. I agree with the old lady who made it part of her religion not to disturb other people’s by coming in late. C. H. S., commenting on “I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,” once said, “Why a door-keeper?” (There were some late-comers entering at the moment.) “Possibly, because it was a help to punctuality;—the door-keeper is bound to be in time.” I have also heard him declare his conviction that “some folk won’t be in *time*, in eternity.” Promptness has been ironically defined as “a bad habit of being punctual, and getting tired to death waiting for people who are not.” Would to God this “bad habit” were much more prevalent! Why should there be so many late arrivals at our services? Do these folk come late to other meals, I wonder? A diet of worship is surely as important as any other? Thus writes one of our American cousins:—“It seems to me as impolite to be late at church as to be late at any other function which has a fixed hour for starting. Besides, it is really unnecessary. The habitually tardy person usually catches his train, if this is important in his day’s engagements; and the train labelled, ‘Divine Service, half-past ten o’clock,’ can be as easily caught if one chooses to take pains in the matter.” If the train is timed to start at 11, it should be the more easily caught. The people who miss it, deserve to catch it—*hot*!

But what, brethren, is the name of our starting-place to be? If the church is like a station in all these respects, we may find some correspondence even as to name. Well, as to one thing we are determined; we shall avoid *Broad Street*. We made up our minds, long ago, to suffer reproach for being “narrow”, even though our

fellow-Christians join with the world in so styling us. Moreover, though we are ardent teetotalers, we do not start for Heaven from *Waterloo*, neither do we put abstinence in place of repentance, nor pledging instead of believing. There is no temperance ticket for Zion's City. *Baker Street* is not a bad title for your church, my friend, for the people must be fed. Every House of Prayer should be a House of Bread. Give them the finest of the wheat; the fat of kidneys of wheat,—fine, plump, full grains. So far as doctrine is concerned, I am more than willing to call my station *St. Paul's*. Some profess to have out-distanced the apostle of the Gentiles; some hint that his word must not be regarded with quite the same confidence as Christ's. I fancied that what he taught he learned from Jesus. Hear his noble words:—"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." Christ was both Revealer and Revealed. The glorious truths Paul emphasized were learned from Jesus. He studied the law at Gamaliel's feet, but the gospel he learned at "those blessed feet which, 1,800 years ago, were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross." Christ held and taught these verities,—as did Paul; and because they did, we do.

The best name for our station is *King's Cross*, for we preach of King Jesus, and His sacrificial death.

"Christ and His cross is all our theme."

We proclaim Jesus to be a Prince and a Saviour. We tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King. Nor do we seek to hide the Cross. How could we hide it, even if we would?

"All the light of sacred story,  
Gathers round its head sublime."

It is a *King's Cross*; it is a throne, in fact, whence Jesus—thorn-crowned,—sways the sceptre of His pardoning grace the wide world over. Dear fellow-servant of this glorious Prince, does your preaching-place answer to the name *King's Cross*? Are you still determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified? What else is there worth declaring? You may harp on the law till all your hearers are confirmed legalists, or rank hypocrites (or both); give them the grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. I understand that a police station used to occupy part of the site of the present Great Northern terminus. Demolish the police station, substitute the whispers of Calvary for the thunders of Sinai. Cry, "Believe and live," instead of "Do or die." Point to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, rather than to the sacrifices "which are offered by the law," or to their modern equivalents, and say, "He taketh away the first, that He may establish the second." *KING'S CROSS*! Write it up legibly, call it out audibly,—we are not ashamed of the name of our station! *Do we really love the King*? Do we glory in His cross? I am sure we do. Blessed Lord, we are still at Thy feet in humble homage! Blest Cross, our arms are round thee as at first! We cannot utter half we feel as we tread this holy ground, bedewed as it is with the blood of

God. We can only look up, with tear-filled eyes, and joy-filled hearts, and say, "The cross, the cross, the cross! 'Hallelujah for the Cross!'"

One of the most striking personages on the platform is *the guard of the train*, and many are his duties. In the early days, he had to watch the carriages carefully as they sped along, and he in part controlled the brake-power. The passengers are still in his charge, as also is the luggage. Frequently, little children are entrusted to him, nor has he a more responsible task than this. Ye see your calling, brethren. Yours it is to watch, to protect, to direct, to comfort,—in a word, to "see to" all the passengers. Your work is by no means done when you have blown the whistle, and waved the flag. You are the Great-hearts of the Heavenly pilgrimage. You must be prepared to be summoned here, and beckoned there. You will have some strange folk to deal with, but you must be patient toward all. "The membership of my church," said one, "is three hundred, and some odd." "Oh!" said another, "I have only a hundred,—*all odd!*" Poor fellow! especially if the odds were against him. The oddest passenger I have heard of on the track was a giraffe. The goods guard said he should have to tie his neck in a knot; but he managed him somehow, without resorting to such extreme measures. The awkward customers on board our trains can be manipulated as a rule by tact and love. We'll avoid coercion anyhow. Success to you, dear brethren, in handling those giraffes! And as to the dear little ones, O Mr. Guard, have an ever-watchful eye on them! You can find time, surely, though you have a hundred other duties to perform, to smile through the window as you pass, or even to pop your head into the carriage to say a happy word. A zealous brother once shouted during prayer, "Don't forget the children, Lord! Don't forget the children, Lord!" As if *He* ever did;—but, alas! we do. And, oh! let us continue to teach them to believe the Bible. That there is need for this, the following quotations prove:—"No word should be said about the Bible being infallible, for the term is wholly misleading." Thus far a Nonconformist Doctor of Divinity. Now for a Canon of the Established Church:—"There are, we must admit, some stories in the Bible which we cannot take literally, such as that of the axe-head swimming at the word of Elisha, or the three children in the fiery furnace. But a tactful teacher will know how to get over the difficulty. In other cases, he will pass it by, as the Germans say, 'with light foot,' especially where, as in the first of these instances, no spiritual lesson is directly connected with it." Alas! also that papers calling themselves "Christian" should be found willing to spread abroad such teaching, in words like these:—"Christ made use of parable in enforcing spiritual lessons, but nobody regards the parables as actual fact. Neither should the parables and fables of the Old Testament be taught as truth."

We are not only bound to interest ourselves in the persons of the passengers, but in their belongings, too. Do the guards ever vote the luggage a nuisance, think you? Are we ever loth to interest ourselves in the social and temporal concerns of our people? The successful pastor has a heart big enough for all. Nothing is a

burden to him. He is obliging, considerate, sympathetic, thoughtful, helpful. Dear me, what a lot of looking after some folk want! They get in the carriage with I know not how many bundles; and, just as the train is starting, they find they've "forgotten the baby." Well, then the guard must go for the little darling; I should feel inclined to "go for" the mother. Just so, trifles often absorb our people's hearts, and we must help them to recover "the things left out." "How many articles?" said a guard to a passenger once. He happened to be a clergyman, and he responded promptly, "Thirty-nine, my man." Creeds are out of fashion, nowadays, save with some of us old stagers. We can't afford to lose one article of ours, nor a particle of our adherence to them.

The lost luggage office can tell some strange tales. One can hardly believe that the uncalled-for bagpipes were the property of a Scotchman. I would as soon expect a Presbyterian to renounce Calvinism, or to present the doctrine of election in a new dress! I am pretty sure that the pair of carriage horses which remained unclaimed at Swindon (bright bays, 16 hands high, with black switch manes and tails), did not belong to a Baptist minister. If they by any chance did, I can understand them being left. He couldn't afford to keep them! One can hardly credit that such things could be left behind, and lie forgotten. But is it not still more surprising that a *Christian* should leave his "roll" behind him? Happy are we if we can be the means of preventing this, or of speedily restoring to a doubting brother his evidences and credentials.

I used to know a man, so nervous and highly-strung, that he would take no railway-journey save on the condition that he rode in the guard's van. I fear that that position was no safer than any other, but his delusion ran that way. But it ought to be true that, if our members cultivate our company, they are less exposed to harm and accident. Each pastor should be a place of refuge, especially to the timid of his fellow-travellers.

In certain countries, the guards are forced to do some fighting. Armed bands attempt to "stick up" the train, and to rob it of its treasure-chest. In such a case, O men of God, we must not shrink nor quail! The inspired Word, the doctrines of grace, and not less the doctrines of wrath, the spirituality of worship, the ordinance of baptism,—we are bound to defend even unto death. "O Timothy, guard that which is committed unto thee!" We read lately of the "blameless life-service of a railway guard." A retiring Great Western guard had been for fifty years in charge of an express train. He had thus travelled four million miles, and was able to say that, in all his service on the line, nothing had gone wrong, no luggage had been lost, and no children had gone astray. Verily, he deserved his illuminated address, and 100 guinea cheque. May we have a corresponding record of faithful service, and of the Lord we shall receive the reward of the inheritance! (If any brother should happen to get a cheque for 100 guineas in the meantime, I hope he will think of the Pastors' College.)

And now, shall we start upon the journey? "Take your seats, please."

"The steam is up; the engine bright as gold;  
 The fire-king echoes back the guard's shrill cry,  
 The roaring vapour shrieks out, fierce, and bold;  
 A moment,—and like lightning on we fly."

What a motley crowd is in the carriages! One railway director boasted that his company was prepared to carry anything,—“from the Queen to a black beetle,” and we are glad to welcome to the gospel train all sorts and conditions of men. I hear that, in certain mining districts, “the trimmers” have a carriage set apart for them,—a good idea that in religious circles. I, for one, am prepared to travel (at least, some distance) with almost all—except *trimmers*. They had better ride by themselves, I’m sure. Anyhow, I know I can’t share their compartment. I’d rather journey quite alone!

Some people travel third class in the gospel train “because there isn’t a fourth.” That is to say, they are content with the lowest grade of Christian experience. But is this well, or wise, when no question of economy is involved? The honoured Founder of our Association used to say that “What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee,” was a 3rd class carriage; but that “I *will* trust, and *not* be afraid,” was 1st class. Both compartments reach the Heavenly City, but we may as well go comfortably. *No more 3rd class for me!* “Give me a drawing-room-car ticket for the New Jerusalem, if you please.” “Single or return?” “Single, of course;—nobody wants to return from that glad Terminus.”

The management has provided *no sleeping-cars* on the gospel train; yet, alas! how many slumber on the way! The old conundrum asks why it is dangerous to sleep in a railway carriage, and the simple answer is, “Because the train runs over the *sleepers*.” There are strange ideas abroad about the advantages of church-membership, are there not? Listen to this witness:—“Some believe it to be a resting-place, and thus they seek in it what they call a ‘church home’; and they seem to think of a ‘church home’ much as a dog views his kennel,—a good place to sleep and growl in. Others consider church-membership to be a ticket on a through express train to Heaven, with no stops, sure to arrive on time in the grand station; and all such want to ride on a *free pass* and in the *sleeping-car*.”

What slow coaches some of our religious communities are! Slower than the slowest of slow trains, and that is saying a good deal. In the early days, it was not unusual for the station-master to say to late-comers, “Now, hurry yourselves, she’s not long started; and if you look sharp, you’ll catch her up!” I have heard of birds’ nests in a goods waggon at the journey’s end, and even of tufts of grass growing in the axle boxes. Rumour has it that a certain train “crawls out to watch the corn grow,” and tradition tells of a train from Leeds to York, that was “so long on the journey that the driver, young and robust when he climbed the foot-plate, was old, decrepit, and grey when he reached the ancient city; that the train had crawled along so slowly that every carriage was decayed and moth-eaten, and that it was shunted into a siding with the greatest care, *lest it should fall to pieces*.” A striking type this of many a crawling, crumbling church. I don’t think the shunting should be quite so carefully done,—such

churches had better fall to pieces! Oh, for more ardour and enthusiasm in things Divine! The King's business requires haste. The badge of the Queen's messengers is a silver greyhound. Methinks, the badge of some of our King's couriers is,—what shall we say? A *tin tortoise*! One of the early caricatures of C. H. S. represented him sitting astride an express locomotive, while the State carriage, with a bishop dozing on the box, and an earl as footman, was leisurely starting from the sign of "The Golden Fleece." Brethren, we belong to the "Fast Train", and not to the gilded "Slow Coach." Let us be worthy of our ancestors, and of our heritage. The slumbering ecclesiastics have somewhat quickened *their* pace, but has not ours been slackened?

There is a notice in most railway carriages unto which we do well that we take heed:—"Wait until the train stops." It is wicked to court accident. It is equally sinful to invite temptation. When I saw a bird perching on a target on my lawn, I felt bound to have a shot at him. Many a time, Christians virtually beg the devil to aim at them. It's risky work, for he is a crack shot by now. We ministers, of all men, must walk warily. When Blondin lived in Paris, he always made a tram-car stop dead ere he alighted. Some wondered that a rope-walker could not leap even more readily than others from the car, but his only explanation was, "I am Blondin!" A twist of the foot or a sprain of the ankle would mean much to him. Why do not we do *this*, and go *there*? Just because we are Christians and ministers of the gospel. We have a reputation to maintain, and a work to do; we can run no risks. We wait until the train stops.

The perfection of travelling is attained when the Queen journeys. Her saloons do not compare in rich appointment with those of some other crowned heads, but they are "rare and comfortable." Everything is done to ensure her ease and safety, and thus far she has not met with accident. Pray God she never may! Brethren, *ours* is a royal train! Every earnest band of believers has the King on board, and they are safe who travel in His company. True, attempts are still being made to wreck His train, but "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Christ is in His Gospel, the Spirit is with the Church, and God is in His Word! These royal trains can never be derailed. Fear not, faint hearts! The King is with us, and all is well. On, on we go,—round the sharp curve, up the steep bank, into the deep cutting, across the spongy swamp, over the lofty viaduct, through the darksome tunnel! Meanwhile, this quaint song suits our full assurance as well as our varied experience,—

"Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down;  
 I'm on my journey home.  
 Sometimes I'm level with the ground,  
 I'm on my journey home.  
 Hail, hail, hail,  
 I'm going to join the saints above!  
 Hail, hail, hail,  
 I'm on my journey home!"

(To be concluded next month.)



## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLII.—PASTOR ELIAS GEORGE, DISTRICT SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

**V**IEWED from the right standpoint, every Christian life is unique. The Divine Potter does not mould His clay all alike, lest the monotony should pall, and His skill seem to be limited to one set pattern. Among "Our Own Men," the resources of the Great Artist are displayed by a considerable variety of gifts, spheres, and languages; and that each is equipped, located, and used according to the Master's purpose, is evident to all. One desires to go to Africa, and is



sent to India; another resolves to remain at home, and is thrust forth to the Colonies; a third sets his heart upon the foreign mission-field, but is kept at home for special service; and a fourth begins life as a pastor, and ultimately becomes a secretary of a Society. Our brother, ELIAS GEORGE, is one in whom the last two unite. Burning with zeal for missionary work in some heathen land, he has found a way of fulfilling his cherished desire whilst staying in old England. "The Bible Society is a Missionary Society of the highest order," writes Dr. Caut; "it is the King's daughter, all glorious within, while the Missionary Societies are like the virgins which bear her company." No doubt, in aiding all Missionary Societies, the Bible Society is distinctly missionary in its spirit, aim, and labours; and thus, in helping forward its operations, our brother, Elias George, is in another way doing the great work that must ever lie so near to his heart.

"You are George the first," said our beloved President when our friend entered the Pastors' College; and he is that still, for no other of his name appears on our roll. Born on October 11th, 1852, at Woolaston, in Gloucestershire, he brought new light and love into the home of his father, George George, who died when the boy was but eleven months old. He was brought up at Lydney by an aunt. He was but fifteen years of age when, at some special services conducted by the Rev. Walter Bradbury in the National Schools, the direct question, "Do you love the Saviour?" aroused him to a sense of his need as a sinner. Some two months later, he was led into light and liberty through attending a prayer-meeting held in a small almshouse near his home. Soon afterwards, he was baptized, and joined the church then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Morris Ridley, to whose faithful and loving ministry the subject of our sketch was ever after deeply indebted. Encouraged by his pastor and friends, Elias gave his thoughts to the work of preaching the gospel.

He prepared a sermon founded upon the words in Matthew xi. 28; and after writing it very carefully, with much trepidation he showed it to his pastor. From him the young believer received kindly criticism and encouragement.

When about nineteen years of age, he was suddenly called upon to take the service at the little village chapel at Bowlash, on the hillside not far from the place of his birth. The carefully-prepared sermon of so long ago, was now brought into requisition; but with not very encouraging results to the preacher. He was retiring with shame from the conflict, when the warm grip of the hand from an old countryman cheered him much. "God bless you for your word to-day!" said the good man, little thinking that, had he not spoken thus, it might have proved the young preacher's last effort. To his friends, the following day, a countrywoman, who was present at the service, volunteered the information that "the young man had handled the subject wonderful!" These two had unwittingly done what the Israelites were urged to do for Joshua when he was to be appointed leader of God's people. "Encourage him," said Moses.

Soon, other opportunities for preaching were given to our brother; and then, on the recommendation of his pastor, he applied to the President for admission to the College. "You are only a chicken. Go on preaching, and write again in two years," was Mr. Spurgeon's characteristic answer. During the next year, Mr. George left Lydney for Derby, in the service of an engineering firm. He found a kind friend and loving pastor in Mr. Wilshire at St. Mary's Gate Chapel; and he was immediately introduced to a large Young Men's Bible-class. On Sundays, however, he soon became fully occupied in preaching in the surrounding villages. Thus the vessel was being made "meet for the Master's use" in a more prominent position. His spirit was thoroughly aroused at an enthusiastic missionary meeting held in the beginning of 1874. A special appeal was made to young men to offer themselves for foreign work; and in response thereto, he soon sought an interview with his pastor. He referred also to his former minister, and both he and Mr. Wilshire agreed that he should again apply to Mr. Spurgeon, and enter College, if possible, as a missionary student. He was admitted in April, 1874; but, after eleven months of study, he had to leave through illness. The Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, one Friday afternoon told the brethren that "George had gone home to die." Even after his recovery, illness frequently broke into his time for study, but with true devotion he persisted to the end of his course.

In August, 1876, Mr. George, acting on the advice of the President, accepted a call to Burwell, in Cambridgeshire, where he succeeded the late Pastor D. Morgan. Here, for nearly two years, he laboured much amid frequently-returning weakness, and it became necessary for him to move to a drier climate. The same lack of health that kept him back from the mission-field, now compelled him to retire from Burwell. He soon received another call, however, and this time it came from Faringdon, in Berkshire. Mr. Norris, of Bristol, had suggested his name to the church there. From Burwell, he took with him one whose "price is far above rubies." They were married at

Torquay, on July 12th, 1877, Miss Jenkins being the only daughter of the late Captain Jenkins, of St. Mary's Church, in that town. To his devoted wife, Mr. George attributes much of his success and peaceful service during the seven years they lived at Faringdon. The farewell meeting was one of those hearty ones that can never be forgotten. A purse of gold and a parchment address were presented by friends from Faringdon, Lechdale, Little Coxwell, Kingston Lisle, and Buscot. Nearly 150 names were on the testimonial. "When he came to the church," they said, "he found them all asleep. He did not leave them in that state. They had four village stations connected with the work, and they would carry them on as a memento of the usefulness and determination with which he commenced the work in the villages round about them." But all rejoiced that Mr. George was not going far away; he would still be in their county.

Perhaps, however, our brother's pastorate at Newbury was even more full of the highest evidences of success. In 1885, he received the invitation from that church to become its minister. Added to the unanimous call from the church itself was the urgent request of our sainted brother, William Anderson, of Reading; so Mr. George entered this new sphere of work and usefulness with confidence and hope. "God gave us a great blessing," he says. Even the place of worship soon indicated the change. He found a dirty chapel and a small congregation; but in a very few months the building was renovated, the congregation increased, and, during the next three and a half years, over one hundred were received into fellowship. A splendid missionary spirit was aroused, and nearly £100 a year was raised for work among the heathen. Enthusiasm for such work spread through the church until everyone was drawn beneath its power. A list of the other enterprises taken up by the church would be too long to insert here.

In 1884, the writer had the pleasure of visiting Mr. George's church at Faringdon as a deputation from the Baptist Missionary Society, and the following year he was sent to Newbury also on the same mission. The unstinted and unselfish zeal with which our brother urged his people to do their utmost for the missionary cause, showed unmistakably that the fire kindled in his early Christian life was burning as brightly as ever. No wonder that village-stations caught the spirit, too, and desired visits from the deputation, like the mother-church, as well as enjoying the privilege of giving their quota to the cause.

But in 1888, Mr. George came in yet closer touch with the heathen world in a new capacity. He was approached by the Honorary Home Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, with a view to a place on their staff. In his perplexity, he sought the advice of our late loved President, who said at once, "I should vote, 'Yes,' for your going to the Bible Society. I believe God has a work for you to do there." So all misgiving being removed, our brother accepted the offer; but it brought much pain in parting from his devoted flock at Newbury. To some, it seemed like giving up the ministry; but this was a mistake, for Mr. George labours in a wider sphere, for a larger

number, and among churches of all denominations. He has occasion to preach to "all sorts and conditions of men." And what he most rejoices in, is the fact that he is engaged in aiding to send the Word of God in various tongues to many lands where he will never travel. In November of that year, he became Assistant District Secretary of the Bible Society in the North Metropolitan District. After three years of earnest persistent service for the Society, the Committee displayed their confidence in Mr. George by appointing him to the North Midland District, where he now labours. In his happy home, the Lord reigns; and of the eight children given to him, several are already on the Lord's side,—the three eldest sons having been baptized in Osmaston Road Chapel, Derby, by their own father. A local paper, noticing this joyous event, raised "a question for Christian parents suggested by the baptismal service of November 25th, 1894." Certainly, the event was not a common one. "It is an extremely rare thing," the paper said, "for a father to baptize three of his own children at the same time." As I felt how glad and thankful our dear friend, Mr. George, must be, these questions rose within my heart,—Do parents speak to their own children about deciding for Christ, and confessing Him? They pray for them in secret, but do they break the barriers of reserve, and speak to them? Must there not be something very wrong about a parent's life and influence at home that he should think that a word from him has less influence with his sons and daughters than a word from anyone else? Are there no boys and girls, no lads and maidens in our homes, longing for a word from father or mother? And will it never come? And who will be responsible for these things? These queries the reader should ponder, and try to answer. Meantime, we may rejoice with our Brother George in his happy home and privileged service, and pray for him a larger blessing in the future, especially in his varied and honourable labours for spreading the Word of God in our own and other lands. May his years be many, his reward great, and his joy abundant!

ROBERT SPURGEON.

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## The Lament after Conversions.

A PAPER READ AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY W. Y. FULLERTON, LEICESTER.

WHEN two seers, separated geographically by three thousand miles, and in practical methods as far as the poles asunder, were impelled recently to issue, spontaneously and independently, an appeal to the Church of Christ on "*The Dearth of Conversions*," the Church of Christ rightly took the message as a call from God. The thing was doubled because the interpretation thereof was sure. During the months that have since elapsed, the topic has been debated in numerous gatherings of pastors and people: there is scarcely a Ministers' Fraternal that has not ventilated it. Will it be taken for inveterate crassness if one who rejoiced in the attention drawn to the subject, should say that the present danger is that the

discussion of the problem may perhaps be taken as its solution; that, instead of high resolve, the aroused interest may evaporate in formal resolutions; and the weight of souls, instead of pressing heavily on the individual spirit, be divided amongst us all, until its gentle pressure is as easily carried as the well-thumbed notes of our present most popular sermon?

The subject, which has been given to me as the topic of a short paper, has been regarded in various ways. When the dearth of conversions is mentioned, some boldly meet it with denial. A near neighbour of mine declares that he has had more conversions during the last three years than ever in his church before. Undoubtedly, similar reports may be given by others; but it is greatly to be feared that such instances are isolated, and the circumstances that produce them exceptional. In the majority of even these cases, the additions to the church are to be largely traced, unless our experience and enquiries mislead us, to the work amongst the young in Sunday-schools, Christian Endeavour Societies, and kindred institutions. The spirit of the pulpit largely animates these works, of course; but it still remains true that, of old-fashioned conversions under the preaching of the Word, there is a lamentable lack.

With those who reject the idea of the necessity of such a change, we have happily little to do. They may substitute "education" for "conversion", and applaud it as the sole need of the human life; they may point us to a few lives morally changed without the faith of Jesus; they may assert that emotion of any sort, if it be strong enough, is sufficient to turn the soul from evil, that all men have a germ of good which only waits to be evolved; they may put the word conversion in inverted commas in their books and magazines, as being only a quotation from some antiquated writings. But when we see fruit plucked from the branch, and ripening on a plate in the sunshine, we do not rush to the conclusion that henceforth the branch is needless, that in future we may have fruit without branches, and that only plates are necessary. We remember that this mellowing peach itself owes much to the branch it has left behind, and that, without the branch, it had never existed. We would be recreant to ourselves, and to our knowledge of spiritual facts, if we gave the thought of the needlessness of conversion the foothold of an inch, or the welcome of an instant. We are old-fashioned enough to hold by the old Book from which these men quote, and to believe that except a man be converted,—yes, converted,—he cannot enter the kingdom of God.

It is not ours to attempt to lessen the impact of the call of God by falling back on His Sovereignty. We are well enough grounded in that doctrine to be saved from foolish panic, and to avoid fantastic remedies; but we have not so learned Christ as to believe He is indifferent when men reject Him, and when the appeals of His gospel fall fruitless from the lips of His ministers. While we wait His pleasure, we believe His pleasure is that we are not to wait in sluggish contentment when the devil claims so many whom Christ is able to save.

*Is there any lament after conversions?* When the ark was at Kirjath-jearim, and "the time was long, for it was twenty years," it is written

that "all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord." That was the element of hope then; it is the prophecy of better things to-day. We lament that the lament has been so partial and so meagre, that talk has often taken the place of tears, that excuses have elbowed out confession of failure, that disquisitions as to the method of conversion—whether by process or by crisis,—have obscured somewhat the fact that we have comparatively few conversions of any kind; that, so far from gaining ground on the world, we are not even keeping pace with the increase of population; but, in spite of this, there is a real lament in many hearts, and if it be deep enough, even in a few cases, the blessing we seek will not be withheld. God only gives His best blessings to urgent hands. It was the man who said, in answer to his wife's remonstrance,—“Woman, how can I sleep when my land is not saved? O God! give me Scotland, or I die!”—whom God used to raise up His Church in that Northern land. The man who was so greatly honoured in Fiji, not satisfied with his life's work, showed his ruling-passion in death, as he grasped the hand of his brother-missionary, and cried, “Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save Thy servants; save this people; save the heathen in Fiji!” We do not wonder that such a man was so mightily used. Only strong desire receives. All other graces are good,—

“But none honours God like the thirst of desire,  
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him;  
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,  
And fills life with good works, till it runs o'er the brim.

“Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found  
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain tops, on thy way?  
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unwound,  
Would'st thou only desire, as well as obey.”

They return rejoicing, bearing precious sheaves, who go forth with the precious seed, weeping. “Doubtless,” it is written, “*Doubtless.*”

The tears of our lament, ere they water the seed we sow, will quicken our sight to see the causes of failure.

It has sometimes been objected that, in our anxiety to save souls, we have allowed men and women to be lost, and hence, in recent years, there has been a *great uprising of philanthropic schemes in connection with our churches*. May it not be that these social aims, however appropriate and beautiful in themselves, have tended in some degree to blunt the edge of our desire for conversions? In trying to benefit men *en masse*, we have gone to the opposite extreme, and neglected the individual; we have endeavoured to raise all to the height of true manhood, and have lifted but few to God, without whom all else is vain. It has been said of a great author that he will be always read by somebody, which is better than the lot of most merely popular writers, to be read for a while by everybody, and then by nobody. Let us not, in all our social aspirations, overlook the fact that, to bring eternal blessing to a few, is a greater thing than to place a temporal blessing within the reach of many, even when that is feasible. Those who have tried the most to alleviate the present

lot of the people are almost the first to despair of any rapid amelioration in social circumstances. Perhaps they will yet return to the regeneration of the individual as the speediest as well as the surest method of benefiting the whole. The doctrine of Election has yet to give its help to the Social Problem.

*The literary revival of our age has also worked adversely.* People read largely, and the views they imbibe during the week, from such literature as they love, are not likely to prepare them for the appeal of the gospel on Sunday; and the drawing-room books are no more Christian than the scraps of the street. The preachers of the gospel themselves are not free from the insidious spell. To save your smiles, I will not say that I have ever been myself tempted to lay the emphasis on literary excellence rather than on spiritual power; but I ask, have not you? Knowing that many of your people judge your sermon from the literary standpoint, have you never been tempted to put your faith in those beautiful metaphors, those well-turned sentences, that apt quotation giving evidence of special reading, and, above all, in that exquisite flash of poetry, instead of casting yourself on God, and rejecting human wisdom "lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect"? The true preaching, the attitude of soul that wrought the wonders which we have seen with our eyes, and which our fathers have told us of their days, and of the old time before them, was that which Carlyle describes in Edward Irving:—"From Scotland he came to this great Babel: he stood up in the pulpit of Hatton Garden Chapel, the eye of him blazing, and the herculean form of him erect. And the great and the learned, the high and the titled, the gifted and the beautiful, came round about him, and sat mute and spellbound listening to his wonderful words. And they thought that, because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all. He was trying to do what no man can do and live, trying to see God face to face." If we lack Irving's eloquence, and are free from his errors of doctrine, we may at least possess his spirit, and find in that the secret of power over men.

Side by side with this literary niceness, there has come *unsettled faith*. The re-constructed Bible was to win all the unbelievers. Much might here be said, but a short paper only allows a short sentence. Let it be judged by its fruits.

If, finally, as one of the causes of the paucity of conversions is mentioned *the over-culture of the spiritual life*, I hope it will not be misunderstood as opposing any attempt to make people more holy, or to lead them to the high privilege of being continuous partakers of Christ's risen life in the power of the Holy Spirit. But it is possible to make experience so rich that it becomes rancid; and I believe that some, even of the leaders of Consecration Movements, will admit that in their own case the old converting power has somehow been lessened by the prominence given to other phases of truth in their present teaching. I do not here offer any explanation, but only state what I think is a fact. Unless service for the lost goes hand in hand with care for the saved, even care for our own life, we are none of us safe.

The remedy is fourfold.

There must come *a greater sense of the reality of conversion*. We must all feel more intensely that there is something to be converted *from*. Sin must become exceeding sinful, and be no longer regarded as the almost excusable lapse of a too pliant nature. And hell must become real,—not as a doctrine merely, but as a horror. With much shrinking, I ask, can a man be orthodox who can make a joke about hell? . . . Then that which we are converted *to* must be more real. Can we expect worldly men of high principle to turn to a faith which has a low moral tone, or sinners convicted of sin to fly to a refuge where sin is tolerated? “Mocking levity and mocking gloom are equally signs of the death of the soul; passionate seriousness and passionate joyfulness signs of full life.” Such full life is what we want.

This will lead to *a due sense of the importance of seeking conversions*. It will save us from belittling the man who may be used of God, as “a mere gospel preacher,” or being ourselves desirous of fame. I suppose, in A.D. 26, the name of John Baptist was not found in the list of fashionable ministers. That would be merely an iteration of Ben Israels and Abou Benjamins, all of them forgotten to-day; while the herald of Christ still points men to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. When things are in true perspective, we shall make this all our business here below, and count ourselves happy to use our latest breath in such a service. We shall be prepared to do everything to secure men’s adhesion to Christ. It is reported of a great preacher, who mourns over the lack of conversions, that he will preach like an angel to save souls, and will not cross the street to do it! When we duly see the importance and seriousness of the work before us, we shall often go far out of our beaten way, and trudge through much mud, to cover a multitude of sins, and save a soul from death. We shall not leave over the matter till our annual series of special services, lest our people also learn to postpone their acceptance of Christ till then, and be meanwhile cut down in their sins. We shall not preach about the latest newspaper gossip, or give our half-formed political views to burdened and sinful souls, who need above all things cleansing and rest. We shall not count this the means, and the rest of our church-work the end, of our ministry; but all else shall be the means, and this the end. It is said that a Prussian officer, in addressing his regiment at their first drill after the Franco-German war, said, “Now that the pastime of war is over, let us get back to serious business.” Let us be sure what in our work is pastime, and what business. The work of seeking conversions is certainly not the pastime.

The supernaturalness of it makes it serious. When I remember it is wholly God’s work, I cannot be unexpectant; He may work to-day. Nor can I ever be boastful, for He may not work to-morrow. “When iron is taken from the smelting furnace, it is crystalline and brittle, there is no thread and texture in it; but we burn it, and beat it, and as we work, we beat our stubborn purpose into the metal, and it is the will of the smith which goes through his arm and hammer into the iron, and converts it into steel: *he drives his will into the iron, and that*



*becomes the fibre of it.* The human soul must part with something, and transfer it into the inanimate iron, and there it will lie and last." Even thus is it with the human soul itself at conversion; the will of God is driven into it, and becomes the fibre of it: the preacher is the arm, and the Word is the hammer, but it is God who wields both, and welds the heart of man as He chooses. Shall the preacher therefore be careless as to his hammer? When Henry Rees, the great Welsh preacher, was asked what sort of sermon the Holy Spirit would be most likely to use to the salvation of souls, he answered, "The sermon most likely to effect their salvation without Him."

But, *when we have done our best, the Spirit is Sovereign.* I myself have, more than once, seen a number of conversions in an audience, and all of them in one well-defined area of the building, while the rest seemed to be like parched ground. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and may not come where we expect; but surely it will always come, somewhere, in answer to prayer. There once stood at our President's side a notable soul-winner; parted from him for a while, he stands again by his side to-day,—W. P. Lockhart. He believed in prayer, and on several occasions had meetings of preachers in his own house to pray for conversions. At the close of one of them, the cook came to Mrs. Lockhart, asking her to go and speak to her fellow-servant, who had been brought to concern of soul in the kitchen while the men of God had been praying in the drawing-room. Several who were fresh to the meeting that night, and were greatly impressed by this direct and swift answer to prayer, asked the host when he would have another meeting. "When I can afford it," he answered. The explanation of the answer was that, the last time they met, they had besought the Lord to fit them for His service, and the very next day, Mr. Lockhart had a great business loss. He traced the loss to the same source as the blessing, and looked on it as an answer to his prayer. "When I can afford it," he said, "when I can afford it." Beloved brethren, we shall have conversions (when we can afford it, not till then. *They will cost.*

The sum of the whole matter is that, *before we have crowds of conversions, we must have a great conversion.* I am profoundly convinced that the churches are not laying hold of the people as a whole. We influence the class we have always influenced, and that section of the community which has been always outside our sphere is outside it still. The P.S.A. has certainly, for weal or woe, got hold of some of the class the churches fail to reach; but it is a mere drop in the bucket, and not always in the bucket either! When we have counted the cost, and can afford it,—for the answer may mean the breaking up of many a cherished formality,—we shall pray that there may be a great outpouring of the Spirit of God on all flesh, and that affluence shall be granted, giving men the ear to listen, the heart to understand, and the hunger to receive the gospel, turning them away from false teachers and toward God, while within the Church willing hands shall be ready to welcome those whom God shall call. In that great coming conversion, lies our hope for many conversions; then shall our mourning be turned into joy, and our lament into the Hallelujah of the Morning.

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

NEWS is at last to hand concerning the distribution of the Sermons among the Kaffirs, and from every district the report comes that they have been gladly received. My dear friends will remember that, through the "Fund for General Use in the Work of the Lord," I was able to pay for 5,000 copies of No. 1,500 being printed in this strange tongue, and we have waited patiently until now for a word about them. Meanwhile, the Lord has been using them for His purposes of love and mercy, and the question naturally arises, "Shall we have another one translated and printed?" If the project commends itself to any who can help, I shall be delighted to receive donations towards carrying it out at once. The cost of 5,000 copies is between £10 and £11. The people have so little literature that it seems to be a glorious opportunity of being first in the field, and securing a triumph for God and His truth. My son Charles, who has undertaken the necessary correspondence for me, writes:—"I have before me a great bundle of letters from native missionaries, all testifying to the worth of the message conveyed in their own language, and the eager delight of the people in being able to read, in their own tongue, the wonderful words of life from the lips of the great preacher. Space only allows of one or two quotations. We give first an extract from a note from John Knox Bokwe, the translator of Sermon No. 1,500 into Kaffir:—"It is difficult to estimate the extent of the good that will be accomplished in the many hearts that this noble Sermon will touch. For every copy distributed, four or five will read or hear it read, and may be directed to "look and live." When, by God's grace, these Kaffirs will reach Heaven, and be welcomed by their Saviour there, His servant, whose Sermon was the means of their conversion, or of strengthening their wavering faith, being among the happy throng, oh, what mutual joy there will be! Thanks for giving me the honour of being translator of one of Mr. Spurgeon's renowned Sermons."

"Over the signature of W. A. Soga is found the following expression of gratitude, and a piece of interesting information concerning the way in which the Sermon will be circulated:—"Will you allow me to thank you for the gift, which is not merely valuable, but opportune. We have a large number of patients from all parts of the country visiting our missionary dispensary here (Bomvanaland), and to those who are able to read we are already beginning to hand out copies of the Sermon."

"A Gabriel Nyovane writes:—"Allow me to add one more word in addition to the many congratulations the natives have bestowed upon you. The kindness you have shown us, no doubt has caused the natives to have your name engraved in their hearts. I can only express my obligations in the Kaffir way, "*Be not tired even to-morrow!*"' J. J. Tulwana pronounces the Sermon 'a boon,' while S. Sopela rejoices in receiving translated copies of the late model preacher's Sermons. M. F. Mzimba tells how 'the pamphlet' has been enthusiastically received.'

"Our last quotation is from Mr. J. M. Auld, of Kentani:—'I hasten to thank you for the gift. Any good religious literature in the Kaffir language ought to be heartily welcomed, and *most* heartily anything from the pen of C. H. Spurgeon. It would be strange if I should say anything else, seeing that it was by the perusal of one of his Sermons, many years ago, that I was brought into the light, and peace, and joy of salvation. I earnestly pray that, through this effort, a like blessing will be found by many.'

"It may be interesting to some when we say that the reading of the natives is mainly confined to the Bible, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Imvo* (native newspaper), as there is but very little other literature published in their own language; so that they greatly prize this addition to their library. No one can measure the amount of good that will result from the circulation by this means of the gospel message. In many a lonely hut and crowded kraal, the swarthy sons of Africa will read of the Divine Love shown to poor guilty sinners; and we pray that, by the Holy Spirit's power, they may behold a Saviour crucified."

\* \* \* \*

On my recent visit to the seaside, I met, in a very unexpected way, with one who loved my dear husband's memory. We had rambled along the sea-shore, and were nearing a coast-guard station, when a sudden shower came on, and we asked permission to shelter in the boat-house, the doors of which stood invitingly open. We were made welcome, and were very soon admiring the exquisite order and arrangement, the brightness and neatness of everything both within and without the place. Each stone of the shingle which formed the pathways seemed to have its prescribed position, and to be kept in it by the constant use of a rake; while, in the centre of the ground, this idea was positively carried out, for stones of different shades and colours were fashioned into patterns which produced a very respectable mosaic pavement. Inside the boat-house, this orderliness was just as apparent. Everything was spick and span, and looked as if its preciseness of arrangement could by no means be disturbed.

Three fine boats were lodged there, every sail carefully folded, every oar laid by, every rope exactly where it should be; and every part of the beautiful vessels that could be polished, was glittering and shining as if they were meant more for ornament than use. But it is not wise to judge by appearances, either of persons or boats. I turned to the coast-guard man, who was kindly pointing out the different objects of interest, life-lines, buoys, life-saving apparatus, lanterns, water-barrels, etc. "What kind of boats are these?" I asked. "This is a galley, the middle one is a whaler, and that one over there is a dinghy," he answered. "We go out in them to succour vessels in distress; this one"—pointing to the largest,—"*has held thirty people at a time, men, women and children,—taken from a wreck.*" "Ah!" I thought, "*they look very fine and beautiful as they are laid up here in the boat-house, but they were built for work, they have done splendid service on the sea, and how grand must they have appeared in the eyes of those thirty dripping, exhausted, and half-frozen people who were rescued from death by their means!*"

Ranged along the wall were some curious objects, like magnified fish-hooks made of wood. "What are those queer-looking things?" I enquired. The man lowered his voice as he replied, "We get the bodies of the drowned out of the sea with those drags, ma'am." I wished I had not asked. The subject of life-saving was a gladsome one, but the thought of the sea-drenched corpses, tossed up and down by relentless waves, soddened and unrecognisable, driven to and fro by the unquiet tides, and at last captured by one of those rough grapnels, was too terrible to be dwelt upon. Desiring to turn the conversation into another channel, I took from my pocket one of the dear Pastor's Sermons. "Did you ever hear of Mr. Spurgeon, the great preacher?" I said. The man's face lighted up in a moment, and he answered me in *one word*. He said, "RATHER," in such an emphatic tone that I was quite startled; then he told me he had often heard him preach at the Tabernacle, and that the last time he was there was just previous to his fatal illness. Thereupon ensued a few words of pleasant converse, and after giving him some copies of Sermons for his comrades, I bade him "God speed," bringing away with me a tender memory which I shall always cherish, of a coast-guard'sman's impromptu tribute to "the prince of preachers."

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I must tell you of another incident which occurred at the same seaside town; and though, at the time, it seemed rather unusual and bewildering to such a recluse as I am, I think the lesson was not lost upon me. I will record it for the edification of any who may need it.

My friend and I had carried some Almanacks and Sermons to the Boatmen's Room, where we knew they would be gladly welcomed, and I had one or two in my hand as we strolled along towards our temporary home. Seeing an old man, with a cherry, genial face, sitting alone on one of the Esplanade seats, I went up to him and said, "Sir, may I offer you one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons? You have, of course, heard of him?" "Heard of him! I should think so, I have stores of his Sermons at home, and have read them for years. Are you giving them away?" "Yes," I said, "I have just taken some to the Boatmen's Room." In a moment he stood up, plucked his cap from his head, and began to pray in a loud voice that God would bless the seed thus sown, and make it fruitful. The movement was so sudden, and the prayer so brief, that he was quietly sitting down again before I quite realized what had happened. However, I thanked him, and told him my name, whereupon he greeted me very warmly, made me sit down beside him, and then entered into a long conversation about my husband, himself, and the affairs of God's kingdom generally. When I bade him "Good-bye," and rose to go, he rose also, off came his cap again, and we had another open-air prayer-meeting on the Esplanade! I do not know whether there were many people about, but I learned afterwards that he was well known in the place as an earnest Christian worker; so perhaps the little devotional group of three persons did not cause any great sensation in the minds of the onlookers. But what a fearless proclamation it was of attachment to his Master and His service! This dear old man has truly "nailed his colours to the mast," and

they fly there before all eyes, whether the breeze be adverse or favouring. He is "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," whether he be in a sanctuary or on the sea-shore; and his noble example may well rebuke some of us, who are far too much inclined, when in company, to conceal our real feelings, to hide our light in a corner, or cover it with a bushel, or alas! to blow it out altogether!

S. S.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### VI.—A RURAL PARISH TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

OUR parish was large, but it consisted mainly of fields, intersected by green lanes and by-roads. Along one of these latter straggled the village, which made its way to the church down a shabby little row, with hovels on one side and a scrubby hedge-bank on the other, strewn with the disused tinware of the inhabitants. On this bank, a well-known evangelist of that day took his stand one evening. He preached with considerable gesture. His auditors were spell-bound, but they looked beyond him. The reason was soon manifest. A bull in the pasture over the bank was preparing for a rear attack through the broken hedge!

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Down this unsavoury by-way, dirty dwellings of the very poor crowded up to the churchyard gate. Into the low-ceiled room of one of these cabins we were lighted, on an autumn night, by a woman all shivers and wrinkles, holding in her hand the broken neck of a ginger-beer bottle in which was stuck a piece of sputtering candle. She brought us up some very creaking stairs, and halted at a bed on which lay a dying navvy. The man had been knelt upon by a relative in a drunken brawl. There were two other "shake-downs" in the apartment; and below, in the living-room, more make-believe beds were put up. The next morning, when we called, we found that one of the women of this den had scrubbed out the upper room in honour either of the doctor or ourselves. The injured man was eating a large green apple! He died at ten that night!! "Squalid!" you say. Yes; but, alas! true to life, and to a great deal of life both in town and country.

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The other arm of the village cross extended up a pleasant way bordered with pretty cottages festooned with roses and clematis. The road further on opened its arms to embrace the village green. The green was everybody's freehold. Across it, on summer mornings, short-skirted girls went to the well for water, making the first tracings on the dewy grass. On it, the youth of both sexes strolled and played till twilight deepened into night, and the village retired to an early bed. Over it, when work and school were in full swing, the petty sultans of the farmyard walked, with stately gait, surrounded by their court; while, flocking the greensward, ducks and

geese wobbled from spot to spot, like so many "Jacks ashore," or lay in masses of snowy whiteness, glistening in the morning sun. The road narrowed into a lane when it left the green, and did not widen again till it met two other little ways, when they all ran abreast to the next village. Where the bottle of the green turned to neck, there was the usual label,—“a house for travellers,”—who were supposed to be thirsty whichever way they had come. Where the by-roads met, the traveller was provided for afresh, for though he had gone but a mile or so, he was considered by the disinterested brewer to be thirsty again! The world might teach the Church a lesson as to providing “good accommodation for travellers.”

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Our rural parish was not all by-roads. There were delicious green lanes, with frontiers of wild roses and honeysuckle, capped by citadels of crab and cherry. Musing down one of these lanes on a hot morning, scores of lady-birds would flit before you, flashing their red shields in the sun. Here, too, you might watch a beetle slowly climb to the summit of a water-flag, and reflect that he found it as difficult to poise himself upon the height of his ambition as certain creatures with less legs who straddle precariously upon the pinnacles of fame. Or, if you were curious, you might linger while a small species of wasp worked industriously at both ends of a closely-curved leaf until he had dislodged and carried off the grub within. You would probably moralize on other grubs or “grubbers”, who become the prey of a much more pretentious personage with poisonous propensities. Ere you left the lane, you would probably stretch yourself on the velvet turf, being careful of ants, for there were many nests in our day. We remember once seeing an ant trailing a winged seed. It was rather breezy, and the burden flopped over on to the carrier, hindering his progress. Suddenly, the ant brought the wing upright, hoisted as a sail to the wind. Away he went then at double-quick speed, and we wondered whether we had witnessed an accident, an impulse, an instinct, or a process of reasoning.

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The road from the main artery of traffic was a by-way of some importance. At its junction with the trunk thoroughfare stood a tavern of ancient fame, for opposite, on the wide moor, highwaymen in the bad old times used to be hanged in chains, and this hostel was their last halting-place on their gloomy way to the gallows. The house bore the sweet sign of “The Swan.” It was from this spot that the branch road started. Shadowed with trees, it was a delightful retreat when the sun shone hot upon the dusty way; but on a winter’s night most dark and lonesome, and withal gruesome from its associations. On the road went, up hill, sometimes through moorland, and then through dense woods again, sending off a shoot here to a mansion, and there to a farm, and betraying an inclination to go to church by a respectable branch, till, after attaining a dignified level, it made a little curtsy to the village in the distance, and then rose again to pass in proper decorum the critics who lounged in front of another redoubtable inn known locally as “The Top,” and legally as “The Rose and Crown.”

This, in the "by-gones", was the high-water mark of village life; here, the houses began. On both sides, after sunset, the road led away into darkness; here, a light shone. The carts stopped here. The yard was the lobby of the village commons, till they adjourned to "another place" to discuss "the new parson from Spurgeon's," the old vicar's vagaries, the latest fight, or the price of pigs. Talk of the Inns of Court, they are nothing like so influential as the Courts of Inns!

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The church and chapel of our rural parish were modest buildings hidden away up grassy paths. The church tower reared itself out of obscurity, and, with commendable alacrity to do a good turn, presented its dial to the sun, so that the flight of time might strike the passer-by as an illumination. A sermon without words was preached from that clock-face all day long; and the finer the day, the more striking was the message.

Many years ago, a queer old fellow used to be one of the ringers at this parish church. He was known as "Badger." Whether he was John or Thomas, mattered nothing; he was "Badger" to everybody. This worthy at one time tolled the folk into church on Sunday mornings. As soon, however, as he conveniently could, he would steal away to the woods, and see to his snares, getting back in time to close the service. "Badger" loved the thicket better than the church. His attention to the glades and dells was not appreciated, for he was forced often to do "hard labour" very much against his will.

When the writer first knew "Badger," he was an old man. The exploits of his youth were traditions of the village. He was no longer an official of the church. Eleven Christmas-days had been spent in gaol. But his ruling passion was still strong. One night, two of us were sitting quietly by our own fireside when a gun went off close to our ear. Startled, as may be supposed, we made for the door. Under the window stood the old poacher, muttering something about a pigeon. It turned out that he had seen one alight on our roof. The temptation was too great. He stepped into his cottage close by, brought out his gun, fired, blew the spout to pieces, and *missed his bird!*

But "Badger" had more "soft places" than one. Treated as a "son of Abraham" instead of an Ishmaelite, he would listen reverently enough. More than once, in those days, we saw him broken down by the power of the gospel. His daughter, who kept his house, was converted at the village chapel, and his own sky cleared "toward evening." A few winters after the gun incident, he died of rheumatic fever. We had left, but the news reached us that he had passed away a humble believer. We expected no other. It is useless working for such men unless you believe up to the hilt that "The Son of man is come to *save* that which was lost."

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Speaking of the oddities of our parish, there was a caustic old gentleman whose cutting rejoinders are remembered to this day. An

elderly maid got married. "Matilda," said our village critic, "I am surprised at you." "I felt it a call from the Lord," meekly answered the married old maid. "Get along with you," rejoined her tormentor, "the Lord might have called till He was hoarse if you had not wanted the man!"

On another occasion, after the funeral of a young girl, the carriers met at one of the little inns with which the place abounded. Old Thomas, aforesaid, was present. "Ah!" sighed the landlady, as she served her customers, "the best go first." The local satirist looked acidly at her, and said, "Then it will be many a long day before they come for you."

Another old man, named "Sam," had an unenviable notoriety. He would have been well off but for the habit of keeping up his own spirits by pouring other spirits down, till the only spirits he had were the spirits he took. He had been in the trenches before Sebastopol, and had entered Lucknow with Sir Colin Campbell. He talked much of Captain Hedley Vicars and General Havelock; but there the admiration for these soldiers of the cross ended. His great aversion—after the "Rooshians"—was a woman's tongue. Expressing deep sympathy for a fellow-tippler who had incurred much odium through turning his wife out of doors,—“Poor fellow,” said Sam, “what’s a man to do when a woman takes to sharpening saws indoors?”

Most of this fraternity patronized the chapel when the inn at the top closed at three. Sober fact, this is. They used to knock out the ashes from their pipes in the porch, and stroll heavily in,—some to sleep, but some to listen. It was a strange Sunday afternoon audience, and it was hard work to preach to them. But sins were called by their right names, and the plain gospel was given. This is not the place to say what happened, except in a word or two. There came a day when a band of converted young men did glorious work among this class,—work which makes our heart beat faster as we think of it. Most of these young men are soul-winners still, their leader of that time being now one of the best-known ministers in the Dominion of Canada.

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But, enough. Sixty years ago and more, the inhabitants of our parish stoned their vicar. In the times gone by, a man used to go every fourth Sunday to the top of the church tower to watch for the coming of the occasional curate from the town over the moors. If it rained or snowed, it was quite unnecessary for the man to look out. "No parson would come," says the county historian, "except in fine weather." In the very next village, the old caretaker of the church hoped the "reg'lar day" would be wet, "For," said she, "I've got one of my best hens a-sittin' on thirteen eggs in the pulpit, and she won't come off till Tuesday!" But wet or fine makes no difference now. An earnest Evangelical incumbent preaches in the church where "Badger" tolled the bell; while the chapel up the grassy path is all alive under a mission-pastor who has for his superintendent "one of our own men."



## A Valiant Man in Queen Elizabeth's Day.

BY R. SHINDLER.

THE state of our English villages in the sixteenth century, as to godliness and even morality, was very deplorable. As fish decays first at the head, so many of the leaders of the State, being themselves infamously corrupt in manners and morals, exerted a pernicious influence on all the lower grades of society. The sordid sensuality of Henry VIII. was more potent for evil than the exceptional piety of the youthful Edward VI. was mighty for good. In the latter reign, —all too brief,—the godly rose in many instances to place and power, and shed a lustre on the period of their ascendancy; but the corruption was not purged away; it still festered and seethed and seethed and festered in private, especially in the more remote parts of the country. Mary's reign was a testing time, but the test was applied the wrong way about; it was the gold and the silver that were removed, while the dross and the tin remained. The fires of Romish persecution were chariots in which the godly were driven home to their Father's house, leaving their ashes as a precious seed to yield a goodly harvest by-and-by, while the multitude went their own chosen way of abominable ungodliness, and, alas! many a professor and hypocrite, like driftwood, were borne along the impetuous current of vice and profanity.

The restoration of Protestantism as the State religion, on the accession of Elizabeth, did not greatly alter the morals of the people. The Queen herself was not a particularly bright example of godliness, and her court was very far from pure. The sovereign lady, who thought two or three preachers of the gospel enough for a county, had not imbibed much of the spirit of the Master she professed to serve, or of His "great commission." With the gospel, which teaches us to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts," practically excluded from the general current of social life, what could be expected but that vice would be paramount, and the world, the flesh, and the devil have things very much their own way? And so it was, all too commonly; but not entirely.

God has never left Himself without a witness, and there was a remnant according to the election of grace even in those evil days. There were a few Nonconformists, using the word as we now understand it, who, though weak and feeble, promoted the cause and kingdom of their Master, Christ, as He Himself did, by suffering patiently, by the bearing of reproach and shame and scorn, and even death itself. There were other Nonconformists, too; men to whom all honour is due, and who now reap a rich reward. Placed by Divine Providence as incumbents of parish churches, they fulfilled their ministry with unswerving fidelity. Sometimes, with a congenial helper in the person of the local knight or esquire, as in the case of the Harleys of Brampton Bryan; but far oftener without any such helper, or with the great men of the parish banded and entrenched against them,—these men dared all opposition in the faithful discharge of their ministry, warning sinners, reproving sin, and beseeching men to be "reconciled to God."

Such a man was Hugh Clarke, A.M.; born at Burton-on-Trent, 15th August, 1563, and, after an education at Jesus College, Cambridge, and the University of Oxford, settled at Oundle, Northamptonshire, in 158- (?). He found the people in a state of most deplorable ignorance and iniquity. They lived in the constant profanation of the Lord's-day, indulging with impunity in "Whitsun ales, Morris-dancing, and other ungodly sports." He laboured to convince them of their sins, and to reclaim them from their evil ways; but for a long time without success. God visited several of the ringleaders with remarkable judgments, but they still persisted in their evil courses; it was as though they had made a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. At length, however, there was a pleasing alteration. The people began to take serious heed to the ministry of their pastor; many became reformed in their manners and habits, and not a few were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Mr. Clarke's faithfulness sometimes imperilled his life; and on several occasions he experienced wonderful interpositions of God's hand. One Monday morning, after he had, in his sermon on the previous Sabbath, denounced the just judgment of God against certain sins to which some of the young men of the place were much addicted, a lusty young fellow came to his house, wishing to see him. Mr. Clarke invited him into his study, and knowing him to be a vicious character, at once began sharply to reprove him, and warn him of his danger. The Spirit of God wrought so effectually on the conscience of the young man, by means of this faithful dealing of the minister, that he fell on his knees, and asked his pardon, at the same time pulling out a dagger which he had concealed, and telling him that the sermon the previous morning had so enraged him that he came with the full intention of stabbing him. "But God has prevented me," said he, "and if you will forgive me, I will never attempt the like again." Mr. Clarke assured him of his forgiveness, and dismissed him with suitable advice. As the preacher could not have been more than six-and-twenty at this time, his fidelity and courage are the more commendable. God make every young man, God make us all, faithful in reproofing wickedness, in whomsoever it may be found!

In 1590, Mr. Clarke removed from Oundle to Wollaston, in Warwickshire, having been chosen by the people, and presented by Sir Roger Wigston. While here, he was indicted for high treason; and upon what ground? He had been wicked enough to pray that "God would forgive the Queen (Elizabeth) her sins"! Surely, there was need for such a prayer. The good man was tried, but acquitted. He died, 6th November, 1634.

He was a man of considerable attainments in learning, but he was more distinguished for his godliness, and for his zeal, constancy, diligence, and success as a preacher. He held the sword of truth, and he used it, against evil-doers; but he gathered many precious stones from Nature's quarry, and built them into the temple of grace. God give us every one the like courage and faithfulness, and not less success in winning souls!

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## Proceedings at the College Conference.

THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION was commenced on *Monday afternoon, May 3rd*, by a prayer-meeting at Shoreditch Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, President of the Association, presided, supported by his brother, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, one of the two Vice-Presidents; and the ministers and students quite crowded the class-room in which the gathering was held. The spirit of prayer was very manifestly poured out, nearly twenty of the brethren audibly leading in supplication. Towards the close of the meeting, the President read from the Revised Version, 2 Cor. ii. 12—iii. 9, and afterwards expounded the passage. We cannot spare space for the whole exposition, though it was well worthy of preservation, but we must give the opening sentences because of the personal allusion to a notable incident in the speaker's history.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon said:—These words are the words of Paul; they are also the Word of God, for God it was who spoke through Paul. I have not commented upon them as I read; you know them well, you have commented on them yourselves, I doubt not, times out of number. I trust that, as we read them, the Spirit took of these things of Jesus, and revealed them unto you; but I should like to say, before we fall to prayer again,—if I may be permitted a personal reference,—that I have good reason to rejoice in this passage of Scripture for myself.

When there came to me, across the world, a message the like of which I had never had before, and did not dream of having then,—a call to come and try to carry on my dear, dear father's work,—I sat me down, and thought about it, prayed over it, and I may tell you that the Lord—I think it was He,—brought to my mind this very passage; and it was in the strength of it that I ventured to say, "Yes." Some of you may know that, a few days after I had the message, I flashed beneath the sea the answer that is contained in one of these verses: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves, to account anything as from ourselves; but our sufficiency is from God." I felt the power of that verse then as I had never felt it previously; I thank God that I have felt it ever since, and that it is with me even at this present moment. I therefore claim it as my own text, but I have no monopoly in it; and oh, how gladly would I know that all of you just took right hold of it, and let it grip you, too, as, thank God, it gripped me then! "Our sufficiency is from God."

At the tea which followed, very hearty thanks were accorded to Pastor W. Cuff and his friends for their entertainment of the brethren, and in response Mr. Cuff spoke of the early days of the College, when the ever-beloved President, in the fulness of his strength, was able to devote so much time to the students whom he had gathered around him. "We shall ever love him," said Mr. Cuff, adding, as he turned to the President,—“We love you and your brother none the less. To a man, we pray that the mantle of your father may fall on you, and abide upon you, and that your ministry at the Tabernacle, and all your service for the Master, may succeed right gloriously until your work is done.”

In the evening, a public meeting was held in the Shoreditch Tabernacle, the area of which was well filled with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. The President occupied the chair, and, after prayer by Dr. McCaig, and a few words of cordial welcome from Mr. Cuff, delivered an address, founded upon a familiar quotation, slightly altered,—“The chief end of the Pastors' College is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.” Again, the crowded condition of our pages makes it impossible to report the speech, which struck a high key-note for the rest of the meetings of the

week, and showed the estimation in which our *Alma Mater* is held by her gracious and gifted son. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon incidentally alluded to the fact that, forty-seven years ago, that very day (May 3, 1850), his dear father had been baptized at Isleham Ferry. "Quite a stripling, he walked down the river bank, and professed the name of his dear Lord. What it cost him, none but himself and his Master know; but what glorious results accrued from that baptism! And we feel it incumbent upon us to glorify God by telling men their pleasurable duty in this respect, and bidding them to be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Obedience will surely glorify our Father who is in Heaven."

Other addresses followed by Pastors C. E. Stone (Middlesbrough), W. Kirk Bryce (Chatteris), and C. B. Sawday (Metropolitan Tabernacle), and a collection was made for the College funds.

At the same hour, a similar gathering—combined with the usual prayer-meeting,—was being held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who spoke upon "Returning warriors: their scars, sufferings, successes, and spoils." Several prayers were presented by brethren from different parts of the kingdom, and addresses were given by Pastors S. J. Baker (Bury St. Edmund's), H. A. B. Phillips (Cheltenham), and T. Perry (King's Lynn). Both at Shoreditch and Newington Butte, the opening meetings gave promise of a week of unusual blessing; and, long before the Conference closed, that promise was abundantly fulfilled.

On *Tuesday morning, May 4th*, the President presided at the devotional service, which was maintained with much fervour for about an hour and a quarter. In the course of the proceedings, earnest sympathetic supplication was offered for brethren who could not be present, and extracts from some of the sufferers' letters were read. The following communication from our afflicted ex-tutor, Professor Fergusson, met with such a hearty reception that we think all our brethren, as well as other friends, will be glad to see it in print:—

"Dear President and my beloved old Friend, and Brethren of the Conference,—

"Up to last Thursday, I indulged the hope of being present with you to hear the Presidential address; but, suffering from an attack of inflammation in the eyes, the doctor has forbidden me making the attempt, so with regret, yet perfect resignation, I say, 'Not my way, but Thy way; not my thoughts but Thy thoughts;' and in perfect peace let the desire pass away.

"Allow me to express, in the language of the old and blessed gospel, my heart's desire for this week's work that lies to your hand, and the new year that now opens before you, that the following promise may be your experience every hour of it,—'I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron' (Isa. xlv. 2). I wish to say to my brethren that all I am able to do to express my increasing love and affection for them is to turn into a prayer on their behalf the message of Ananias to the apostle. May each brother feel afresh his call from God to be his witness to the sons of men as to what is the will of God, and by His grace may each brother feel so strengthened as to obey and do that will at all hazards before the sons of men, in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances; and may the God of our fathers, before each brother leaves Newington, give to him some fresh revelation of His glory! May the blessed Redeemer, by the light of the Eternal Spirit, make a fresh manifestation of His grace, and His power to save to the very uttermost all who come to God by Him, and may each brother feel that Christ is closer to him than He has ever been, and that He will be with him to the end of his work! May the Lord turn into actual experience that promise concerning His words which runs thus,—'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it

shall be done unto you,' and thus may each man enjoy a sweet sense of abiding in the love of Christ, and feel that his Lord has let him into the secret of speedy answers to prayer! Provided with this centre of three-fold power, there is nothing to fear in the present, or in the future. By it, Paul moved to their foundations Damascus, Athens, Rome, Jerusalem, and the world; by the same power, Charles Haddon Spurgeon moved London, England, and the civilized races of the earth. Thus armed, the humblest servant of Jesus Christ may go forward without fear.

"Men of the Conference, once more facing the world, the devil, and the flesh, up and at them in the name of the Lord, and you will win the well-fought fight; and when it is well with you, remember your old Tutor,

"A. FERGUSSON."

After special prayer by his dear brother, the President delivered his inaugural address. As we are able to present it in full to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, this month and next, we need only say here that, for an hour and three-quarters the crowded audience was thrilled and charmed by the many-sided power displayed in utilizing everything connected with railways that could be turned to account in teaching spiritual lessons. The universal verdict appeared to be that, admirable as were the two previous "inaugurals" of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, this year's message excels them both.

A brief recess preceded the short business session, in which, after confirming the minutes of last year's Conference, the deaths of five members and two associates, and one resignation, were reported. Then, on the proposition of Pastor W. Cuff, seconded by Pastor G. Turner, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon was again elected President of the Association, by the unanimous and enthusiastic vote of the whole assembly spontaneously rising and cheering their chosen leader. In his reply the President said:—"I do not seek a repetition of this office any more than I sought the office at the first; but if I can serve you, and the cause of God, I must not—especially after what I have said,—shrink from it. I do therefore very heartily—as heartily as you offer it,—accept the position. May the Lord give us another happy year, and another glad Conference twelve months hence!"

Pastors J. A. and Charles Spurgeon were elected Vice-Presidents, and the latter at once said:—"If I am of any use to you, I shall be glad to serve you for another year." Keeping up the metaphor of the railway of which they had been hearing, Mr. Charles Spurgeon added that, if an engine were needed behind the Conference train, as well as one in front, he would be quite willing to be the one behind. (At the Friday-morning meeting, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon also announced his acceptance of the Vice-Presidency of the Association.)

In the afternoon, a considerable number of former students of the College, including several who are not members of the present Association, assembled at the Stockwell Orphanage for the purpose of presenting to Pastor J. A. Spurgeon a valuable album and illuminated address in appreciation of his services in connection with the College. In the evening, the usual informal meeting was held at the Orphanage, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presiding, when addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, Robert Spurgeon (who gave an interesting account of "Our Own Men" in India), and H. H. Pullen (who spoke concerning the work of the Spezia Mission). The orphan children, by their singing and handbell ringing, helped to contribute to the enjoyment of the brethren.

The first hour on *Wednesday morning, May 5th*, was spent in praise and prayer, in the course of which our absent and sick brethren were again specially remembered, while earnest supplications were presented on behalf

of the wives and children of the members of the Association. Then followed Dr. McCaig's most timely and helpful paper on "The Cross, the Centre." As we hope to publish it in the *Magazine* as soon as possible, we need only say here that our brother's masterly treatment of this all-important subject reminded many of his hearers of the beloved Principal Gracey, whose mantle has so largely fallen upon Dr. McCaig. The President said that he could not imagine a more suitable opportunity of singing—

"Hallelujah for the Cross!"

than after we had listened to that "most lovely paper, instinct with the spirit of Calvary." "The College anthem" having been sung, and further prayer offered, Pastor W. Y. Fullerton (Leicester), read the paper which we are glad to be able to print on a previous page, and which deserves the most serious consideration, both because of the topic itself, and from the method of its treatment by one who for many years has had exceptional facilities for learning the spiritual state of the churches in all parts of the kingdom. The paper was to have been followed by a conference on "Soul Winning"; but after the opening address by Pastor John Wilson (Woolwich), and brief remarks by two other speakers, the rest of the time had to be devoted to the business left over from the previous day.

Thirty-one students, who had been more than six months in College, were admitted into the Association, making the present membership, 761. Mr. Allison was re-elected Manager of the Assurance Community, with thanks for his past services, and Mr. T. Cox was also thanked for his services in connection with the fund. Dr. McCaig and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A. (Peckham), were re-elected Secretaries of the Association, and Pastor T. Greenwood (Balham) was again chosen as our Remembrancer. *Monday, June 14th*, was appointed as the *Conference Day of United Prayer*; and the long morning session was closed by the President's announcement that his dear mother's Conference gift this year was the one-volume pocket edition of his beloved father's *Morning and Evening Daily Readings*.

In the evening, the College subscribers met in most cheering numbers for tea, and afterwards still more came for the annual meeting of the friends of the Institution. W. Willett, Esq., of Brighton, presided; prayer was presented by Mr. William Olney; the President and Vice-President (Pastors Thomas and Charles Spurgeon) gave a report of their first year's work in their respective and responsible offices; and addresses were also given by the chairman, and by Rev. Robert Taylor (formerly Presbyterian minister at Upper Norwood), Pastors Jas. Stephens, M.A. (Highgate), C. Joseph (Portsmouth), and H. K. Kempton (Canterbury), Mr. J. Manton Smith, Mr. Humphrey (one of the present students), and T. A. Denny, Esq. The closing prayer was offered by Rev. Silas Mead, of Adelaide; and the large company then adjourned to the Tabernacle lecture-hall, which had been arranged for the occasion in the usual tasteful fashion. At the supper table, the contributions for the College amounted to £1,453 14s.; with extra gifts from the chairman, Mr. Denny, the President, and friends who were unable to be present, the total was ultimately made up to nearly £1,700, —a larger sum than has been received in any year since 1892, when the donations were to so great an extent in memory of the dear Founder of the College, C. H. SPURGEON, who had then been but recently "promoted to glory." His sons, and their many helpers and sympathizers, were greatly cheered by this happy termination of their year's service, and it was with a full heart and joyous voices that all united in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

On *Thursday morning, May 6th*, the prayer-meeting was even more than usual a praise-meeting after the President had reported the great blessing that had been vouchsafed the previous evening. Then followed Pastor

Charles Spurgeon's Vice-Presidential address on "God-touched lips"—a sequel to last year's subject, "God-touched hearts." For a full hour, and with great power, he discoursed upon his theme in what his brother described as a "remarkable and memorable paper," which we hope to present to our readers next month. Pastor C. Ingham (Wimbledon) was to have followed with a paper on "The special difficulties in the way of an Evangelical ministry to-day"; but he asked that it might be omitted from the programme so that full time could be devoted to the paper by Pastor W. Hackney, M.A. (Birmingham), on "The Christian minister's dependence upon the Holy Ghost." This proved to be one of the most notable deliverances of the whole week, and we are specially pleased that our brother has kindly promised to let it appear in *The Sword and the Trowel*. There was in the paper a touching allusion to the Conference message delivered, many years ago, on a kindred subject, by the saintly and sainted William Anderson, of Reading; and many who were listening to Brother Hackney's sweet and tender, yet searching and powerful testimony, were irresistibly reminded of the impression produced at that long-past gathering to which he had so appropriately alluded. After heartily thanking the writer, nothing remained but to spend the rest of the time in praying, as the President expressed it, "that this inspiring word may be fastened in our memories, and then that it may be lived out in our lives."

In the evening, a large number assembled for tea, and afterwards the greater part of the Tabernacle was crowded for the annual public meeting, which was of a specially enthusiastic character. Prayer was presented by Pastor C. B. Sawday; the President and Vice-President again reported concerning the work committed to their charge, and the generous gifts contributed towards its support; and addresses were also delivered by Dr. Usher (as the representative of the tutors), Mr. Walker (one of the students), and Pastors R. F. Jeffrey (Folkestone), W. J. Harris (Eastbourne), and W. Y. Fullerton (Leicester). At the close of the meeting, the ministers and students were entertained to supper in the lecture-hall.

On *Friday morning, May 7th*, during the devotional service, the President announced the receipt of the following telegram from Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—"First student greets President and brethren. Numbers vi. 24—27;" and added, "May a like blessing fall upon our Brother Medhurst!" Extracts were also read from a letter written by our French brother, Robert Dubarry, who was at Nancy, serving in the army for the period that is compulsory to all his countrymen, and at the same time seeking to serve the Lord as opportunities were afforded him. The following letter was signed by several of "Our Own Men" in Scotland, who were obliged to be absent from the week's meetings; other signatures would have been added if time had permitted:—

"Dear President,

"We, the undersigned, being unable to get South to the Conference on the present occasion, beg to send from Scotland our loving and hearty wishes to yourself personally, rejoicing in the way you are being sustained to maintain so loyally and honourably the work of your dear departed father. We also pray for great blessing to rest upon our brethren assembled at the different meetings.

"Though a few years have intervened since he was translated to the company of the redeemed in glory, we cannot but feel that you will still sorely miss the face and form and living speech of our never-to-be-forgotten glorified President. But the Master he so loved to set forth still walks among you; and on this special week, more than ever before, may you be conscious of real contact with those garments of His which smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

"We find the old gospel of the grace of God is still the one and only

power which tells upon the hearts of the men and women in Scotland ; and here, in the land of Knox and the Covenanters, we feel that our determination is as strong and deeply-rooted as ever, to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

"With our united fervent prayers that the week may be one of the right hand of the Most High, we are, most heartily,

"EDWARD LAST, GEORGE MENZIES, ALEXANDER PIGGOT, WALTER RICHARDS, WILLIAM RUTHEVEN, DAVID TAIT, GEORGE WHITTET."

A few items of Conference business still remained to be done. The Special or "Emergency" Committee was re-appointed. The warmest thanks of the brethren were voted to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for her generous Conference gift, "and for all those loving ministries by which she has gladdened so many hearts and brightened so many homes." Very hearty gratitude was also expressed to the friends who had so kindly entertained the country brethren during the week, and also to those who had contributed to the Hospitalities Fund. (No less than £55 was thus given, much of it in quite small sums.)

A resolution having been passed, recording in somewhat more formal fashion the sentiments uttered by the President on Tuesday concerning the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, one of the brethren mentioned that the late royal housekeeper was a regular reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, which she often left on the table that they might be seen by her Majesty, and on many occasions the Queen had asked if she might keep them.

At the closing service, the President read Habakkuk ii., Pastor J. W. Ewing prayed, and then the President preached from Hab. ii. 2:—"And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." In a future number of the Magazine we hope to publish the discourse, which was a fitting conclusion to a most memorable series of meetings. The address at the communion table was given by Pastor F. H. White, who spoke with much tenderness and pathos upon the words of the apostle in 1 Corinthians xi. 23—26. Then came the communion, and the final Psalm (cxxii.), sung as usual by the whole assembly standing with hands linked, and with the Benediction closed "The Conference of the Cross," as it had been termed during the week to distinguish it from other notable seasons, such as "The Conference of the Word," "The Conference of the Holy Ghost," &c.

At the farewell dinner, our Remembrancer reported that, during the year, 170 brethren had collected or contributed £345 towards the funds of the College,—a great increase upon the previous twelve months, when the figures were 157 and £254 ; yet, as Mr. Greenwood said, there is still room for improvement. Hearty thanks were accorded to the Hospitalities Committee, to whom so much of the comfort of the brethren during the week is due ; and Mr. Charlesworth responded on behalf of himself and his colleagues. Then, in the usual cheery and cheering fashion, all bearing the beloved name of Spurgeon, whether present or absent, were remembered and thanked and congratulated, the tutors were also honoured in similar style, and after appropriate replies, the gatherings of 1897 were finally and fittingly closed with the Benediction.

The following Lord's-day morning, in his capacity of Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, the President preached from the text which, months before, he had in faith selected as the motto of the Conference:—"And He came down with them and stood in the plain, and the company of His disciples, and a great multitude of people out of all Judæa and Jerusalem, and from the sea coast of Tyre and Sidon, which came to hear Him, and to be healed of their diseases." The discourse is published by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell & Co., under the title, "The Master's Presence," and makes an admirable finish to the record of the week's gatherings.



## 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

*Victoria the Great, our Empress Queen.*  
Vocal march, written by V. J. CHARLESWORTH, composed by T. W. PARTRIDGE. Hart and Co. Price, one shilling nett, from the Stockwell Orphanage.

A BRIGHT, stirring march, the words by the esteemed Head Master of the Orphanage, the music by the accompanist to the Orphanage Choir. The words are well suited to the music, and leap with life to the melody of the march. The music is full of force and "go," the harmonies being well written, while avoiding the commonplace. We heartily commend this Diamond Jubilee composition to the attention of our musical readers, and wish for it a large sale.

The Religious Tract Society is catering well for various classes of readers who are supposed to want information about the Queen and her record reign. First come two penny booklets,—*Victoria, R.I.*, by JAMES MACAULAY, M.A., M.D., and *The Life and Reign of Queen Victoria*, by EMMA LESLIE,—both of which deal chiefly with the personal character of the Queen and the Royal Family. In a shilling volume, in scarlet cloth, entitled, *Our Gracious Queen*, Mrs. WALTON, the author of *Christie's Old Organ*, has provided for the little ones an instructive collection of pictures and stories concerning the Queen's life. In the brightly-bound half-crown book, *These Sixty Years*, three authors—F. M. HOLMES, W. J. GORDON, and D. J. LEGG,—have united in concisely describing the progress of "literature, art, science, navigation, industry, commerce, religion, and philanthropy," during the period covered by the Queen's reign. On page 53 we find the following paragraph, which will be of interest to many of our readers:—

"The age has been one of great activity in the production and dissemination of sermon-literature. Preachers like C. H. Spurgeon, Canon Liddon, Alexander MacLaren, and

scores of less gifted men, have had their usefulness vastly increased by the way in which the modern press has scattered broadcast their 'winged words.' Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons have been sold by millions, and it is hardly too much to say that no one preacher has ever reached so vast a number of the human race before. In fact, one of the most remarkable features of the reign has been Mr. Spurgeon's power as a preacher, and the increase of that power through the press."

The Secretaries of the Tract Society also send us the first volume of *Sunday Hours*, their new Magazine for Boys and Girls, who ought to be grateful for all the mental provision so bountifully prepared for them. There is much material here to help to make Sunday hours pass pleasantly and profitably.

*Hooks and Eyes; or, Little Helps to Little Folks*, by Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., is another volume issued by the same publishers, which is certain to be a great favourite with the juveniles. Familiar proverbs are explained and applied in simple language, and plentifully illustrated to make them still more attractive.

*True Stories for the Little Ones*, by L. I. TONGUE and E. M. TONGUE (same publishers), is a splendid shilling'sworth for the youngsters. The Tongues that can tell such true tales as these should go on telling many more.

A sixpenny booklet that ought to have a wide circulation in the present day, in order to help to stay the advance of Popery in England, is *Reformation Martyrs*, containing brief sketches of the noble lives and cruel deaths of Huss, Tyndale, Latimer, Hooper, George Wishart, and Patrick Hamilton. Such "biographies for the people" cannot be distributed too freely, and right heartily do we thank the Religious Tract Society for issuing them in this cheap and handy form.

*The Martyr-Crown; or, "The Seed of the Church."* By Rev. R. H. PIGOTT, B.A. "HomeWords" Office.

A SPLENDID piece of Protestant teaching in story form, which our growing lads and lasses should be encouraged to read. The truth about Latimer, and Ridley, and Cranmer, cannot be told too often, especially in quarters where such desperate efforts are being made to bring the people again under the tyranny of the priest and his Popish doctrines. These creatures of an apostate faith hate the light; and the more we can make manifest the history and spirit of their actions, the more we shall emancipate our fellow-countrymen from their baleful influence. This is just the book to place on the home table or in the Sunday-school library.

The Sunday School Union has published two more eighteen-penny volumes by Mr. FRANK MUNDELL.—*Heroines of Travel*, and *Heroines of the Cross*. The former collection includes a great variety of lady-travellers, such as Madame Ida Pfeiffer, Lady Brassey, Lady Florence Dixie, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Gordon Cumming, Mrs. Norman, Miss Mary H. Kingsley, and Miss Geraldine Guinness, some of whom might modestly and perhaps truthfully disclaim the name "heroine." Their adventures are, however, worthy of record; and those who read the stirring narratives will find much information concerning many strange places and peoples.

The second volume has a charm that the first possesses only in a limited degree, for *Heroines of the Cross* must take precedence over mere *Heroines of Travel*. Brief accounts are here given of Mrs. Judson in Burmah, Mrs. Moffat in Africa, Mrs. Gilmour in Mongolia, Mrs. John Williams and other noble women in the South Sea Islands, Mrs. Hinderer, who was her husband's great helper in the Yoruba country, Fidelia Fiske in Persia, and many more godly sisters who have laboured and suffered for the Saviour in various parts of the world. This book should be put into the hand of every girl and young woman who can read our mother-tongue.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have just issued quite a novel publication, entitled, *Eye Gate; or, the Value of Native Art in the Mission-field*, by WM. WILSON, M.B., C.M., of the China Inland Mission. The special feature of the work is the reproduction, in *fac-simile*, of 30 Chinese paintings representing the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, &c. It is certainly a curiosity, and gives more than a hint of a very valuable auxiliary to foreign mission work; the price is two shillings.

The thousands of readers who have been fascinated with the charms of '*Probable Sons*' and *Teddy's Button*, will be glad to know that the author has written another book, entitled, *Odd*, which the Religious Tract Society has just published at two shillings. It is a touching story, in some points excelling in interest its delightful predecessors; what higher praise could we give it?

*Chips from my Log.* By JOHN BURNHAM. With Introduction by Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

THIS 3s. 6d. book will be welcomed by many of our readers who remember the striking incidents in evangelistic work which have been from time to time recorded by Mr. Burnham in our pages. There are also other narratives which have not appeared in the *Sword and Trowel*, together with the evangelist's autobiography and portrait, making up a volume that ought to be very useful both to Christian workers and those who are seeking the Saviour. As Pastor Thomas Spurgeon says in his Introduction:—"Here is kindling wood for the fires of faith and service. . . . These '*Chips*' are resinous with love to Christ, faith in the gospel, and zeal for souls. Smouldering embers of devotion will find fit fuel here."

"*Curly*"; or, *Living Shadows.* By KATHARINE A. RICHARDS. George Stoneman.

RATHER an involved story aiming at showing the evil of unequal marriages.

*Secrets of Sanctity.* By Rev. A. E. BARNES-LAWRENCE, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

ONE more of a most excellent series of volumes which seek to cultivate the deeper spiritual life of all true believers. It is a worthy companion of those which have preceded it; and this is no stinted praise, for they were of high quality. With much enthusiasm for true holiness, there is no fevered fanaticism. The light of knowledge and truth equals the heat of ardour and zeal; and both mingling glow, not with strange fire, but with a pure and Heavenly flame. Young believers and ripened saints may alike find much help and guidance here in the life Divine. Need we, could we, say more, to advice its purchase and perusal?

*The Gospel of Prayer.* By W. E. WINKS. Rochdale: "Joyful News" Depôt.

PAPERS, full of devotional thoughtfulness, on "Prayer in the Gospel according to Luke." Without any attempt to dazzle by brilliance, Mr. Winks has given us a solid and attractive series of disquisitions on the royal prerogative of believing prayer. If the book were only read, and then universally practised, what an inflow of power would come to the people of God everywhere! We warmly commend it to the loving and careful study of all true disciples, and earnestly trust that it may bring forth fruit in their lives. It is a book that will well repay purchase, and repeated reading; and we are grateful for its appearance.

## Notes.

THE present issue of the Magazine is, according to our usual custom at this time of the year, a *Special Conference Number*. We shall be very grateful if all the Members and Associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association will kindly make this fact known. The only *verbatim* report of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Presidential Address appears in *The Sword and the Trowel*; this alone should secure for us, this month and next, a specially wide circle of readers. Pastor W. Y. Fullerton's paper on "The Lament after Conversions," should be carefully and prayerfully pondered by all who long for the prosperity of Zion.

In July, we shall (p.v.) publish a *Second Conference Number*, containing the conclusion of the President's Address, also Pastor Charles Spurgeon's Vice-Presidential Address, and, if there is room, one of the other remarkable papers which those who attended the Conference were privileged to hear. "The Pastor's Page" is necessarily omitted for two or three months, partly from lack of space, and partly to give the Pastor a little rest during this busy season.

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—Many friends have desired to possess a recent photograph of Mrs. Spurgeon; we are happy to say that their wishes can now be gratified, and that they can, at the same time, help a part of the Lord's work in which she is deeply interested. During her

last visit to Bexhill, and in addition to the group published in last month's Magazine, three cabinet photos. were taken,—vignette, three-quarter, and full-length. These are being sold on behalf of the building fund of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, and any number will be gladly supplied post free, at 1s. 6d. each, by Pastor J. S. Hockey, Upland Cottage, Bexhill, Sussex.

A fourth was taken, and being the best likeness of the whole was reserved for the frontispiece of the *Special Edition* of Mrs. Spurgeon's volume, *Ten Years After!* which is now in course of preparation, and will shortly be ready for sale by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through all booksellers. The book will be handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and beneath each photograph Mrs. Spurgeon will write her autograph. The price of this special edition of *Ten Years After!* will be five shillings; it would make a choice birthday or holiday present. The volume can also still be obtained in cloth binding at 3s. 6d.

We are asked by the ladies of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE BIBLE FLOWER MISSION to say that they will be very grateful to any friends who can send them flowers for distribution in the Infirmary and the Workhouse. The floral gifts will be doubly welcome if the donors will kindly follow exactly the accompanying instructions:—

Hampers should be sent in time to arrive

London for delivery by 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and should be addressed,—The Secretary, Bible Flower Mission, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London,—carriage paid, to be delivered immediately.

Another of the Tabernacle veterans has been called home to rejoin his beloved Pastor in the presence of the Lord they both served so long here below. Mr. James Stiff was the last but one of the personal friends and helpers of Mr. Spurgeon, whose portraits appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, with the sketches written by the dear Pastor himself. The likeness here reproduced was published in the Magazine for



January, 1892, with a brief but loving tribute from the pen of the Editor, who was n-arer home than he then thought. These are some of his kind words concerning Mr. Stiff:—"In 1883, he became a deacon of the Tabernacle Church, and trustee of the Stockwell Orphanage. In the providence of God, our friend rose from a working lad in the country, to become one of the great manufacturing potters of Lambeth. He remained, in all conditions, true to Non-conformity, to the Sabbath School, and to the orthodox faith. Young people have always found in him a warm friend, and a kind adviser. Our readers will also remember how useful Mrs. Stiff has been in her large Bible-class. In the village where he was born, our friend has built a row of almshouses as a token of gratitude to God for prospering him. He is a Suffolk man, well known at Bury St. Edmund's. He was a leading member of the first London School Board, and he has been Master of the Linners' Company; but in these pages he will be better commended by his Pastor's saying that he has found him a true friend and a willing helper, and that he trusts that his last days will be full of rest to himself, and glory to God."

For a long time, Mr. Stiff has suffered

from weak action of the heart, and on Tuesday, May 18, it ceased to beat, and he was "with the Lord." Our friend had reached the ripe age of eighty-eight. It was not long ago that a paragraph appeared in *The Baptist* claiming that he had probably been as long as any other living person a member of a Baptist Church, having been baptized at Bury St. Edmund's on the first Sabbath in March, 1825.

We sincerely sympathize with his widow and sons, and all other relatives who are left to mourn his loss.

The funeral service was held on Saturday, May 22, at Stockwell Baptist Chapel, which was erected mainly through Mr. Stiff's generosity. A large company of friends assembled, including a number of the orphan children and representatives of the Orphanage staff, and most of the deacons as well as many of the elders and members of the Tabernacle Church. Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, Arthur Mursell, M. Cumming, W. Williams, and E. Henderson took part in the proceedings. At the interment in Norwood Cemetery, a brief but impressive service was conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The following day, preaching at the Tabernacle, the Pastor again made affectionate and appropriate allusion to the "home-going" of his faithful friend and deacon.

*Special Notice.*—The annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY will (D.V.) be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Monday, July 5, when the President, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, has kindly consented to be present to receive parcels of clothing to be distributed among needy ministers and their wives and families. At the last anniversary, 888 garments were received; all of these have been disposed of, and the Committee sincerely trust that friends will send additional articles, new or otherwise, to help them to carry on this most useful work. Parcels should be addressed,—The Secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London. Donations for the Society's funds will be gratefully acknowledged by the Treasurer, Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Ingleside," Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Scilley is leaving Bridlington, and going to Station Road, Plumstead.

ORPHANAGE.—The great event of this month is, of course, the *Annual Festival*, which will (D.V.) be celebrated on Thursday, June 17. The gates will be open from 2.30 p.m. At the afternoon meeting, the chairman will be J. Compton Rickett, Esq., M.P.; and at the evening meeting, Sir A. Seale Huslam is expected to preside. The ministers announced as speakers are, Revs. H. Arnold, T. Cross, C. Joseph, R. Morton,

W. R. Mowll, M.A., A. J. Poynder, M.A., John, J. A., Charles, and Thomas Spurgeon, J. G. Train, M.A., T. G. Tarn, and R. Westrope. There will be the usual singing, handbell ringing, and musical drill by the orphan children, a special feature this year being the performance of Mr. Charlesworth's new vocal march reviewed on another page. Another novelty will be the exhibition of moving photographs. All who are able to help in the commemoration of "Founder's Day" at the Orphanage, will be sure to find plenty to interest them. Collecting-boxes and books can always be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

**COLPORTAGE.**—We were hoping to have been able to thank friends interested in the Colportage work for their Jubilee donations as appealed for in last month's Notes, but, alas! only in one instance have we had a response. Colportage is as necessary to-day as it was when our glorified President founded the Association. If all

people were born heirs of salvation, the gospel would not be needed; but we know that all are born in sin, and unless a vital change of heart is brought about by belief in our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, they will be lost. Hence, to spread God's Word and other good literature (the object for which the Association was formed), is as much required as ever; and to do this, funds must be provided.

Last year, 5,955 Bibles and 2,475 Testaments were sold by our colporteurs, beside 732,902 other publications; and this year the result is almost as good, the decrease being in consequence of the discontinuance of several District subscriptions, so reducing the number of workers. Our General Fund might be largely augmented by friends taking collecting-boxes, which may be had by application to the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, to whom all letters and subscriptions should be addressed.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 29, fifteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. H. Fielder...	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. H. J. Gibbs ...	...	...	0 10 6
Miss Hadfield ...	...	...	10 0 0	Mr. James Clark ...	...	...	25 0 0
Pastor W. C. Bryan ...	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. J. W. Wolfe ...	...	...	1 1 0
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A. ...	...	...	1 1 0	Pastor H. B. Bardwell ...	...	...	1 1 0
Miss Ware ...	...	...	0 2 6	Collection at Stepney Baptist Chapel,			
Annual collection at Edmonton Baptist				King's Lynn, per Pastor T. Perry ...	...	...	1 8 6
Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell ...	...	...	2 0 0	Mr. Kohlbeck ...	...	...	1 1 0
Pastor Chas. Deal ...	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	...	...	5 0 0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang ...	...	...	5 0 0	Collection at Gladestry Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. Geo. Gibbs ...	...	...	1 1 0	Evenjobb, per Pastor G. P. Edwards ...	...	...	1 3 0
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. J. G. Hall ...	...	...	1 1 0
Pastor T. Breewood ...	...	...	0 10 0	Rev. R. J. Beecly ...	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. H. E. J. Taylor ...	...	...	1 1 0	Pastor J. Rankine's box ...	...	...	0 10 6
Mr. Robt. Brazil ...	...	...	2 0 0	A few friends, per Pastor J. Rankine...	...	...	0 10 6
Mr. H. Burman ...	...	...	5 0 0	Pastor J. S. Bruce ...	...	...	0 10 0
Pastor W. White ...	...	...	0 5 0	Collection at Sevenoaks Baptist			
Mr. Ohas. Deayton ...	...	...	1 1 0	Chapel, per Pastor C. Rudge ...	...	...	0 9 0
Pastor W. L. Mayo ...	...	...	1 0 0	Contribution from Clarence Road Baptist			
"In loving memory of our dear				Church, Southend, per Pastor			
mother's translation into glory,"				F. A. Hogbin ...	...	...	1 12 7
from the Misses Gould ...	...	...	4 0 0	Pastor J. W. Colley ...	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. Walter P. Neavell ...	...	...	3 3 0	Pastor A. W. Wood ...	...	...	0 10 0
Pastor E. J. Burrows ...	...	...	0 10 0	Donation from Southport Tabernacle,			
Mr. W. Evans ...	...	...	25 0 0	per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	...	...	7 7 0
Scarbrick Street Baptist Church,				Donation from West Park Street			
Wigan, per Pastor R. G. Kemp ...	...	...	0 10 6	Chapel, Chatteris, per Pastor W.			
Mr. Geo. Pine ...	...	...	5 0 0	Kirk Bryce ...	...	...	3 0 9
Mr. W. Johnson ...	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. James Stiff ...	...	...	10 0 0
"A friend," per Mr. J. Hayward ...	...	...	0 6 0	Mr. Charles Phillips ...	...	...	3 3 0
Mrs. Jeffrey ...	...	...	1 0 0	Rev. R. H. C. Graham ...	...	...	5 0 0
Pastor S. W. Twiggs ...	...	...	1 0 0	Pastor T. and Mrs. Spurgeon ...	...	...	25 0 0
Mr. R. Bomford ...	...	...	5 0 0	Dr. T. J. Barnardo ...	...	...	5 5 0
Miss Farley ...	...	...	2 0 0	Mr. C. Buchel ...	...	...	2 2 0
Pastor W. Sullivan ...	...	...	0 2 6	From Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor			
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle ...	...	...	5 0 0	E. J. Edwards ...	...	...	3 0 0
Mr. E. S. Boot ...	...	...	1 1 0	Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards ...	...	...	2 2 0
Mrs. E. S. Boot ...	...	...	0 10 6	Mrs. Kent ...	...	...	0 10 6
Miss Nellie Boot ...	...	...	0 10 6	Mrs. Hester Keevil ...	...	...	10 0 0
Mrs. C. E. Blakeway ...	...	...	0 10 6	Mr. G. M. Rabbiah ...	...	...	1 0 0
Mrs. A. E. Durman ...	...	...	0 10 6	From Baptist Church, Putney, per			
Pastor W. D. McKinney ...	...	...	1 0 0	Pastor S. H. Wilkinson ...	...	...	1 10 0
Mr. C. H. Price ...	...	...	5 5 0	A friend, per Pastor G. A. Webb ...	...	...	0 5 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor W. Gillard...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Wills	1	0	0
Contribution from Paradise Row				Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	2	0	0
Church, Waltham Abbey, per Pastor				Mr. Geo. Redman...	5	0	0
G. H. Kilby	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Olney	3	3	0
Friends at Cottage Green Chapel, per				Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. W. Sears	2	2	0	Mr. H. K. Olney	3	3	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0	Miss S. K. Olney	1	1	0
Pastor J. W. Tomkins	2	17	3	Miss A. K. Olney	1	1	0
Pastor E. Milnes	2	2	0	Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0
Contribution from Tooting Baptist				Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	25	0	0
Church, per Pastor G. Hunt				Mr. W. M. Higgs	2	2	0
Rumsey	1	17	0	Miss Lottie Higgs	2	2	0
Communion collection, from Walkley				Mrs. R. Miller	10	0	0
Baptist Church, Sheffield, per Pastor				"An old friend"	10	0	0
A. G. Haste	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	15	0	0
Mr. W. Willett	100	0	0	Mr. E. J. Hill	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5	0	0	Mrs. Moore	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Summers	5	5	0	Mrs. Hellier	5	0	0
Mr. Edward Johnson	5	0	0	Mr. Dew	3	3	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	50	0	0	Mrs. Hassall	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Mannington	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy	2	2	0
Pastor James Stephens, M.A.	5	0	0	Mrs. and Miss Allen	1	11	6
Pastor T. Greenwood	5	5	0	Mr. Godbold	1	1	0
Mr. A. J. Layzell	0	10	0	Miss L. C.	0	10	6
Mr. J. W. Ottaway	1	5	0	Miss Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. A. C. Hollands	2	2	0	Miss Stephenson	0	5	0
Pastor T. L. Johnson	1	0	0	Miss E. A.	0	2	6
Mr. T. Round	1	0	0	Miss Kerridge	1	1	0
Miss E. Round	0	10	0	Miss M. Wollacott	1	1	0
Mrs. Warren	1	1	0	Mr. E. Wollacott	5	0	0
Mr. Henry Arnold	1	11	6	Mr. W. Hooker	1	1	0
Pastor J. Doubleday	1	0	0	Miss E. Kerridge	1	1	0
Pastor J. B. Anderson	1	1	0	Mr. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	5	0	Mr. J. Allum	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith	10	0	0	Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. H. H. Bullman	1	0	0	Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	50	0	0
Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0	Mrs. Hawkey	3	3	0
Miss M. A. Dickens	2	2	0	Mr. A. J. Hawkey	0	10	6
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0	Miss Thorpe	1	0	0
Mr. G. Gregory	0	5	0	Mrs. Bonetto	5	0	0
Mr. W. Greatrex	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tatnell	3	3	0
Mrs. Upton	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cook	5	0	0
Miss Upton	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Harden	2	2	0
Mrs. Hayward	1	1	0	Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Roff	2	2	0	Miss Winter	2	2	0
Miss C. Pearce	1	1	0	Mrs. S. G. Wicking	5	0	0
Miss M. Pearce	1	1	0	Mrs. A. Chadwick	1	0	0
Mr. Edward Pearce	5	0	0	Mrs. Buckmaster	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Wigney	2	2	0	Mrs. Fletcher	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford	2	2	0	Miss Emery	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Wagstaff	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Foyle	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomas	2	2	0	Mr. H. Cowry	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5	0	0	Miss Smallridge	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Davies	3	0	0	Pastor A. A. and Mrs. Harmer	2	2	0
Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	1	1	0	Miss Clarkson	1	1	0
Mr. A. H. Forbes	0	5	0	Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0
Mrs. Calvert	1	1	0	Miss Rosa Thomas	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Dives	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Narroway	4	4	0	L. A. H.	1	1	0
Mr. Richard Holman, jun.	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Mrs. Wade	2	2	0	Miss Easton and friend	1	11	6
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0	Mr. John Winckworth	5	5	0
Mrs. Sillitoe	2	2	0	Mr. Edward Calter	4	4	0
Pastor F. G. West	4	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	5	5	0
Mr. James Tait	1	1	0	Mrs. Todd	1	1	0
Messrs. E. and G. Harris	2	2	0	Mr. E. J. Wilmot	1	1	0
Pastor E. Dyer	1	1	0	Mr. M. A. Britton	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	3	3	0
Miss Lila Hall	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Norman	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5	0	0	Miss Wood	2	2	0
Mr. A. Culverhouse	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Harrauld	2	2	0
Mr. G. Finch	3	0	0	Mr. E. W. H. Harrauld	1	1	0
Mr. J. Read	1	1	0	Mr. C. J. B. Harrauld	1	1	0
Mrs. Cuthbert	1	0	0	Miss Harrauld	1	1	0
Miss Cuthbert	0	10	0	Miss F. M. Harrauld	1	1	0
Messrs. G. W. Russell and Sons	1	1	0	Mrs. Bailey	0	5	0
Mrs. Geo. Russell	0	10	6	Mrs. Shefford	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	3	3	0	Mr. F. Adams	2	2	0
Mr. J. Short, jun.	3	3	0	Mr. Mayze	1	0	0
J. B.	0	10	6	J. M.	1	0	0
Mr. R. Clarke	2	2	0	A. M.	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor G. Apthorpe ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. D. Wayre ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Graham ... ..	5	0	0	Pastor Joseph Benson ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Donald Graham ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Ellwood ... ..	10	0	0
A friend ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. G. Andrews ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell ... ..	1	10	0	Mr. J. Coutts ... ..	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rouse ... ..	5	5	0	Mr. J. Corpe ... ..	1	1	0
Miss A. Rouse ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. P. R. Phillips ... ..	2	2	0
E. M. J. ... ..	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. McLaren ... ..	0	10	0
Miss N. Johnston ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. C. P. Catherson ... ..	4	0	0
Mr. F. Sexton ... ..	2	2	0	Pastor F. W. Walter ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Parker ... ..	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. Norman ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan ... ..	5	0	0	Pastor G. K. Smith ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Fred Mullis ... ..	5	0	0	Contribution from Zion Baptist Chapel, Chesham, per Mr. C. Barnes ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby ... ..	10	0	0	Contribution from Southwood Lane Chapel, Highgate, per Pastor J. H. Barnard ... ..	0	15	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne ... ..	5	5	0	Mr. Henry Packham ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wadland ... ..	2	2	0	Pastor Thos. Spurgeon (additional) ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wadland ... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Virtue ... ..	5	0	0
Miss A. Wadland ... ..	0	10	6	Mr. J. T. Crosher ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson ... ..	10	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon and South Street friends ... ..	20	0	0
Mr. J. Leaver ... ..	3	3	0	Young People's Bible-class, Bulwell, per Pastor W. Slater ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith ... ..	1	1	0	Pastor E. A. and Mrs. Carter ... ..	1	1	0
Dr. and Mrs. McCaig ... ..	5	0	0	Pastor J. M. Cox ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. W. C. Greenop ... ..	2	2	0	Contribution from Totteridge Road Chapel, Enfield Highway, per Pastor A. W. Welch ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. F. Greenop ... ..	1	1	0	Contribution from Burtou-on-Trent Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Askew ... ..	1	0	0
The Misses Buswell ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett ... ..	3	3	0
Mr. C. Hall ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. Fredk. Hunt ... ..	5	5	0
Pastor Alfred and Mrs. Hall ... ..	2	10	0	Mr. Fredk. Fisher ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Benjamin Hall ... ..	3	0	0	Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	2	2	0
Miss E. Bryan ... ..	0	10	6	Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—	5	0	0
Mrs. Pierce ... ..	0	10	0	Alderman R. Cory, J.P. ... ..	5	0	0
Miss Hooper ... ..	2	10	0	Mr. John Jones (North- lands) ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Neal ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. John Davies ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Thompson ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Samuel Grey ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. A. E. Thompson ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. William Grey ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Joshua Keevil ... ..	10	0	0		10	5	0
Mr. G. C. Heard ... ..	5	5	0	Mrs. Raybould ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Lindsey ... ..	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Spice ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willcox ... ..	10	10	0	Contribution from Farnworth Baptist Chapel, per Pastor S. Jones ... ..	0	5	6
Mrs. Willcox ... ..	2	2	0	Rev. R. Collins ... ..	1	10	0
C. H. S. S. ... ..	25	0	0	Mr. W. H. Seagram ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. Kent ... ..	0	10	0	Pastor Frank H. White ... ..	2	0	0
Miss Dransfield ... ..	1	1	0	"A former student" ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Lane ... ..	2	0	0	Contribution from Bildeston Baptist Church, per Pastor E. T. Beckett ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor H. A. Fletcher ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. E. Stace ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor J. S. Hockey ... ..	0	10	0	Collection from Faringdon Baptist Church, per Pastor H. Smith ... ..	0	15	0
Pastor E. S. Neale ... ..	1	0	0	Rev. D. Henderson ... ..	2	2	0
Collection from East Dereham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. J. Layzell ... ..	0	7	1	Contribution from Baptist Church, Jersey, per Pastor W. Bonser ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Joshua Johnson's collecting-box ... ..	0	4	0	Pastor H. Kidner ... ..	0	5	0
Pastor A. Priter ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. T. E. Hopkins ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor E. R. Pullen ... ..	0	5	0	Rev. W. J. Mayers ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Fuller ... ..	0	10	0	Pastor E. Thompson ... ..	1	1	0
Collection from Carlton Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones- Miller ... ..	3	0	0	Mrs. C. B. Sawday ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain ... ..	1	0	0	Collection at Conference Annual Public Meeting in the Tabernacle ... ..	43	16	9
Mrs. C. Parker ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. E. Walker ... ..	5	5	0
Pastor F. James ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean ... ..	21	0	0
Mr. Robt. Hayward ... ..	1	1	0	M. H. B. S. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Keen ... ..	3	3	6	W. H. ... ..	0	5	0
Contribution from Sweet Turf Baptist Church, Netherton, per Pastor A. Griffiths ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. M. D. Pringle ... ..	5	3	0
Mr. C. Archer ... ..	1	1	0	Messrs. Fisher Brothers ... ..	2	2	0
Pastor W. Stott ... ..	2	10	0	Mr. James Baty ... ..	1	0	0
Part collection from Oaklands Chapel, Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster ... ..	1	1	0	Collection at Burnham-on-Crouch Chapel, per Pastor C. Gooding ... ..	0	12	4
Pastor E. Mateer ... ..	0	5	0	Pastor G. D. Cox ... ..	0	3	6
Pastor H. Rodger ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. Cave ... ..	2	0	0
Contribution from Salem Chapel, Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton ... ..	0	16	7	Mr. Thos. Moore ... ..	5	0	0
Pastor Fredk. C. Carter ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. E. Booth ... ..	1	0	0
Contribution from Rochester Baptist Church, per Pastor G. A. Miller ... ..	1	1	0	Pastor J. J. Irving ... ..	0	10	0
Pastor T. Greenwood ... ..	1	1	0				
Mr. T. W. Doggett ... ..	5	0	0				
Contribution from Baptist Church, Guernsey, per Pastor J. Gard ... ..	1	0	0				
Contribution from New Brompton Church, per Pastor W. W. Blockaidge ... ..	3	6	0				
Pastor T. G. Gathercole ... ..	0	2	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor W. H. Prece	...	...	...	Subscription from Istock Baptist Church, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	...	...	...
Proceeds of Annual Conference Tea Meeting	...	15	5	Pastor H. A. Tree	...	1	0
Mrs. Phillips	...	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.	...	0	2
I. P.	...	1	0	April 18	...	24	1
Mr. W. Willett (additional amount)	...	100	0	" 25	...	6	13
Collection at Boundary Road Baptist Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray	...	1	16	May 2	...	21	3
Mr. T. A. Denny	...	100	0	" 9	...	21	16
Dr. H. Grattan Guinness	...	10	0			73	13
							6
						£1,605	5
							7

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Y.P.S.C.E., High Street Baptist Church, Merthyr Tydvil	...	3	0	From Young People's Bible-class, Bexhill-on-Sea	...	0	6
Mr. J. A. Chamberlain	...	1	10	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union	...	5	0
Mrs. McS.	...	0	6	" For Christ's sake"	...	0	5
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	...	0	5				
Contribution from Mrs. Hoekey's Bible-class, Bexhill-on-Sea	...	0	18				
Mrs. O'Connor	...	0	2			£11	13
							9

## Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield	...	10	0	Mrs. Ball	...	1	0
Mrs. Barry	...	1	1	Miss E. Barrett	...	0	10
Mrs. M. Springett	...	0	15	Mr. E. Coulson	...	1	1
Collected by Miss N. Comber	...	0	6	Richmond Street Sunday-school, Walworth, per Mr. W. R. Everett	...	25	0
Mrs. M. A. Wilmshurst	...	0	1	Mrs. Whatley	...	0	5
M. A. G.	...	1	0	Mrs. Agnes P. Workman (in memory of Mrs. J. L. Dalziel for Girls' Orphanage)	...	150	0
Mr. J. Cadinhead	...	1	0	Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	...	1	7
Mr. W. Webber, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	0	10	Miss G. J. Anger	...	0	5
D. Shaw, Orphan boy's collecting-card	...	0	5	"Broken-hearted Alfred"	...	0	10
Rontnewydd Glee Society, per Mr. C. E. Gregory	...	0	10	T. H. S.	...	0	5
Mrs. Gittens' Sunday-school Class, Seaford	...	0	17	Mr. R. Dawson	...	0	4
Mr. G. R. Adams	...	0	5	A friend, Brighton	...	1	1
Mr. T. Henton	...	0	10	F. J., High Cross	...	1	0
Collected by Miss C. D. Edwards	...	0	10	Collected by the Misses E. and J. E. Foster	...	3	15
Collected by the Misses Holman and Ottaway	...	1	0	Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar	...	0	12
Mr. W. Stewart	...	1	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	1	1
Mrs. G. Shaw	...	1	0	Mr. W. Brown	...	0	10
J. C. M.	...	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	...	0	10
Mrs. A. Pilling	...	1	0	Mr. W. Davies	...	10	0
Mr. H. Bell	...	1	0	Mrs. W. Davies	...	5	0
Colonel S. Dewe White	...	0	10	Thankoffering to the Lord for benefit received from Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, C. B.	...	1	1
Per Mr. E. Gorringer	...			Collected by Miss Proudfoot	...	0	18
Proceeds of Tea held in barn on Good Friday	...	2	9	Pastor W. D. McKinney	...	0	10
Contents of box	...	0	11	Honor Oak Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Pastor Morrison Cumming	...	5	0
				Mr. W. Barrett	...	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. S. Mack	...	3	1	Collected by Mrs. Tiers	...	1	8
Postal order, Brora	...	0	3	Mr. J. Wilson	...	0	10
Collected by Mrs. Beaven	...	0	8	Miss Thompson	...	1	0
Mr. J. Ocock	...	5	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	...	10	0
M. J. B.	...	0	10	Mrs. H. Windmill	...	0	10
Mrs. E. Porter	...	1	0	Mr. W. F. Lamb	...	0	10
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	...	2	4	Mr. Pewtre's Class, Lee Road Baptist Sunday-school	...	0	5
Harold Street Tabernacle Sunday-school, Brixton, per Mr. J. A. Hall	...	1	5	Mrs. E. Hood	...	0	5
Mr. C. Iberson	...	0	3	Gildencroft Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor T. Bullimore	...	0	13
German visitors	...	0	2				
Mrs. Bubb	...	0	4				
Miss K. Shaw	...	1	0				
Miss S. Clout	...	1	0				



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cross Street Baptist Chapel, Lalington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	6	14	8	Springburn Baptist Church school- children, per Pastor J. Horne	0	10	6
M. A. K.	0	5	0	F. G. B.	0	1	6
D. L., Shepherd's Bush	0	5	0	Mr. R. Sissons	0	5	0
4: 5: 97-8 p.m.	0	2	6	Miss J. Allan	0	3	0
Mr. H. W. Wright	2	2	0	Northampton	0	10	0
Miss Jordan	2	2	0	Stamps, Sittingbourne	0	1	0
Messrs. G. Russell and Sons	1	1	0	Onslow Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Kensington, per Mr. R. P. Chisholm	0	18	8
Mr. W. Kemp	0	5	0	E. S. J.	5	0	0
O. N., Llandiloies	1	6	0	Mrs. Blake	0	2	0
E. Rawlinson, Orphan boy's collecting- card	0	3	0	(Erratum, April Number, 7s. 6d. should be 17s. 6d.)	0	10	0
Pastor E. Milnes	1	8	0		0	12	6
Messrs. Sargeant	1	1	0	Mr. R. A. Pilcher, for new desks in Boys' School	2	10	0
Upton Cross Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Wilkinson	0	13	6	Executors of the late Miss Wightman	10	0	0
Mr. T. L. Johnson	0	1	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Mudie	1,523	12	0
Mr. H. D. Ferne, per Mrs. J. A. Spur- geon	1	5	6	M. B. H. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. James Batty	1	0	0
C. E., Cinderford	0	2	0	Mrs. R. Booth	1	0	0
Postal order, Wimborne	0	5	0	Mr. Harzue	1	0	0
Per Mr. R. W. Iverson:—				H. A., Folkestone	0	5	0
Mr. A. Levett	1	1	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mrs. Morris	1	0	0	Tottenham, per Mrs. H. J. Boggis	6	13	3
	2	1	0	Cambridge	14	0	9
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann	5	5	0	P.S.A. Christ Church, Westminster	1	2	0
Dr. J. Crocker	3	0	0	Baptist Home Mission	1	15	0
Mr. Geo. Hedger	1	0	0	Pioneer Mission Annual Meeting, Woolwich	3	0	0
Master F. Fynfield	0	9	6	Shooter's Hill Band of Hope:—			
Mr. Henry Abblitt	26	5	0	Proceeds of meeting	12	17	4
Mr. R. Miller	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. G. F. Merralls	6	0	8
Miss Adcock	0	10	0		19	19	0
Collected by Mrs. J. A. James	2	0	3		£1,938	14	7
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0				
Mr. W. A. Harding	3	8	0				
Mr. Thomas Moore	5	0	0				
Mr. James Glasscock	2	0	0				
M. H.	0	5	0				
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6				

List of Presents from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.—PROVISIONS:—1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Metcalfe; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 7 lbs. Honey, Mr. S. Lawman; 24 lbs. Lard, 12 Bath Chaps, Mr. W. Dixon; 20 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—31 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Coat and Vest, Mrs. R. E. Allen; 6 Articles, Mrs. Bateman; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. Robinson; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Hogg.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—52 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 99 Hats, Mr. J. T. Varney; 23 Articles, Mrs. R. Daniell; 50 Articles, Mrs. Bateman; 6 Articles, Miss MacCulloch; 93 Garments (Boys' and Girls'), the Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers.

GENERAL:—1 Apron, 1 Scrap Book, 2 Dolls, Miss S. E. Knight; 1 box Cut Flowers, Miss E. Creasey; 1 Doll, Mrs. R. Daniell; 1 box Cut Flowers, Miss E. Moore.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.

### Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Cardiff and Penrhiwceiber, per Mr. R. Cory	11	5	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0
Hereford, per Mr. J. Jacob	2	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock	40	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Frimham, per Mr. R. N. Griffiths	11	15	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0
In Memoriam, Messrs. Greenwood Bros.	10	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies, Toronto	45	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury, per Mr. Thos. White	1	5	0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Gurney and Taylor	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small- wood	8	15	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	22	10	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Son	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. J. H. Blake	60	0	0
	£301	5	0

### Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.	Annual Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Collected by Colporteur G. Powell ...	0	2	9	Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Raffield ...	1	5	3	Mrs. Gardiner ...	1	1	0
Collected by Stockwell Orphanage				N. B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Boys' S.S. Young Christian Band ...	0	7	0				
W. S., per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ...	0	5	0				
Miss Clout ...	0	2	6				
					<u>£13</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>6</u>

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Barrett ...	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Sowerby Bridge, Yorks....	5	5	0
	<u>£5</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>

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

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 13th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. O. N. ...	0	10	0	Northampton ...	0	10	0
"Phebe" ...	0	10	0	For translations of sermons:—			
S. C. P. ...	0	2	9	"Wild Rose" ...	0	5	0
Miss J. A. McKay ...	0	3	0				
Mrs. Hinton ...	0	5	0		<u>£2</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>9</u>
"Grateful" ...	0	5	0				

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 13th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	2,689	2	11	Ernie's firstfruits ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Knott ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Hellier ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Bridge... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeffery... ..	1	0	0	A. ... ..	64	17	0
A thankoffering, S. H. B. ...	0	10	0	A Jubilee thankoffering... ..	0	2	6
"Wild Rose" ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Williams ...	0	10	0
N. B. ...	5	0	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Miss Dransfield ...	2	2	0	Miss Farley... ..	2	2	0
A love-token ...	0	10	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	1	9	0
Mr. F. W. Kay ...	0	10	0		<u>£2,776</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>6</u>
Mrs. Hinton ...	0	5	0				
C. P. ...	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, and the Colportage Association, 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," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, 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.

1896-97.



*Printed for the College Trustees by*  
ALABASTER, PASSMORE AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

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1897.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

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COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1896-7.

President,

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, Metropolitan Tabernacle, S.E.

Vice-President,

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row,  
Blackheath, S.E.

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T. H. OLNEY.

WM. HIGGS.

F. THOMPSON.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.

Secretary,

E. H. BARTLETT.

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*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.*

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FORM OF BEQUEST.

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*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.*



# EXTRACT FROM MINUTES OF TRUSTEES' MEETING,

HELD MAY 21ST, 1896.

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Resolved, —

“That the Trustees acknowledge the receipt of letter from Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, in which he states that he feels that he cannot allow his name to stand for re-election as President of the Pastors' College for another year, and they desire to place on the Minute Book a record of their thankfulness to him for the valuable services which he has rendered for so many years to the College.

“Under the beloved Founder, C. H. Spurgeon, he was for many years Tutor and Vice-President, and at the death of the President, in the year 1892, he accepted, at the unanimous request of his Co-Trustees, the position of President, to which honourable office he has been annually elected.

“The Trustees trust that they may still have the benefit of the advice which his long experience, and intimate knowledge of the College men, their churches and work, enable him to give.”

## President's Report.

IT is scarcely twelve months since, at the request of the Trustees, I undertook the Presidency of the Pastors' College. It was not without some hesitancy that I accepted so responsible and arduous a post; for my hands seemed full already. I was, however, greatly strengthened by the association with me of my dear brother Charles, as Vice-President. He has relieved me more than I can tell, and all the members of the staff have lent their willing aid. I feared at first that I might be compelled to relinquish engagements previously entered into with churches in the provinces; but I am glad to have been able to visit nearly fifty of the brethren connected with our Conference since our last annual gathering. These visits have given me some insight into church life and work in provincial towns and country places, with which, owing to long absence from England, I was by no means familiar. I have rejoiced in the evident earnestness and piety of the brethren, and of their people, and my joy has been not a little increased when I have received from the churches a substantial thank-offering towards the funds of the College. I wish I could continue these visits, but I fear it is impossible. I have found the strain almost too great, and I am anxious that the College may have more personal attention. It seemed right to make the extra effort to do all, when it was forced upon me; but it is evident that such high pressure cannot be maintained.

Owing to these many engagements, I have not been able to give as much time to the College as I could have wished; but, when at all able, I have lectured to the students on Friday afternoons. "The pointing of the pin", as Mr. Rogers and dear father used to call the President's Friday lecture, is an important process indeed, and needs to be looked sharp after. I can hardly hope to do it as C. H. Spurgeon did; but my purpose is the same, and we shall not be without God's blessing in our honest endeavour.

We have good reason to rejoice over the men who are now with us. They are God-sent men, we verily believe. I cannot compare them with previous "batches", for they are the first that I have had much to do with. I can truly say that this is the best batch I have ever presided over, and that if the rule is still to obtain, that each succeeding set is better than those that went before, we shall have a singularly good lot presently. For the earnest spirituality and personal devotion that pervade the Institution, I thank God. Any other state of affairs would be deplorable indeed. If the fire dies down in College, when and where shall it be re-kindled?

All the tutors, by this time so well tried and proved, have plodded on with diligence, and skill, and love. They seem still to realize that there is in the Christian Church no more responsible position than theirs. He who would win souls must be wise; but he who would train others to win them must be doubly so. Thank God for the "faithful men, able to teach others also." They deserve the constant prayerfulness of all who long for an efficient and Evangelical ministry.

We have all rejoiced in the valuable aid afforded by a weekly theological lecture from Pastor James Stephens, M.A., of Highgate. His impressions are conveyed in the following quotations from a kind note :—

"I have been desirous in the weekly lectures I have given, to open up clearly, and in a spiritually helpful way, the teaching of Scripture respecting the relations, offices, and work of the adorable Persons in the blessed Trinity. I have sought that there might be establishment in the truth, and so defence against plausible forms of error. There has been no examining the students, nothing beyond a very occasional *vivâ voce* question. And there has been no opportunity for prescribing work for them to do. I have simply lectured. Thus I can only speak, as regards the men, of the *attention* they have accorded me. There has been on their part a heedfulness and a seriousness indicative of desire to profit, and also of an earnest spirit. I cannot say how far I have personally succeeded, but I can say that I have been favourably impressed with the men, as men of intelligence, and of a right spirit, respecting whom one may well cherish the hope that they will prove 'faithful men, able to teach others.'"

I have been greatly struck with the number of applications to enter the College, most of them apparently of a very desirable sort. It is, of course, impossible to hold out hope of entry to many of them, for we cannot at present largely increase our numbers. We hope, however, by the help of our friends, to be in a position to maintain our present numbers (between fifty and sixty). God grant us guidance in our selection! We cannot make poverty, or lack of previous advantages a bar, provided there are evident signs that God has laid His hand upon the young brother. The age requires more than ever men who are God-called, Christ-taught, and Spirit-filled, and many of these will still be found in the humbler walks of life. Oh, that those who make selection may be divinely led; even as it was revealed to Samuel, which of Jesse's sons the Lord had chosen!

With regard to this year's Report, it may be noted that special stress has been laid upon work in the villages. I had hoped to have secured a larger number and greater variety of messages from hamlets, in the hope of greatly increasing the interest of God's people in these outlying districts. In many instances, the bravest and truest of our men are in these lonely posts. They are "not alone"; but there is little wonder that they sometimes feel solitary, and fancy themselves neglected. It is not clear to me that this is often more than fancy. I know how much city ministers have to do, and I also know that almost all of them are more than willing to help, as they are able, the smallest of the churches.

Personally, I confess I would prefer to aid these little ones rather than to secure a great crowd in a town. I have had special pleasure in visiting country places and weak causes; and the Vice-President has, these many years, been trying to aid the brethren in every place.

These good friends must not suppose that no man cares for them. It must be admitted that systematic means for helping them are sadly wanting, but the difficulties are very great. Let these dear brethren be assured that they are remembered in our prayers, and, above all, that Jesus still says, "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest."

We shall rejoice that village work has been made a feature of this Report if even one brother is thereby encouraged, and if any child of

God is led by it to plead with God for country pastors, or to send help to a needy toiler.

There is ample evidence in the following pages that "our own men" are doing a good work "in all places of His dominion." Tidings and greetings reach us from almost every part of the earth, whither the brethren have been led of the Spirit. Some of the students now in College, and many of the men who are applying for admission, feel drawn to the Mission field. Is it not glorious work to equip these heralds of the Cross? Still lend us a helping hand, dear reader, if you can.

Looking to God for grace and guidance, and to Him also (through His people) for needed funds, I cheerfully embark again upon this noble enterprise.

The Trustees and the Tabernacle friends will, I am sure, stand by me; and my dear brother is at my side. It shall assuredly be written of us, as of the children of Judah, "They prevailed, because they relied upon the Lord God of their fathers."

THOMAS SPURGEON.

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## Vice-President's Report.

FOR the first time, it is both my honour and happiness to furnish the Vice-President's Report. Trained within the walls of our ever-beloved Alma Mater, during the peerless Presidency of my now glorified Father-Founder, the experience gained during those sunny College days has served me well in seeking to fulfil the duties involved in my position. One of my chief aims has been to lighten, as far as possible, the load which rests upon our worthy President, and to second his efforts in the carrying on of this noble "school of the sons of the prophets."

With joyful satisfaction I record the marked piety of those who are now in College, and the high spiritual tone which pervades the entire Brotherhood.

The sermons and essays to which I have listened, Friday by Friday, have been most praiseworthy, and have proved the painstaking study of the preachers; some have shone with more brilliancy than others, but all have been above the average of studentship production.

In the Junior Sermon Class, over which I have presided, the helpful criticism of Bible and Hymn-reading has not only added interest to the tuition, but has secured improvement in the style of delivery. On Friday afternoons, the papers upon given subjects have exhibited careful preparation and industrious research, so that both pleasure and profit have accrued to readers and hearers.

In the absence of the President, it has been my delight to deliver lectures upon "The Influence of the Holy Spirit", "The Value of the Bible", and "The Power of the Gospel", in connection with the ministry; and one afternoon, when old memories were revived, was spent in impromptu speaking.



Among other duties falling to my lot, is the periodical visitation of the homes wherein the brethren dwell, and it is a pleasure to find all in order in this connection. Gladly, therefore, do I pass the word along, "All's well," and pray that the good ship may still continue on her course "full speed ahead," and that the Lord High Admiral of the seas may give her a prosperous voyage.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

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## Mr. Marchant's Report.

I AM glad to be able, once more, to say that I regard the condition of the College as satisfactory. The brethren at present with us are, probably, men quite up to and perhaps somewhat above the average standard. The work of the classes has been well done, and the reports from the churches where the students have preached have been unusually encouraging. God has graciously preserved our young friends from much severe illness; and although there have been a few cases of minor ailments, and, perhaps, on the part of a very small number of sufferers, a slight tendency to that vivid timidity which readily judges prompt repose as necessary to prevent fatal results, the attendance at the classes has not been seriously disturbed even by such indisposition.

In the general classes, held nearly at the close of each morning's study, good average work has, I think, been done. Some of the sermons, read on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, have been exceptionally good, most of them encouraging, and all of them evangelical. The criticisms of the students on the sermon of the day have seemed to me as discerning, and accurate, and strong as ever I remember to have known them. I cannot but lay increasing stress on the value of these exercises to those who take part in them. They cultivate habits of close attention and careful discrimination; of care as to order of arrangement, style of composition, and as to the personal bearing of the preacher; they no less tend to develop an interest in exegesis, in general didactic methods, and in Scriptural doctrine, for which, perhaps, no other work in the College is so helpful. The faults which take a man a long time to find out in himself, he readily perceives and rebukes in others. Almost unconsciously, this is no small help for his own next effort in preaching. What a critic has openly rebuked in others, he has, it may be, hardly knowing it, learned to avoid in his own discourses. The principal subjects for Thursday's discussions have been such as, "Is Congregationalism or Presbyterianism the more Scriptural?" "What was the Extent of the Deluge?" "Is the Moral Law Binding on Christians as a Rule of Life?" The topic now under debate is that of "Ultimate Authority in Religion." According to his promise while a student with us, this subject was introduced, and that in a very able speech, by Pastor W. Joynes, now of Cotton Street, Poplar. These debates, speaking generally, have been vigorous, interesting, and well sustained.

My Theological lectures were continued up to June last, closing with the series on 'The Atonement, and on our Lord's Mediatorial Work

after the Ascension. Since August last, the Wednesday-morning lecture has been taken by the Rev. James Stephens, M.A., the pastor of High-gate Road Baptist Chapel. By this arrangement, I hope to be able, in August next, to commence a course of lectures on Psychology.

The work of my more private classes, embracing the usual subjects, has, I think, been well equal to that of previous years. Two hours in each week have been given to Homiletics, and by both senior and junior brethren the quality of the outlines would compare favourably with that shown in the efforts of earlier students. The Euclid Class, with some attention to special exercises, and now in the middle of Book III., has worked with more than ordinary success. There has hardly been a failure on the part of any student through the entire year; and nearly all the work has been done with a readiness, precision, and accuracy, and with such independence of language as would give good assurance that each proposition had been mastered, and not merely the words of the text learned by rote.

Biblical Archæology, the English Poets, from Chaucer downward, and other subjects, have also occupied our time. A Greek Testament Class has been held on each day of the College week. The first Epistle of John, a portion of that to the Philippians, and a part of the Gospel of John, have furnished subjects for the juniors, while the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Book of Acts have been carefully studied by those more advanced. On the whole, I think that both the quantity and quality of work for the year have been satisfactory. Above all else, the prayerfulness and spiritual tone of the brethren, their love of the truth and their earnestness in its advocacy, are, to my colleagues and myself, a daily encouragement and joy; no less are they the ground on which we are best able to commend the College once more to the continued help and earnest prayers of its faithful supporters.

F. G. MARCHANT.

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## Dr. McCaig's Report.

THERE is necessarily much of sameness in tutorial reports, since the work of each year is so like that of its predecessor. If the work is good, this is not to be regretted, and I think that the work done in our beloved College is, indeed, of the right sort.

The general life of the College shows no sign of retrogression; the spiritual tone is as lofty and decided as ever; the spirit of prayer and consecration seems to possess all the men, and the enthusiasm for the gospel of Christ is unabated.

In the class-work we are pleased to report punctuality, diligence, persistence and earnestness, with the result that satisfactory progress has been made in the various studies.

In GREEK, my senior men have been reading the *Antigone* of Sophocles, Thucydides, Book I., and the *Crito* of Plato. The juniors read a good part of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and in August joined the seniors in Thucydides. In August, a new Delectus Class was formed,

in which the brethren made good progress ; and in January, they began to read Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

In LATIN, the seniors continued reading the *De Amicitia* of Cicero until June, and in August the juniors, who had been reading *Cæsar*, united with them, and we then took as our subject Virgil's *Georgics*, Book I., which has been followed by Cicero's *First Oration against Catiline*. The brethren formerly in the Cæsar Class now form an intermediate Class, and are reading Virgil's *Æneid*, Book VI. A Delectus Class, formed in August, did good work ; and since January, Eutropius' *History of Rome*, Book I., has been the subject.

In HEBREW, the seniors, after reading through the *Book of Jonah*, began to read in the *Book of Job*, but in August it became necessary to bring into the same Class the juniors, who had been reading in *Genesis*, and we then took up the *Book of Joshua*, which has proved a very interesting and profitable study. I was then able to begin a new Hebrew Class, and already fair progress in mastering the initial difficulties of the language has been made.

In THEOLOGY, the interest in the Tuesday-morning Class (*Hodge's Outlines*) has been well maintained. As supplementary to the class-book, I have given a course of lectures on "Natural Theology", and "The Christian Evidences", and am now giving a short series of lectures on "The Various Aspects of the Gospel."

On Thursday mornings, the study of Trench's Greek Synonyms has taken the place of Church History, and is being pursued with praiseworthy diligence.

We can honestly say that the work of the year, taken as a whole, has been well up to the usual standard, and we have no less reason than formerly for thanking God and taking courage.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

## Dr. Asher's Report.

THE approaching Conference and end of the College year necessitate the presentation of the usual report of work done in my classes. It affords me great pleasure to testify to the diligence and devotion of the students who have attended the classes during the past year. They are evidently of the same spirit as their predecessors, and in no whit inferior to them in spiritual attainments and mental calibre. These facts furnish abundant reason for gratitude to God, and hope for the future prosperity of our beloved College. A perusal of the list of our text-books will show that the curriculum arranged blends subjects of greatest importance and usefulness to the candidates for the Christian ministry. In Bishop Butler's "Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature", the juniors have read the earlier chapters, and have not failed to follow and appreciate the reasoning of the author.

Dr. Wayland, in his work on "The Elements of Moral Science", has discoursed on the "Nature of Moral Laws"; "Conscience: its Autho-

riety and Imperfection"; "The Necessity for some Moral Light other than that Afforded by Conscience"; of "Natural Religion and the Extent of its Ability to Teach us Duty"; of the "Relation between Natural and Revealed Religion"; and of the "Need of a Revelation from God." Concurrently with this, the first part of Dr. Angus' "Handbook to the Bible" has been read; it includes chapters on the "Genuineness, Authenticity, Inspiration and Authority of the Scriptures"; "The Laws of Interpretation of Scripture"; "The Systematic and Inferential Study of the Bible", etc. As illustrative of the times preceding the Advent of our Lord, considerable interest has attended the study of Dr. Smith's "Roman History." To Archbishop Trench we are indebted for profitable lectures on "The Study of Words", while Dr. Abbot has contributed to the ability to write clearly. As of equal importance with the art of effective writing and speaking, may be classed the science of correct reasoning. To this, an introduction has been afforded by Dr. Jevon's "Lessons in Logic". Elementary Latin and Greek grammar complete (with one exception) the list of the classes which it is my privilege to conduct. The study of the human body has not been considered incompatible with the cultivation of the spiritual life and the training of the mind, and so *one* of a course of lectures on Physiology concludes the class-work of each week.

W. USHER.

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## Mr. Richardson's Report.

LAST year, I commented upon the spirit in which the work of the Class for VOICE CULTURE AND ELOCUTION was undertaken by the students, and compared it favourably with that of former years. This year a still deepening interest has manifested itself in the work. The new men are keenly alive to the importance of the subject, and are earnestly desirous of making the most of the tuition provided. We still add private instruction to the class lectures and practice. In this way we come directly in touch with individual faults and difficulties, and can afford help which, otherwise, it would be impossible to render.

This Class differs from other College Classes, in that there is no regular College examination for elocution. This leads the students, sometimes, to compare themselves with other students, rather than with some defined standard of excellence. However, the fact that no examination test is hanging over the men makes the attention they do give to the subject the more creditable.

The practice necessary to the culture of the voice is not always easy to secure in the College houses. This is, to some extent, a hindrance to progress. Still, the importance of the subject is felt in a measure sufficient to enable the students in most cases to meet this difficulty.

The point upon which the greatest emphasis is laid is the reading of the Scriptures. Believing, as we do, in the power and value of the Word

of God *itself*, we feel that we are only maintaining the due proportion of things in placing the reading of the Scriptures in the front rank of a minister's duties.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

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## Reports of the Evening Classes.

IT is with much pleasure, and deep gratitude to God, that I am enabled to report that the thirtieth year of my work in these Evening Classes has been very satisfactory.

We have had a class of men thoroughly alive to the fact that they needed to be well equipped to efficiently carry on their evangelistic labours. Hence they have been very regular in their attendance, and have given to the work much loving care and attention. This continuous interest in and persistent application to their studies has insured a greater thoroughness, and good progress has been made.

I have noted with great thankfulness the Christian spirit of our students, their love to Christ, their devotion to His cause, their devoutness and consecration; they have been no whit behind their predecessors in industry, perseverance, or in mental capacity.

The work is evidently of God, and His blessing is resting upon it.

During the past year, some of our former students have commenced their public ministry. Mr. Otley has gone as missionary in connection with the China Inland Mission; Mr. H. K. Kempton, having completed his College course, has accepted a pastorate at Canterbury, and Mr. Warren, the pastorate of the West Drayton Baptist church; while our brother Mr. Hearle has been called from service on the Congo to the higher service of Heaven. Others are preparing for their life's work in different Training Colleges.

In addition to our Theological studies, lectures have been given on the "Origin and Growth of the English Language", and on "English Composition."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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It gives me great pleasure to report that the Classes under my care on Monday and Wednesday evenings have done a very good year's work. The application shown by all the men has been most laudable, and the results gratifying. In the *Latin* and *Greek* Classes, there has been laid a useful foundation of elementary grammar, which has been put to good use in the reading of Cæsar and the Gospel by John. Some of the advanced students read the Epistle to the Romans during the earlier part of the year. At the present time, an elementary Class is at work in both languages.

On Wednesday evenings, the subjects have been English Grammar, Literature and History, and Logic. The subject of grammar is never omitted from our curriculum, as we find it a most necessary and useful study. During the past year, some of the higher parts of the subject have been taken, and one or two English Classics used as illustrations.

In logic, we have just completed what may be termed an elementary course. This subject has awakened a very lively interest, and is, undoubtedly, of great practical utility to the men.

T. F. BOWERS, B.A. (Lond.).

**SHORTHAND CLASS.**—This Class meets every Friday evening in the “Desk Room” of the College, at 8 o'clock, and, like the other Classes, is free to all who desire to pursue this study, which is so useful in all departments of Christian work.

Since the last annual report, the Class has gone through “Æsop's Fables” for reading practice, and the “Manual of Phonography.” Afterwards, dictation practice was given at various rates of speed, and discussions held on the best way of writing difficult words, the members showing by their remarks that they had an intelligent grasp of the various rules of the system.

An examination was also held for Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons' Elementary Certificate, with the result that each member who tried was successful in obtaining it.

A beginners' Class now meets for the study of the “Teacher”, and young men desiring to join, will be welcomed any Friday evening, providing they are on a level with the Class.

Sympathetic reference was lately made in the Class to the death of Sir Isaac Pitman, the inventor of Phonography—the system taught—who has left behind him a good example of energy, perseverance and nobleness of character, which many might well try to emulate.

HAYDN PINKESS.

## In Memoriam—C. H. Spurgeon.

**Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.**

PASTOR, J. S. HOCKEY.

**T**O all lovers of the ever-revered and glorified President of the Pastors' College, the building bearing the above title is the most notable addition to the new chapels erected during the year, for it is in a very special sense a memorial of the unique life and work of PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON. In the gracious providence of God, the initiation of the enterprise resulted from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's visit to Bexhill in April, 1895. A few years ago, this place was a little-known village on the Sussex coast, between Eastbourne and Hastings; now, very largely through the energetic efforts of Earl de la Warr, it is being developed into an attractive health-resort, which threatens to rival or even surpass its neighbours. The material growth of the district needed to be accompanied by a far greater attention to its spiritual needs than in the past, and a Baptist Chapel was urgently required both by the residents and the ever-increasing number of visitors during the summer season.

Various attempts had been made to start a new cause, but for some reason or other all had ended in failure. From her personal observation of the state of affairs at Bexhill, Mrs. Spurgeon was deeply impressed with the thought that something ought to be done to supply the lack of service for the Master there, and further consideration and prayer revealed to her the fact that she was to have a large and important share in doing it, and helping others to do it. One of the first questions to be settled was,—Who is the right man to undertake this pioneer work? The answer was soon given; for the Lord had been, in a most remarkable way, preparing our brother, Pastor J. S. Hockey, and his devoted wife, for the very service that was required. Accordingly, they were sent to spy out the land, and they came back with such a good report, that they were bidden at once to go up and possess it. In the meantime, Mr. William Higgs sought and secured a suitable freehold site for the erection of the contemplated chapel and other buildings; and Mr. R. W. Moore, of Preston Park, Brighton, was asked to prepare plans, first for a school-chapel, and then for the larger house of prayer which it was evident would shortly be needed. Services were held, first in the York Hall, and afterwards in the Bexhill Jubilee Institute, and tokens of the Lord's approval of the effort were manifest in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of the saints who attended.

The various stages of the work have been so fully described, month by month, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, that little more than an outline is needed here. A memorable point was reached on August 11th, as the following inscription shows:—

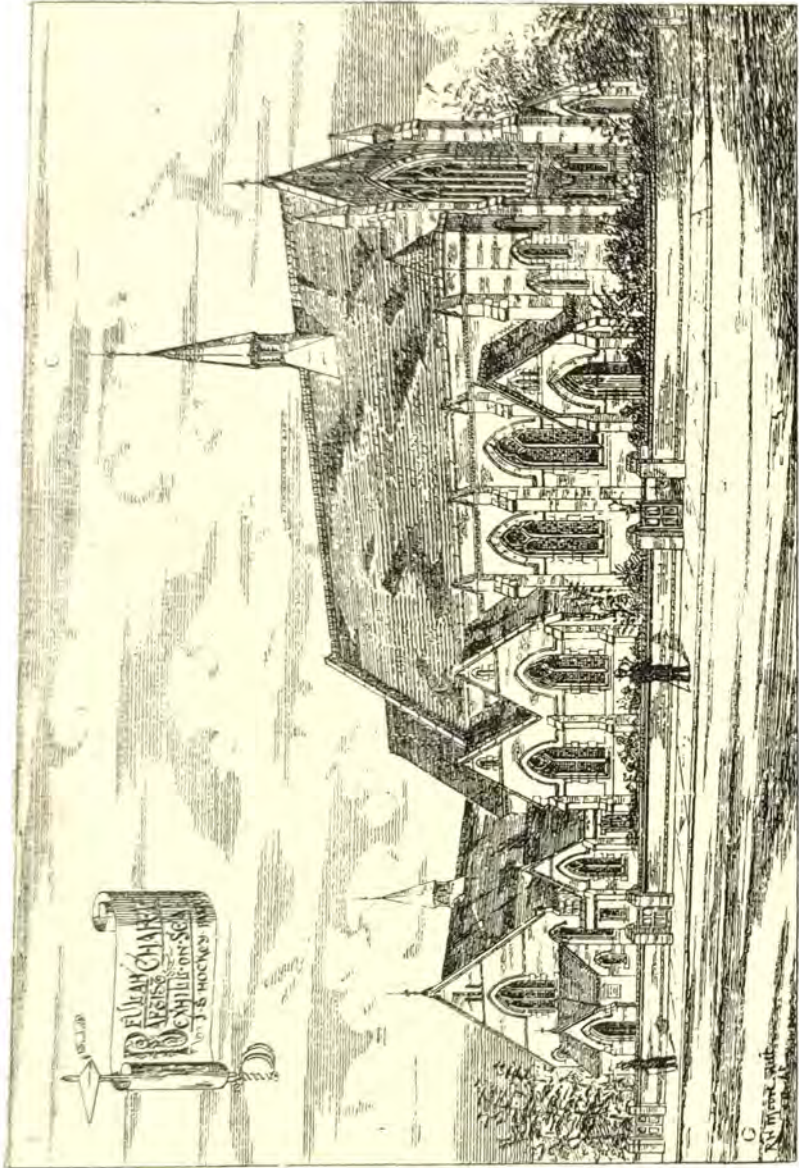
“ These foundation stones were laid,  
August 11th, 1896,  
to the glory of God,  
and in tender memory of that prince of preachers,  
C. H. SPURGEON,  
by his twin sons, Charles and Thomas,  
on behalf of their beloved mother.”

*“ Shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord.”—*

Psalm lxxviii. 4.

The school-chapel was opened on December 30th, by a prayer-meeting in the morning, and a service in the afternoon, at which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon preached from John iv. 20-24. At the close, the following statement was read:—

“ By the good hand of our God upon us, and through the generosity of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon and many other friends, we are able to open this building *absolutely free of debt*. The total expenditure for the school-chapel, the large freehold site, legal expenses in connection with the conveyance of the land, and the Trust Deed, the architect's fees, the support of the minister up to the present time, and the hire of the York Hall and Jubilee Institute, has been between £1,500 and £1,600; and, after the payment of the whole of these items, there still remains a small surplus towards the building of the large chapel. This must be proceeded with as soon as the necessary funds are in hand, as Mr. Hockey has already gathered around him a regular congregation sufficiently numerous to fill the present school-chapel, and further



AS IT IS.

AS IT IS TO BE.

BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, IN LOVING MEMORY OF O. H. SPURGEON.



accommodation will be required for the numerous visitors to Bexhill as well as for many other residents who may be expected to attend the services in the future."

Before the present Report is in the hands of the College subscribers, the foundations for the larger chapel will have been begun,\* and the erection will be proceeded with, step by step, as the funds in hand will warrant. The exact amount to be expended cannot yet be stated, but it is not likely to be less than £3,000. There are certain conditions imposed by Earl de la Warr, the lord of the manor, which add materially to the expense; otherwise, a less costly design might have been prepared by the architect, Mr. Moore, who has generously devoted much time and care to the elaboration of the whole scheme. The lines laid down by Mrs. Spurgeon at the beginning of the work indicate the principles to be followed for the future:—

"There must be NO DEBT on this house of God! I am going to give all I possibly can to it, and trust in my rich Father to send me the remainder. He knows how much will be needed; and if He inclines the hearts of any dear friends to help me in this new work for Him, I shall very gratefully accept their assistance. But I shall 'beg' only of Him, and there will be no Concerts or Bazaars, or worldly entertainments of any sort to share in the erection of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA!"

We are not going to "beg" (except from the Lord) for the thousands of pounds that will be required for the chapel; but we think it right to tell our Master's stewards of this good investment for any money of His that is in their custody, and we shall be devoutly thankful to Him, and to them, if the whole amount is speedily contributed. Though the building is not to be called, "C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Chapel", that is exactly what it will be; and another place for the preaching of the gospel is, we believe, just what *he* would choose as his most fitting memorial if he could be consulted. There must be, in various parts of the world, many thousands of persons converted through the beloved preacher's Sermons, and an innumerable company who have been for years spiritually fed by his discourses. If ALL of these will send to PASTOR J. S. HOCKEY, Upland Cottage, Bexhill, Sussex, or to MRS. SPURGEON, "Westwood", Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, whatever the Lord inclines them to give as a token of loving gratitude for her dear husband's ministry, the work will soon be accomplished, souls will be saved, and God will be glorified.

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\* On Monday, April 12, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon cut the first sod in preparation for the new buildings. A large company of friends assembled, and a very interesting service was held on the ground and in the school-chapel. Pastors Charles Spurgeon, J. S. Hockey, and W. J. Harris (Eastbourne), took part in the proceedings; and Mrs. Spurgeon briefly spoke of the joy she had felt in helping the work at Bexhill, and how happy she had been in witnessing its progress and prosperity. An account of the proceedings, with a picture of Mrs. Spurgeon and a group of friends, appeared in the May number of *The Sword and the Trowel*.

## Duties and Difficulties of Village Pastors.

BY ONE OF THEM.

I AM very glad to find that prominence is to be given in this year's Report to the work of the pastors in small towns and villages; for the bulk of our men are, I believe, "country brethren." Personally, though a Cockney born and bred, I have laboured for 20 years or more in country places.

As I have nothing of a special character to report respecting my present sphere of labour, I thought a few simple facts relating to village work might not be uninteresting.

The necessity for village pastors is, in my opinion, greater than ever, by reason of the Ritualistic teaching and proselytizing influence of the clergy, combined with that of Lord and "Lady Bountiful." In many villages Evangelical teaching would be unknown but for the Nonconformist chapel.

For the work of imbuing young minds with gospel truth, and, if possible, bringing them to decision for Christ before they go to swell the great town and city populations, village churches must be kept up. It will be a sad thing for the town churches if the young people leave the villages uninfluenced by the gospel. For does not the inflow of country life into the cities act as the fresh water of the river to the salt water far away over the harbour bar?

The difficulties of the village pastor, and those who with him endeavour to carry on the work, are ever increasing.

The population steadily decreases; and amongst those leaving are the brightest and best of the young people, those just becoming useful in various branches of Christian work. But they must go, and often their parents also, as occupation is not to be found for them. This causes great difficulty in finding helpers ready, able, and willing to co-operate in the work. Our own tiny town has not much more than half the population it had some years ago: just about half the houses in the street in which I now live are empty from this cause.

The depressing influence so often felt by the pastor and his wife is not to be wondered at if we take into account the sharp line drawn between Church and Dissent, the low social status assigned to the Nonconformist, the business, political, and spiritual disabilities under which he has to live. He feels the lack of congenial society and of the literary advantages of public libraries and kindred institutions.

The limitation of his sphere, too, is not without its effect. The same few people, the same one village street, the same cows led to and from the pasture for milking night and morning; most beautiful in pictures, but to be actually looked upon year in and year out, is not so inspiring.

The many chapels everywhere make "forward movements" practically impossible; indeed, it is hard to hold our own; for in our own little town or village there are the same number of chapels as when the

population was comparatively large, and people came from half-a-dozen or more villages where there are now chapels belonging to one or the other of the denominations.

Want of funds is sadly crippling the village churches. The pastor ought to be really more wealthy than the town minister, because his people are often poorer. Under these conditions, pastoral work, so much demanded, should be done, not by men who often have a purse to let, but by those who can help in a practical way the aged and poor. Ah ! it is one of the hardest parts of the poor pastor's work to be so short himself that he can scarcely brace himself up to visit without thus helping.

Old supporters of the cause die, and those farmers who once did well can now give but little ; and if it were not for a small endowment and a manse, many village churches would be doomed to extinction.

One difficulty the village pastor often has from the inside. The cause is old, the deacons old, the members old, everything ancient ; hence an amount of conservatism difficult, if not impossible, to overcome. Then there is the difficulty arising from one of these old pillars of the cause filling so many offices, such as deacon, precentor, treasurer, Sunday-school superintendent and teacher. See ! if you offend the deacon, where are you ? For, behold, he stays away, and then what becomes of the work relating to the other offices ? Again, everybody almost is related to everybody else, so that if one becomes disaffected, the result is far-reaching ; and if it is thought advisable to remove one person to make way for a more suitable helper,—perhaps a new-comer,—oh, dear, what a bother there is, to be sure ! But if a good fellow, who fills all the various offices before-named, leaves the village, or is removed by death, it is hard to replace him. For these, among other reasons, to carry on the work without a jar is most difficult for the pastor.

The village pastor needs to be an all-round man. To be a tolerably good preacher is, of course, essential ; for it is a mistake to think that *anything will do* for the country. I thought so once when I first went as a Cockney into the villages to preach ; but I did not know that there were, and are, in some small congregations retired professional men—doctors, ministers, merchants,—who take out a Greek Testament, and follow the lesson, if it be in that part of the Book. They are well read, up-to-date men, who can do with the very best sermons possible. . . . They no doubt help a diligent student to read hard, to be correct, concise, and so forth. Sometimes they help him to much good reading, but sometimes, if of the critical order and of the "Down-grade" stamp—I speak from experience—they are not always a blessing either to pastor or people.

Sometimes there are in the congregation people of very diverse opinions on religious matters, and actually forming two or more parties. The pastor, after a time, finds out that the sermons which are most acceptable to the one party are unpalatable to the other ; the morning sermon, say, on the God-ward aspect of salvation, suiting the "high" brethren immensely, but not those called "generals" ; while the discourse on the man-ward aspect of salvation has just the opposite effect in the evening.

The village pastor must not only, therefore, be apt to teach, but must be able to try a hundred and one things besides, as I have had to prove. He often has to act as deacon, choir-leader, church secretary and treasurer, chapel-keeper, tract-distributor, Sunday-school superintendent and teacher, besides being president of half-a-dozen other useful societies. But I forbear, excepting to add one more office I have now and then to fill,—viz., assistant sexton, having been engaged digging a grave, at, say, half-past two, and before three presenting myself as the officiating minister.

I have left no space for the other side, the bright side, of the picture, but really must crave room for a few lines.

To a man fond of the country,—a student of Nature with a poet's eye,—the first written book of God is to him a door opened into a heaven on earth.

To a student of human nature, men can be viewed as individuals in all their individuality and all-roundness as they cannot be studied in cities when they are seen in sets or parties, as groups of trees may be viewed, rather than those standing alone in their clear outlines of form and beauty.

Then what heart-culture, what object-lessons are to be learned in the abodes of sickness, bereavement, and business disaster! What peeps into eternity, what glances over the precipice (as Murray McCheyne used to say) can be obtained by visiting the dying!

Again, what a boon to a student of theology, or any other ology, does the country pastor's life afford him! 'Tis true, he is apt to get dull and apathetic, having so little to spur him forward and to keep his mental tools and weapons bright. Yet if he have a passion for souls, natural ability, intuition, imagination, reflection,—I was going to add invention,—well, I will—in its best sense,—a constant delight in telling of every fresh revelation of God in Jesus Christ as revealed by the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures, he will muse until the fire burns, and then his words will be like flakes of fire.

In country pastorates, the influence of the pastor is really felt after many years of residence. It is the man behind the message that makes the message tell. The young grow up about him, the middle-aged learn to make him a companion, or friend at least, while the aged gradually get to like him as he matures, and is able to give them richer food.

Frequently, the village pastor exercises an influence in parochial affairs, serving on School Boards. Often through the local Press does his voice tell, while his stand for religious and political rights gives courage to many a little, but brave, "band of men, whose hearts God has touched," and so the battles are waged, and sometimes won, by the village Hampdens.

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# Our Village Churches and Missions.

New Baptist Church, Theydon Bois.

STUDENT-PASTOR, F. W. WOODS.



THE history of the Baptists in Theydon dates from the year 1884, when Mr. Hall, a blind gentleman, erected a small building to hold about one hundred persons. On his removal from the neighbourhood, four years afterwards, the place was purchased by F. L. Edwards, Esq., of Loughton, who very generously presented it to the Trustees of the Pastors' College, to be held by them in trust for the use of the Baptist denomination for ever. From that time to the present, the Sunday services have been conducted and the work carried on under the superintendence of students from the College.

During the pastorate of Mr. F. W. Boreham, the mission made good progress, and eventually a church was formed consisting of thirteen members. Subsequently it was resolved to enlarge the original building, so as to make it capable of seating two hundred and fifty persons. This was successfully accomplished, and the new building was opened for worship in 1895.

The departure of Mr. Boreham for a pastorate in New Zealand

severely tried the faith of the little band of devoted workers whom he had gathered around him. They, however, struggled on in spite of many difficulties, until the advent of Mr. Woods, in March, 1896, when the prospect grew brighter. The attendance at the services, and the collections, increased, and a new spirit was seen in the workers. Two former scholars in the Sunday-school have been converted, and await baptism, and are candidates for church-fellowship. There is now a membership of twenty-one, a Sunday-school of forty children, a Band of Hope, an Adult Temperance Society, a Society of Christian Endeavour, a band of Sermon distributors, and a branch of the International Bible Reading Association. All these Christian agencies are in a flourishing condition. We are also glad to note a spirit of enquiry at the Sunday services, and some who are now halting between two opinions will, we believe, soon declare their faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Some months ago the builder reported that the foundations of the older portion of the chapel were sinking; ugly cracks began to appear, through which the rain found an entrance. On this account, in order to ensure the safety of the structure, we have been compelled to build four brick piers to support the roof. We are glad to report that some wealthy residents in Theydon have kindly come to our help in the work of renovating the interior. But we are also anxious to carry out other much-needed work which would considerably improve the appearance of the chapel. To do this, about forty pounds are needed. This may seem a very small sum, but it is large for a church yet in its infancy, and the little band of believers hope that some generous friend will render them help in this good work, especially as this is the only Nonconformist church in Theydon.

### **New Mission Chapel, Morden, Surrey.**

DEAR Mr. President,—It may seem almost absurd to talk of *village* work so near to the great city, yet Wimbledon itself has not altogether lost the title and distinction of being a village. Still you may hear, from the lips of some of the older inhabitants, words like these,—“Up in the Village”, “the Village Lecture Hall”, “the Village Club”, and a very brief walk will take you out from the “bricks and mortar” into parts which are “truly rural.” Such is the case with Morden, the scene of one of our missions; a half-hour’s walk, and you are out amid the green fields and flowering hedgerows.

Morden as a parish is peculiar; it has three centres, and, alas! in each case it is a public-house: the “Crown”, the “George”, the “Plough”, are the pivotal points to which the houses in each part converge. The “Plough” has undisputed sway, but near to the “George” stands the parish church, and close at hand to the “Crown” is our mission chapel. We are hoping, one of these days, to win the “Crown.” Indeed, we are in the “Crown” Road.

The work here has been going on for some years; at first, with some little promise, but that was succeeded by a long time of weary plodding; not however in vain, though, one after another, the workers had to leave, and others to be found to take their places, yet we “held

the fort", and thank God we are seeing, to-day, the signs of His presence and approval in all the work. A Sunday-school of eighty children has been gathered, from which there have been numerous conversions. A Christian Endeavour Society has lately been formed, and on a recent occasion I was greatly cheered to visit and talk with and catechise the members; the evident intelligence of their faith and warmth of their love were very refreshing. A Sunday-evening Service is held for adults, and has been, of late, sharing in the blessing. More, a week-evening meeting is held, concerning which the workers report that it is "always well attended."

The period of most evident blessing set in with the erection of the new iron building, which was opened in November, 1895. This cost



us, inclusive of site, about £200, of which about £80 still remains to be paid. The workers, however, are steadily pressing forward to the desired end,—i.e., to be able to preach the gospel free from adulteration in a building free from debt.

Further on in the same direction (indeed, the parishes adjoin), we come to North Cheam, and this *is* country! No village this, not even a hamlet, but just a district of scattered and almost isolated houses; yet in those houses, dwellers with souls, and so people to be evangelized. Here a little iron building was erected by the Tabernacle Church some twelve or fourteen years ago, and opened for work and worship by the beloved Pastor, whose sermon at the opening, preached in the open air, from Matthew xi. 28, we well remember.

The work here was, until recently, sustained by the parent church, but in face of great difficulty. The distance from a railway station made it hard to get at, and the scattered character of the district told



heavily against success ; yet still it was kept going till last summer, since which time the mother at Newington has given over the care of it to the daughter at Wimbledon, and every Sunday, school-workers, preachers, singers, and "players on instruments", go forth for the four-miles walk to their work, "go forth bearing precious seed", go forth, we believe, with "weeping"; yet their weeping is like an April shower, quickly followed by bright shining; for though they weep they also believe, and thus anticipate in measure the fulfilment of the Word, "They shall, doubtless, come again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." Thus the work goes on and the Word goes forth. Having ourselves been "enlightened with the light of the living," we are seeking that this same light may "ray out" from us to all around, whether to the dwellers in our slums or to the equally needy dwellers in our villages.

Wimbledon,

*March 9th, 1897.*

Yours, with kind regards,

CHAS. INGREM.

### **New Baptist Chapel, Eastleigh, Hampshire.**



PASTOR, C. A. FELLOWES.

**I**N 1887, Eastleigh, or rather, Bishopstoke, was a rural village by the banks of the river Itchen ; now it is an increasing town of over 7,000 inhabitants, and is destined to become as great a railway centre as Crewe or Swindon. It is emphatically a railway town, owing its existence to the removal of the L. & S. W. Railway Carriage Works from Nine Elms, London. To meet the religious needs of the people (for only a small village church existed), Miss Perks, of Winchester, a lady widely known and highly esteemed in Hampshire, founded a branch of the Soldiers' Home. This proved to be a most successful mission, the hall, seating 250, being crowded Sabbath by Sabbath. It was at this time the Baptists of Portland Chapel, Southampton, took over the mission from



Miss Perks, making it a branch of their church, and placing over it the Rev. D. R. Jenkins in charge; but in 1893 the Mission pastor left for Pontypool. In 1894, Mr. David Griggs, of the Pastors' College, was sent by Dr. Spurgeon and Dr. Booth to spy out the land, and endeavour to consolidate the work, and begin a forward movement in the now increasing and rapidly-growing town. During a month's leave of absence from the College, Mr. Griggs preached at the Mission, interviewed the Portland Chapel friends, and finally a plot of ground in a central position in the town was secured for the erection of a chapel. Plans were prepared, subscription papers freely circulated over the county, and bright hopes were entertained of the future; but unfortunately the Rev. J. M. G. Owen, pastor of the Portland Church, left for Birmingham. The Mission Hall was sold by the Portland friends, and the handful of Baptists at Eastleigh thrown on their own resources. This brought out all the College pluck and determination. A large new Drill Hall, built for the volunteers, was secured, chairs were purchased, and in spite of the extremely severe winter of 1894, services were conducted by Mr. Griggs successfully and well. On Sundays the hall was well filled, although there was no means of heating the building, and often it meant preaching and listening with fingers and feet numbed with the cold. Still the people kept loyal and true, none leaving, not even in the depth of that severe winter, when other chapels were heated and comfortable; all the friends remained, and many were added to the fellowship. Such a vigorous state of existence called forth the attention of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches, and steps were taken to practically and speedily help the Eastleigh friends. The ground secured by the Portland friends was inspected, new plans designed, and on a portion of it a school-chapel erected, which was opened for public worship last June. The building, which is 56 feet long by 44 feet wide, will accommodate 300 people. A vestry and offices are provided at the rear, and the baptistery is placed under the rostrum. The total cost, including the ground on which the present school-chapel is erected, and the adjoining site which is reserved for a future chapel, is about £1,600. Of this amount £400 has been raised. In June, 1895, Mr. Griggs left to become assistant pastor to the Rev. Charles Joseph, at Lake Road, Portsmouth, his native town, where his father laboured so long and well as a minister of Jesus Christ, and in the following January the present pastor, the Rev. C. A. Fellowes, of Jersey, accepted an invitation to the pastorate. Since then, the church has continued to enjoy peace and prosperity. Over thirty additions have been made during his first year of service, during which time more than £450 were raised for all purposes. The work is steadily growing, and with God's blessing will become strong, permanent, and successful.

### Cambray Baptist Church, Cheltenham.

PASTOR, H. A. B. PHILLIPS.

BY desire of our pastor, I send a brief report of the evangelistic work in the villages around Cheltenham, done by the above church.

We have had many changes in the staff of workers. Some have been called to the Mission field in Africa, others to College training, who hope to go abroad to work under the banner of Christ for the ingathering of the heathen; while the Lord has been pleased to call one earnest worker home to rest; but we still have a band of faithful men whose hearts God hath touched. For this we thank God and take courage.

Commencing with *Birdlip*,—this station lies on the Cotswold Hills, six miles from Cheltenham, where the people gather together to hear the messages of love. God's children are being built up, while others are seeking Christ as their Saviour. The Sunday-school is steadily growing.

The next station is at *Elmstone Hardwick*, which lies in the vale towards Tewkesbury. Here God has manifested His divine power and brought some to trust in Christ as their Saviour, and we are looking forward to their joining the church by baptism very soon. There is also here a good Sunday-school.

At *Uckington*, our next station, we have been unable to obtain any ground upon which to build a chapel, but we have a good cottage meeting, and earnestness is manifested by the listeners, the room being frequently too small for the numbers who gather to hear the Word. The Sunday-school here is also well sustained, the teachers being the young men of the home church.

JOHN MARSHALL,  
Church Secretary.

### Baptist Church, Watchet and Williton, Somersetshire.

DEAR President,—I think I may claim the painful privilege of being the last student publicly received into the College by our late beloved President. With what fear and trembling did we make our way to "Westwood" on that bright morning of August, 1890. Little did we dream that our batch was to be the last that would be welcomed there by God's honoured servant. It was almost a tie between Whe and Whi; but the alphabet being absolutely fixed without any regard to my feelings, Whe won, and Whi came both last and least of that wonderful, renowned "best of all the batches," as *he* used smilingly to call the last. It is a privilege that makes one sad, and yet who can tell the joy when one remembers that the privilege was ours?

But I am not to write of College experiences, however dear, but to tell of God's dealings with us on the great battle-field of life.

Settling here in March, 1894, we have for three years been quietly, and we trust effectively, toiling for God in this small part of His vineyard. Only those who are labouring, or have laboured, in village pastorates, are able to form a just estimate of the efforts and self-sacrifice needed to hold one's own, much less to make headway, when the population is decreasing, or the most promising young men and women are leaving for the large towns and cities.

Owing to the past history of the church, and the fact that the late pastor attempted to start another cause in the place, there has been a

good deal of uphill work to do. It was not very encouraging, within a few weeks of settling, to be told by a brother minister that if anything was done here it would be a miracle. Thank God, the age of miracles is not yet ended. The power of the Holy Spirit and the presence of the Master have been manifested in a marked manner, and the spirit of love and unity has been growing, until to-day all hearts are knit together and God is looking down upon us and smiling on our efforts.

We are working here upon the *circuit plan*, for we have chapels both at Watchet and Williton, and an *old railway carriage*, which for courtesy's sake we call the "Baptist Mission Room", at the little hamlet of Doniford at the foot of the Quantock Hills, some mile and a half from Watchet. Watchet and Williton lie about two miles apart. Preaching alternately at each place on Sundays, one is thus assured of a "constitutional." Though there are two chapels there is but one church, which has been in existence for about 87 years.

Those who judge by statistics may pronounce the work here to be almost a failure; but we are glad to be able to say that this is by no means the case. Those alone who know the history of the church will be able to judge the full meaning of the following sentence taken from the Secretary's report at the last annual meeting:—"Many of the aged members of the church say that, so far as they remember, the spiritual life of the church has never been so high as it is at the present time." This spiritual life is evidenced by the unity of the members and the activity of the workers.

During the past year, our heart has been cheered by the conversion of sinners. Especially has this been the case with the young people of our Christian Endeavour, more than a dozen of whom have been led to the feet of Christ and are now striving loyally to serve Him. Early in 1896, it was laid upon our heart by the Spirit of God to write to some of these young people. Fourteen letters were addressed to the unsaved, and ere the year closed ten of these had "let the Saviour in." To God be all the glory! Our Watchet Y.P.S.C.E. has made rapid strides during the past three years. When we came, there was a membership of about 30, now they number over 90. Williton C.E. has only been in existence two years, but it already has a membership of about 40. There is a spirit of earnestness and prayerfulness and consecration amongst our young men and women for which we thank God. The remembrance of this gives us hope for the future of the church.

We have to raise our Ebenezer, too, for temporal mercies. We are purchasing Williton Chapel and two cottages adjoining it for £300, more than half of which has been sent in in answer to prayer since last June. To raise such a sum in six months, in a purely agricultural village, means a consecration of goods to the Master whose we are and whom we serve.

Work here, as in many other small places, has to be carried on under great disadvantages. We have no school-room either at Watchet or Williton. At the former place we have about 200 scholars, and to keep them in proper order is a problem which sometimes taxes us severely. Still, the work prospers, and the Spirit of God dwells with us. We are praying for and expecting great things from God.

Since settling here, we have been enabled to start a localised Magazine (which has now a circulation of over 400 a month), a Sunday-school and Clothing Club at Doniford, a branch of the Y.P.S.C.E. at Williton, a morning school at Watchet, and the West Somerset District Union of Christian Endeavourers. Thus it will be seen that our hands have not been idle in this our first pastorate.

Our hearts crave a little more sympathy and help from our more favoured town brethren,—a help that is shown in deeds as well as words. Thank God, the future is bright with hope because bright in the anticipated joy of the Master's presence.

We pray for you in your great work of the Tabernacle and College. May the everlasting arms be always beneath you!

Yours in the Lord's service,  
W. WHITE.

### Baptist Church, Stogumber, Somersetshire.

DEAR President,—In response to your request, I send you a few particulars of my labours. The work of a country pastor is ordinarily uneventful, but to the pastor himself, if to no other, it is far from being uninteresting. To tramp ten miles to pay half-a-dozen visits to the flock, to climb 800 feet above sea-level to see a lonely Christian soul, to spend an hour in fighting the elements on a wild winter's night, and then to reach a hamlet where a dozen hearers await your coming in front of a roaring fire in a small cottage, "*to walk by faith, not by sight*", when neither the earth nor sky nor aught else can be seen on a moonless night, to conduct five services on Sunday with a few miles of walking thrown in,—these are trifles I have more or less frequently experienced, to which the town pastor is a stranger. Such incidents serve to put an edge of excitement on what might otherwise prove to be a dull round of labours.

The work in connection with this church dates back to the year 1688, when a godly farmer in the neighbourhood took out a license for public worship in his own house. Since then, with many ups and downs, the work has been continued.

At present, our chapel is the only Nonconformist place of worship within three miles, although within that radius there are six churches of the Establishment. We have a Mission Hall at Crowcombe, three miles in one direction, where services are held twice weekly; and also cottage meetings are held at Lower Vexford, a hamlet two miles in another direction.

The population is very scattered. In this parish of Stogumber, which is more than three miles wide, there are only 900 souls. This number is decreasing, and depression in agriculture, which is the sole industry, makes the district very poor.

What to do with these country churches, which cannot much longer remain self-supporting, is a question that must have a speedy solution if the light of gospel truth is to be shed forth in these dark places. And they are dark indeed. Official records might be cited to prove a deplorable state of immorality in proportion to population.

The majority of the older folk cannot read or write. From my pulpit I can often count a dozen without hymn-books, for they cannot read. Very few have a clear knowledge of the gospel. They are not too dull to understand its glorious simplicity, but they do not think about it for themselves. It has become a mental habit with them to leave all religious questions for the clergyman to think about, for they have been taught by the parish priest that baptism (? *sprinkling*) in infancy, and church attendance, are all that is needed.

We can, however, hope better things of the rising generation, which can read. Our work amongst the young is the most hopeful feature of our labours. We have sixty scholars in the Sunday-school. Children's services and Band of Hope meetings are well attended.

Unhappily, we lose our young men and women as soon as they are able to find work in the towns.

Under these conditions, the work is hard and slow. As Baptists and Nonconformists, we stand alone in the neighbourhood. It means much to be a Nonconformist here. Some I know of would lose their situations if they attended our meetings. Still, we have signs of blessing. Two candidates are now before the church for baptism. We are pegging away, knowing that the Lord hath said, "The battle is not yours, but God's."

Let me mention, in conclusion, one incident only which will show the character of the work here. A few weeks ago, I visited, as it seemed accidentally, and, for the first time, a cottage on the side of the Quantock Hills. There I found an old Christian woman and her husband, who, like herself, was crippled. They could not walk to a place of worship. The parish clergyman had ceased to visit them, they having offended him by plain speaking about baptismal regeneration. The aged saint, with tears in her eyes, told me that for twelve months no Christian friend had been near them, and that two nights before I appeared, she had specially prayed that God would send one of His servants to speak and pray with her. Needless to say, I did both, as well as read God's Word to them, and left them much comforted, resolving to see them again soon.

F. THOMAS WHITE.

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### Baptist Church, Brayford, N. Devon.

THE year 1896 has proved to be one of peculiar success and blessedness here. Rich seasons of fellowship, a deepening love to one another, and an absolutely unbroken union amongst us, are, I think, things over which any village pastor may well rejoice. But fruits of a more definite sort have been granted, as I am thankful to know.

In September, at one of my *four chapels*, God gave us a glorious manifestation of Pentecostal blessing: it was wonderful. Those who had resisted appeals for months and years yielded, and to-day are some of our best workers. On the first special Sunday night, we were all melted to tears, such was the felt nearness of the Holy Ghost, and eight persons accepted Christ; that was the sweet commencement. On subsequent week-days and Sabbaths, others came, until over twenty joyous conversions were sent us in one little village chapel. And all

this blessing was granted without extra effort, and in the absence of all excitement. Nor has the work ceased. A few months since, came a bricklayer to our hamlet, a young man of the world and rather wild. Well, last Sunday week he, after a period of deep concern of soul, gave in, crying out for God's mercy. He now is, I believe, fully resting on the Atonement of Christ. Ever since the blessed visitation in September, a Cottage Prayer Meeting has been held each week, at which the young converts take part quite freely.

The following extract from a letter, sent to me on November 16th, will, I think, be a fitting close to my report concerning this village:—

"I feel, dear Mr. Breewood, that I cannot conclude without saying that, as parents, we thank God that you were ever sent to be our pastor, for we feel that it is through you that five of our dear children have been led to Jesus. And we pray God still to give you seals to your ministry.—S. J. G.—."

Also, at the mother-chapel, at Brayford, reaping has characterised our year's work. While the conversions have come in smaller numbers—in ones and twos—than at the village mentioned before, yet quite as large a total has been reached. In one case, six members out of seven in one family have embraced a personal Christ, and in Him are happy and at rest. The elder sons and elder daughters stand in this heart-cheering list of trophies, and I rejoice over them with exceeding joy.

The only outside help we have had in evangelistic work during the year was rendered us in October by dear Mr. J. Chamberlain, elder at the Tabernacle, whose songs and addresses still linger with us. One soul we know decided through his visit, in addition to the refreshing our brother brought and left.

In October, I received a kindly and pressing letter from the pastor and deacons of Barnstaple Baptist Church, requesting me to conduct a week's special services. To this I gladly acceded, and went at the end of November. Prior to my going, a week of special prayer was held, and such was the fervour at these gatherings, that during the week fourteen precious souls declared for serving Jesus. This gracious spirit of earnestness increased night after night throughout the mission, the result being that the zealous pastor, Rev. G. Robert Hern, has now a list of the names of nearly seventy persons professing conversion to God. Some of the cases were of profound interest—cases to fill one with unspeakable gratitude and joy.

Other outside calls are coming to hand, a fact which helps me to see that, beyond the narrow limitations of my sphere of pastoral work, I may be privileged to do useful service in the cause of Him whose we are, and whom we all seek to serve.

T. BREEWOOD.

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### **Evangelistic Work at Calstock and Metherill, Cornwall.**

I HAVE been settled in my present pastorate eleven years, during which time I have witnessed many changes, have seen many come and go, old members have died, young members have joined us, and active members have migrated to other lands. Our congregations are

not large, and our people are, for the most part, of the poorer class. Mining, the chief industry of the locality, has been declining for many years, and with it the population has been diminishing ; but amidst all the adverse influences we have had to contend with (and their name is legion), we are happy to say we have kept our ground, held on our way, and from time to time have received much spiritual blessing. As to numbers, our congregations are much the same as they were ten years or more ago, for we have lost a number of our best supporters by death ; and as their places have not been filled up, we are financially weaker, and our people have much difficulty in raising the funds required to meet the ordinary expenditure. Notwithstanding all this, by the help of friends we succeeded, in 1895, in building a commodious schoolroom for our Sunday-school at Metherill, at a cost of £250, and have paid off £180, leaving a debt of £70. It was greatly needed, as we had no accommodation whatever for our hundred children except the chapel. The schoolroom consists of one large room, with a baptistery, and two smaller rooms, which we use as vestries and for the Bible-classes. Just outside the schoolroom, and under cover, we have a large furnace and a good pump, both of which we find very serviceable when we have our tea-meetings. We also use the pump for filling the baptistery by means of an indiarubber hose. The well, thirty-two feet deep, is cut, for the greater part of its depth, through solid rock ; this was done gratis during the evenings of last summer by friends at Metherill, mostly miners, after their ordinary day's work, thus saving a sum of £10. They worked *well*, for it was truly a labour of love. The schoolroom is near the chapel, a road only being between them. The baptistery was used for the first time last October, when two candidates were immersed ; it was the first baptismal service ever held in the village of Metherill. About two hundred persons were present, many of whom had never before seen the ordinance of believers' baptism. The behaviour of the people and the interest they manifested were all that could be desired, and a deep and favourable impression was made upon the audience. We now have good and convenient premises at Metherill, of which we feel justly proud. The chapel was renovated about three years ago, and the cost (£70) paid, but there remains a debt of £70 on the schoolroom. Will friends in town remember this and help us ?

Of the work at CALSTOCK, where I live, I can also speak favourably. About a year ago, we purchased two cottages for the increased accommodation of our Sunday-school children, at present about seventy. We let one cottage, and use the other, which adjoins our present schoolroom, for our two Bible-classes. On the outlay we have a debt remaining of about £60. A very gracious work has been manifested at different times in connection with these two classes ; many have been converted and have become members of the church ; some of them have emigrated to South Africa, America, and New Zealand. The most enterprising, energetic, and most useful are generally the ones that leave their homes for other localities ; this is one of the greatest losses sustained by village churches. If we could only keep at home all our young people, we should be able in a few years to double our congregations. Our two chapels at Calstock and Metherill are about two miles and a-half apart. In each chapel there are two preaching services on the Sunday,

and one in the week, besides prayer-meetings and other services. I take three services regularly every Sunday, and meetings on four evenings of the week; this I have done, with few exceptions, during the eleven years I have been here, with much pleasure to myself, and, I trust, with acceptance to my gracious Master, and with profit to the people. My endeavour has ever been to set forth in all its fulness and simplicity the glorious gospel of the grace of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and by God's help I intend to continue this unto the end. It is my pleasure to know and with much gratitude to say that, during my pastorate, peace and harmony have prevailed amongst us, with a fair measure of prosperity. To God be all the glory.

ALFRED PIDGEON.

### **New Baptist Chapel, Morley, near Leeds.**

PASTOR, CHARLES WELTON.

MORLEY is one of those Yorkshire places that, within the memory of many now living, has grown from a village into a corporate town of about 23,000 inhabitants. Doubtless the energy, enterprise, and independence of the people are largely traceable to their Puritanic ancestors. Here, from 1665 to 1671, after his ejection from the Parish Church in Leeds, the Rev. Christopher Nesse, M.A., ministered to the Independent Church, and laid the foundation of those Free Church principles still dear to many of the Morley people.

On May 9th, 1871, a few Baptist friends in the town met together to consider the desirability of forming a Baptist Church in Morley, and from the first the Divine blessing has rested upon the movement, so that the church formed on the 11th of September, 1872, consisting of 24 members, has grown to 133; while the school, which at the first consisted of 13 scholars, now numbers 350; and this number might be largely increased if more accommodation were provided.

On the first Sunday in January 1889, Pastor Charles Welton (after 16 years' ministry at Driffield) commenced his pastorate at Morley, and from the first the blessing of God has rested upon the work, so that year by year there has been steady and solid growth in every branch of the church's work. This success necessitated an effort for more suitable premises in which to carry on Christian work. But first of all a debt of £250 had to be removed, and now for several years the pastor and his people have been giving weekly or monthly sums towards the erection of new buildings. These contributions have reached nearly £1,000, a right noble amount for a wage-earning people to give, in addition to the cost of sustaining the ordinary work.

In March, 1896, members of the church and congregation dug out the foundations, thus saving £20 or £30 of the estimated cost.

The building scheme includes chapel to seat 600, a lecture hall to seat 200, and eight class-rooms, all nearing completion. Being in the centre of the town, the accommodation will in every way be adapted to



the ever-growing needs of a borough which in all its places of worship does not provide for more than one-third of the population.

The cost of the undertaking will amount to upwards of £3,000, towards which the treasurer has received in cash and promises about £1,700, leaving still a large sum for a purely working-class church to raise, but which they hope to do by the help of friends outside.



All through these material efforts, Mr. Welton has sought to impress upon his people the importance of doing the higher and more spiritual work of the church, and at the present time he has the joy of meeting from week to week a dozen or more who are seeking the Lord.

The present state of the church is the result of steady, plodding, prayerful work, the earnest preaching of the old gospel, and regular sympathetic pastoral visitation. These methods the pastor learned at the feet of the now glorified President thirty years ago, and from them he has never seen any reason to depart.

### **New School and Hall, Desborough, Northamptonshire.**

**I**T is with great pleasure that I comply with our dear President's request for a few particulars of our work in Desborough, which I suppose I must call a town, for it is emerging out of villagedom, having between four and five thousand inhabitants.

I came here in the spring of 1891 to supply for a Sunday. In the afternoon I was asked to give an address to the Sunday-scholars in the chapel, the only place available for Sunday-school purposes. I found the building full of children and young people, and I could not help

saying to myself, "Whoever comes here must see about getting Sunday-school buildings erected." I then and there resolved that, if I received a call, I would do my best to meet what I could see was an imperative need. The call came, and I commenced my ministry here in July of that year. In the autumn a meeting was called to see if anything could be done to raise funds for erecting school-rooms. It was decided to set the ladies to work to prepare for a bazaar, to be held the next spring. The first subscription received was 6d., but that was good seed, and fell upon



good ground, and before the meeting was over brought forth a hundred-fold, £2 10s. being received; this was the working capital to commence with. The bazaar, which was a great success, was marked by an absence of all those features so objectionable in many bazaars. Other similar sales of work followed on the same lines, till a building site was secured and the building fund warranted the commencing of operations. A loan of £300 free of interest was also granted from the Baptist Building Fund. This is a genuine forward movement, for our new premises are at some distance from our chapel and in the centre of the new town, so that we have a good footing in both parts of the town. There are not only the necessary rooms for school and Bible-class purposes, but a lofty assembly-room seating more than 400 persons.

While this material work has been in hand, the better work of the

spiritual building of the house of the Lord has been going on, and souls have been saved. It is cheering to have to record that at the first week-night prayer-meeting held in the new building, after an address by the pastor from Jeremiah l. 4, 5, several young people gave in their names for baptism; thus the Lord put His seal upon the work which had been done, and manifested His approval and acceptance of it.

During the past year, we have had the joy of baptizing and receiving into the church twelve young people. Our people are all of the industrial or wage-earning class, and I am thankful to add that they are like those referred to by our dear President in the March *Sword and Trowel*, "a prayer-loving people." I have never been in such prayer-meetings anywhere as we have here.

Amongst many who kindly helped us in our building, mention must be made of the dear lady at "Westwood", whom may the Lord richly bless and comfort! From several generous friends at Kettering and at the Metropolitan Tabernacle we also received practical sympathy, which greatly encouraged us, and for which we are deeply thankful.

ISAAC NEAR.

### **Baptist Chapel, Bildeston, Suffolk.**

**T**HIS chapel is situated in a village of about 800 inhabitants, and surrounded by a number of smaller villages. It was erected in 1844, and seats 450 persons.

The church is the oldest in the county; it was formed in 1737, and, after weathering many storms, we find her manned some thirty years ago by the Rev. A. Knell, of the Pastors' College, who has been succeeded by brethren of the same Alma Mater ever since. On the resignation of Rev. G. W. Oldring in 1893, an application was made to the College for a student, when our late pastor, F. W. Walter, was sent, and settled amongst us early in 1894. From that time the Lord has graciously smiled upon the work here, in making our pastor signally useful in the conversion of many souls, especially among the young people. Some ninety have been received into fellowship during his ministry, which has just terminated on his acceptance of the pastorate of the church at Burley Road, Leeds.

At the time this was written, the chapel was undergoing repair owing to the front wall giving way, caused by strain on the galleries through overcrowding. This is but a brief epitome of a three years' revival in our midst, for which we ascribe all the praise to Him who wrought it.

THE DEACONS.

### **Baptist Church, West Row, Suffolk.**

**D**EAR President,—I was pleased to read in your letter that the work of village pastors is to be the special feature of this year's College Report. I hope the proposal will be carried out, and something practical effected. Many of us feel so completely isolated, that it is quite cheering to us when some sympathy is shown towards us.

West Row is a village of 1,200 inhabitants, and is called "The Baptist Village", as Beck Row is called "The Wesleyan Village"; in both villages Nonconformists predominate, and the Conformists only wish *they* could; West Row is also a sacred spot on the north side of the Isleham Ferry, where our glorified President was immersed in the name of the Trinity, as Isleham is on the south side of the River Lark. We have friends in our village who were privileged to be witnesses of the baptism. One of them said, "When I saw Mr. Spurgeon baptized, I said, 'What a pity to baptize such a boy', little thinking what a great preacher he would become."

The work here for Christ during the past year has been one of great trial, owing to sore sickness and frequent deaths in the village. We have had a sad visitation, an epidemic of scarlet fever. Our Sunday-school had to be closed for some weeks to guard against the spread of the disease; consequently, our work for Christ among the young was much impeded. Our congregation has been much thinned, like all other village congregations, by removals and death. Of course, the State Church is as tirelessly active as ever; but we try to remember that Christ influence is stronger than Church influence, and Holy Ghost power mightier than State Church power. Sometimes we feel disheartened by the forced migration of our young men and young women to London and other great centres of employment. Many are the letters of recommendation that have to be written for our young friends who are obliged to seek situations in the big towns. What else can be expected in these depressed agricultural districts, when matters keep on *deproving* instead of *improving*? The farmers becoming poorer, labour becomes scarcer, and the labourers are compelled to go elsewhere "to earn the bread that perisheth." However, we in the villages strive to remember the distinguished service the King of kings has specially committed to our charge, and that is to diligently prepare the young people for other spheres of life and usefulness, and earnestly to seek their decision for Christ ere they leave their village homes.

With kindest Christian regards,

Yours very truly,

The Manse, West Row.

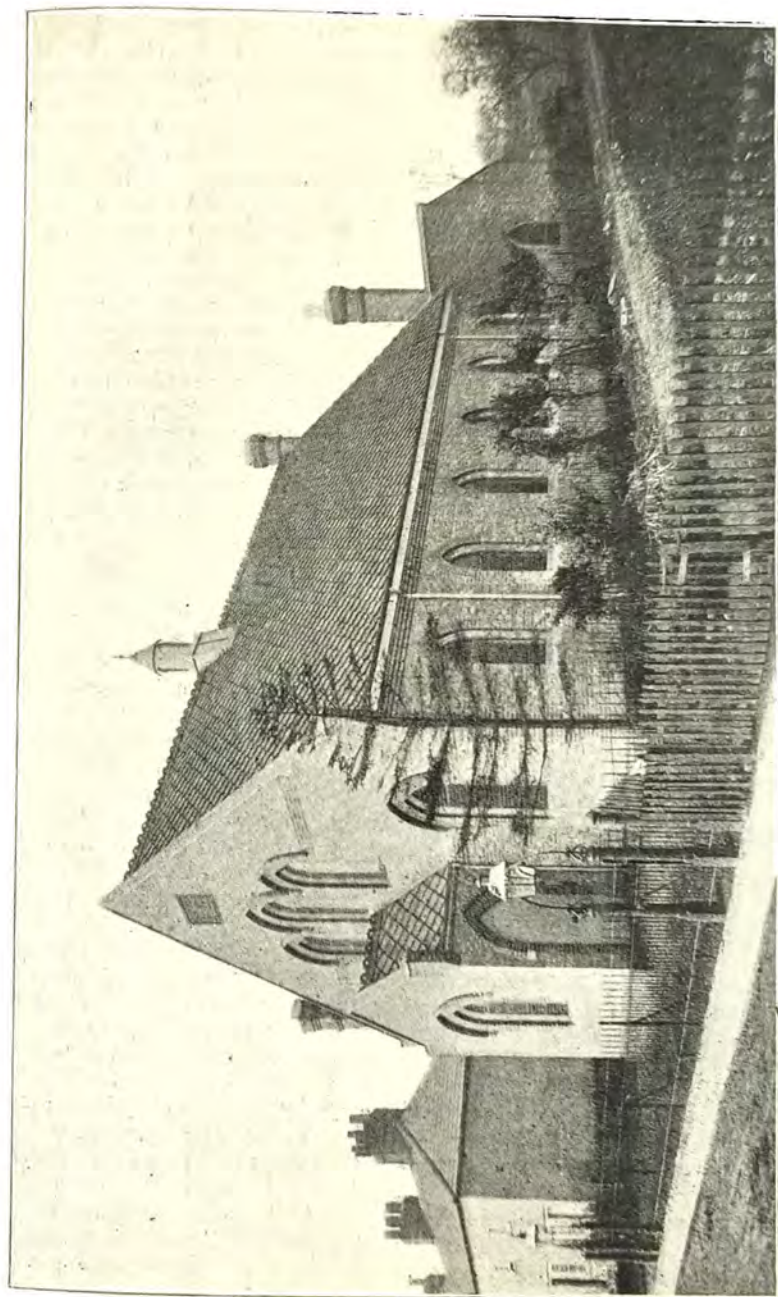
CHARLES J. FOWLER.

### **New Baptist Chapel, Maldon, Essex.**

PASTOR, F. C. MORRIS.

THE work in this town was commenced early in the year 1872, under the auspices of the Essex Baptist Union, services being held in the Public Hall. The church was formed on June 5th of the same year, and a student from the Pastors' College was chosen as the first pastor; the late Joseph Tritton, Esq., presenting the church with an iron building in which to worship. The cause has had a very fluctuating existence, and when the present pastor, then a student in the College, came as a supply in 1892, the prospects were by no means bright: the congregations had considerably declined, the building was in a dilapidated condition, and there was a debt on the fund for incidental expenses. Being advised and encouraged by the late Principal





NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, MALDON, ESSEX.

Gracey to "go down and do his best", he accepted the invitation to the pastorate. Very soon there was a marked increase in the congregations, conversions took place, additions were made to the church, and the debt was speedily removed. It was very evident, however, that the building—the repairing of which was as the sewing of new cloth on an old garment—was a great hindrance to the work; moreover, increased accommodation was necessary. The school-room not being large enough, the chapel had to be used for the Sunday-school classes, and the men's Bible-class, conducted by the pastor, became too large for the vestry. A fund was therefore started for a new chapel, which has during the past year been erected upon the old site. It will accommodate about 300 people, and has at the rear a large class-room and vestry. The old school-room is still standing, the old vestry being added to it, which, with the new class-room, will for a time suffice for Sunday-school purposes. Since the opening of the chapel, the congregations have still further increased, and baptisms have taken place each month. The total cost of the building will be about £1,250, and God has so blessed the earnest plodding efforts of this comparatively poor people, that £582 have been raised towards this amount. It is no easy work in these small towns to keep the cause of God going; friends leave almost as quickly as they are admitted into the church, the help of the Lord's stewards is therefore greatly needed in order to pay off the debt that remains.

### **Baptist Church, Coggeshall, Essex.**

PASTOR, G. H. F. JACKMAN.

THE late beloved President must have been quite familiar with this Essex town, seeing that it is within ten miles of Colchester, where he spent most of his boyhood's days. Then, it is but three miles from the much smaller town of Kelvedon, made famous for all time as his birth-place.

For more than 150 years, Baptists have met for worship and fellowship in the town, although the date of the church, as given in the Hand-book, is 1829. The present chapel, in Church Street, was erected in 1855, and one of the sermons at the opening service on June 27th, was preached by Mr. Spurgeon. We will let the present pastor tell further of the continued interest the "Prince of Preachers" took in these Essex friends. Mr. Jackman writes as follows:—"The work was taken up by the glorified President in October, 1887, the church being at that time almost extinct. In their extremity, the friends applied to Mr. Spurgeon for a supply for the pulpit, and he sent the present pastor, then a student in the College, who continued to preach Sunday after Sunday for eighteen months, while still attending to his studies in the College. In April, 1889, through the generous help promised by the late beloved President, I was enabled to accede to the wish of the friends to become their pastor. At my first coming to Coggeshall, there was no Sunday-evening service, no week-evening meetings, and no Sunday-school. There was a debt of £200 and a chapel needing repair, improvement and renovation. All this has been remedied; a good evening congregation has been gathered, additions made, from

time to time, to the church; and, what is best of all, souls saved. The past year was an especially prosperous one, quite a number having been brought to the Saviour; sixteen were added to the church, thirteen of these publicly professing their faith by baptism. It has been uphill work, and the difficulties have been many, not the least being the prejudice which existed among the inhabitants on account of the past history of the church; but through the grace of God, the difficulties have, for the most part, been surmounted. The present condition of things gives much cause for encouragement, and the friends are looking for yet greater things."

### New Mission Chapel, Purfleet,

IN CONNECTION WITH THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT GRAYS.

PURFLEET is known only to some as the village of gunpowder, mineral oil, dust-heaps and hospital ships, but it has other attractions—viz., a training ship, botanical gardens, and last, but by no means least, a Baptist chapel. From a very small village, it has grown, by reason of the introduction of several industries, to the size of a town, having a population of nearly three thousand. Rather more than three years ago, we at Grays decided to commence work for the Master at Purfleet, four miles distant. For some years, the only place of worship has been the small Established Church attached to the garrison, useful in its way, but utterly inadequate to the spiritual needs of the district. We made application to the directors of the Anglo-American Oil Company for the use of the large office on their premises, which was very generously granted: eleven persons were present at the first service. God's blessing rested upon the work, the attendance increased, until the room proved far too small to accommodate those who wished to attend. We made it a matter of prayer, and feeling convinced the Lord wished us to "arise and build", we took the necessary steps. S. Whitbread, Esq. very kindly placed a site at our disposal, subscriptions were invited (the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., very nobly heading the list with the sum of £100), and in a short time a large amount was in hand, mainly through the exertions of Mr. C. H. Halls and other friends. It was decided to erect an iron building, to seat 300 persons, at a cost of about £250. The scheme was successfully carried out, and on Wednesday, January 20th, the building was opened *free of debt*. The congregations are large, souls have been saved, and God's blessing has richly rested upon our labours. Our Sunday-school numbers 120 scholars; and the Band of Hope Society is in a flourishing condition. We are deeply grateful to Almighty God, who has enabled us to erect, under such favourable conditions, the first Nonconformist chapel in this place. To God be all the glory. We are now in need of a building for Tilbury Docks, where there is a population of 4,000 people, but no Nonconformist place of worship. Kindly help us!

THOMAS HEYWOOD,

*Pastor of the Baptist Church, Grays.*

## New Baptist Church, Horsham, Sussex.

STUDENT-PASTOR, W. R. CHESTERTON.

**A**BOUT three years ago, Pastor Thomas Breewood, who had recently returned from Queensland, had his attention called to this important and growing town of more than 11,000 inhabitants, where there was no Evangelical Baptist cause. Encouraged by the practical sympathy of Mr. R. Hayward, he began systematic Christian work, which from the very first grew apace. After labouring at this pioneer work for six months, he was called to his present sphere of service in Devonshire. Mr. H. Hill, then a student in the College, took up the work. The small hall was crowded week by week, and it became necessary to remove to more roomy quarters. After twelve months' successful labour, Mr. Hill accepted the pastorate of the church at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, and the present pastor undertook the work. "Since then" (writes Mr. Chesterton) "our progress has been more rapid still. Conversions have been constant and baptisms frequent, so that we now have a membership of fifty-two, an increase of fifteen, eleven of these by baptism, during the past year. A spirit of prayer and earnestness pervades all the meetings. The larger hall, the only available one, is crowded out. An active church, with growing Sunday-school, strong Christian Endeavour Society, and large Bible-classes, testifies to the solid character of the work, notwithstanding the disadvantages of meeting in a hired hall.

"Finding ourselves, through the very success and growth of the work, unable to worship longer in the present hall, we are driven of necessity to build.

"We have secured a site in a main thoroughfare, and purpose putting up a building capable of seating about 400, at a cost of £900. We purpose naming it SPURGEON MEMORIAL HALL. Unless it is possible to speedily erect this building, a prosperous and promising work must necessarily be hindered. But we faint not, 'the God of Heaven, He will prosper us, therefore, we His servants, will arise and build.'

"Our honoured President has proved a good friend to us from the commencement, and writes :—'I am glad to speak a word on behalf of the work. Of friends and helpers they have none too many, and they need them badly. Who will volunteer to lend a helping hand? I will gladly receive contributions towards this good work.'"

## Short Messages from the Villages.

FARINGDON, Berks.—"We have chapels at Kingston Lisle, Little Coxwell and Buscot. We have also a cottage meeting at the village of Littleworth. A staff of nine local preachers attends to the Sunday services, the pastor taking the week-evening services, &c. Our work at home and in the villages is largely one of training young people for the large towns. Recently there went from us, of our young people, one each week for three successive weeks. It is a great mercy that we have been enabled to send out so many as pledged followers of Christ."—Pastor HENRY SMITH.

LYNDHURST, Hants.—"In 1892, a Y.P.S.C.E. was formed, which is



a great help to Christian work in holding cottage meetings, sustaining the prayer-meetings, &c. The spiritual life of our church is quickened, and the congregations improved. The matter we have to regret in this village is that our young people go away to towns, and therefore we make no headway in our church-membership."—Pastor T. WEBB SCAMELL.

BELVEDERE, Kent.—"The Sunday-school is the most encouraging part of our work. With a church-membership of 109, we have a school of over 300 scholars. Our accommodation is taxed to the utmost. Plans are prepared for sorely needed school-rooms. We have about £300 in hand against an estimated expense of £600. Our chapel is quite full on Sabbath evenings. Our church has also done well for the foreign field. Thus we are holding our own, and helping to send sorties into the enemy's country. God speed the banner of the Cross!"—Pastor A. C. CHAMBERS.

RUGBY.—The pastor, who has the oversight of six village stations, writes:—"When I came here, in September, 1894, there were two village stations, which were left pretty much to shift for themselves. The villagers have given me a pneumatic bicycle, and I take the hint as often as I can. It has been my joy to see souls saved at each place."—Pastor J. YOUNG.

EVENJOBB, GLADESTRY, AND NEW RADNOR, Herefordshire.—"I have three churches under my charge. I preach at each chapel every Sunday once. I have to travel a distance of 21 miles every Sunday, and, Wales being so hilly, I am obliged to keep a strong horse,—which I would much rather not do on £70 per annum. Yet there is much joy in connection with the Lord's work here, the people coming for miles to hear the gospel. Often one's cup runs over. I have the pleasure of knowing that the gospel is being blessed in each place to the salvation of precious souls. The people are fond of the old gospel, and we are Baptist out and out. During the winter months I preach at different farm-houses, sometimes in a barn, during the week."—Pastor G. P. EDWARDS.

EMSWORTH, Hants.—"God has blessed us at Emsworth with some measure of advancement during the past three years. The congregation has steadily increased, until every sitting is appropriated, and the present accommodation rendered insufficient for aggressive effort. New and convenient school buildings have already been erected and paid for, the result being a very cheering increase in numbers and efficiency in that department. The church-membership has been doubled during the period stated. A 'Fishermen's Institute,' which we started two years ago, has become quite an extensive working-men's movement in the town, numbering some 70 members, and I conduct a large Bible-class in connection with it on Sunday afternoons. Special rooms are rented, and the whole cost is met by the members' subscriptions."—Pastor A. G. BARLEY.

TULLYMET, Perthshire.—"I can scarcely claim to be even a *village* pastor, for the nearest cluster of houses having any resemblance to a village is more than a mile away. Ours is rather a *district* church,—mostly an agricultural district,—and therefore our members are widely scattered, and my labours accordingly carried on under difficulties. It is one of the most beautiful districts in the Highlands of Perthshire, and during the summer months great numbers of persons from the large

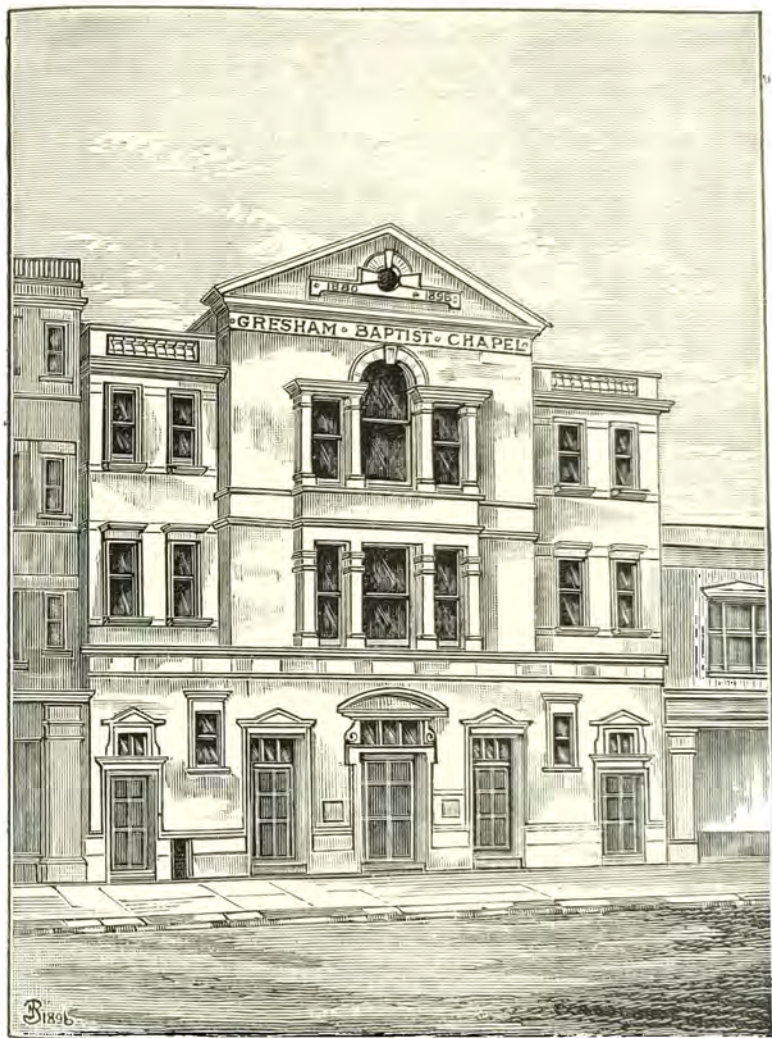
towns of Scotland, and a few from England, spend their holidays amongst us. Our congregations then are very good. During other months they are much smaller, but yet wonderfully good on Sunday evenings considering the nature of the district. We have had three baptisms during the year just closed, though we only report a net increase of one. Of our sixty-nine members many are so far distant that they never get to any service in the chapel, some being from ten to twenty miles away. My week-day labours during the winter months are not confined to Tullymet, occasional visits being made to Aberfeldy, ten miles distant; Blair Athole, twelve miles; Straloch, a small isolated place among the hills, thirteen miles, and a number of smaller places nearer the centre. In all of these the Word of Life is proclaimed, and the Cross held up as pointing the only path to Heaven."—Pastor L. S. STEEDMAN.

KIMBOLTON, Huntingdonshire.—"The cause was exceedingly low in every way when, eight years ago, I was asked to preach as a casual supply; so low, indeed, that there was some thought it would altogether collapse. Being asked to take it up for two years with a view to prevent this catastrophe and resuscitate it, if possible, I agreed to do so; and although we are only just alive, the old-fashioned gospel has been preached, and is still presented, where a Spurgeonite, probably, has never stood before. Our late dear President was exceedingly pleased that the old flag had been hoisted on such a tower, and although it has been stated that sometimes churches convert their minister, I stand, if possible, more firm than ever on the old foundation of evangelical doctrine. I have found, and still find it, a fearful struggle, and my Master only knows how I have been able to hold the fort against the greatest opposition and bitterest persecution. Most of the members are aged, and they die or remove from the district faster than others join. God's people have been sustained and succoured, chapel property enfranchised, the outlying places visited with C. H. S.'s Sermons, a work commenced among young people, and earnest effort made to keep the cause alive during times of great agricultural depression."—Pastor THOS. GEO. GATHERCOLE.

CHEAM, Surrey.—"The Lord is doing a glorious work in the Sunday-school, several scholars having given their hearts to the Lord. During the six months that I have been pastor, the congregations have largely increased, as also have the collections; and all branches of our work are in a flourishing condition. Praise the Lord! We have recently purchased some ground at the back of the chapel on which we hope at once to erect a school."—Student-Pastor W. J. POTTER.

LEAFIELD, Oxfordshire.—"We have to record the continued goodness of God. When our work began here, the two services on the Lord's-day were all that the church-members had to call them together; and the Sunday-school was closed for lack of workers. Now, by God's mercy, the school is re-opened, and we have a Mothers' Meeting, Band of Hope, Young Men's Mutual Improvement Class, week-night services and cottage prayer-meetings. During the bright days, out-door preaching was carried on, and tracts distributed. The net increase for last year was eleven, whose names we believe are in the Lamb's Book of Life. Two aged ones have 'gone home', one being Mr. Robt. Abraham, an old friend of our late beloved C. H. S."—Pastor W. SULLIVAN.

## London Churches.



Gresham Baptist Chapel, Barrington Road, Brixton, S.W.

OUR chapel had only been freed for twelve months from a fourteen years' burden of debt, when a terrible fire, from some unknown cause, destroyed the building, and made us homeless. We were hopeful, however, that good might come out of seeming evil, and that we should be able to obtain a much-needed, larger, and freehold site.

Every effort in this direction has, however, failed. Consequently, architect's plans for rebuilding on the old site were accepted, and a builder's contract for £4,270 duly signed. The architect is sparing no pains to make the best of a difficult task. The school-room will necessarily be placed, as before, above the chapel. There will be good accommodation, however, for the school, though the chapel must be somewhat reduced to meet the requirements of the new Building Act.

The first pastor of "Gresham" was Mr. George Kew, who, after a brief but successful ministry of about three years, was called to his reward. He was followed by Mr. John T. Swift, by whose exertions the former building was erected on the present leasehold site at £50 per annum. The building was opened with nearly £2,000 debt, but during Mr. Swift's ministry, which lasted for *twenty-one years*, was reduced to £150. Mr. Swift's intensely earnest work at "Gresham" was greatly blessed by God, but, owing to failing health, he was compelled to resign in December, 1893. In May, 1894, the writer, F. G. Wheeler, became pastor, and in the midst of signs of much blessing, there came the great calamity, which laid upon his shoulders and that of his people an excessively heavy burden. We have determined, however, upon *securing the freehold* of the site, which, added to the £4,270, makes a total of £5,870, apart from furnishing.

Towards this large sum, we have received £2,000 from the Insurance Company, and about £500 in cash and promises, raised chiefly in connection with the stone-laying services. Our people are working well, but being chiefly artisans, their power is very limited. An earnest appeal is made for help. We are compelled to build, and therefore ask for liberal responses from the Lord's stewards. Our President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, says,—“Who will help this worthy cause? Let sympathy with brethren, in this fiery trial, prompt to specially liberal assistance.” Dr. Spurgeon writes,—“The pastor and people are eminently worthy of all the aid that can be given them, and I warmly commend their appeal.”

It is expected that the new building will be opened early in July.

F. G. WHEELER.

### Westminster Baptist Chapel, Romney Street.

PASTOR G. Davies writes:—I am glad to be able to report progress in connection with all departments of our work. Although we cannot report a very large increase, we have much reason to thank God and take courage.

It is just twelve years since the never-to-be-forgotten C. H. Spurgeon invited me to his home and told me some of the kind things which the people of Westminster had been saying, and asked me to stick to “Old Romney Street”, telling me how grateful he would be if I did so, and speaking as though the church were as dear to his heart as his own.

This may be in part, at least, understood when we remember that he saved the fine old building from the auctioneer's block before he sent the late Principal Morris from the College, where he was then a student, to be pastor of the church.

Although I resolved, when leaving Middlesbrough, to allow nothing to interfere with my studies, I could not say "No" to our much-loved President's request, and I went, followed by his loving prayer and generous sympathy.

At that time the chapel was in a wretched condition, and I was favoured with fifteen adults as the largest congregation on my first Sunday. There was also a heavy debt on the building. By the grace of God, the congregation soon grew, and large numbers were brought to the Lord.

The "old, old debt," has gone, and we have since then spent about *three thousand pounds* on improvements.

During the past year, we have built new schools, and thoroughly changed the appearance of our chapel. We have also added seventy feet of freehold ground to our passage-way leading to the new schools.

Our large schoolroom is one of the brightest in the city. Our infants' room, the small lecture-room, the deacons' room, and the pastor's vestry, are all very comfortable, and have been furnished by our own people.

Important changes are taking place in the neighbourhood, and I am hoping for far greater things for the church.

### Kingsgate Street Baptist Church, Holborn.

PASTOR, HERBERT THOMAS.

THE church here is one of the oldest Baptist churches in London, having been founded in 1736 by Dr. Andrew Giffard, whose pastorate extended over 50 years. There has been a succession of faithful men to the present day, some of them men of note in the denomination. The original chapel was situate in Eagle Street, where the lecture hall now stands, in the rear of the present chapel.

The work of this historic church has of late years been carried on under peculiar difficulties; for, whereas in former times the locality was wealthy, and the church one of the richest in London, both financially and spiritually, now the neighbourhood is "the third poorest in London." The *Daily Mail* says of it:—"Absolutely the worst slum in London is to be found within a stone's throw of High Holborn . . . containing twice as many public-houses and thieves' dens as any district of like size."

Notwithstanding these depressing circumstances, the present pastor, Mr. Thomas, is able to record that "each year there has been a steady increase of membership. The church is to-day full of promise, for God is manifestly in the midst." "The church" (writes Mr. Thomas) "is now composed entirely of the working classes, who are like their forefathers, in that they are splendid workers and supporters, going forward ever in all holy service. With a crowded poor population around them, much social work has to be undertaken; not in the place of the ordinary means of grace, but supplementary thereto. Hence, there are to-day Temperance Societies, Mothers' Meetings, Clothing, Tract, and Visitation Societies, and last, but by no means least, 'The Poor Children's Mission.'

This was a much-needed work, and is very promising. Every poor child in the district knows Kingsgate Street Chapel; and the majority belong to the Mission, *and are known by the workers.* Every week they have their own special gospel service, when the hall at the rear of the chapel is crowded. There is an average attendance of 200: we could get more if we had room. In the winter months, these poor children are helped, as they need food and clothing; in the summer, they are taken for a day or a week into the country. Many consecrated helpers from far and near



CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICE NIGHT.

assist in supporting this work, and much good has been done. Many saved from the street are now regular scholars in Sabbath-schools; through one of these waifs we have just heard that a well-known gentleman in the North, who visited a service in the chapel, was led into the light.

"I do not know what more I should say unless it be that I am delighted to be called 'a Pastors' College man,' and owe more than tongue can tell to that Institution for any measure of ministerial success I have had. I am happy in my work, and ask your prayers that it may all be to His glory, whose I am, and whom I serve."





### Bromley Road Tabernacle, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.

**I**N 1874, it was laid upon the heart of a Baptist gentleman, in view of the speedy development of the neighbourhood, to purchase a plot of land in Burnt Ash Lane, whereon to erect a place of worship. The land was duly secured, a commodious school-chapel was built at the rear of it, and speedily opened as a Baptist Chapel. Before the formation of the church, which took place in 1876, the work was presided over by Rev. G. Simmons (now of Sidcup), and subsequently by Rev. Isaac Levinsohn, under whose ministry the work received a marked impetus. After a short time, however, he felt called of God to devote his life to his Jewish brethren, and his success has amply justified his decision.

After a chequered history and a long interregnum, a proposal was made to our late beloved President, in 1886, that he should purchase the premises and site, with the result that he came, he saw, and sent the present pastor to conquer. This, however, was a somewhat formidable undertaking, as the membership had dwindled to 28, the congregation was bad, and inclined to be worse, and £1,000 had to be raised as purchase money. After several weary years of hard work, the entire sum, excepting a very small amount, lent free of interest by the Baptist Building Fund, was raised; the chapel became incommensurable owing to the greatly-increased congregations, the roll of membership stood at 130, the church became a hive of busy life, and it was felt that something must be done at once to provide needed accommodation.

After so much begging, a stone structure could not be erected without a heavy debt; therefore the pastor conferred with his people and requested permission to put up an iron building, pledging himself to

bear the entire responsibility of the debt, if any should remain. Opposition arose from a most unexpected quarter, but this only sent the work forward with greater zest, for "the people had a mind to work," and the scheme was prosecuted with the utmost enthusiasm.

At the end of a few months, an iron building, seating about double the number of the former sanctuary, was erected, and opened in July, 1896. Since then, the attendance has increased rapidly, and the blessing of God has rested in a marked manner upon the work.

J. W. DAVIES.

## The Work of the Evangelists.

### Mr. J. Manton Smith's Report.

IN writing my final report as evangelist in connection with the Pastors' College, it gives me much joy to look back on the way the Lord has led me, and the many tokens of His goodness vouchsafed to me during the twenty years of service I have been enabled to render as a member of the Society of Evangelists.

It was in 1877 I felt called of God to this work. In that year I was selected and elected by the ever-remembered Charles Haddon Spurgeon, to fulfil the office of an evangelist among the churches of our land. I have had during that time two colleagues in fellowship and service. For a few years, my beloved brother, A. J. Clarke, laboured faithfully with me, and for over fifteen years I had the joy of serving in happy fellowship yoked in the Master's service with Pastor W. Y. Fullerton, who still signs himself in his letters to me, "Your loving comrade in arms" and so I trust he ever will be, so far as circumstances will allow him to join me in service for Christ. The results of our united efforts have reached almost every part of the United Kingdom, and beyond.

In penning this my last Report, I cannot but feel sad at the thought of the loss the churches of this country have sustained through Mr. Fullerton's accepting a pastorate. I regret to say it has now come to my turn to say "Farewell."\* None can do the work of evangelists, living as they do at high pressure, if there is a tinge of sadness in their hearts. It is impossible for missionaries to preach gladness to broken-hearted people night after night unless they themselves are free from anxieties.

The loss of our big-hearted President, with his cheering words, was enough in itself to crush anyone who had long been in close touch with him. Then came the falling off of funds, and one by one the evangelists had to seek fresh fields of service. In several ways, reminders have

\* Mr. Smith's resignation was accepted with regret, and the President was requested to write Mr. Smith in the name of the Trustees wishing him God speed in his new sphere.



come to me of lack of funds to support my work among the churches. This I have taken as a call from God to seek other spheres of labour.

My final year's work has been full of activity in leading souls to Christ. To every mission the Master has set His seal, and there has been a great eagerness on the part of the people to hear the Word of God: crowds have gathered in every place. During the whole year no engagement has been unfulfilled by me, but the work has glided happily along. During 1896, I again visited Switzerland, where it was my joy to perform the duties of chaplain in residence at the Polytechnic Chalet, Seebourg. Our Sunday-evening services were a great success, and were open to visitors from Lucerne as well as to those in residence at the Chalet. In the cool of the evening, the grounds were crowded with eager worshippers, who listened to the Word of God with rapt attention. The many words of thanks I have received, and the notes testifying that the Word had been blessed, have cheered me much, and made my Swiss visit among the most memorable of my life. Some who have since entered the glory-land gave their dying testimony to the comfort derived from these Sunday-evening services at Seebourg; for in Switzerland there is no such surfeit of gospel preaching as there seems to be in many places in England. The meeting held in the grounds of the Chalet is the only open-air service permitted in or around Lucerne, therefore its attractiveness and the appreciation manifested must have been most cheering to its promoters.

Since my last report, I have visited the following places,—Islington, Lucerne, Wynne Road Chapel, Brixton; Swansea, Hereford, Hull, Sheffield, Woolwich, Cottenham, Todmorden, Ryde, Camden Town, Kenyon Chapel, Brixton; Long Eaton, and Sowerby Bridge.

I anticipate next month (D.V.) visiting Switzerland again, to render similar service to that of last year; and in October (D.V.) I purpose visiting Canada and the United States, to serve the Lord as doors may open. I take this opportunity to thank the many generous Christian friends who have during the past years supported my work for the Master by their prayers and their purses, and I earnestly beg a continued remembrance in their prayers.

J. MANTON SMITH.

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### Mr. Burnham's Report.

THIS has been rather an eventful and anxious year for me. Our late beloved President guaranteed my support for nearly fifteen years. After his departure, the Trustees continued their support to the close of my sixteenth year of this service for the Master. Then the failure of funds compelled them to part with Brother Harmer and myself. Mrs. Spurgeon then fostered our work for the next two years. Upon the return of Mr. Harmer to the work of a settled pastorate, Mrs. Spurgeon accepted that step as an indication for her to withdraw from the work, and she closed her Evangelistic Fund, thus

throwing me on the churches. The result was that several churches that had booked me for the coming season straightway cancelled their engagements, as they could not bear all the cost; so that, instead of receiving more engagements than I could accept, as in all former years, these invitations have been much less numerous, and I have had more leisure than I desired.

But for the generous support of Mrs. B——, who for many years has contributed to my support ("In Loving Memory" of a son who was blest under C. H. S.), I could not have continued in the work.

Nevertheless, where I have been permitted to labour, encouraging results have followed. Since last Conference, I have spent my usual month among the hop-pickers in Kent, and have preached at Uphill, Elham, Brentford Mission Hall, Northampton, Swadlincote, Sutton-in-Craven, Glusburn, Swindon, and Penge. At some of these missions,—notably at Sutton, Glusburn, and Swindon,—we enjoyed remarkable tokens of Divine blessing.

As I pen these lines, I am looking forward to missions at Shepherd's Bush Tabernacle, and Park Chapel, Brentford, where such rich results followed our mission last year—that is, if my health permit; at present it is far from satisfactory, frequent violent headaches, from time to time, totally incapacitating me for any active work.

JOHN BURNHAM.

## The Work of the Pioneer Mission.

**I**N writing my annual statement for the Report of the Pastors' College, it is a joy to be able to begin by thanksgiving to God that many souls have been saved and brought from darkness to light during this year. Our effort at Govan, Glasgow, started in November, 1895, has so prospered during the year, that there is a church of 60 members, and an iron building is being erected. A branch Mission has also been started by Pastor Harper and the members of this new church; many conversions have resulted from their open-air work. There is a good Sabbath-school and Bible-class, and also a class of twenty preparing for local preachers. The hand of God in the work is clearly seen.

At South Molton, there has been considerable blessing during the last few months. Mr. Laws has been used of God in conversions, which have not been frequent in this country market-town of late years; several others, who, we doubt not, will ere long be led into the light, are seeking the Lord.

One of our best-known Pastors' College men, Pastor Frank Russell, has by God's blessing made the work at Sharon Hall, Liverpool (now known as Kirkdale Tabernacle), a great success. The church we formed when first we took over the place is now supporting its pastor

without our aid. There is a teeming population around this large building. Other Pastors' College men who preside over churches, either originally started by the Pioneer Mission, or fostered by it until able to run alone, are doing well.

Pastor Westlake, of Douglas, Isle of Man, is now endeavouring to raise money to erect a permanent building. We hope friends will aid him, as Douglas needs this church; for not only is there a resident population of at least 20,000, but many thousands visit it during the holiday months.

We have, by God's guidance and blessing, been instrumental in starting new churches, or helping very weak and struggling churches, to the number of at least twenty-three, in cities, towns and villages in different parts of the country.

We are thankful for this, and believe that our late dear President, who helped so generously, and sympathised so fully with us in our earlier years, foresaw God's intention to greatly use the Mission. We have every indication that the Lord means to use us more extensively.

We need a larger income to enable us to undertake pioneer work in some of the many needy places in London and the provinces.

We thank the President and Trustees of the College for their sympathy and practical personal help, and beg an interest in the prayers of all the friends of the College.

Yours, in Jesus' service,

E. A. CARTER

[Contributions for the "Pioneer Mission" may be addressed to the Treasurer, Mr. R. Hayward, "Oreston," 104, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; or to the Pastors' College, for Mr. E. A. Carter.]

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## Letters from our Missionaries.

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### Missionary Work in Orissa.

DEAR Mr. Spurgeon,—I see by the circular letter which you have sent out, that you desire to make the village work a special feature in this year's College Report. Yesterday morning only, I returned from one of our itinerating journeys, and thought that a short account of that might be of interest to you. As it is only fifteen months since I landed in the country, I am not able to do much work in the vernacular; hence, what I have to say, concerns what I have seen and heard, and not what I have done.

We in India spend a great deal of our time in village work. Orissa is specially a country of villages and hamlets, and of these there are many thousands without any witness for Christ. With the return of the cooler weather, in November, we begin our itinerant work. From that time, we make our home in tents, and travel from village to village. Before Christmas, with two other missionaries and three native preachers, I spent three weeks in the district. We preached in fifty different villages, and in one large market our brethren held the fort for ten hours—quite a record open-air meeting. Such a meeting is no child's-play, beneath an Indian sun, and surrounded by thousands of people more intent on buying and selling than listening to the gospel. Sometimes, in the evening, when we showed the lantern views, crowds of two or three hundred gathered round us, and we told them the old, old story, illustrating it by the pictures.

Since Christmas, with two of our evangelists, two of us have been on a long tour in another direction, and visited a number of villages in isolated jungle places. Many of them had not been visited for some years; while we preached in others where we were told that no missionary had ever been before. It was a real joy to us to be able to make known to them the way of salvation.

Of course, we met with opposition and ridicule, with utter indifference and contempt in some of the villages; while in others we were well received, and our message listened to attentively. We met with some who acknowledged the truth of Christianity, and expressed a desire to know more. We are too few for the great work of evangelizing the people of India. The hot and wet seasons keep us to our station-work for about eight months out of the twelve, leaving only four for visiting our villages; and when I tell you that the villages in our district may be numbered by thousands, you will see that ours is no easy task, and that the responsibility of such a charge is no slight matter.

The work in the station and the sub-station is not quite so flourishing as we should like to see it. In the sub-station, seven miles away, the church of seventy members is in distress on account of the famine. Beside our preaching work in the bazaars and market of the town, we have a Sunday-school of about eighty children, and a day-school with

between forty and fifty scholars. We have a C.E. doing good work ; and, in addition to the two Oriya services every Sunday morning and afternoon, a service for English-speaking people every Sunday evening.

While at study, trying to master the Oriya language, I am able to do a little work in my mother-tongue. I often have the opportunity of a chat with students of the College who can speak English, and are willing to visit me at my house, and converse on spiritual subjects.

In our preaching-hall, situated in the centre of the town, we occasionally give English lectures for these students. Those we have given up till now have been much appreciated, and each attended by over fifty students. We thank God for this "open door" through which we are able to reach so many of the educated men of India.

Our work is not easy, but it is most enjoyable. We are sometimes lonely and discouraged ; but it is at those times when we are able to realize the truth of the Master's words, "Lo, I am with you all the days."

We have not many of "our own men" in India. Why? There is plenty of room for them. Thousands wait to hear the gospel. "Come over and help us."

With kind regards and greetings to tutors and students, and yourself, and wishing you all much blessing in the coming Conference,

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

F. W. JARRY.

BERHAMPUR,

GANJAM, INDIA,

Feb. 4th, 1897.

## Report of the Bombay Baptist Church.

PASTOR, HERBERT E. BARRELL.

DEAR Mr. Spurgeon,—I enclose herewith, as requested, the statistics of our church, for the past year. Therein you will note the shifting character of Anglo-Indian churches, inasmuch as for two years running our increase and decrease (by transfer and death) have been about equal. The work of the past year has, however, been steady, and, we trust, solid withal. Nothing moves very fast in our churches, out here. We are grateful to God for the measure of blessing vouchsafed. Congregations up to the close of the year were well maintained, while our little mission-room at Sâl Rasta, opened a little more than a year ago, has been well filled each Sunday. One feature amongst our "baptisms" has been the baptism of two who are of the seed of Abraham, and are true children of Abraham, being blessed with Abraham's faith. Originally they came from Bagdad, and heard of the truth in Bombay from a lady worker connected with our church. Both have suffered the bitterest persecution on account of their profession, but have borne throughout a sterling testimony to the saving grace and power of the Lord Jesus Christ. But of 1897, what shall I write? Never did a year dawn more darkly than has the present. The plague is raging all

around us. It is estimated that, up to the present time, 600,000 people have fled the city, and nearly 13,000 have fallen victims to the dread disease. Our congregations in a few weeks have decreased from about 250, to a mere handful. The Byculla district has headed the mortality list ever since the outbreak of the plague, and people are afraid to come into the vicinity. A fortnight ago it struck the Manse, carried off our European tenant downstairs, and four natives in the compound, within a few days, and then, like a wave, passed on up the road, leaving desolation in almost every habitable spot. The Manse being only a few yards from the chapel, it is not a matter for surprise that we have been affected in congregation so suddenly and disastrously. When confidence in the district returns, we shall probably get back to our normal state, but no one can form any idea of the state of things in Bombay just now. I passed yesterday a large block of buildings, where a few weeks ago some 200 Europeans were living; there are at present nine only in the building, and this is a sample of what is to be met with everywhere in this district, where the plague is working such havoc. On every hand, too, around the city famine is rife, and in the villages the dread disease finds easy access among those who are already enfeebled by semi-starvation. Never has Bombay known such times, and the beginning of 1897 will become historical as the dawn of gloom. Please God, the year which has begun so darkly may end more brightly, though, humanly speaking, it must be months before the disease can eat itself out; and with a notably weak municipality and a weak commissioner, inexpert in dealing with crises such as this, present adoptions for cleansing the city are of but little value. In the midst of it all, we look to God; He reigns, not death nor plague.

HERBERT E. BARRELL.

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### **The Bahamas Baptist Mission.**

**M**Y work here is two-fold. It is necessary for me to exercise the sole pastoral oversight over the central church in Nassau, and to superintend the work on the other islands of this group.

The chapel in Nassau seats 800. I was sent out in November, 1892, by the committee of the B.M.S. My peculiar task was to make the Nassau Church—and, in fact, the whole Mission on these islands—entirely self-supporting. We have so far prospered that we anticipate being financially free from the Society by the end of this year. When I landed in 1892, I found the church split. The membership, which had been 270 before the division, was reduced to less than 70, and a rival organization was established, and exists to day. Our members have grown from under 70 to 248 in four years, and “the cry is, ‘Still they come.’” The congregation also has steadily increased, that on Sunday nights being very large. Sinners are being constantly drawn to the Cross, the past year having been the most remarkable in that respect. The week-night meetings are very well attended, particularly the Monday prayer-meeting. In these gatherings for supplication, many have lately been “born again”; among the number was a marine from H.M.S.

"Magicienne," who is now back in England rejoicing over the new treasure he found through a casual visit with some shipmates to our chapel. Thank God, we can say ours is "a live church," and when we consider the enormous difficulties against which we have had to contend, we are constrained to say, "Not unto us, not unto us; but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake."

On the out-islands there are 70 churches under my supervision. Twelve native pastors shepherd these flocks, and they are assisted in their work by a staff of 90 Evangelists. The aggregate membership of these churches (not including that at Nassau) is a little over 3,200, and it is scattered over 19 islands. The furthest island—Inagua—is 380 miles away! I spend about three months of each year in visiting these out-stations, and in doing so I travel from 1,200 to 1,500 miles per annum,—mostly by sea. It takes about three years to make my way to all the churches. The islands are reached in small sailing vessels, which generally prefer freight to passengers. When I go on these trips, I put myself under the care of my people, dwelling in their houses, and eating whatever food they are able to provide. My work there consists in appointing pastors where there are vacancies, settling any church troubles that the native pastor feels unable to compose, and in preaching the gospel of the grace of God. Though my visits are necessarily hurried, I often find that their influence is felt in the turning of sinners to God. Last year witnessed some glorious scenes of revival. At one place I was able to stay three days. On the second day two hardened men, well on in life, were smitten with awful conviction of sin in the middle of the service; and the following night the crowd of troubled enquirers could not be dealt with in the chapel, but had to be taken to their homes. There was very little sleep throughout the settlement that night. In most houses, praying and singing and groaning and exhortations lasted till daylight. Such experiences make hard work easy, and compel one to sing, "Hallelujah for the Cross!"

C. A. DANN.

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE,  
*December 31st, 1896.*

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# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

SOUSSE, TUNISIA, N. AFRICA,

February 9th, 1897.

DEAR President,—These are the figures of the SOUSSE MEDICAL MISSION for 1896. Visits of patients, 4,001; of this number, 2,937 were from *new* patients. Nearly all were bigoted Moslems, who heard the Gospel from us for the first time in their lives; most of them very wild and dirty-looking people, for soap and water are scarce things within their homes. Yet are they our brothers and sisters, for whom Christ died; for God so loved the world, that we offer eternal life to every one of them who repents and unfeignedly believes the Gospel. I feel deeply grateful to you who have sustained me throughout the year; without your help, the work could not have been undertaken, no other Society attempting to labour in this hard field.

A remarkable fact is that the people themselves have contributed, on an average, about £8 a month in fees, thus paying half the total working expenses, apart from my salary. They have travelled long distances, too, some being *many weary days on the road*, and they have carried away healing for their bodies, and the Gospel which, if but applied, will infallibly heal their sin-sick souls.

If they do not at once abandon their faith in Mohammed, they at least get a new view of Jesus, and, seeing our good works, glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

I respectfully congratulate you in sharing this good work, of which I doubt not the Lord will say, "Inasmuch as ye did it . . . ye did it unto Me."

As I write, clouds of opposition, which threaten the extinction of all Mission-work in this country, hang darkly over us; but meanwhile let us work on, knowing that the Sun of Righteousness shines above all clouds, and that both for us and others "the night cometh when no man *can* work."

Gratefully yours,

T. G. CHURCHER.

## Mision Evangelica, Tangier, Morocco.

DEAR President,—In our last Report we spoke of having purchased a building site, and I now send you a photograph of a small iron church we have erected on it during the past twelve months. We have put a thatch over the iron roof to keep the building cool in summer and warm in winter. We still need school premises, &c.; but feel that for the present the question of building must be postponed.

Four months of the past year were spent by me in deputation work in England

Our Spanish meetings have been smaller than at any time in the past two years. Some of our most reliable people have left Tangier for Gibraltar, where enormous Government works are in progress. The



continually increasing poverty of our Spaniards is distressing. Since the cholera epidemic in the autumn of 1895, a spiritual deadness seems to have settled down upon these poor Romanists. We hear that such seasons of barrenness are common in Spanish evangelistic work, but they are none the less trying to workers.

We have, however, not been without tokens of the blessing of God, for fourteen Spanish converts have put on Christ by baptism, and the converts have greatly encouraged us by their fidelity. Some of the men have built a baptistery, I paying for the materials, and they giving their work night by night. Several who have been led to the Saviour during the year are now receiving instruction prior to baptism.

Our Spanish day-school has prospered. The average attendance has increased from 40 to 60. We cannot do with more than this number, and our idea is not to run a large school; but we have been obliged to provide an education for the children of Protestant parents. A small weekly charge is made, and we are much pleased with the progress made by the children.

Miss Brown, of the North Africa Mission, has been a helpful co-worker amongst the Spaniards, and Dr. Terry and Dr. (Miss) Breeze have greatly assisted us by attending the sick.

Señor Moises Benoliel, who works under my supervision, has done good service amongst the Jews. Three of the summer months were devoted to itinerating work in the city of Tetuan.

Our English congregations have been large, and we have received many proofs that this work has been used of God.

After much prayerful consideration, we felt it right last autumn to inform the Council of the North Africa Mission that we hoped, on account of the shortness of their funds, it would not be necessary for us to receive any more money for the carrying on of our work from the general fund of the Society, but we trusted a sufficient amount would be given in *special donations* to meet our expenses. On taking this step, we felt it essential to dispense with the services of our faithful helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard. These radical changes in our work have made the strain upon me more intense, but with gladness of heart we thank God for a year of good health and happy service.

We are greatly helped in our work by receiving regular supplies for our personal support from the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and we pray that the Divine blessing may rest upon all its subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

N. H. PATRICK.

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### Pioneer Work in Australia.

MY dear Pastor-President,—Your welcome circular letter duly reached me. These links with the College are highly valued by those of us who are far afield.

As the work of *Village Pastors* is to be the special feature of the Report this time, my work comes under that head, except that in these colonies people never speak of "villages", but of small towns as "townships."

Coming to Victoria from Tasmania in 1894, the first work offered me was here under the Home Missionary Society in January, 1895. The church had dwindled down to eight members, all the out-stations had been given up for some years, and a Sunday-afternoon service was supplied by "locals" from the Warnambool church, ten miles away, their minister usually coming once a month. The congregation I commenced with amounted to about 20 at the most, and the chapel was in a very inconvenient position, a mile away from the town people.

Making Koroit the centre, I tried first of all to revive some of the old out-stations, as well as starting a new work at Port Fairy, twelve miles from Koroit. This involved 40 miles on horseback, as well as three services, every Sunday. After some months of reconnoitring, two stations, one nine miles east, and the other nine miles west of Koroit, were taken up, and we have worked these since the winter of 1895 . . . . At Rosebrook, in the east, one hearty Baptist family formed the nucleus of the work, and commencing with a Sunday-evening congregation of 25, we now have an average of 45 or 50, and at my mid-week Bible-reading the average attendance is over 40, and has kept up now for more than a year. We have had several brought to the Lord, too, as well as an elderly brother and a young sister who have followed the Lord in baptism. The night of the baptism at Koroit, 25 of these Rosebrook friends drove over to witness the ceremony. At present, an Evangelistic Mission is being conducted at this station, and two have already decided for the Lord. Hallelujah!

At Grasmere were some Presbyterians, who did not regard us with much favour; but as the work was commenced 25 years ago by Baptists and "Brethren", and there were several of our "persuasion" living in the district, we decided to cast anchor, and let down our nets. The chapel is undenominational, unfortunately for some things, especially as here the Trustees are rigid Presbyterians. They made it a rule, just as we entered the place, that none but "ordained" ministers should conduct a service in this unconsecrated chapel. Though no hands have been on my head, I managed to get in, and started work. The congregations have been good,—70 and 80 people usually gathering on Sunday evenings, and about 30 or 50 to the week-evening Bible-reading. But while the people have been interested, and the Lord's people have been blessed, we have not had the conversion work here as at Rosebrook. For that we are praying and believing . . . . .

While we were opening up these two out-stations, the work at Koroit suffered very much indeed. Therefore we felt we must get into the town, and thought first of carting the old chapel down the hill, but its joints were too weak, and it might have suffered a collapse *en route*. Finally, we decided to sell the chapel and ground. Then a site in the centre of the town was bought, a new building erected costing about £300, and in October last it was opened, and work was commenced. The third Sunday after entering, we had a baptism, a second soon followed, and another candidate is enquiring the way. Though the work in Koroit itself is practically new, there are signs of increased interest, and larger congregations by a long way gather, especially at the evening service. We commence a fortnight's mission next week, and expect large results.

Our new building, though only seating 150, is very neat and comfortable, and meets present requirements. The old chapel now has written across its front, "Lepes' Shoeing Forge", and strange fires burn beneath its roof. God grant that the fire of the Holy Spirit may burn in our new building and in all the churches of the Pastors' College Brotherhood! Amen.

You may be sure we are keeping to the gospel of the Cross; there is none other worth preaching. As I cycle my 36 miles of road-metal on Sunday, and preach thrice—to different congregations,—I want ever to carry with me the banner of Calvary, and uplift it in the power of Pentecost.

To all the brethren greeting,

From yours fraternally,

Koroit, Victoria,

H. D. ARCHER.

*February 17th, 1897.*

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The President has received cheering communications from the following brethren, and heartily thanks all the correspondents, and wishes them still greater success in the work of the Lord :—

F. Dann, C. H. Emerson, Jesse Gibson, J. G. Gibson, R. Hughes, W. D. McKinney, W. L. Mayo, J. E. Moyle, Mark Noble, W. A. Perrins, Albert Read, G. H. Trapp, and R. Yeatman (of the United States); F. W. Auvache, S. A. Dyke, R. Lennie, and C. W. Townsend (of Canada); J. M. G. dos Santos (of Rio de Janeiro); H. Clark, A. J. Clarke, J. R. Cooper, S. Fairey, J. A. Soper, and W. Whale (of Australia); G. D. Cox (of New Zealand); Harry Wood (of Tasmania); W. J. Juniper (of Rangoon); D. L. Donald (of Chittagong, India); and D. H. Hay (of East London, S. Africa).

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## STATISTICS

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making re- turns.	INCREASE.				
		By Baptism.	By Profes- sion of Fath.	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	419	4,933	1,358	2,322	225	8,838
1895	426*	4,297	974	2,541	172	7,984
1896	427	4,672	975	2,611	271	8,529
TOTAL . . .		122,794	23,723	54,710	5,640	206,867

\* The discrepancy between the figures for 1895 in this year's Report and that of 1896, is due to the addition of 11 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
838	2,356	159	2,776	6,129	2,769	75,067
741	2,481	223	2,009	5,453	2,531	74,817
795	2,440	163	1,714	5,112	3,417	76,860
17,465	45,290	5,160	41,818	109,733	97,134	

427 Churches furnish returns for 1896: of these, 304 show an average increase of 13 members per church; 86 an average decrease of 6 members per church; 37 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 8 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

# PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1896.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Weekly Offerings ...	1,000	0 0	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees ...	1,240	11 10
„ Donations ...	2,163	13 6	„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance... ..	1,739	11 10
„ Legacies ...	181	19 2	„ Clothing ...	27	18 5
„ Collections by Pastors ...	202	19 10	„ Books, Printing, Office Expenses and Stamps ...	153	2 9
„ Interest ...	19	14 5	„ Book-grants to Students ...	117	6 8
			„ Preaching Stations, Home Missions and New Chapels ...	205	7 2
			„ Annual Conference and Supper ...	452	4 0
			„ Furniture and Fittings ...	5	7 9
	3,578	6 11		3,941	10 5
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1896 ...	1,684	2 9	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1896 ...	1,320	19 3
	<u>£5,262</u>	<u>9 8</u>		<u>£5,262</u>	<u>9 8</u>

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*  
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1897.

CHAS. WATERS, {  
S. R. PEARCE, { *Auditors.*

# PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1896.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Donations ...	52	6 0	By Salary ...	286	1 6
„ Contributions from Churches visited ...	120	18 0	„ Travelling Expenses ...	50	0 0
„ Legacy ...	25	0 0	„ Printing and Postage... ..	0	6 0
	198	4 0		316	7 6
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1896 ...	166	18 10	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1896 ...	48	15 4
	<u>£365</u>	<u>2 10</u>		<u>£365</u>	<u>2 10</u>

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*  
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1897.

{ CHAS. WATERS, {  
S. R. PEARCE, { *Auditors.*

# PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year 1896.

RECEIPTS.					PAYMENTS.				
				£ s. d.				£ s. d.	
To Donations ...	...	...	...	125 3 3	By Salaries of Dr. Churcher and of Mr. Patrick	...	...	340 0 0	
„ Legacies ...	...	...	...	95 0 0	„ Travelling Expenses ...	...	...	12 0 0	
„ Contribution from Mr. Dunn's Men's Bible Class for Mr. Wigstone (Spanish Mission)	...	...	...	20 0 0	„ Printing, Collecting Boxes, etc.	...	...	8 15 10	
„ Proceeds of Collecting Boxes ...	...	...	...	86 14 2	„ Mr. Wigstone (Spanish Mission)	...	...	20 0 0	
				<u>326 17 5</u>				<u>380 15 10</u>	
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1896...				141 9 3	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1896			87 10 10	
				<u>£468 6 8</u>				<u>£468 6 8</u>	

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1897.

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*  
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

CHAS. WATERS, }  
S. R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

# LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1896.

RECEIPTS.					PAYMENTS.				
				£ s. d.				£ s. d.	
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1896	...	...	...	1,399 13 8	By Loans to Churches :—				
„ Repayments of Loans	...	...	...	928 17 11	South London Tabernacle	...	...	500 0 0	
				<u>2,327 11 7</u>	Waltham Cross	...	...	200 0 0	
				<u>£2,318 11 7</u>	Catford Hill	...	...	500 0 0	
					Waltham Cross, No. 2	...	...	100 0 0	
								<u>1,300 0 0</u>	
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1896	...	...	...	4,099 12 9	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1896			1,018 11 7	
Cash Balance in hand	...	...	...	1,018 11 7				<u>£2,318 11 7</u>	
Total of Fund	...	...	...	<u>£5,118 4 4</u>					

T. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*  
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1897. } CHAS. WATERS, }  
S. R. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

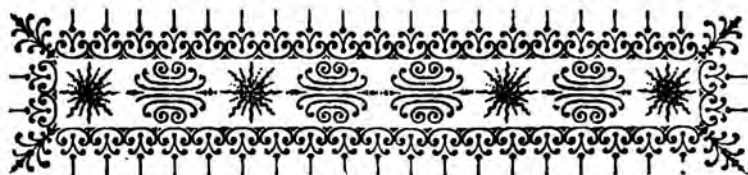
## SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

**D**URING the past forty-one years, nine hundred and fifty-nine 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 twelve) 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-nine brethren. Of these, six hundred and sixty 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	...	...	959
„ now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	...	...	660
„ without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	...	...	44
„ not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	...	...	32
„ Educated for other denominations	...	...	3
„ Dead—(Pastors, 102 ; Students, 10)	...	...	112
„ Permanently Invalided	...	...	14
„ Names removed from the College List for various reasons	...	...	94

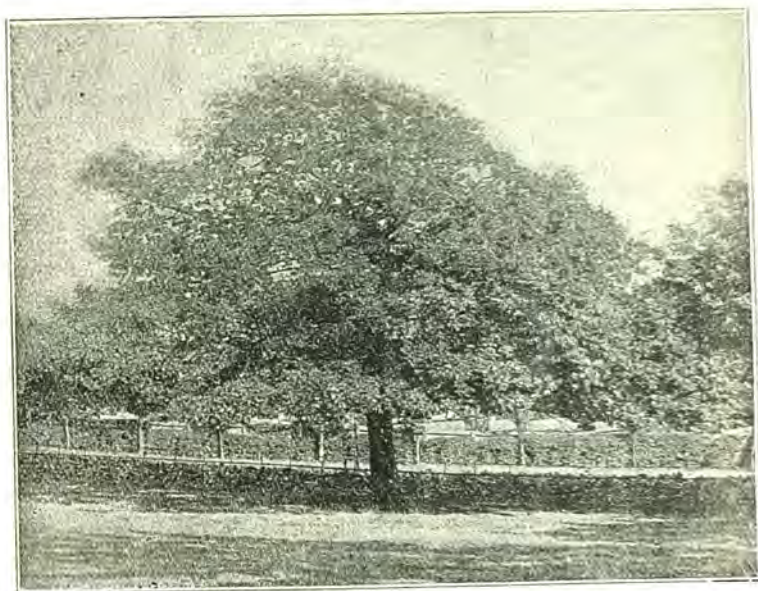
To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note :—"The last were not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving 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.





THE  
Sword and the Crowel.

JULY, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 256.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*Is it right, in a first pastorate, to compel deacons or elders to resign because of their unfitness for the office?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—First, I would not advise you to try to compel them to resign, because they will not do so. Then, next, I should ask,—“What constitutes unfitness for

the office?" A deacon might be in bed for a year, and yet be fitted for his office, but an elder could not. I do not think that you and I, brethren, must set ourselves up as judges of the officers' fitness, and I should certainly not recommend you to resort to compulsion in order to get rid of them. The Scripture bids us, "Compel them to come in," but I am not aware of any passage that would authorize us to compel them to go out. If a man is not fit for the office that he holds, the first thing is to try to make him fit, or to ask the Lord to do so, and the next thing is to let the people see his unfitness, and to deal with him in the best way you can when the opportunity arises. You cannot make deacons of seventy or eighty years of age act like young men of eighteen or nineteen; but, if you treat them with courtesy, and go on your way with prudence and discretion, you will find that method much better than falling out with them.

In my early days in London, I had one very dear and worthy man who was a deacon with me; and when I went to preach in Exeter Hall and the Surrey Music Hall, he said to me, "I am an old man, and I cannot possibly go at the rate you young people are going; but I don't want to hang on, and be a drag to you, so I will quietly withdraw, and go and see how I can get on with Mr. Brock." I think that was the kindest thing that the good man could have done, and that it was probably the best course for himself as well as for us. I went over to see him, some time afterwards, and he asked me to take my two boys that he might give them his blessing. He said to me, "Did I not do the very best thing I could have done by getting out of the way, and not remaining to hinder the work? I always read your Sermons, and I always send in my subscriptions." Dear good man, he died the next day. If I had asked him to go, perhaps he might not have gone; but as it was, we remained the best of friends.

Brethren, there is a tendency for us to believe that people must be very bad if they do not like us. That is very natural; and if you were some perfect spiritual being, it might be quite true. It is always much more wonderful to me that so many should like me than that some should not. One point that you must take into consideration is that, very often, a deacon cannot go from the place, while you can. His business ties him to Little Pedlington, but you are free to go to Slocum-in-the-Marsh. Where there are two men, one of whom can move, and the other cannot, I think I should let the man go who can move, and let the other one keep his place. When the man's great offence is that he does not like *you*, that is a very small matter, and you must put up with it with the best grace you can. Some of our troublers are very like mosquitoes; if one comes to attack you, let him suck to his heart's content,—another one might be even more hungry than he is.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Should deacons be chosen for a fixed term, or permanently, as are the pastors?*

*A.—We must go by Scripture in everything. Is there anything in the Scriptures to authorize an annual election of deacons, or a triennial*

election of deacons? I trow not. I think such methods tend to keep the church perpetually in hot water. At the same time, if the church to which you go has a rule to the effect that the election must take place every three years, it might only cause trouble and division if you were to attempt to alter it. I say again, that the safe rule for us is always to go by the Scriptures.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Should a person be excluded from church-fellowship because he supports horse-racing, theatres, etc.?*

*A.—*Yes, if you can manage it; I think we should not have in our churches any persons who are addicted to horse-racing, betting, gambling, or attending theatres. Last Monday night, a young man, whose case is rather peculiar, came to see me about joining the church. He plays a fiddle every night in a certain theatre in London; that is the only thing he can do for a living, and he has a mother wholly dependent upon him. I said to him, "Has anybody spoken to you about giving up your situation?" He replied, "No, sir; but I feel that I cannot go on in it. I teach in the Ragged-school on Sunday evenings, and it does not seem to me consistent with the position I hold on week-nights, when I have to mix up with a drinking, swearing, immoral company." The man does not know any trade; all he can do is to play the violin. So I said to him, "Everything depends upon the amount of faith that you have in God. If I saw a man who was confident that he could leap a great chasm, and land safely on the other side, I might not try to prevent him from jumping; but it would be quite a different matter for me to urge a man to do more than he has the faith to do. This might even discourage him from attempting what he could do. I know how you should act, and I know what would be the course that would be taken by a man who had firm faith in God's leading. What is your next step to be? If you have faith in God, He will care for you; but how He will do it, I cannot tell you. You have to obey Him first." I have felt that young man's case lying very heavily on my heart; but I certainly shall not take him into the church while he is fiddling at the theatre.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Is it right to apply the title "Rev." to a Baptist minister?*

*A.—*It depends upon who he is. If he is a very small mite of a man that no one would see except with a microscope, call him "Rev." If he is anybody that is anybody, you need not.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Is it advisable to have prayer-meetings after every Sunday evening service?*

*A.—*Perhaps not; but it is better not to have a fixed rule for anything where the Spirit of God is concerned, but always to do as He directs at the moment. Be regularly irregular if the Spirit so moves you; but have prayer-meetings as often as possible.

(To be continued.)

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

*"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."*—2 Cor. ix. 8.

**W**HAT treasure-trove is here for poverty-stricken souls! If our faith were but strong and eager enough to gather up the riches stored in this chest of blessing, what millionaires in grace we might become! "But the chest is fast locked," you say, "how can we grasp what we cannot see?" True, yet faith is the key which not only unlocks these treasures, but gives us the right to claim them as our own, and use them to the constant enrichment of our daily life.

I do not know how it is with you, my dear readers, but when I look upon such an exhibition of Divine possibilities as is contained in this and similar portions of God's Word, I wonder, with a sore amazement, at my own spiritual condition, which, far too often, is reduced to one of indigence and distress. The grand assurance, here given by the apostle, of our God's ability to supply all our need, is no new thing to us. We know that He "is able to make all grace abound toward us," we fully recognize the blessedness of "always having all sufficiency in all things," we desire intensely to "abound to every good work," but few of us have joyfully entered upon this inheritance. We have not yet taken possession of the land; we may have cut a cluster or two of its fruit, and eaten a mouthful or so of its honey, but our faith has not yet dared to claim the fulfilment of that wonderful promise, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you."

O come, all ye longing souls, come, poor doubting reader, come, weak and trembling writer, gird up the loins of your mind, and let your faith march boldly into this promised land, never again to leave it, till it is exchanged for the Heavenly Canaan! Think for a moment how wealthy we should be, could we but thus believe in our God. What could we not be, and do, and suffer, if *all* grace abounded toward us? With what persistency and impressiveness does the apostle repeat the word "*all*"—that little word with so vast a meaning! Can we imagine the bliss of possessing *ALL GRACE—ALWAYS* (or, *ALL WAYS*), and having *ALL SUFFICIENCY—in ALL THINGS*? I lay down my pen for a moment to thank God for these riches of grace in Christ Jesus my Lord, and I take it up again with this thought in my heart,—

*"What more can He say, than to you He hath said,  
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"*

There is another sense in which the words of this text may come home to us. The apostle Paul, in previous verses, had been stirring up the Christians in Corinth to liberality of spirit, and zeal in ministering to the saints. It is noteworthy that he brings abounding grace and generous giving into such close connection, linking them together as cause and effect, even as the plentiful sowing of the seed ensures a bounteous harvest. He says, in effect, "Your God is so immensely rich, and so anxious to enrich you, not with grace alone,

but with gifts of 'all things', that the more you give, the more you will have; and if you purpose in your heart to be bountiful, giving love, money, help, and kindness, to all around you, God, who 'loveth a cheerful giver,' will see to it that you have the means of carrying out your desire, for you shall have 'all sufficiency' of 'all things' that you 'may abound to every good work.'"

I think this is a very grave and important view of the text, for, may it not be that we who complain of being "straitened", are impoverished for this very reason, that we have lacked zeal in *enriching others*? Perhaps we have forgotten that, "The worldling prospers by laying up, the Christian by *laying out*." Beloved, if in this "our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Let us seek earnestly from Him the power to "abound in this grace also."

"*God is able*," dear friends, and He is as willing as He is able, "to make *all* grace abound toward *you*." There is no need for any child of His to be destitute, or distressed, either in spiritual or temporal matters. Does this assertion startle you? Yet God's Word bears it out; and the fact that there are so many half-starved Christians, poor in faith, penniless in comfort, leading unlovely and joyless lives, does not alter it in the least. Hart speaks of some in his day who were "rich of mercy, poor of grace;" may the dear Lord deliver us from dishonouring and grieving Him by falling into such a terrible condition! "He is able!" Say it over and over to yourselves till you learn its blessed music; it will encourage your souls against every sort of despair. You are very sinful;—yes, but, "He is able to save to the uttermost." You are weakest of the weak;—true, but, "He is able to keep you from falling." You are subject to fierce temptations;—but, "He is able to succour them that are tempted." You tremble lest you should not endure to the end;—ah! but, "He is able to present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy." Is not this enough? Listen, dear soul, the Master Himself says to thee, "Believe ye that I *am able* to do this?" See to it that thy heart answers, "Yea, Lord," and then His sweet response will be, "According to your faith, be it unto you."

\* \* \* \*

Dear Mr. Spurgeon used to say, "Never let one duty be stained with the blood of another." I fear there has been much offence and blame in this direction lately. Loyalty to the Queen is an excellent thing; but faithful service and self-sacrificing devotion to the King of kings, must be of greater importance and value. What immense sums of money have been squandered in securing seats to view the Jubilee procession! What fabulous expenses have been cheerfully incurred to ensure gaiety and pleasure in some form or other during the season of festivity! And for this, *God's cause has suffered sorely*! Apparently, much of the money which should pass into the King's treasuries, has been absorbed by the exacting needs of fashion and display, for, on all hands, one hears of a serious falling off in the receipts of charitable and religious societies. While, in some cases, tens of thousands of

pounds were willingly given to provide a single meal for the poor, those Institutions which minister more directly to the spiritual wants of the community are left to bewail dwindling funds and a diminished sympathy. It is a sad evidence of the selfishness of human nature that, as a fact, five, ten, fifteen, or even more guineas have been ungrudgingly paid for a view of a passing pageant, by the very people who think they have done a grand thing if they dole out half-a-sovereign to any scheme for the advancement of God's kingdom in the world! It is good to give thanks for sixty years of national mercy, and a "Diamond Jubilee" should fill our hearts with joy; but when God's service all over the land is made to suffer from excess of expenditure in self-indulgence and adornment, it seems to me that the Master's words of long ago have a special and solemn significance now, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

\* \* \* \*

The Book Fund is pursuing "the noiseless tenor of its way," encouraged now and again by some special favour from the Lord, or some unexpected success among men. Some little while since, a clergyman of the Established Church called at "Westwood," the object of his visit being to ascertain whether he could compass the purchase of a whole set (42 volumes) of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons! We had a time of happy converse together, and he left with the joyful anticipation of seeing his desire speedily fulfilled. In a few days, he thus wrote:—"I am now the happy possessor of these priceless volumes; and what has long been the wish of my heart, has at length come to pass. I echo very earnestly your prayer that, being blessed myself by their means, the blessing may pass on to others; I have faith to believe it will be so. Mr. Spurgeon is still continuing his work, through his living writings; and though removed, he still speaks most wonderfully to the world. That God thus honours His dear servant, must be a sufficient consolation to sustain you during the 'little while' of separation."

There is, perhaps, a deeper truth than he knows of, in this good man's last sentence. My gracious God could not have devised a more compassionate and blessed way of filling my closing days with joy and gladness, than by putting into my hands this power to disseminate and scatter abroad my husband's precious works. How busily employed He has kept me all these days and years! He is even constantly adding to my duties and responsibilities, thereby increasing my pleasures, and rendering my dependence on Him for supplies a daily matter of faith, patience, expectation, and deep thanksgiving.

\* \* \* \*

I am (D.V.) to lay the memorial stone of the large chapel at Bexhill, on Wednesday, July 7th. It should be a day of great rejoicing over the goodness of God to us. My two dear sons are to be with me, and my husband's valued friend, Pastor A. G. Brown, has most kindly consented to preach in the evening. If those who loved dear Mr.

Spurgeon, and still cherish every remembrance of him, will rally round us then, I shall be greatly cheered. The building must necessarily cost some thousands of pounds, and *it has to be opened absolutely free of debt*. If I could meet all the cost myself, I would gladly do so; but as this is not possible, I shall gratefully receive loving free-will offerings from those whose hearts are prompted to take part in this tribute to the dear memory of my beloved.

\* \* \* \*

My need for the Kaffir Sermons has been quickly and abundantly met. Praise the Lord with me, dear readers of the *Sword and Trowel*! A friend, who has for many years shown himself a true and generous helper, came to bring me half the sum required, that he might encourage my heart to go on with the good work; and while he was in the house, he had the joy of seeing the amount more than completed in a very unexpected way. Two ladies, strangers, called to see me. "Please tell Mrs. Spurgeon," said they, "we have brought her a legacy of £20, and we want her signature to the receipt." I went to see them. "Who has left me this money?" I asked. "Oh, an old lady, quite unknown to you; but we used to read to her your articles in the *Sword and Trowel*, and she left this money to you in her will. Here is the clause copied out for you." They handed me a paper, with the cheque, and there I read these words,—"*£20 towards the fund for the distribution of Sermons in foreign languages.*" So God had provided, long ago, for this need of to-day; and though it is only one out of His manifold mercies to me, it adds a weighty item to the debt of love I owe. As soon as we can get the translator to do his part, there will be no time lost in bringing out another Sermon in the Kaffir language.

S. S.

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## The Heaven-ward Railway; or, All Along the Line.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE  
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT,  
THOMAS SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 268.)

A STROLL UP THE LINE will, like the Interpreter, show us "excellent things." As we trudge in the six-foot way, we remember the opposition to these highways. Some of the towns which prize them most rejected them at first, and, in one instance at least, managed for a while to banish the railway five miles away. The surveyors often had to do their work under cover of night, and landed proprietors defied the promoters. Only recently, we had an exhibition of the spirit of the old-time squire who, when asked if he would allow the new line in his park, exclaimed ferociously, "No, I am most confoundedly opposed to it." He had to, though.

Thus have men, in all ages, misjudged the gospel. They have

feared all sorts of ills through the opening of a Baptist Chapel, and have done their best to prevent "those ranters" from holding services in the market-place. But the chapel was built for all that, and the open-air services were held, and "nobody seemed a penny the worse." I know not what calamities were not predicted when railways were being introduced. The birds that ventured to fly over a passing locomotive would drop down dead, the horses at the plough would bolt, cows would cease grazing, and hens would lay aside laying. Pheasants and foxes could be no longer preserved, and houses would be burnt up by the fire from the engine chimneys, and so on, and so on. Yet, though England is a perfect network of railways, these calamities do not afflict us; nay, rather, the advent of a railway is hailed as the harbinger of prosperity. As long ago as 1836, a shrewd shareholder, "overjoyed at the inestimable blessings the railway seemed likely to bestow upon mankind, said, 'I do believe I shall live to see misery almost banished from the earth.'" Alas! the dream has not been realized; nor will it be till all men know the Lord. Oh, that the gospel of the glory of the blessed God were spread from pole to pole! It works for righteousness and peace. No one need be "afraid of being converted." Alas! for those who thrust the blessing from them;—they'll rue their fatal choice too late.

But we are strolling up the line. These parallel *rails* remind me of faith and repentance. Which of you divines can tell us which comes first? Do they not run side by side? And here is *ballast* to keep the track secure,—a very needful commodity that, in ministerial life and work. Take notice that the gauge is 4-ft. 8½-ins., for the broad gauge (7-ft.) was swept away in 1892. Would God it was banished from our churches! We are taunted with being of a specially "narrow" gauge. The best reply is given by "one of our own men" in the College Report:—"We believe the narrow gauge is the best route to the highest peaks of Holiness and Peace." All mountain railways are of narrow gauge. "The battle of the gauges" is still being fought; do not fear, dear brother, to throw down the gage of battle.

Here and there, we happen on workers of various sorts, plate-layers, gate-keepers, point-cleaners, shunters and the like. These are somewhat obscure individuals, but they are indispensable. "They are no less part of the commonwealth that do obey, than those that do command." These are the village pastors, and mission-workers. These are the praying folk, the chapel-keepers, and pew-openers; the silent sufferers, and patient toilers. These are they who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." We could do well with many more of these. Three cheers for those we have!

I do not marvel that they call this road a *permanent way*. How solid and substantial is all connected with it! A member of the House used the following illustration lately:—"In a railway case, where you are making a new railway, you are called upon to deposit plans, and it is upon a certain datum line that the whole work depends. I asked the engineer what his datum line was, and he said, 'Oh, I have



got a fluctuating datum line!' I need not say that the Bill was thrown out, as a Bill dependent upon the fluid method ought to be." God be praised, we have no fluctuating datum line, no fluid method! "For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in Heaven!" Our permanent way is Jesus Christ, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

And now we come to a *tunnel's mouth*. The safest way to pass through a tunnel is to ride in a train. All but the most experienced are apt to grow dazed when they hear the roar of the approaching engine. Our wisest policy, in time of trouble, is to cleave close to Christ. Get aboard some of His promises in the dark places. There is a world of difference between a cavern and a tunnel. All *our* gloomy ways are tunnels, even though, because of many windings, we cannot see the way out as yet. "We'll have to pray our way through this," wrote a friend in one of my seasons of anxiety. Yes, yes, there is a way through all of them, for, at infinite cost, our Lord has pierced the mountain. Let us pray and trust till the hill is threaded, and the shadows flee away; or rather, we flee away from them.

But what are these *troughs between the rails*? 'Tis here that the thirsty engine refreshes itself. Without slackening speed, it fills its tanks by dropping a scoop into these channels. The Lord of the way has made such provision for His busy servants. When they have not leisure so much as to eat, He gives them meat to eat that others know not of. When they can scarce find time for caring for their own souls, He makes them to drink of the brook by the way. At Samson's feet a spring of water gushed when he was like to faint, and betwixt the flashing rails of constant service God places fresh supplies of grace. Let down the scoop, brother; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!

But see, here is a *signal-box*. We shall not want for illustrations now. We shall be welcome if we do not interfere. There must be no talking to the man at the levers, for this is a busy cabin, and the responsibility is awful. "He is the arbiter of life and death. By omitting to give five beats of the needle to the man in the next cabin, telling him that there is a goods train on the line in the track of the express, he may cause a disastrous collision; by a pull of the wrong lever, he may wreck the night mail." The signals must be correct. He must tell the truth with his semaphore. Woe to the pointsman who puts the arm down before the line is clear! Woe, also, to the on-coming train! He must not exhibit such lights in the darkness as happen to suit his taste.

"White is right, red is wrong;  
Green is gently go along."

The galaxy of various-coloured stars outside a junction is not a mere illumination; it is full of meaning to the drivers of the flying trains. May I quote from the late dear Pastor? "Everything in railway service depends upon the accuracy of the signals; when these are wrong, life will be sacrificed. On the road to Heaven, we need unerring signals, or catastrophes will be far more terrible. It is difficult

enough to set myself right, and carefully drive the train of conduct; but if, in addition to this, I am to set the Bible right, and thus manage the signals along the permanent way, I am in an evil plight indeed. If the red light or the green light may deceive me, I am as well without signals as to trust such faulty guides. We must have something fixed and certain, or where is the foundation?" We *have* something fixed and certain. *The Word is absolutely inerrant.* We will be true to it, and to those who look to us to instruct them.

The earliest signals were given by hand. Thus, the policeman (as he was then called), attired in tall hat and dress coat, held out his arm at a right angle to his body when all was right, and held up one hand when caution was necessary. But if the train must stop, he faced it with both arms raised above his head. Our warnings ought to be of this personal and emphatic sort; our very gestures should plainly tell our desire to avert the calamities which threaten the ungodly and the worldly. Let us not fail to reprove, to rebuke, to exhort. The red light needs turning on a little oftener nowadays. The warning arms are not uplifted as they used to be. But we must by all means save some.

May I tell this story from another pen? "It was a summer's evening, and the signalman was waiting for the up express. She was quite due, when he heard the sound of a galloping horse, and anon a gig drove up at the station, while a breathless man shouted, 'Stop all the trains; the wooden bridge is on fire!' The signalman, on hearing the words, simply dashed at his levers, throwing them back at danger, and then listening. Had the express time to stop? Would she thunder on to the blazing bridge to her destruction? He listened from the window of his box, heard her distant whistle; knew by the hum of the rails that she had not slackened speed, and felt every nerve in his body strained to its utmost tension as she came still nearer. Then, at last, he heard her danger whistle, and with a great cry of joy fainted in his box. She had stopped at the very threshold of the burning bridge!" Who would not gladly faint, or even die, if he could snatch brands from the everlasting burning?

"See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night;  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.

"My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

"But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy."

But what if sinners ignore our message? Ah! *then*, we are not responsible; their blood is on their own heads. Only a short remove from here, not long ago, a train rushed on to its destruction. It had

already passed several danger signals. As it neared the next, the pointsman said to his mate, "Whenever is that fellow going to stop?" And so saying, he seized his lantern, rushed out on to the balcony of his box, and waved it frantically. He had done his best. A few moments later, he heard the sickening crash of a fatal collision,—but the jury found him guiltless. Oh, sadly happy pastor who can truly say, "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean."

Look to your signals, my friend. Trim your lamps, my brother, and then work the levers just as conscience and the Word instruct you, so that your hearers may be without excuse.

"White light, shine bright, go along in safety;  
Green light, shine bright, cautions us in time.  
White light, shine bright, go along in safety,  
Red light, shine bright, there's danger on the line."

And now, ere we put on the brake, and end our trip, let us *climb to the footplate*. Here are the stoker and the driver. I know which of these twain I would rather be; but every driver has been a stoker. Faithfulness in the humbler post generally leads to promotion. It is so, certainly, in our good Master's service.

"Remember, every man God made  
Is different: has some deed to do,  
Some work to work. Be undismayed;  
Though thine be humble, do it, too."

More than once I have been privileged to ride on an engine; so I can bear witness to the ceaseless toil and vigilance of its occupants. The art of stoking is not learned in a day, and many an engine has made bad pace, or been quite stopped through an ill-made fire. The most usual fault is to choke the fire with too much fuel. "The fire is made too thick for the engine blast to pull air through it, and it will not make steam for want of heat." The shape of the fire is important, too. But enough of these details; only may we discover how best to keep the zeal of the church alive. Regular and judicious attention is necessary. Too much stoking and poking may do more harm than good; too much feeding of the fire is equally fatal.

*The brake* was in the fireman's charge till latterly, and who can measure the responsibility which that involved? One of these, when he found himself unprepared to die, exclaimed:—

"I'm on the down-grade, and I cannot find the brake."

Alas! alas! for those whose momentum downward has been ever increasing, and who, when they fain would stop, find it impossible to pull up. Alas! alas! for those churches and ministers (I would to God there were none remaining) who have been, all too long, with the brake off, on a falling gradient. Thank God if some have slackened speed, but there needs to be a *reversal of the engines*; and, maybo, some amongst us will yet hear a frank admission that there *was* need for the warning signal, and a word of praise to *him* who held up both his hands when he foresaw the danger.

I need not bespeak an interest in *the driver*. Who amongst us has not aspired in boyhood's days to this distinguished post?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,—  
“I'll be an engine-driver?”

Every boy has had what they call, in the sheds, “locomotive measles,” only some have it worse than others. Well, brethren, we have not reached the goal of our youthful ambition yet; but, “while there's life there's hope.” Perhaps we have altered our minds. Then the best thing is to be engineers for God, on the footplate of the Church, and we shall need many of the characteristics which would have served us on the locomotive. We must love our work, and be wholly devoted to it. A true pastor gets to know the ways and workings of his church. His ear is quick for unusual sounds, and he interprets them correctly. Friction has scarcely a chance to appear, for he is round with his oil-can, at some risk to himself, before the bearings heat. He sees to every nut, and bolt, and piston, and crank (and there are a good many *cranks* to see to). On the road, nothing escapes him. His hand is on the lever, and his eye on the gauge-glass, when it is not looking out for signals, and his ear, as I have said, is ever listening.

On a voyage to the Antipodes, it was my lot to sit next to the chief engineer at meal times. He was a genial fellow, and a good conversationalist; but, every now and then, he was as those that dream. He had missed the last sentence altogether, and had to beg pardon for apparent inattention. “I was listening to my ponies,” he would add, by way of explanation. He called the engines his ponies, and more than once I have known him quit the feast because they didn't trot quite evenly. Some such duty devolves on us. And this it is that, being too often neglected, brings the train to a standstill, or to disaster. But what a task is ours, if all such complicated machinery is to be attended to! It is said that the works of an engine must be as carefully made, and as accurately adjusted, as those of a watch, and they must be kept as clean. But the machinery of the many-minded Church is still more intricate and elaborate. If we are responsible for its smooth running, we must both watch and pray, and that without ceasing. I have read an amusing story of a driver, who rather prided himself on never having had anything amiss with his engine. Some young rascals played a nasty trick on him. Though all seemed right, he could by no means raise sufficient steam, and his train at last came to a standstill. The whole thing was a mystery. It was elicited, at the enquiry, that a quantity of soft soap had been put into the boiler; the tubes became coated with grease and suds, and this it was that prevented the steam from generating in sufficient quantities. Brethren, beware of soft soap! It will take the steam out of you as surely as anything I know of. Very few men can stand laudation, and flattery is both hateful and hurtful.

The great requisite for an engine-man is nerve. He must have *nerve*, but no nerves. One who knows him well says:—“The English

engine-driver is absolutely without nerves; they have been completely shaken out of him." 'Tis well they have when critical junctures arise, and all depends upon a cool brain, a clear eye, a firm hand, and a brave heart. The features of many a hero are hidden under the coal dust of the footplate. These men face death without flinching, and many have lost their lives with their hands on the throttle or the lever. They know no fear, they only realize that they must stick to their posts, come what may, because of the precious human freight behind them. They remind one of Napoleon, who, with all his faults, was courageous. "Are you not afraid, Citizen Consul?" said one of his councillors to him after the explosion of a royalist infernal machine. He answered, "I, afraid—ah, if I were afraid, it would be a bad day for France!" It was bravely spoken; and shall we flinch in danger's hour? The Church is in peril, but "should such a man as I flee?" It will be a bad day for the cause if we do. The trains will be wrecked if the drivers leap from their places. Some, perchance, may come to grief in any case, but we shall be found faithful. A far-seeing man said to me, some years ago, "There are hard times in store for faithful men." I believed him, and determined to be one of them. We did not climb the footplate of the ministry to take our ease, or to grow rich, or to earn renown, but to help to steer some souls to glory, and to bear our witness to the truth. It is required of drivers that they be found faithful. Not every engine-man can be as famous as George Stephenson, but all can be true and staunch. Stick to your posts, brethren; take not your hands from the levers. Hold to the faith once for all delivered to the saints. Cling to the cross, and to the doctrine of redemption by Christ's sacrifice. Adhere to apostolic principles, and die, if needs be, rather than deny a jot or tittle of the faith and practice of the early Church, of your Puritan forefathers, and of your glorified President.

How privileged are we to be engaged upon this Heaven-ward railway! How good a thing it is to be on board the train that goes through to the New Jerusalem! How happy are we if we can induce others to get on board! Be this our one endeavour. We are not here merely to amuse ourselves,—“to see the wheels go round.” We are agents for this railway. How can we increase the traffic? Well, our best way is still to proclaim that the line is opened, that the way is sure, and the access free. Let us tell often of how the line was constructed, and of the cost of life involved in making it. No railway is made without loss of life, but this one necessitated the spilling of the blood of God's dear Son.

That was a striking, though absolutely vain and useless ceremony, performed in connection with the opening of the line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. "The Jerusalem terminus was dressed out with palm branches. Three white sheep, with gilded horns, were dragged on the rails, and there slaughtered. When the sheep's veins were emptied, the carcasses were withdrawn, and a locomotive advanced over the reddened spot." The blessed Lamb of God emptied His veins ere we could get to God. Thus He consecrated the new and living way for us. We must point men to this sacrifice yet more and more. I

know a preacher who, by an accident, has been deprived of two of the fingers of one hand. Still, he points men to Jesus. If he had lost them all, he'd point with his thumb. If *it* had gone as well, I do believe his handless arm would be stretched out Christ-wards. This, then, is our joyful task,—to bring men to Jesus and so to glory. Do you remember the quaint song of the Jubilee Singers anent the Gospel Train?—

“ The Gospel train is coming,  
I hear it just at hand,  
I hear the car wheels moving,  
And rumbling through the land.  
Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children,  
For there's room for many a more.

\* \* \* \*

“ No signal for another train  
To follow on the line ;  
O sinner, you're for ever lost,  
If once you're left behind.

“ She's nearing now the station ;  
O sinner, don't be vain,  
But come and get your ticket,  
And be ready for the train !

“ The fare is cheap, and all can go,  
The rich and poor are there ;  
No second-class on board the train,  
No difference in the fare.

“ We soon shall reach the station,  
Oh, how we then shall sing !  
With all the Heavenly army,  
We'll make the welkin ring !  
Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children,  
Get on board, children,  
For there's room for many a more.”

Well may we sing of safe and speedy travel Heaven-wards. What said Jesus to the dying thief? He was late enough in getting on board, was he not? Yet said his Saviour, “ *To-day* shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.” The late Peter Mackenzie put it tersely when, in reporting to a friend a sermon he had preached on the penitent thief, he said, “ We bundled him up, bag and baggage, by express, booking him right through. He never halted at Hell's Junction, nor put on the brake at Purgatory, nor blew his whistle at Perdition, but went right to Paradise.” That is Peter's somewhat rough and ready way of putting a glorious truth. John Newton's is more poetical, but not more true,—

“ One gentle sigh,—the fetter breaks ;  
We scarce can say, ‘ They're gone ! ’  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.”

Yes, we shall soon be there. O brethren beloved, "the time is short." We shall cross the border presently.

"The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,  
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh."

The train of time goes at lightning speed. Oh, to live to real purpose!

Sometimes, indeed, when troubles harass and annoy, the journey appears interminable. The rest seems to come neither sure nor soon. We are tired out,—that's what's the matter. The monotony has been unbroken. Foes have seemed all too many, and friends all too few. We shall feel better for this Conference. Moreover, the trying term of hard work will soon be over. The long vacation is nearly due for some of us. We're nearer home to-day than ever we've been before; and far nearer than we think. And our hearts rejoice thereat, even if the flesh still shrinks. I fancy we could sing, with Eliza Cook's school-boys,—

"Home for the holidays, here we go;  
Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow!  
Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,  
And let us be off with a puff and a scream.  
Home for the holidays, here we go,  
But this fast train is exceedingly slow!"

The gifted poetess in that simple rhyme describes the glad arrival. The journey ended suddenly, though it seemed so long. Just when the impatient juvenile was in the midst of a lamentation, he had to cry,—

"Yet, stay! I declare, here is London at last;  
The Park is right over the tunnel just past.  
Huzza! Huzza! I can see my papa!  
I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma!  
And, Fred, there's your brother! Look! Look! There he stands,  
They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands."

Ah, me! these children's verses might well serve to describe *our* home-going. We are but boys o'ergrown. The park is just over the tunnel. The glory is right above the gloom: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." With what glad shouts shall we alight! We will cry "Hosanna!" and "Hallelujah!" as the school-boys cried "Huzza!" And oh, the meeting with the dear ones gone before!

"They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands."

Father, mother, wife, little ones, Pastor, old father Rogers, dear Mr. Gracey, brethren beloved, and the never-to-be-forgotten President,—

"They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands."

And *there* is the Elder Brother of us all!! "Look! look! there *He* stands." He sees us, He sees us, He's waving *His* hands! O hands most dear and beautiful of all, for they are nail-pierced! Dear Saviour, show us also Thy feet and Thy side!

Methinks I hear the angels cry, "All change here!" . . . *This is HEAVEN!!*

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLIII.—JAMES GEORGE POTTER, OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, AGRA, INDIA.



**T**HE earnest missionary—JAMES GEORGE POTTER,—whose portrait is here given, was born February 20th, 1858. His parents, Henry and Rebecca Potter, were both well known in connection with Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel; but formerly they were members of the church meeting in New Park Street Chapel, Southwark.

Under God's blessing, our brother owes his conversion to his mother. He has a distinct recollection of saying at her knee, "Here's my heart, Lord,

take and seal it!" This he regards as the time of his decision for Christ. At the age of fourteen, he was baptized by Pastor T. G. Tarn, now of Harrogate; and when he was fifteen, he began to teach at the Peckham Park Road Sunday-school. Four years later, he entered the Pastors' College. Our friend received much spiritual profit and blessing under the ministries of Mr. Cole and Mr. Tarn; but he looks upon his call to mission work as having come direct from God, and his acceptance of that call was only settled after months of earnest prayer for guidance. Missionary interest in his own home, and especially the departure of Mr. Wills (a friend and companion, to China, in 1876, did much to lead his mind in the direction of the foreign mission-field.

Both of Mr. Potter's parents died in the year 1880. His father was greatly delighted on hearing of his son's desire to become a missionary, and most willingly supported his son during the time he was preparing for the work. His mother, who had often prayed for missionaries to be sent forth, was greatly troubled at the thought of parting with her youngest child; yet she never ventured to oppose what appeared to be God's call. But the time of parting came even sooner and for longer than she had anticipated; but on her death-bed she gave her full and hearty consent to her son's going wherever the Lord should direct him. What a blessed gift a godly mother is!

After a three years' course of study in the Pastors' College, Mr. Potter was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society Committee in January, 1881. After nine months' further training, at University College Hospital, he sailed for India in October, 1881, and arrived in Agra the following December. Mr. Spurgeon always held him in the highest esteem; he wrote, concerning him, just after he had started for India:—"His missionary ardour and his steady perseverance lead us to expect great things of him." Could the beloved President write now, he would say that those expectations have been



fully realized. Mr. Potter will be best remembered by his fellow-students as the College Missionary Association secretary. Several of his old College friends are, like himself, engaged in service for Christ in the foreign field. Among them are J. H. Weeks and A. Billington on the Congo, and F. W. Auvache, who joined the Canadian Baptist Mission; while Dr. Sidney Comber has been called to glory, *via* the Congo. Our brother regards his connection with the Pastors' College, and his association with C. H. Spurgeon and the Tabernacle Church, as a very thorough preparation for mission work.

In October, 1883, Mr. Potter was very happily married to Miss Emma Titherington, one of the missionaries of the Baptist Zenana Mission. She was a member at Richmond Road Chapel, Liverpool, and was baptized by Mr. Robarts, now of Glasgow. She was a truly devoted missionary, and greatly helped her husband in his service; but their happiness was suddenly cut short, for, in the following June, she died of fever and cholera. Our brother was very graciously sustained during this time of intense sorrow; but only those who knew him well knew what a trial he then passed through.

In due course, the season arrived for him to return, for a time, to England; and, while at home, he met Miss Alice Kirby, of Great Oxendon, Northampton, a sister of Mrs. Nickals, of China. They were married in September, 1891, and since the end of that year, husband and wife have worked together in Agra and the district around. Mrs. Potter goes with her husband from village to village, aiding him in his arduous, but happy labours, and teaching the poor women the way of salvation. Mr. Potter has gained such a knowledge of the language, and of the people, that he is quite at home in every part of the work. His is an all-round work. In the city streets, in the villages, in schools, in chapels, among the lepers, in the poorhouse, Sunday-schools, day-schools, and Bible-schools, etc., and God has blessed him, and is still blessing him in all departments of his service.

The following extracts from Mr. Potter's latest Report will give some idea of his varied experiences, and also, we trust, move many to pray for him and his fellow-labourers in the Lord's great harvest-field:—"At the beginning of the year, a terrible epidemic of small-pox raged in the Agra district. It seemed hopeless to try and escape contagion, as every village, *basti*, and bazaar seemed full of it. It claimed its victims among Europeans as well as amongst natives,—a most unusual thing. Some of our people, including Mrs. Potter and Mr. Cullen, caught the contagion; yet, by God's mercy, all recovered. After raging in all for about six months, it died down during the hot weather. Now, a still worse calamity—viz., famine, stares us in the face. Surely God has a controversy with this people. Possibly not till there is a famine, and they are in want, will they begin to think of our Heavenly Father, whom they have forsaken for the far country and the riotous living. If want brings the people to God, we shall have to praise Him for this blessing in disguise.

"During the year, we have been cheered by seventeen baptisms. Twelve of those baptized were inmates of the Agra Leper Asylum. Three years ago, we baptized three from the Asylum, two of whom have

since died, exchanging, as we fully believe, the Leper House here for the Father's House on high. Another of those baptized was from the native State of Gwalior. This young man is a Kshatri, of good family. The interesting fact about him is that he has received instruction, not from a missionary, but from a Christian magistrate; this shows us what we might expect if all the English officials of India were Christian men.

"As usual, bazaar preaching has occupied our best energies during the year. We are glad to say that the opposition has not been great during 1896, and we have never failed to get an audience to listen to the Word of God. This result we trace largely to the fact that our message has been a *Gospel* message. We have said as little as possible about Ram or Mohammed. We have also set our face against bazaar discussion, although we might have easily trebled our audiences by encouraging it. Better to have a dozen people, we feel, listening to the Word of God than a hundred joining in a heated discussion in which the great point is, who shall get the best of it. A little incident which occurred in connection with our greatest opponent, a Mohammedan Háfiz, greatly pleased me. As often before, he took his stand quite near where we were preaching. He commenced shouting out passages from the Koran, and words of his own, in opposition to what we were saying, greatly to the distraction of the people around us. Having often warned him, I felt it was time to insist upon his observing a well-known local law, that rival preachers should stand at such distance from each other as not to interfere, lest a disturbance of the peace should result. As he refused to obey, I thought it but just, on this occasion, to call upon the police to see the rule carried out; and, therefore, hailed a passing policeman, who happened to be a Mohammedan. He at once interfered, and told his fellow-Mohammedan to move on. This made the Mohammedan preacher furious; and having hurled many curses at the head of the policeman, he said he would rather die as a martyr to the cause than move a yard. I then appealed to the Mohammedans who stood around their preacher, for fair play. Having carefully ascertained that we first commenced preaching, and that their preacher was in the wrong, they tried to move him by persuasion, and said it was a law among them to obey the voice of ten fellow-Mohammedans, and they were more than ten who asked him to move on. Still he refused, saying he would die first. Then they took the law into their own hands, and a dozen strong Mohammedans hustled their own preacher away. This exhibition of fair play and good feeling I greatly appreciated; and I may add, our Mohammedan rival has since shown me much greater respect.

"Last year's Conference being held in December, we were able to report a good deal of village work before that time. After the Conference, Mrs. Potter and I, with the preachers and one Bible-woman, had a long and interesting tour in a part of the district which has not been visited for many years. We had in most places a most kind reception, and shall be glad as soon as possible to re-visit the same villages. At one village, Mrs. Potter found an old woman, said to be at least 100 years of age, who wept at meeting Christian

teachers, and declared that, many years ago, as a young woman, she had read the Bible, and been convinced of its truth. It was most cheering thus to find a believer in Jesus, hidden away in a village of heathen people. In addition to village work, local *melas* have been visited, and the Word of God preached to the thousands of idolaters, who have thronged to worship at the different sacred places. Many of these have not only listened to the Word preached, but have also carried away portions of Scripture to their various village homes."

Long may Mr. and Mrs. Potter be spared to labour on behalf of the people of India!

DANIEL JONES.

Agra.

## A Plea for Foreign Missions.

DO you see the nations dying, O my brothers,  
 With no ray of hope to cheer them as they die?  
 Do you hear the heathen crying, O my brothers,  
 Till the heavens seem to echo with their cry?  
     Shall their plea be unavailing,  
     And their sad and bitter wailing  
 Appeal from our forgetfulness to Him who dwells on high?

Do you hear the voices calling, O my brothers,  
 From the distant lands of beauty, East and West?  
 Do you see the shadows falling, O my brothers,  
 And another shadow, deeper than the rest,  
     Of a night that endeth never,  
     Of a gloom that lasts for ever,  
 The outer darkness far away from God and all the blest?

Did the Son of God redeem us, O my brothers,  
 All unmindful of the sacrifice it cost?  
 Then how ill it will beseech us, O my brothers,  
 If we hold aloof while souls are being lost.  
     While we hesitate and linger,  
     Death, with lean and bony finger,  
 Is pointing to the boundary which cannot be recrossed.

Would you eat your meat with gladness, O my brothers?  
 Share your morsel with the hungry far away.  
 Would you find a cure for sadness, O my brothers?  
 Pierce the darkness with the hope-inspiring ray  
     Of a dawn for ever lightening,  
     Of a glory ever brightening,  
 The promise and the herald of the everlasting day.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

## God-touched Lips.

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

**B**ELOVED BRETHREN,—Once again I answer to your call, and stand before you with that which I trust may prove to be a message from the Master to our holy brotherhood. May I be allowed to say that the solemnity of these meetings grows upon me, and the importance of such gatherings, I feel, adds greatly to the responsibility which rests upon those who address you on these Conference occasions. I can assure you it is one thing to sit amongst you as a listener,—a privilege I enjoyed for many years,—and quite another to occupy the position I now hold. My prayer used to be, whenever a brother ascended this platform, “Lord, help *him* ;” but now it is, “Lord, help *me*.” It is but the difference of a word, but in that word lies all the difference. This is no mere sentiment, but the sincere feeling of the speaker who seeks a renewal of Divine strength, and a repetition of your fraternal sympathy. The remembrance of the kindly reception you gave to my paper last year has greatly encouraged me in preparing a sequel to it. There was one sentence in that address on “God-touched hearts” which perhaps your memories recall,—it ran as follows :—“The Spirit of God, in a preacher’s heart, celebrates the bonds of wedlock between his heart and lips by the passion of holy love,” and it is from a few thoughts growing out of the consideration of this utterance that I wish to speak this morning.

God-touched lips are the complement of God-touched hearts. *There is a direct connection between the two.* When Isaiah had received a vision of the glory of God, he was filled with great consternation. A sight of Jehovah’s holy majesty caused him to see his own unworthiness and uncleanness. God’s sovereignty and power overawed him, for the one was incontestable, and the other irresistible, and he exclaimed, “Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.” His heart was humbled, to prepare him for the honour he was to be called to as a prophet. “Then flew one of the seraphim, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar, and laid it upon his mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips.” Daniel had passed three weeks in self-humiliation and heart-training before he felt the Lord touch him, and even then a sense of his weakness caused him to fall with his face to the ground and become dumb, and it was not until “one like the similitude of the sons of men touched his lips,” that he opened his mouth and spake. Listen to the deep sigh of Jeremiah, as it comes from a timid and tender heart, “Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child.” “Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched his mouth, and said, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth.”

Those are fittest to be employed for God who are low in their own eyes, and whose hearts have been made to feel keenly their own impotency. The first stage towards doing anything in the ministry as a preacher must be to kiss the feet of the Crucified as a trembling but trusting sinner. It is when we have been made to know our utter undoneness, and have cried, “Woe is me!” that the Spirit of God

comes and puts grace into our soul, and power into our speech. He who preaches without a special unction from the Holy Spirit has no soul-tone which is adapted to the hearts of his hearers. "A man of unclean lips" cannot become a missionary to "a people of unclean lips" until his own heart is renewed, for God never gives His Spirit to bless any other message than that which He sends His sanctified servants to deliver.

The touch of the live altar-coal must first affect our heart, in taking away our iniquity and purging our sin, and then we can "go and tell the people" the message of God. The man who fully receives the Holy Ghost must and will and does, in fact, become emancipated from the fear of man, and from dependence on his own resources. The profound sense of God is with him; and it gives him a grand independence and tender sympathy, and saves him from toadying and mock humility. The God-appointed and God-anointed minister is infinitely removed from all self-complacency and from all conceit, because he intelligently and decisively places himself at the disposal of the Holy Ghost. This is what has been characterized as "the rest of faith," and may be illustrated by the familiar sight of a beautiful and swift-winged bird assuming to balance himself upon a slender stalk of grain, buoyant, jubilant, and quivering with life. What holds him thus exalted? What makes the little thing so bewitching, fascinating the eye of the beholder? It is not the frail straw, which finds its feeble strength taxed already in up-bearing the "full corn in the ear," that supports his extra weight; nor can it be alone the delicate and vigorous wings which seem to be largely responsible for the melody-producing air that inflates the songster's breast. It is the will of God, sweetly co-ordinating all laws within and without that regulate and modify the buoyant and beautiful life. To the speaker who is nourished by the strength of God in his own heart, there is given a transcendent power to attract and bless those to whom he is Divinely sent, and a supernatural force will enable him to poise himself upon the Word of God, with a trustfulness which shall cause the people to wonder from whence he gathers his soul-inspiring ministries. The fountain of his soul is fed by the never-failing springs which rise beneath, and proceed from, the throne of God, and the rivers of gracious language flow with rippling cadence over sanctified lips. The heart has become a well of living water, bubbling and bursting forth like the sudden uprising of a giant geyser, the streams of fervent utterance pouring forth in torrents of heated eloquence from the deep furnaces of the soul's enthusiasm. The altar fires have been kindled within, until their burning blazes forth, and the glow is felt in every word the preacher speaks. The message that God gives must be spoken. It is a fire in the bones, a "Woe is me!" in the heart. Such a man can do nothing else but preach, for he says with Jeremiah, "His Word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

"This is what makes him the soul-saving preacher,—  
There's a background of God to each hard-working feature;  
Every word that he speaks has been fiercely furnace-drawn  
In a blast of a life which has struggled in earnest."

Reality of soul strives after genuineness of speech, and it is ever out of the abundance of a purified heart that the mouth speaks words of truth and holiness. Speech has its best growth and safeguard in the sanctified and spiritual nature of the preacher. Holy thought and supplication lead him to meditation; and as he muses, the fire burns in his soul, and glows till it inflames his whole being. From such musing he will come to preaching as the only outlet for deep and sacred utterance from his charged spirit. Such cogitation begets soul agitation. All pulpit freshness springs from that deep, holy feeling and thought, which pervade a preacher's spirit through and through. You cannot strike home to any man's heart without striking home from your own. Sacred soul-fires are the only flames which really keep a preacher warm. Fuel of idea from the intellect, and burning love from the heart, allied to the holy fire of Divine inspiration, will maintain everything around glowing and alive; and thus every discourse will become a real message of God burning in the heart, and throbbing on the tongue! The sphere of true Christian power is the heart, and that power which cleanses the heart and produces holy living is the power of the Holy Ghost; and this power is also the "tongue of fire."

There is a fire of God that every saint must experience, which shall kindle and glow through and around every leaf, twig, and branch of his nature, until, like the bush which burned and yet was not consumed, he becomes the exponent of God's indwelling glory. We are to be furnaces ourselves, charged with holy fuel, and then shall we know what fire can do in the lives of others. The gospel becomes glorious in strength because the speaker has himself believed it with his whole heart, and his earnestness in proclaiming it is the more fervid because he has felt its quickening power in his own soul. There will be no air of abstraction or introspection, no far-away look or tone; speech will leap forth with that directness and intentness of aim which are born of the inward glow and vividness of truth. Facts will not be uttered like fiction, but with the earnestness of conviction. It is only fire that can kindle fire, and none can resist the charm of a preacher who gives soul-sermons,—speaking right out in manly, simple directness; who fires himself in his speech with costly self-exhaustion. Such flames are quickly fed and kept alight from the altar fires.

"These, my friends," Charles Kingsley would often say, "are *real* thoughts." God had pencilled them on his mind, portrayed them on his heart, and the Spirit had produced them from his lips. If the fire is brought *from* the right place *to* the right place, we need not fear about our success. Having experienced what it can do to our inmost spirits, notwithstanding the opposition it met with, we shall be assured that it will burn on, though Satan himself should strive to quench it. The world's gas-fires are regulated by taps, and they can be turned out at will, needing a fresh match to be struck to rekindle them. Such is the hypocritical preaching when the speaker has no interest in, or conviction of, the truth he proclaims. The real coal-fires which never go out are those which burn in a heart that has understood the doctrines of grace, and believed the gospel. We must have a personal

vision of truth, not merely as a rational conclusion, but burnt into our hearts by a profound conviction as vividly real as a live coal. The prophet had to eat the roll before he could give it to others. A burning heart will soon find for itself a flaming tongue. As the music of the minstrel found the imprisoned king, because the melody was one of his lord's composing, so the experimental preaching of the gospel finds the soul long shut in the hopelessness of sin, and fetches therefrom a response of recognition to the Divine truthfulness of the Word.

He who has experienced the presence of the Divine Spirit in his soul, is set on fire by the Spirit to serve the Living God. It is the nature of fire to enkindle. Through the fire of the Holy Ghost, the old man in his corruptions and lusts is gradually consumed. Hours will come in which the believing soul sees to its joy how Christ has become a living factor and force in its existence; and this fire will grow and increase, and even become a flame of holy love, a blessed consciousness and conviction of grace, a powerful agent to prove our love to God and man, an incentive to prayer and praise, a warming strength to the soul, enabling it to do deeds of mercy and live a life of self-denial; and this fire gives us a glorious light within, even if all around us seems dark.

If anywhere in the realm of utterance gifts and graces are needed, it is in the declaration of the supreme message which is the expression of the Divine mind. Since it hath pleased God to choose the vehicle of human speech to convey to man His sublime thoughts, it behoves us who are preachers to seek steeds of fire to draw the chariots of the gospel forth laden with living truths until "they shall run like lightnings." God's mandate is not to be delivered with marble lips; it must not drop from an icy tongue. Frigid tones and frozen words ill become the bearers of glad tidings. Rather let the Divine flame of God-like passion burn within our souls, and blaze upon our lips. There is an imperative call for a generation of ministers into whose souls the Holy Spirit shall burn the great forgotten truths of sin and salvation; and whose lips He shall touch with the live coal. Souls on fire with the love of Christ and a lost world, and with a conscious sense of their mission from God, will develop, along with moral and spiritual power, the intellectual vigour, and heated utterance, for the want of which the progress of Christianity languishes and loiters. There is needed a new baptism of the Holy Ghost, for he who expects to put forth power must have a plenitude of power at command. How can a minister master men of vehement and palpitating passions, if he be utterly destitute of a fiery and eruptive life? If, therefore, we would have our soul surcharged with the fire of God, so that those with whom we come in contact may feel the mysterious influence, we must come to the Source of that fire. Have you never seen a person surcharged with electricity? He is made to stand upon a stool insulated from the earth by means of glass legs, and then the subtle fire is passed invisibly into his body. Come near and touch him, and at once a spark leaps out towards you. It is because he is thus isolated that he receives and retains the electricity. Thus must the minister of the gospel enjoy that apartness from the world

which shall cause him to be the willing receptacle of Divine inspiration, and the ready communicator of that power to others.

If the "Prince of preachers" found it good to be alone on the mountain-top beneath the midnight sky, and, by the fervour of His prayer, gained force for the fulfilment of His mission among the sons of men, how much more shall we need to withdraw in prayer from the busy scenes of our pastorates, in order that we may draw down from Heaven the strength needed for our service. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in replenishing the fire of God within the soul. Let us therefore wait to be "endued with power from on high," to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Bernard used to say, "I long to be a flame of fire continually glowing for the service of the Church, preaching to my latest hour." It is only as the mighty promise is fulfilled in us, "I will make My words in thy mouth—fire," that we can become as "His ministers a flaming fire." Augustine's prayer may well be ours, "O fire, thou art always burning, and never quenched; kindle me! O light, always shining, and never darkened; enlighten me!" Do we shrink from the application of the "live coal"? Then is there the more need of it. Are we afraid of the fire because of the dross that dwells within, and the chaff which remains? Then is there the greater necessity that it should be sent to consume the refuse and rubbish of sin and self. What we must have, brethren, is a filling of the Holy Ghost. "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God,"—is that a prayer at which we falter? When Paul had uttered this petition, perhaps he felt the same as we do now. How did he meet his temerity? Reviewing his supplication, and remembering his Almighty King, he breaks out, "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end;" for "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." So will we "trust, and not be afraid."

Thus we have endeavoured to show the direct connection which exists between God-touched hearts and God-touched lips.

In the next place, let us *note the symbol chosen to set forth the power communicated to the preacher*. It is described as "a live coal from the altar." The Blessed Spirit in the Word is as fire. How unmistakable is the gift of fire! What a reality, what a vitality, what a sweeping and resistless strength resides in that element of fire! How it spreads, and glows, and rages, and devours! How it strides from point to point, from wood to stone, from gallery to wall, from floor to tower, licking, and devouring, and consuming, while a whole population cowers before it, and can only stand idly by, beholding and weeping over its work! Now, Divinely-inspired truth is a live coal; not merely a name, not simply an idea, not a poor, faint, creeping thing which may be disregarded and let alone, because at any moment human exertion can interpose and put it down; but a great, an active, a domineering and irresistible force, against which all the skill and all the strength in the world are as powerless as an infant's touch. The kindling fuel



which is applied to the hearts and lips of God's ministers is all afire, a mass of vehement heat, as coals of juniper. It is no dead or dormant gospel we have to receive and deliver, but one ablaze with the glow of grace and glare of glory. It is a live coal from off the altar that must put life into us; so let us beware lest a strange fire be applied by an angel other than a seraph, or lest we make an incense of our own, and light it at the common fires of the world's kindling. Goethe says, "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices;" make sure, therefore, you hear the one Great Voice that speaks with authority. There are many so-called gospels, but only one true gospel; be certain, therefore, that the coal laid upon your lips is a Divine anthracite taken from the altars of God, and not the bituminous compounds of earthly errors and the doctrines of devils. It is all-important that we make ourselves sure of the source of our inspiration, and also of the Word of Life which we hold forth. Woe be to those who act the part of false coast-guards, and erect beacons along the rock-bound shore, only to light them in the darkness so that mariners may be spoiled and souls wrecked! Let not the fickle *ignis fatuus*, which is born amid the miasmas of the world's murky superstition and sin's Cimmerian darkness, be mistaken for the lambent flame which lives perpetually on the Saviour's shrine, and leaps forth from the censer of the Great High Priest.

The place of origin of this live coal is distinctly stated, "from off the altar." We cannot be sure which altar is here meant. Perhaps the record is indefinite so that we may understand that both the altar of burnt-offering and the altar of incense are intended. Dr. James Fleming, in *The Gospel in Leviticus*, thus describes the altar of burnt-offering:—

"The altar of brass, on which every sacrifice was to be offered, formed a conspicuous and important part of the furniture of the Tabernacle. It was the meeting-place of God and man. There, the sinner approached with his oblations the All-Holy, and found on the blood-sprinkled ground on which he stood, acceptance for himself and for what he brought. He saw the life he offered, in lieu of his own forfeited one, received; the sins he confessed, forgiven; and the blessings he solicited, conferred; and returned to his place in the camp a relieved and grateful man. On that altar a fire was always burning, which had been kindled in the first instance by a flash of flame from the innermost sanctuary, and which was ever feeding on the body of a lamb; for every morning, at nine o'clock, a lamb, which had been previously inspected, and pronounced free from blemish, was—after being killed and flayed, divided into pieces, and sprinkled with salt,—committed to it. The sacrifice was repeated every afternoon, at three o'clock, after much the same manner. The Sabbath, however, witnessed a difference. From being specially sacred to the Lord, affording opportunities to men for worship beyond any other of the days of the week, and a type of the rest which remaineth for the people of God, and where Divine things will be far more highly appreciated than here, its sacrifices were required to be *doubled*. The flame that issued from the Holy of Holies, and lit the fire which was never afterwards allowed to go out, would, as the symbol and energy of the

Divine righteousness, have smitten with death the guilty congregation beyond the court, had not a lamb on the brazen altar stopped and satisfied it. By no Levitical rite or service was Christ, as 'the Lamb of God,' more perfectly represented, or more fully and beautifully typified, than by the daily sacrifice. It significantly prefigured Him in His death, the satisfaction He yielded to the Father, and His intercession on behalf of men."

The altar of incense stood before the mercy-seat, in front of the veil in the sanctuary. The incense was of special composition, lighted by fire, as its name indicates—that which is set on fire,—from the brazen altar. Mark the connection here. It is the same fire. No blood touched it, save that of the sin-offering which was annually put on its corners to make atonement. It symbolized the pleasing and prevailing intercession which Christ makes in Heaven, grounded upon the merits and satisfaction of His sacrifice, and upon which we are to depend for acceptance and the blessing of God. I know of no truths so full of power to ignite and to keep burning the fires of pure and true eloquence as those that set forth the sacrificial work and intercessory service of our adorable Redeemer. This Theology is the Thermology of the heart. A sacred combustion is the result when, by the Spirit's power, the word of the Cross transmits its heat to the fireplace of a regenerate nature. Then it is our mouths become athanors, and our lips braziers, and every word incandescent. If we would set on fire the stubble of modern scepticism, and consume the wood and hay of human dogmas, let us apply the embers which glow upon the Cross, as the never-dying remnants of that glorious sacrifice which was offered for our sins.

One cannot specify all the live coals which burn upon the altar; but this we will say, that the more we feel the corruption of our heart, the more shall we preach the doctrine of the total depravity of man, and the consequent necessity of regeneration. The soul-saving doctrines of the Atonement, of justification by faith, and the final perseverance of all God's elect, are all truths which cluster round the altars of burnt-offering and of incense; and let a minister have the living truth of God—brought straight from the flaming sacrifice itself,—put into his heart, and laid upon his lip, then shall the congregation know and feel the unction he has received, by the power of it in their hearts also.

Our case is very similar to that of the prophet. The people to whom he was called to preach had greatly wandered from God, and given themselves over to all manner of iniquity. They were eagerly set upon sin, and violent in their evil pursuits. As cattle put themselves to the strain and the traces to the stretch when drawing in a team, so for the gratifying of their individual appetites, and to humour some base lust, they took pains to transgress, and Isaiah had to testify against such, "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope." Moreover, they wilfully confounded virtue and vice,—calling drunkenness, good fellowship; covetousness, wise husbandry; seriousness, ill-nature; and sobriety, ill-breeding. Added to this was an arrant pride which made them think that they could outwit Infinite Wisdom, and countermine Providence itself. Their

judges perverted justice, their rulers ignored the laws of equity. Rewards and bribes carried the cause, and tips and fees covered the counsel's costs of the basest criminal. Therefore the anger of the Lord was kindled against His people, and as fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so did His wrath take vengeance upon them. Without taking a too pessimistic view of our times, may I not compare them very justly to the foregoing epitome of crime, and say that fire is as much needed to-day as a powerful abstergent as in the days of Israel's seer? Of this I am certain, that the callous carelessness, the deliberate debauchery, the Sultanic (which is a synonym for Satanic) sinfulness, and the gross guilt of this age will never be cleansed by any other means than the preaching of Christ crucified. We must find fire from His substitutionary sacrifice, and use none other than that which comes from the altar of Calvary. Our prayers must be fused by the heat of His mediation, and then the incense will be acceptable, and answers of pardon will be given. Ceremonialists and sacramentarians may rear their altars in the groves of Latitudinarianism, and cause their children to pass through the fires unto the nineteenth century Moloch of Rationalism; but the nations will not be purified by these unrighteous rites. Rome may even spend a fortune in lighting a multitude of tapers (although her tax on Ritualistic wax is surely already heavy enough); she may kindle piles of aromatic dust, but the aggregate illumination will hardly be a twinkle of brightness in the dense darkness of the superstition that has fallen upon the people, and the odour will only add to the ill-savour of their unholy deeds, which is already an abomination unto God. No friar's lantern, with its guttering candle of good works, can afford illumination sufficient for the cleansing of this world's Augean stable, even if a tide of morality could rise and rush through every grade of society. What is needed is a flood of light which betokens a deluge of fire, overwhelming, consuming, cleansing; and such a torrent of burning lava is latent within the finished sacrifice of Christ. Oh, to get the spark which may fire this glorious magazine! Oh, for the power to open the sluices so that the fire-ducts may be filled! Oh, for the moment when the furnaces shall be tapped, and the molten metal flow, and all sin shall be slain—like the soldiers of the idol-making king,—by a spark of the fire!

“ See how great a flame aspires,  
 Kindled by a spark of grace!  
 Jesu's love the nations fires,  
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:  
 To bring fire on earth He came,  
 Kindled in some hearts it is:  
 Oh, that all might catch the flame,  
 All partake the glorious bliss!”

Brethren, let us still be the linkmen of the Christ of God, and light our torches at the altar of Immanuel.

This leads me to another point—namely, that the “*live coal from off the altar*” is designed to touch our lips, so that we may speak burning words and utter fiery truths.

Our beloved College has always been pre-eminent in sending forth *preachers*. The academical honours which render famous some of our brethren, are ample proof that the training received within the walls of this Institution is sufficient to place our men in the front rank of scholars if they are ambitious to acquire such distinction. From an educational point of view, our studies are no child's play, and the knowledge acquired is not of a second-rate quality. Thus spake our now glorified President:—"The College aims at training preachers rather than scholars. To develop the faculty of ready speech, to help them to understand the Word of God, and to foster the spirit of consecration, courage, and confidence in God, are objects so important that we put all other matters into a secondary position. If a student should learn a thousand things, and yet fail to preach the gospel acceptably, his College course will have missed its true design. Should the pursuit of literary prizes and the ambition for classical honours so occupy his mind as to divert his attention from his life-work, they are perilous rather than beneficial."

And that which characterized our student days must continue throughout our ministerial career. Mental training and moral culture are not antagonistic to earnest preaching; nay, rather, they are valuable allies when moved by the Holy Ghost in His service. It is a false charge which is levelled against the Pastors' College by some who, I fear, make the wish the father to the thought, that "our men" are illiterate; and I, for one, never hesitate to meet the calumny with a vigorous denial. We are not ashamed, but rather glory in the fact, and feel proud to own it, too, that many of those who have gone forth from our ranks into the field of service were capable of attaining a high degree, but cheerfully sacrificed the dignity of scholarship for the humbler yet truer nobility of being simple preachers of the gospel. We are no sect of Cynics who pride ourselves on our contempt of riches, arts, sciences, and amusements, and play the rôle of Diogenes in praising a merely vulgar barrel-top oratory. We believe that the culture of the heart must predominate the education of the head; and that, where both exist, the preacher will possess the tongue of the learned.

Can any quality of scholarship, or quantity of teaching, make men "sufficient" for such a holy calling as the ministry of the gospel? Well may the apostle ask, "Who is competent for these things?" And the reply is not a vague one, "Our competency is of God, who hath made us competent as ministers of the new Covenant." The question naturally arises in one's mind, "And how is this competency of speech to be obtained?" The secret is the knowledge of the glory of God imparted by a direct communication through the agency of the Holy Ghost,—a Heavenly operation on the heart and tongue. That broken piece of glass lying on the voldt, when shone upon by the sun, so concentrates its rays, that before long the country round is all ablaze, and each burning blade of grass becomes a torch to kindle its fellows, and so the conflagration spreads. Heaven provides the kindling power, and earth furnishes the fuel. So God can use your pure crystal life to focus the gleams of His glorious grace until, through you the heat of Divine love shall set on fire a thousand

hearts, each word becoming a spark to burn within the breast of your hearers. The "live coal" is God-sent; the "touched lips" are the human altars for the sacred fire; and though the stones thereof be rough-hewn and unshapely, the Lord will not despise the sacrifice. What God desires in those whom He places in trust with the gospel, is not so much that they shall be polished and educated gentlemen, as that they shall be pious and earnest preachers. Men with clean lips are preferred to men with clever brains. The nimbus of the head must be the reflection of the halo of the heart. The student who hails from the School of God, and has gained the secret of fellowship with the Eternal, shall outshine in oratory the one who has learned his elocution from a professor. The former has the reality, while the other has the representation, of fire. Oh, how grandly and glowingly a man speaks when he feels the burning power of the truth, not only in his inmost soul, but on the very lip with which he is speaking! What a quivering there is in his utterance, a tremulousness in his every tone! The whole body shakes under the soul-quake within. Never shall I forget how dear Brother Anderson exemplified this fact when he read a paper at the Conference. It was more than mere physical emotion; it was spiritual inspiration. The live coal had touched both heart and lips!

That which was ordinary in the Spirit's promptings at Pentecost, and which was repeated all through the preaching of the apostles, continues with the Spirit's ministers to this day; and continues so markedly that it is no less your privilege than it was Paul's, to preach with the Holy Spirit sent down from Heaven, and to say with him, "My speech and my preaching were not with persuasive words of man's wisdom, but with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Our Lord selected fishermen for apostles. They were only rough seafaring men, hardly knowing how to speak their mother-tongue correctly. Their principal spokesman could not disguise his provincial brogue from a saucy servant girl, who very readily detected his uncouth Galilean accent. These deficiencies and difficulties of the fishermen were overcome, however, on the Day of Pentecost, at the initial stage of their mission, by the gift of tongues. A lengthy lifetime would have been hardly sufficient for the sharpest-witted of them to have mastered the grammar and vocabulary of the nations whose representatives gathered on that memorable occasion. A miracle in the linguistic world was needful to clear a channel for the new religion to the hearts of men; and the gospel would have met its doom if the Spirit by this one act had not opened up a way for its preaching "to every nation under Heaven." The Holy Ghost began His reign by a coronation. The flame-crown which sat upon the head of the disciples was forked like a tongue, and cleft in the centre, indicating that it was the one and self-same Spirit, yet manifest in a manifold manner. Thus the heralds of mercy spake foreign languages in the very *patois* of the country-folks assembled, as fluently as they had their native dialect by the sea-shore.

William Arthur well depicts the result of this touching of the lips

with a live coal from off the altar, as he describes the apostle preaching to the multitude:—

“Peter had no tongue of silver, no tongue of honey, no soothing, flattering speech to allay the prejudices and to captivate the passions of the multitude. Nor had he a tongue of thunder; no outbursts of native eloquence distinguished his discourse. Indeed, some, if they had heard that discourse from ordinary lips, would not have hesitated to pronounce it dry,—some of a class, too numerous, who do not like preachers who put them to the trouble of thinking, but enjoy only those who regale their fancy, or move their feelings without requiring any labour of thought. Peter’s sermon is no more than quoting passages from the Word of God, and reasoning upon them; yet, as in this strain he proceeds, the tongue of fire by degrees burns its way to the feelings of the multitude. The murmur gradually subsides; the mob becomes a congregation; the voice of the fisherman sweeps from end to end of that multitude, unbroken by a single sound; and, as the words rush on, they act like a stream of fire. Now one coating of prejudice which covered the feelings is burned, and rends away; now another and another; now the fire touches the inmost covering of prejudice, which lay close upon the heart, and it, too, gives way. Now it touches the quick, and burns the very soul of the man! Presently, you might think that in that throng there was but one mind, that of the preacher, which had multiplied itself, had possessed itself of thousands of hearts, and thousands of frames, and was pouring its own thoughts through them all. At length, shame, and tears, and sobs overspread that whole assembly. Here, a head bows; there, starts a groan; yonder, rises a deep sigh; here, tears are falling; and some stern old Jew, who will neither bow nor weep, trembles with the effort to keep himself still. At length, from the depth of the crowd, the voice of the preacher is crossed by a cry, as if one was ‘mourning for his only son;’ and it is answered by a cry, as if one was ‘in bitterness for his first-born.’ At this cry the whole multitude is carried away, and forgetful of everything but the overwhelming feeling of the moment, they exclaim, ‘Men and brethren, what must we do?’” Would God we might see the like again!

*Freedom of speech* is one of the blessed fruits of having your lips touched; and with it comes *fervency* of utterance. We have the examples of Paul, of John, and of Peter. Consuming energy possessed their souls; in the whole range of the world’s history there are not found men so wonderfully earnest and fervent in speech. Their intense zeal was such that we declare they were super-humanly endowed. The very reading of their utterances stirs to greater fervency of spirit. Jesus left us an example that in all things we should follow His steps. His earthly life was marked by the fervency of His words, as well as the zeal of His works. It was so great that He could say, “The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up.” Here was intense ardour in the seeking of God’s glory, both by lip and life, which became a consuming fire. The mighty nature of Jesus was being devoured by the eagerness of His ministry. This was so strong in our Saviour that He forgot to take necessary food. Sublime forgetfulness! Divine memory of Divine service producing consuming

ardency! Thus the man who feels within himself the consuming force of a great principle is ardent, and consequently fervent in speech. The Christian preacher should be a molten minister,—a man of mettle, not a metal man,—the fire glowing within, and irradiating from his lips and illuminating the circle he fills. Let us be more concerned about being ardent than admired. We need still the “tongue of fire” as the crowning power of the messengers of God.

The eloquence of a certain famous lawyer is thus portrayed:—“Short, sharp, shattering words rattled like volleys before and after resounding sentences. Language leaped on his lips. Images, delicate, homely, startling, blazed upon his pictured words. The common court-room became a scene of the most astonishing intellectual action. The judge looked at him as he might have looked at the firm-set heavens, glittering with meteors. The farmers, mechanics, traders, on the jury were seized, swept forward, stormed upon, with an utterance so unbounded in variety and energy, sometimes so pathetic, sometimes so quaint, sometimes so grotesque, always so controlling and impellent, as only his hearers ever had heard. The velocity of his speech was almost unparalleled, yet the poise of his mind was as undisturbed as that of the planet.” I do not say that this is a perfect pattern by any means, but at least the fervency of his utterance might be imitated to advantage. If we are to meet and overcome the cold indifferentism which unmistakably is freezing the spirit of the people, if we are to protect the churches from the numbing influence of doubt which is settling upon them, and save ourselves from being frost-bitten by a sad despair, we must maintain the holy fires within, and speak the truth with the fervour of faith. God help us both to feed and fan the flame!

Permit one closing word. If God touch our lips, there will also be a *fearlessness* about our utterance. Fire fears no foe. Moses faces Pharaoh, and, without flinching, flings down the gauntlet in God’s name. God had promised to be mouth, matter, and wisdom to him. Elijah, single-handed, stands up against the Baalites, and, undaunted, challenges their false deity. Jehovah was going to defeat the priestly host by fire. Paul is calm while Felix trembles. Chrysostom, “the golden-mouthed,” caused the masses to yield to the gospel’s overwhelming influence, as he swayed the minds of his hearers like a gale the trees of a forest. Luther defies prelates, pontiffs, and the Pope himself. Knox, in violent earnestness, utters the terrors of the law in the ears of royalty. Whitefield and Wesley arouse millions from their moral stupor by their fiery-tongued proclamation of the gospel. And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Guthrie, and of Baxter, and of Stoner, and of Jay, of Dawson also, and Spurgeon, and of the Pastors’ College men. Blessed be God that, in the midst of so many pulpits which are filled with those who pander to the taste of the times, there are still many more in which the “legates of the skies” fearlessly stand to proclaim “the whole counsel of God.” Alas! that by so many, a sinewless and soulless gospel is presented, a sort of rose-water moral code, instead of the dynamic of Pentecostal force,—the scathing, scorching, sanctifying fire of truth.

"Mere verbal poultices" can never heal the wounds that sin has made; "mere sickly fluidities" cannot cleanse the deep-dyed crimson stains of the human heart. No amount of "mere hysteric gush" can bring conviction and conversion to unregenerate souls. This is false fire, and it can never take the place of the live coal for the touching of the lips of God's preachers. Many lips seem to have been touched with honey, and their fastidious talk about sweetness, light, learning, the beauties of nature, art, music, culture—(I am afraid I do not pronounce this rightly, *cul-chaw*,)—is the only answer they have to the soul-cry of sin-stricken humanity. They are endeavouring to cure a cancer on the vitals by showering fragrant lotions upon the body. Their oratory is as the Northern Lights, iridescent with beauty, but heatless, so that the polar regions remain ice-bound, and hearts abide unchanged. Like artillery-men working heavy guns, but with a perfumed powder and balls of frozen honey, these so-called "soldiers of the Cross" play at war after the fashion of little children with their tin regiments and pea-shooters. Oh, for an end to this mockery! Fearlessly let us fire live shells and filled bombs into the midst of our hearers, and deal with the facts of truths as certainties, and not as if all doctrine was the guessing of religious thinkers, or the juggling of ministerial conjurors! We must preach "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," however distasteful it is to the sinner, whether he be clad in cloth or corduroy. Without 'bating one jot or tittle, we must faithfully warn men to flee from the wrath to come, and tell them that a real hell awaits them if they repent not. Fear not to preach the Blood,—the all-atoning Sacrifice,—the Cross,—the Crucified. Hold not back in denouncing every form of iniquity, whether it be found in the courts of princes or in the courts of poverty. Cry aloud, and spare not, lift up thy voice with strength on behalf of oppressed humanity, whether they be quarrymen or Cretans. Let the Spirit of the Emancipator unloose your tongue and fire your heart in protecting the persecuted, and pleading for the poor; and give love ample scope to flame when telling the perishing of a Saviour's power to save. Brethren, ours is a noble calling, let us anew consecrate ourselves to it.

"By weakest ministers, the Almighty thus  
 Makes known His sacred will, and shows His power :  
 By Him inspired, they speak with urgent tongue  
 Authoritative, whilst the illumined breast  
 Heaves with unwonted strength ; high as their theme,  
 Their great conceptions rise in rapturous flow,  
 As quick the ready organs catch the thought,  
 And, in such strains as science could not teach,  
 Bear it, in all its radiance, to the heart ;  
 The listening throng there feels its bless'd effect,  
 And deep conviction glows in every breast.  
 The live altar-coal is laid upon the lip,  
 The heart takes fire, and every word inspires."

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## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### VII.—A PREACHER'S MONDAY.

A CLOUDLESS sky, with only a ripple of breeze,—a July sun, and a morning walk of miles;—not, however, through the straggling streets of the poor, where often open doors reveal the un-cleared breakfast cloth pushed up to make way for a wash-hand basin, from whence half a dozen children in turn make an elementary acquaintance with soap and water ere they go elsewhere to imbibe the elements of knowledge;—neither pass we through the pretentious monotony of "suburbanity." We walk up leafy ways, then along ripening cornfields, and under occasional trees, beneath which we pause to get breath after a steady climb. Here, we lift our hat to let what breeze there is get through what hair there is; and then, gratefully, if not gracefully, drop on the grass, and blink away at the valley sleeping face upward under the blazing sun.

But the end is not yet. Our goal is the meeting of the Ministers' Fraternal, held that day far up where the heights spread out in a delicious table-land of gorse-covered turf. The little party of perspiring preachers help one another up from their couch of grass, laugh, and go forward. Nothing original is to be expected from ministers on a Monday. The only remark at all calculated to excite sympathetic attention was uttered by the philosopher of the company, when he exclaimed, "It's terribly hot."

At length, the fields end in park-like grounds, and these border on a Common lying out of the track of trippers, where the turf is only trodden by village swains, or by the few who care to take the trouble to track Nature to her hiding-places. It is here that the blue harebell swings to the touch of the breeze, and the wind-flowers toss their cups. It is here that the heather blossoms, and many a tiny herb distils in morning and evening hour. Here, in the Spring, the gorse covers the land with gold; and here, in Autumn, the bracken turns to bronze, and the tall junipers carry clusters of blue berries rich in misty bloom.

It will be well to leave the name of this lovely locality to conjecture, for there are so many catering confectioners abroad in these days. Of course, the Editor can keep a secret; for, like the Egyptian Sphinx, he can look volumes, and say nothing!

But the Common! Those "Mondayish" preachers complained that we did not lead them by a straight path to the house of their friend. How out-of-place were their murmurings, will appear when we say that we took them through high ferns, along narrow ways flanked with junipers in dark uniforms, which seemed as a guard of honour provided by the King; then across open ground whence young gorse was shooting; and, anon, past dells of furze bushes, whose flowers had for the most part retired from business behind brown shutters. Furthermore, we brought those peregrinating parsons beneath far-spreading beeches, encircling a dark pool, and under solemn pines, whose fallen needles made a soft and odorous carpet for tired feet.

Yet they chided us—did those preachers out on a Monday—for not keeping to a straight line. We put in too many parentheses. The peripatetic parable was, like the long sermon, exhaustive.

At last we arrived at the green gate of a white house facing the Common, and were greeted by the pastor who had invited us. Within, we found other preachers, who had wheeled themselves along miles of dusty road with the result that their own deacons would hardly have known them; nor did their faces bear any resemblance to those said to be—

“Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

How the belongings to a room may help or hinder a happy frame of mind! The proper furnishing of a house is an aid to morals. There would be fewer expletives if there were less crazy chairs. Some of these seem to have been made by lunatics, and designed only to humble the unfortunate sitter. Nothing more demeans the dignity of Adam when he is well got-up, than to be ignominiously let down. And the attitudes struck by those who give way to fancy seats are only one degree less ridiculous than the giving way of fancy seats themselves. An obese friend flapping on a music-stool, a little fat man in a deck-recliner, and the “living skeleton” in a grandfather’s easy-chair, remind one irresistibly of “freaks.” Take care that you choose a chair consistent with your contour and constitution. This is a maxim for which your memory should provide a safe seat.

The house into which we were ushered on “Fraternal Day” contributed to our quiet. There was the wide hall, and then the low-ceiled room in which the brethren met,—so cool after the Common, so ease-giving, so refreshing were the tables set out with china bowls full of roses. So thirst-quenching, after the dusty way, was the plentiful supply of cooling drinks. Each man that came in was taken with the charms of a buxom jug which stood in the midst. That jug did little else than bow its respects; but curtsying to compliments is emptying work, and so the jug found it.

We settled, at last, to the routine of our meeting,—doctors of divinity, past and present, gracing our gathering from the walls. Our custom is, to pray for an hour. Such a hold had the Common on the minds of the men even in that shady, scented room, that it was agreed to do the business first, and then adjourn for our prayer-meeting beneath the great trees.

We do a little business in our Fraternal, for we keep up a circulating library of considerable dimensions, part of which each of us carries from place to place, so that, coming and going, we are always weighted with what we may hope is Wisdom. When it comes to bearing three or four bulky volumes six or eight miles on a scorching July Monday, surely it will be allowed that our Fraternal is not wanting in enthusiasm. We do not meet to smoke and crack jokes: some attend who can do both, some do neither, and some do one of either. We gather from over a good deal of ground to look one another in the face, to say brotherly things, give brotherly advice, to put round our books, and to pray. Our time of prayer is held as sacred, and is never hurried, but often extended. So do we keep sweet. The

petty jealousies which wreck many socials find no place, nor is there the harmful gossip which degrades much of club life. A quiet, helpful society is this band of brothers, with an influence which is at the same time both soothing and exhilarating.

Anon, we quit the house for the Common. As we walk, our mind goes back to the times when we slowly paced the little sandy ways between the junipers with a white-haired minister, the predecessor of our host of the Fraternal. How have those days become by-gones! They live in the memory, touched with the hallowed hues of departures and of the Life beyond. A singularity in his way was the ancient pastor. He liked the place and the people, but they revered him. Only his intimates knew how much he lived in the past, and among his books. A "find" on a second-hand bookstall was more to him than the beauties of the heather, and the skeleton of a sermon than the discovery of a rare beetle. If we disturbed him, as he built up for our profit the structure of a discourse, to look upon some insect which our Bohemian eyes had spotted, he would give an unappreciative sniff. When the Common basked in the sunshine, he would sit for hours in his cool study facing the North. This room was the old man's sanctuary. In it were his treasured books, arranged in perfect order, for method was meat and drink to him. He kept all his affairs posted up so as to give his executors no trouble, for he was one who lived daily ready to depart. To be forward with his work, was a mania with him. It was curious to watch his thin figure,—always cold even in hot July, yet ever hard at work,—may be, on a sermon that would not be wanted for six weeks to come. When he finally retired, one of his sorrows was that he had a sheaf of new sermons that he had never preached.

His great recreation was a day among the London bookshops. When he returned, he would tell you exultantly where he had picked up a missing volume of *The Homilist*, which just completed his set, or how he had unearthed a copy of "Sermons" supposed to be out of print. But you could not rouse him over the Common! Peace to his memory! We loved him well. His industry was a constant spur to us, and his conscientiousness in little things a perpetual example. We never visit the locality without our eye wandering to a little churchyard carved out of the Common, just where the bosom of the moor swells upward as if yearning for the sky. Here the old pastor sleeps in the embrace of the greensward. The lark soars from his nest in the heather into the unclouded sunlight; and the soul of the faithful village preacher hath risen above all his limitations, to worship before "the King in His beauty," and to revel in "the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" his Lord.

But while we have been rapt in reverie, our party has reached the pines. Here, beneath the great trees oozing with resinous fragrance, we sing and pray. Now and then, a bird breaks in with its meed of praise. Other sound there is none, save of the summer breeze, like the lap of a slack tide. The dark evergreens which tower above us, as if they would reach over all else to touch the skies, seem emblematic of our soaring spirits; and the unclouded Heaven, bending till it appears to kiss the tall tree-tops, is as the face of the Father of

lights greeting our uprising. So pray we at noontide on the Common, kneeling on the spent needles of the firs. The men who gather have known many sorrows. More than one has heard the voice,—“Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.” More than one has a child in a foreign land. More than one yearns after a vanished youth. More than one listens for “a voice that is still.” The prayers are broken words; strange throbs choke the utterance; but we feel that “All’s well,” and we sing,—

“Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?  
In Jesu’s keeping we are safe, and they.

“Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.”

So we sing, and the summer breeze softly carries our song over the moorland. We stand while our host pronounces the Benediction, then wend our way back to the Manse, and, ere we leave, there is one who feels that he has taken part in a chapter of *The Pilgrim’s Progress*, and been entertained at the house of Gaius.

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### X.—EVEN BRAHMANS BELIEVE.

SOME years ago, the writer tried to answer, in the pages of the *Sword and Trowel*, the question, “What is a Brahman?” A description was then translated from one of the Hindu sacred books:—“They are the religious teachers of all. When they are angry, they are like fire, like the sun, like a weapon. Neither the sun nor fire can reduce you to ashes like a Brahman’s curse. They are the great ones, the first-born, the fathers of the world. Kings worship them. Their words are more terrible than a thunderbolt, and their anger is unmerciful.” The Brahmans call themselves “the twice-born,” the caste that sprang from the mouth of Brahma, the priests of the people, the knowers of Brahma. There is no forgiveness for the one who destroys a Brahman. Every record of their deeds preserved in the sacred books of India is intended to create in the minds of natives boundless fear of, and absolute submission to, the caste.

In New Testament times, the question was asked concerning the Messiah, “Have any of the rulers . . . believed on Him?” And the same carping spirit queries to-day, “Have any of the Brahmans become Christ’s followers?” People seem to think that it would be a stigma on our Christian faith were we compelled to answer with a negative; but it would not really be so. To the Sudras, the gospel is preached more than to the Brahmans, because they are more in number, more easily accessible, more open to conviction, and more readily led to confess their need. But among the Brahman priests also many have believed. They are found in every Christian community in India. They are living witnesses to the power of the gospel to overcome the most daring pride, the most

glaring self-righteousness, and the most ancient superstitions. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is priestcraft so rampant as in India; and nowhere are priests so arrogant, barefaced, and all-dominating as there. "The sacred texts are subject to the Brahmins, the gods are subject to the sacred texts, therefore the gods are subject to the Brahmins," is a dictum that sways the feelings and lives of the populace.

The word for caste in the vernaculars of India means colour; and it indicates the period when the Aryans conquered India, and treated all their slaves and bondmen as of a different race. A simple story, taken from the Ramayan, one of the two famous epics of India, will suffice to show how the Brahman was to be regarded, and the Sudra despised:—"When Ram was reigning in Oude, a Brahman came into his court, one day, and complained that the kingdom was under a curse owing to his heedless rule, adducing as a proof that his son, just five years old, had died. Ram, unable to gainsay this evidence, proceeded, sword in hand, to search his kingdom to discover the cause. By the side of a lake he saw a man engaged in intense devotion, who, when interrogated, confessed himself to be a Sudra. For a servile man thus to seek admission to Heaven, was an iniquity quite sufficient to account for the calamity which had befallen the kingdom. Ram, by one stroke of his sword, severed the man's head from his body; whereupon, it is added, the gods expressed their delight by showering down flowers, and the son of the Brahman was restored to life." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that such sentiments engender pride in the "twice-born" that leads to contempt of the "once-born." In the "Institutes of Manu," the great law-giver of the Hindus, it is stated "that Brahma caused the Brahman, the Kshatriya, the Vaisya, and the Sudra to proceed from his mouth, his arm, his thigh, and his foot." Thus the iron system of caste is supposed to have a Divine sanction.

The conversion of a Brahman is possible because with God "all things are possible." It is of one such I write to-day. Babu Iyoteermoy Muzumdar was a fine sample of the caste. He was employed in the Census Office in Barisal. He often listened to our preaching in the bazaar, heard lectures in English in our Hall, talked earnestly with us on the road, and visited our houses for religious conversation. A friendship sprang up between him and Babu Prio Nath Nath, one of our co-workers; and as he persevered in Bible study with us, the light penetrated his dark mind, and he saw himself as God saw him. Many of us began to take deep and prayerful interest in him. He could read the Bible either in Bengali or English with equal pleasure. He delighted also in reading C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons. Thus Iyoteermoy Babu rapidly grew in grace, and soon resolved to confess his faith; but there were many things he heard from us that seemed to him incongruous. The idea of instant and perfect justification, through simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was one of these. "How can it be? Does it not make light of sin?" he enquired; and it was not till after a long and serious talk over the matter that light shone full into his soul.

The day fixed for the baptism arrived, but the candidate had fled.

Fear of persecution had done its work, and the young Brahman had returned to the lodgings in the town where others of his caste resided. We went after him, and though not permitted to cross the door-step where the "twice-born" lodged, we succeeded in making him hear. "Brother, this makes us very sad," we began. Then we urged the Master's claim; and in a few minutes more, he was walking boldly by our side up the main street of that heathen town. Every eye was fixed upon us. When we reached the Hall, by the side of a public road, we found the place crowded with an excited mob. Before them all, Iyoteermoy witnessed a good confession. Prio Babu explained the rite of baptism; and brother missionaries showed their interest by taking part in the service. Directly opposite the Hall there is a large tank, excavated by the municipality for public use, and down to it is a tier of steps. Towards this open place we were followed by the excited crowd, and as we stood hand in hand, ready to go down into the water, a sudden thought awoke within me. The candidate had not been asked to give up his "poita"—the sacred thread that denotes his position. This was the great test of all. "You must forsake that poita," I said. In a moment, it was between his fingers, and snapped in two. Now the Rubicon was crossed! Caste was renounced! All that is included in Hinduism was abandoned; and this young Brahman was set free for ever! No power on earth or in hell could weld that chain of caste again and bind him. He was free indeed! As we came up out of the water, the brethren sang aloud the hymn the candidate had learned to love,—

"Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry;  
Unless Thou help me, I must die.  
Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!"

As we sang the words,—

"And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,  
And take me as I am,"

wondrous visions of the great things possible in a single life consecrated to God, passed before our eyes; and we saw, in the conversion of this one Brahman, the evidence that God's grace is for all classes of men.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

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## Opposition and Fanaticism.

THE intensity of Moslem opposition to the gospel is wonderful. We have a servant, who has been with us more than a year; he is sincerely attached to us, and has heard, with interest, the gospel message hundreds of times; yet, when a fellow-Moslem, a day or two ago, asked him simply to repeat gospel words which I had used, he absolutely refused, even though it should cost him his situation.

Another evening, it was a round-faced, jolly-looking man of about forty who opposed us. Terribly in earnest,—his head encircled with a bandage, and his face suffused with smiles, for he is a grateful patient,—he rose from his seat, and facing me at the table, punctuated his words with blows

upon my unoffending furniture as he said, "*You say, Jesus; I say, Mohammed. You think Jesus can get men to Heaven; I say Mohammed is the only intercessor. You say men will be lost without Jesus; I say they will be lost without Mohammed.*"

Afterwards, when the meeting had been closed with the prayer, "O Lord, lead us all into the *right path!*" and the missionary was wending his way home, he could not but think, "After all, there are *not* two paths, two heavens, two saviours; and when one of us is saved, where will the other be? O Lord, lead *all* these people into the right path!" But how is it to be done? I know not, save by the Holy Spirit's power within and without, the gospel in both word and work,—the Lord's own Sword and Trowel.

But the Lord *is* working; that same bigoted servant of ours, who will not soil his lips with gospel words, eagerly listens sometimes, seemingly spellbound in spite of himself; while another used to beg permission to go to the stair-head, and hear the gospel, though outwardly still careless. Several times lately, the listeners have dropped their hard opposing words, and said, "Well, well, God knows all things; He knows which is true, and He will judge," while others, though not consciously giving up their old ideas, seem to have some faith in Jesus as their Saviour.

Opposition also continues. My wife's classes for women and children, on Fridays, suddenly ceased. Not a soul came, as a report had been circulated that most terrible things would befall any who attended; and though now they have gradually returned, it has been with much fear and dread.

A failure of the wheat crop has caused considerable local distress, and reduced the number of visits to 358 and 211 respectively for the last two months. I have therefore lowered the fee we charge the patients, and trusted to the Lord to make up the consequent loss on the medicine account.

#### THE ISOWAH, OR, FOLLOWERS OF JESUS.

Returning from a day's preaching, we passed a court-yard, and looked in. It was crowded with, perhaps, 150 to 200 people; on the right sat the musicians, with pipes and tambourines, singing and playing their strange music; behind these, a low roof was crowded with seated forms of gaily-dressed women and girls. The left-hand side was filled with men, and in front of these stood a row of the so-called "followers of Jesus." There were about twenty in the rank, including two boys. Poising themselves on their toes, they swayed backwards and forwards, keeping time with the music, and crying, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" Two elderly men leaped about, and led the performance. Gradually the music quickened; faster and still faster did they bend, and sway, and cry, "Allah! Allah!" till they all looked wild and dazed. At length, the leader touched one, he left the rank, and rushed, wildly staggering, into the street. Meanwhile, on went the dance; and soon he returned, carrying and dragging heavy pieces of prickly pear (cactus-like leaves, covered with cruel thorns). These he threw upon the ground, he and another jumped upon them; then, casting aside all clothing save the garment round his waist, he rolled and wallowed among them till his back, all bleeding, was studded with thorns. After this, others came forth, even the two small boys among them, and amid the din of native music and the rhythmical cry, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and the shrill applause of the women, they ran swords and iron skewers into their flesh.

Yet all this was not an exhibition, as one might suppose, but a *religious service*, by those who are called "the followers of Jesus." Do not such scenes, no less than the doings of another so-called "Society of Jesus" (the Jesuits), constitute an urgent call to all *true* followers of the Lord Jesus to help in preaching the gospel to every creature?

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## 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 special edition of Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON'S volume, *Ten Years After!* is now ready, price 5s., and can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through all booksellers. Handsomely bound, with gilt edges, and with new photograph and written autograph of Mrs. Spurgeon, it would make a most acceptable birthday or holiday present.

Mr. Alfred Holness has published an admirable new Hymn and Tune Book, entitled, *Songs of Victory*, compiled by ANDREW W. BELL. With many of the old favourites which are indispensable to any collection, there are also many new and original compositions which will become favourites as they get to be known. There are, altogether, 543 hymns and 144 choruses, suitable for Evangelistic meetings, Conferences, the home circle, and Christian worship; and the price of the volume, in either notation, ranges from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d., or the words only, 2d. and 3d.

The same publisher also sends us three penny booklets,—*B. and A.*; or, *To Know how to Work*," by ISAAC VINALL, Lewes; *Christendom and its Doom*, by Rev. H. LINDSAY YOUNG, M.A., Portsea; and *"As it was in the Days of Lot,"* by Rev. W. R. MOWLL, M.A. All are good, but we have been specially pleased with the last, from which we take the following forcible extract:—"Wherever we look, there we see infidelity making its pathway most clear. Has it not assailed our pulpits and platforms? How stands it with the Established Church? Some of the men who have occupied—and are occupying—the highest positions, are infidels with regard to the inspiration of the Word of God. How stands it with Non-conformity, which in days gone by would make the members and the ministers of the Established Church think? Why, they have drifted also! And that sainted man, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, had his heart riven as he

saw the very men that he had brought up by his own hand turning away, and doubting God's own Word with regard to Eternal Punishment. He read and forewarned more clearly, probably, than any man in his day. What he foretold,—has it not come to pass? Infidelity is everywhere. But are we to be cast down? Nay, we should rejoice that the Word is true; we are warned that these things should come to pass,—'While the Bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.'"

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued a second and cheaper edition (price 5s.) of *Fifteen Hundred Facts and Similes for Pulpit and Platform*, by J. F. B. TINLING, B.A. Our late beloved Editor, that master of "The Art of Illustration," commended this work as "a good minister's book," and said:—"Mr. Tinling has made a fine selection. Many of the similes will be quite new to the general reader, and they are so well arranged and indexed that their value for practical purposes will be greatly enhanced." What more need be said?

*The Story of George Washington,—Soldier, Statesman, and Patriot.* By G. BARNETT SMITH. Sunday School Union.

A VOLUME that is appropriately added to the "Splendid Lives" Series. "The father of his country" is here happily and sympathetically sketched, though without the anecdotes usually associated with his name.

"*A Man's a Man for a' That.*" By T. S. MILLINGTON, M.A. "Home Words" Office.

THE "Man" in this story was a sweep, but he was "a man for a' that." The lass he loved felt that she could not wed him while he was in such a black business, but by an amusing series of incidents he found employment at a bank, and then his dear "'Arriet-Ann" became Mrs. Shadey.



*Within; or, the Kingdom of God is within you.* By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Service and Paton, 5, Henrietta Street.

ONE of Mr. Murray's smaller books, which may be read through in 90 minutes, but its teaching, closely followed, would fill 90 years with daily blessing. We trust that God will use it to lead many Christians to realize the blessedness of the inner Kingdom of God, and of being indwelt by the Father and the Son through daily fellowship with both in the Holy Spirit.

*Saved and Kept.* By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

THESE "counsels to young believers and Christian Endeavourers" are in the well-known style of their author's many other works,—sweet, gentle, flowing like some peaceful river between rich meadows all aglow with buttercups and daisies. Scarcely robust enough for the workshop, the busy counting-house, the places of life's grim struggles and daring enterprises, they are nevertheless suited to the drawing-room, the invalid's couch, or the pocket of the regular attendant at Conferences and Conventions, who will delight in these soft, sweet exhortations that do so much to soothe and satisfy the dreamy mystic and the well-to-do devotee.

*The Spirit of Power, as set forth in the Acts of the Apostles.* By Rev. T. ADAMSON, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

BATING a slight reference to baptism, this is, though a very small volume, a very weighty and valuable treatment of a subject of boundless importance to the Church of God. The need of the Spirit, His coming in power upon the Pentecostal Church, and the manifesting of that power in their after service, are all very ably treated. There is the closest of packing in the very terse terms that set forth this great truth; it is suggestive, rather than exhaustive; but the whole result must be very instructive and convincing to all who will carefully peruse these pages. Its purchase would be a shilling well spent.

*Assurance of Life, and other Sermons.* By Rev. E. A. STUART, M.A. Nisbet.

A VOLUME in the "Preachers of to-day" Series; and no mean one. Preachers such as Mr. Stuart are the salt of the Church of England, saving it from the utter corruption of priestism, sacerdotalism, and full-blown Popery. He reveals Christ as the all and in all of salvation, of life, and of service. There is strength and fragrance, solid teaching and pathetic power, in these six discourses. We trust that they may have a very large sale, and be carefully pondered; for then, rich profiting must follow.

*"Come, Break your Fast."* Daily Meditations. By Rev. MARK GUY PEARSE. Partridge and Co.

ONE of the most characteristic of the well-known Wesleyan preacher's books of extracts,—gracious, imaginative, and full of the poetry of Christian experience. Its daily portions are none of them long, all of them sweet, most of them bearing upon practical life and godliness. It will doubtless be popular as a gift-book, even amidst its numerous competitors.

*"When Ye Come Together."* By Rev. EVAN THOMAS. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SIXTEEN sermons which, if not of the very highest order, are far above the average. There is fine perception, clear statement, beauty of illustration everywhere; and if the thought is not very profound, it is always fresh and winsome. We could wish that a few more of the great, solid foundation doctrines of the New Testament were made the theme, but we feel sure they are held, even where not explicitly stated. A little more savour, and a little less "modernity" (to use a horrible expression), would make these discourses of more real power. They are as fresh as new paint, or the latest build of bicycle; but, maybe, even this intense up-to-dateness might be spared for a little more of Bible. Perhaps, however, they will bear a message to those who are impatient of anything older than an "extra special" issue of an evening newspaper.

*Otogenarian Teetotalers.* With 113 portraits. National Temperance League Publication Depot.

A REMARKABLE collection of veteran total abstainers, all of whom have lived at least four-score years, and some are even nonogenarian water-drinkers. The licensed victuallers might be challenged in vain to produce a corresponding collection of ancient publicans, for their business is not only fatal to so large a proportion of their customers, but also to the men who deal out the death-mixture. Anyone who questions the declaration that total abstinence is conducive to longevity, should study this 80-page booklet about the 80 years' old teetotalers.

Mr. Cheyne Brady sends us specimens of his tracts,—*Saving Words* (Partridge and Co.), and *Gospel Calls* (Religious Tract Society),—and asks us to say that his publications can now be obtained at the Children's Book Room, 158, Aldersgate Street, E.C. The *Gospel Calls* are issued in English, French, German, and Italian. All Mr. Brady's tracts clearly set forth the way of salvation, so it is not surprising that they have reached a circulation of many millions.

*Christian Men of Science.* By Various Authors. With Introduction by J. H. GLADSTONE, D.C.L., F.R.S. Religious Tract Society.

A MOST admirable idea, splendidly carried out. A dozen brief but brilliant biographies of men of science who, like the old magi at Bethlehem, brought their gifts to the feet of the Christ. It is too often assumed that, to know well God's Book of Nature, is to cavil at His Book of Grace. Here is a fine corrective for that delusion, as the scientists described were all servants of the Lord Jesus.

We wish the little volume might be given to many a growing youth and girl; it would show them that knowledge, where deep and true, leads to worship of the Omniscient God. It is worthy to take its place along with the best publications of this fine old Society.

*Thirty-one Parables Explained.* By LOUISA HORSLEY. Elliot Stock.

A LAUDABLE and fairly-successful endeavour to explain, in simple and concise manner for young readers, some of the lesser-noticed Parables of our Lord. The treatment is slight, but pithy; and, we believe, will help juvenile minds to lay hold of these smaller diamonds of religious instruction, and be thereby enriched.

*Jubilee of the Ministry of the Rev. P. Mearns, Coldstream.* Edinburgh: Religious Tract and Book Society.

A BIOGRAPHY of a good and true "minister of Christ" who has served the Church for more than fifty years. The sermon and addresses eloquently show how fine is the scope for gospel witness and temperance testimony in Scotland as in England. The veteran still loves his holy warfare, and bravely encourages the young recruits to be "faithful unto death." It is a gracious record, which must result in stimulus and encouragement to all who will read it.

*At Aunt Verbena's.* By M. S. HAYCRAFT. C. H. Kelly.

A WELL-TOLD tale of a Christian girl, whose unselfish, consistent character is the means of bringing others to the Saviour, and also of brightening the lives of many by whom she is surrounded. Of course, in due time, she devotes herself specially to the brightening of one person's life, to their mutual satisfaction and delight.

## Notes.

*Special Notice.*—On Wednesday afternoon, July 7, at 3 o'clock, MRS. C. H. SPURGEON will (D.V.) lay the memorial stone of the larger Chapel, which is to be erected at Bexhill in memory of her beloved husband.

Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon will conduct the service to follow the stone-laying, and Pastor Archibald G. Brown has kindly promised to preach in the evening. It will be a great encouragement to Mrs.

Spurgeon to see a large number of sympathizers on this notable occasion, and also to have a substantial addition to the building fund. For the information of all who have hitherto subscribed, we publish, on page 412, the balance-sheet of the *School-chapel* opened in December last, and the total amount now in hand towards the cost of the *Chapel*. The foundations of the larger building are completed, and the contract for its erection will be signed as soon as the necessary particulars are ascertained.

"One of our own men" tells us that he has given last month's Magazine—containing the first part of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Presidential Address,—to the men employed on the railway near his residence; and he suggests that, if other brethren would do likewise, those who have not been in the habit of taking the *Sword and Trowel* might be sufficiently interested to order it for themselves. If every Pastors' College man would carry out our brother's suggestion, the College itself would be the gainer, as the Annual Report of the Institution was included in our June issue. For a similar reason the colporteurs might make the present number widely known, as it contains the Colportage Report and an account of the anniversary of the Association.

Our publishers ask us to call our readers' attention to two letters which they have recently received, in the hope that some friends will be moved to carry on a portion of the Lord's work which others feel compelled to relinquish. For the past thirty years, a lady has paid for the *Sword and Trowel* and Sermons to be sent monthly to twenty-two hospitals in London and Liverpool; but she now writes that she "regrets that her health obliges her to give up the work, which she hopes other friends will continue." A lady in Australia has, for many years, had 120 Sermons every week, and circulated them in New Zealand, New South Wales, and South Australia. She has had numerous instances of their usefulness, but her financial circumstances will not allow her to go on with the happy service. Amongst other recipients have been the Lighthouse Mission and the Police Mission. It would be sad indeed if the Sermons and Magazines were no longer sent; who will take the places of the friends who have sorrowfully to cease the distribution? All communications concerning this matter should be addressed to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Four *Annual Reports*, which deserve a lengthy notice, can only be mentioned in a brief paragraph. The *Irish Baptist Home Mission* (Secretary, Mr. T. R. Warner, 16, Harcourt Street, Dublin) is doing a grand work; we are sorry to see that, at the end of the year, there was so large a deficit in its

funds. The Report is brightly written, and ought to move many to send help for poor Ireland. A similar remark may be applied to the annual account of *The Open-Air Mission for Ireland* (Secretary, Mr. George Williams, 13, D'Olier Street, Dublin), only that in this case the balance is on the right side. The forty-fourth annual report of *The Open-Air Mission* (Secretary, Mr. Frank Cockrem, 11, Adam Street, Strand), and the twenty-ninth annual report of *The Evangelization Society* (Secretary, Captain Smith, 21, Surrey Street, Strand) both record twelve months' earnest service crowned with great blessing. The more all these agencies can be extended, the better will it be for the cause of Christ throughout the United Kingdom.

#### HOME COUNTIES BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

—A conference of teachers connected with the Sunday-schools belonging to the Association was held, on May 18, in the Conference Hall of the Pastors' College, to consider the establishment of a School department in the Association. Tea was provided by the Tabernacle teachers. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, the Moderator, presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. S. R. Pearce, C. Ingram, E. W. Tarbox, George Wright, and others. In the result, it was unanimously decided by the 130 teachers present to recommend the Committee to go on with the scheme, part of which will be the introduction into use of a Baptist Catechism.

The Spring meeting of the Association was held at Lee (Pastor J. W. Davies'), on May 25, and was a time of refreshing. The gatherings were well attended and successful. Among the speakers were Messrs. E. H. Brown, J. Waite, F. Cockrem (Open-Air Mission), W. Taverner (Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society), and Charles Spurgeon. Several additions were made to the membership of the Association, which is growing and prospering.

COLLEGE.—Two students have accepted pastorates,—Mr. A. E. Phillips, at Wellingborough; and Mr. S. S. Sarson, at Gorse Hill, Swindon.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. C. L. Gordon, from Hatherleigh, to Wantage; Mr. F. G. Kemp, from Wigan, to Aldershot; and Mr. W. G. Myles, from Rutherford, to Passaic, New Jersey.

Mr. F. T. Snell, one of the associates of the P.C.E.A., asks us to mention that he has settled at Havelock, King's County, New Brunswick, Canada.

Mr. J. R. Cooper, who has returned from Victoria, Australia, will be glad to hear from brethren who can tell him of openings for preaching as a supply, or with a view to the pastorate. His address is Shortwood, Staines, Middlesex.

One of the brethren for whom special prayer was presented at the Conference,

was *Pastor W. A. Wicks*, of Birmingham. Within a fortnight of the close of the meetings,—on May 20,—he was “called home” at the early age of thirty-seven,—two years younger than his predecessor at Christ Church, Aston,—*Brother Samuel*,—was when he was promoted to the higher service of the glory-land. The church thus twice bereaved of its pastor deserves much prayerful sympathy. *Brother Wicks* began to preach while he was but a boy of fifteen; and in each of his pastorates, at Moulton, Ross-on-the-Wye, and Birmingham, the Lord greatly blessed him. All who knew him, loved him; and he will be much missed. We commend his sorrowing widow and relatives to the unfailing solace of the Divine Comforter.

**PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.**—Before our readers see the present Magazine, Mr. Patrick will probably have been to England, and have started on his way back to Tangier. His little daughter has been so seriously ill that the only hope of saving her life seemed to be to bring her to this country, where she must remain, if spared, with her mother and brother for some months at least. Such trials as this add not a little to the anxieties of our missionary brethren and sisters, and entitle them to an increased interest in our prayers and practical sympathy. We are grateful to the anonymous donor who sends five shillings monthly, “for Christ's sake,” for Dr. Churcher's work; but should be still more thankful if many others would forward similar or larger sums regularly towards the support of both of our brethren in North Africa.

**ORPHANAGE.**—The annual festival, held on *Thursday, June 17*, was favoured with fine weather, and there was, accordingly, a very large attendance of friends and sympathizers. The near approach of the Jubilee holidays probably hindered some from coming, but about 7,000 persons were present, and the receipts were up to the average of the past few years. The two chairmen, *J. Compton Rickett, Esq., M.P.*, and *Sir A. Seale Haslam*, generously gave £50 each.

Most of the usual items of the festival programmes were again included, and passed off very satisfactorily. The orphans' singing, hand-bell ringing, and musical drill were as much admired as ever; *Mr. Charlesworth's Jubilee March* was effectively rendered by the children, supported by the band of the Greenwich division of police. A special attraction this year was a series of exhibitions of moving photographs, under the direction of *Mr. David Devant*, of the Egyptian Hall. These interested large audiences, the views of the orphan boys at drill being heartily cheered.

The afternoon and evening public meetings were held in the grounds; and as many persons as could hear, gathered around

the summer-house platform. Nearly all the announced speakers were present, and earnestly pleaded the cause of the widow and fatherless. Many of them touchingly referred to the ever-beloved Founder, *C. H. Spurgeon*, whose name is inseparably linked with the Institution which was so dear to his heart. At each of the meetings, the President gave a summary of the Annual Report, from which it appeared that the legacies had been about the same amount as in the previous year, and that, although the general receipts were considerably less than during the corresponding period, there was a balance of £830 in hand on March 31, beside £2,226 towards the proposed Sea-side Home, while £2,000 had been transferred to the Foundation Fund. One of the most pleasing announcements of the day was that *Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon* had been unanimously elected Vice-Presidents of the Orphanage.

**COLPORTAGE.**—The annual Conference of the colporteurs was held from May 29 to 31. The Lord's-day was commenced with a meeting for prayer and praise (presided over by *Mr. S. Johnson*), which proved a good preparation for further blessing. About fifty of the colporteurs attended, and at the close all adjourned to the Tabernacle service, where they were greatly strengthened and helped by the able discourse of their President, *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon*. At three o'clock, a testimony meeting was held, *Mr. James Hall* being in the chair, when the accounts of their work given by the men proved how greatly their earnest labours are being owned of God. After tea, all again joined the large congregation in the Tabernacle, and listened to the evening discourse with much spiritual profit, many remarking that it was indeed good to be there. On Monday afternoon, the brethren gave further descriptions of their service for the Master, and listened to a very powerful address by the President, which we hope to insert in the *Sword and Trowel* as soon as space will permit. At the tea, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the *Ladies' Working Society*, and was suitably acknowledged by their secretary. The annual public meeting in the Tabernacle was a time to be remembered by all present. *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon* presided, and several of the colporteurs gave interesting addresses. The Report presented at the meeting is included in the present number of the Magazine. Readers will notice that the General Fund needs to be greatly increased; otherwise, the finances and statistics compare very favourably with the previous year.

All communications should be addressed to “Secretary,” Colportage Association, *Pastors' College*, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—  
June 3, eight.

# Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1897.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. W. C. Downing ... ..	5 5 0	Mr. Duncan Sharp ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Essex ... ..	3 3 0	Scotch notes, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	2 0 0
E. O. ... ..	1 0 0	Postal orders, Walworth Road, per	
Mr. R. Brown ... ..	0 10 0	Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	0 7 0
Pastor W. B. Nichols ... ..	0 10 0	Mr. H. O. Serpell ... ..	5 0 0
Postal orders, from Park Street,		Mrs. T. S. Price ... ..	4 4 0
Camden Town, per Pastor T. Spurgeon		Miss Price ... ..	1 1 0
" I have prayed for thee " ... ..	0 18 0	Rev. Robert Taylor ... ..	2 2 0
Collection at George Street Baptist	0 10 0	Mr. F. L. Edwards ... ..	20 0 0
Chapel, Ryde, per Pastor E. B.		Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :—Mr. Giles	
Pearson ... ..	0 17 6	Shaw ... ..	2 2 0
" A little tribute " ... ..	0 10 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—	
Annual donation from East Ham		May 23 ... ..	6 13 5
Tabernacle Y.P.S.C.E. ... ..	2 0 0	" 30 ... ..	20 13 2
Contribution from Baptist Church,		June 6 ... ..	18 14 0
Bromley Common, per Pastor W.		" 13 ... ..	20 13 3
Holyoak ... ..	2 17 6		66 13 10
Rev. B. J. Beechliof ... ..	0 2 6		£121 18 4

# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1897.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Part collection at Bow Baptist Sunday-		Bethesda Baptist Church Y.P.S.C.E.,	
school, for Dr. Churcher's Mission ..	1 1 0	Forest Row, per Miss E. A. Thomas	0 12 0
E. O. ... ..	1 0 0	" For Christ's sake " ... ..	0 5 0
H. McS. ... ..	0 6 0		£4 4 0
Scotch note, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1 0 0		

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1897.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. W. Balls ... ..	0 10 0	Postal order, Sydenham ... ..	1 0 0
Anon. ... ..	0 2 6	Miss West ... ..	1 0 0
Yetholm F.C., Sabbath-school, per		Mrs. Williamson ... ..	1 0 0
Rev. A. C. Hogg ... ..	0 5 0	Mrs. Brand ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. M. Smith ... ..	1 10 0	Mrs. Corby ... ..	0 5 0
Mrs. R. Stallwood ... ..	0 2 0	Mr. G. Martin ... ..	0 5 0
The Misses Horton ... ..	2 0 0	Collected by Miss A. Cromwell	0 5 0
Miss A. Meikle ... ..	1 0 0	Pastor H. A. Tree ... ..	0 2 6
Mare Street Sunday-school, Hackney,		The Misses M. and A. Sadler ...	1 0 0
per Mr. J. F. Sorrell ... ..	4 0 0	Boxes at Tabernacle gates ... ..	0 6 5
Per Mr. F. H. Alden :—		" Beattie " ... ..	5 5 0
New Road Baptist Sunday-school,		Mrs. E. Williams ... ..	0 5 0
Oxford ... ..	1 12 0	Mr. O. Barfoot ... ..	0 2 0
New Road P.S.A. ... ..	0 9 0	Mr. James Leiper ... ..	1 0 0
	2 1 0	Per Miss Harrold :—	
Miss E. J. Shipton ... ..	0 5 0	Collected by Miss B. Cobby	1 5 4
A friend, Alfreton ... ..	1 0 0	Collected by Miss A. Tingley	0 7 0
Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0 3 0		1 12 4
Mr. J. Wheatcroft ... ..	100 0 0	Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school,	
Miss E. Randell ... ..	0 1 0	Guildford :—	
B. G., Norwich ... ..	1 0 0	Girls' Box ... ..	1 8 0
Mrs. M. J. Warren ... ..	0 10 0	Boys' Box ... ..	1 2 4
Miss A. Collins ... ..	0 5 0	Infants' Box ... ..	0 6 11
Mr. R. Brown ... ..	0 10 0	Young Men's Box ... ..	0 9 7
Mr. J. W. Green ... ..	1 0 0	Young Women's Box ... ..	0 15 2
Per F. R. T. :—		Miss Farson's Box ... ..	1 0 0
Mrs. Howard Blight ... ..	0 15 0	Mr. P. Pickett's Box ... ..	0 18 0
In memoriam, Mrs. Mold ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. G. B. Pickett's Box ... ..	0 6 8
Mr. Keen ... ..	0 5 0		6 6 8
Mr. T. R. Johnson ... ..	1 10 0	Collected by Master Charles Spurgeon	
		Edgerton, at Harlington Chapel	1 0 0
A thankoffering, Ilkeshall, St. Law-		Collected by Master Archie E. F.	
rence ... ..	0 3 0	Edgerton, at Harlington Chapel	1 17 6
Mr. John Pearce ... ..	10 0 0	Mrs. H. Windnall ... ..	0 12 0
Mrs. Brown ... ..	1 1 0	Mr. M. Merry ... ..	0 19 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Box at Orphanage gates ...	2	1	8	Mrs. H. Rennard ...	1	0	0
Mrs. G. M. Knox ...	0	10	0	Miss Bowen ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. G. Blake ...	0	10	0	J. H. N. ...	0	5	0
Half-collection, Young People's Mis-				Per Miss E. J. Dixon :-			
sionary Meeting, per Mr. Goddard				Collected by the Misses Dixon	0	10	8
Clarke ...	2	15	0	Miss E. J. Dixon's Farthing			
Collected by Mrs. M. Workman ...	0	7	6	Fund ...	0	1	4
Mr. E. Pascoe Williams ...	1	1	0				0 12 0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Culyer ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. H. Smith ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Walker ...	0	1	0	Miss Harding ...	0	1	0
B. J. T. ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Watts ...	0	2	6
W. J. H. Willeaden ...	0	10	0	Collected by the Misses L. and E. Blake	1	0	0
Mr. J. Annis ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Vane ...	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Yallop ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Hockley ...	0	3	6	Mr. F. Mullis ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Fromow ...	1	12	1	Miss E. Evans ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Crawford ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Lang :-			
Mrs. S. Pickering ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Beckinsale ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. C. Church ...	1	0	0	Mr. F. Beckinsale ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Camplin ...	1	1	6	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Mrs. Pullen (a thankoffering) ...	3	0	0				2 10 0
Mr. C. B. Casey ...	2	0	0	Mrs. W. Hicks ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hogg ...	1	1	0	Mr. D. Campbell ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Angus ...	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Morgan ...	1	0	0
Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A. ...	1	1	0	Mr. A. White ...	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Towler ...	1	17	0	Mrs. Dales ...	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Howes ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Toller ...	0	5	0
Misses A. J. and E. Gould (in sacred				Postal order, Southall ...	0	10	0
remembrance of our dear father's				An orphan ...	0	7	0
birthday) ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Sale ...	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Morgan ...	2	2	0	Mr. A. Chilman ...	0	5	0
Fines at Training Institute, Marthyr				Mrs. Barker ...	0	3	0
Tydfil, per Pastor A. Hall ...	0	1	0	Miss Brown ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. A. A. Hooker ...	0	9	0	F. G. B. ...	0	1	6
Mr. W. Tennant ...	0	5	0	Miss S. M. Stedman ...	0	2	6
Mr. I. J. Carter ...	1	1	0	Miss Gregg ...	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. C. Scruby ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. Parsons ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. J. Skinner ...	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Denny ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Fisher and Mr. C. H. Fisher	0	5	0
Mr. Geo. Benson ...	1	1	0	Mrs. A. Drayson ...	0	10	0
Stamps ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Drummond ...	0	5	0
A friend, Blaenavon ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson ...	0	2	6
Miss A. Kelly ...	0	2	0	Miss M. Gent ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Leaper ...	0	7	6	Mrs. Boden ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Newberry ...	1	0	0	W. J. H. ...	2	0	0
Miss Auckland ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Jordan ...	0	5	0
Miss Fort ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Cairns ...	0	5	0
A thankoffering for Dr. Spurgeon, Mrs.				Mr. A. J. Whitmer ...	0	10	0
Watts and sister ...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss L. E. Jones ...	0	10	6
Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0	South street Baptist Sunday-school,			
F. J., High Cross ...	1	0	0	Greenwich, per Mr. M. Gray ...	2	2	0
Mr. G. Baker ...	0	10	0	Mr. James Struthers ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly ...	1	1	0	Miss M. Hayward ...	0	10	0
Major-General L. B. Christopher ...	1	0	0	Mrs. F. Weekly ...	0	10	0
Per Mrs. James Withers :-				Mrs. Lawrence ...	0	3	6
Mr. M. H. Sutton ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Biggs ...	0	9	1
Mr. Alfred Sutton ...	1	0	0	Miss C. Reid ...	0	6	0
Mrs. James Withers ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Bradley ...	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Simonds ...	0	10	6	Mr. S. Cole ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Harvey ...	0	10	6	Miss M. Fraser ...	0	8	0
Mr. A. Palmer ...	0	10	0	Mr. John Jackson ...	3	0	0
Mrs. Lansley ...	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mr. Cowslade ...	0	5	0	A widow's Jubilee mite ...	0	2	0
Mr. Brigham ...	0	2	6	F. G. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Davis ...	0	2	6	Miss M. E. Furlong ...	0	5	0
			5 6 0	Mrs. J. Vowles ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Jennings ...			1 0 0	Mrs. N. Mizen ...	0	5	0
John and Ann Potts ...			1 0 0	C. P. ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe ...			0 10 0	Miss E. Clover ...	0	5	0
Miss Eyles ...			1 5 0	Mr. H. Proctor ...	1	0	0
Stamps, Edinburgh ...			0 1 4	Mrs. Warriner ...	0	2	0
Mr. E. Reynolds ...			0 2 6	Miss M. Bowler ...	0	0	6
Miss Parker ...			0 2 6	S. H. L. ...	0	3	0
A worker ...			0 5 0	Mr. D. Macpherson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Shearman ...			6 0 0	Mrs. M. Wrigley ...	0	5	0
Miss A. M. Davis ...			1 1 0	Collected by S. A. L. E. ...	0	7	0
Mr. A. Sconce ...			2 0 0	Collected by Mrs. C. A. Pavey ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. G. Cole ...			0 5 0	Mrs. and Miss Bayley ...	3	0	0
Mr. T. Skeelham ...			0 2 0	Mrs. Calder ...	21	0	0
Postal order, Holloway Road ...			0 5 0	Collected by Miss R. F. Cook ...	0	11	9

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Page ... ..	5	0	0	Miss A. Baker ... ..	0	6	0
Mrs. I. Cowell ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Watson ... ..	9	3	0
Mrs. Tyson ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Patmore ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Dunn ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Geo. Creasy ... ..	1	5	0
Mr. R. M. George ... ..	0	5	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Brookier ... ..	0	1	6	Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A. ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Dodwell, sen. ... ..	0	11	0	Mrs. Nicholson ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Field ... ..	0	1	6				3 0 0
Mrs. R. Bousfield ... ..	15	0	0	Executors of the late Miss Catherine Mawdsley ... ..	650	12	3
Miss F. Bousfield ... ..	15	0	0	Executors of the late Miss Elizabeth Powell ... ..	32	5	8
Miss R. Bousfield ... ..	15	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. J. C. Bowyer ... ..	0	5	0	Executor of the late Mr. Samuel Grix ... ..	5	0	0
J. D. O. ... ..	1	0	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. Geo. Gill ... ..	1	1	0	Tooting, per Bishop Eldridge ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. Newcombe ... ..	0	2	6	Loughton, per Miss M. Harris ... ..	5	10	9
Mr. S. W. White ... ..	0	1	0	London City Mission Hall, Brixton ... ..	1	0	0
Stamps ... ..	0	0	6	Waltham Abbey ... ..	3	5	0
Mrs. E. Sear ... ..	0	10	0	Lewisham High Road Congregational Church ... ..	9	0	0
Mr. W. Sicklemore ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. T. H. Worringham ... ..	2	0	9
Mrs. S. J. Johnson ... ..	0	3	0				10 0 0
Messrs. Horne and Co. and employees	2	15	0	Erith (for expenses) ... ..			1 15 0
Mr. Haddow ... ..	0	2	6				£1,048 6 11
Mr. J. Grant ... ..	0	5	0				
Collected by Mr. W. Garrett ... ..	0	7	6				
Collected by Miss Little ... ..	0	3	0				
Collected by Mrs. G. Finch ... ..	1	0	0				
Mr. M. Walker ... ..	0	10	3				
Mr. J. Bettinson ... ..	5	0	0				
Mr. Geo. Tingey ... ..	20	0	0				
Mrs. E. W. Bell ... ..	1	0	0				

List of Presents from May 15th to June 14th, 1897.—PROVISIONS:—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; a quantity of Sweets, Mr. Taft, per Mr. H. E. Meyers; 16 gallons of Milk, Messrs. Walker and Son; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 6 quarterns Bread, Mr. E. M. Hearn; 50 lbs. Tea, Mr. W. Jordan; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 80 quarterns Bread, Mr. H. Schmidt.

Boys' CLOTHING:—2 dozen Flannel Shirts, The Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. B. S. Pearce; 2 Inverness Capes, Anon.; 20 Articles, Mrs. James East; 20 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

Girls' CLOTHING:—96 Articles, Mrs. James East; 58 Articles, Miss Jones; 14 Articles, The Ladies Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 7 Articles, Miss L. Perratt; 47 Articles (a present for each girl of No. 4 House), Miss Jones' Bible-class, Chatsworth Road, Norwood; 3 Worn Garments, Mrs. Parsons; 25 Articles, Miss A. Hitchman; 14 Articles, Mrs. Wilson.

GENERAL:—A Level and Stand, Pocket Sextant, a Prismatic Compass, some Scales and small Instruments, and various Books, a legacy from Mr. E. Edwards; 10 Toys, Miss Jones; a load of Wood, Mr. G. Boxall; 5 Fancy Articles, 2 Dolls, Mrs. H. Leaper; 1 Antimacassar, 2 pairs Curtain Holders, Miss Smithyes; 1 Work Basket, Mrs. Malt; 5 Canaries, Mrs. E. Harris; 3 Dolls, 2 Aprons, 8 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Wilmahurst; 2 Bead Collarettes, 1 Dolly, L.R.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1897.

### Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S. ... ..	20	0	0
Orpington ... ..	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. F. Durant ... ..	10	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association ... ..	10	0	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory ... ..	11	5	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler ... ..	11	5	0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd ... ..	7	10	0
Chard, per Mr. Thos. Penny ... ..	11	5	0
Hereford, per Mr. W. Riley ... ..	11	5	0
C.M., for Ambridge ... ..	1	0	0
	£103	10	0

### Subscriptions and Donations to the

General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
M. A. K. (omitted last month) ... ..	0	5	0
Collection at annual meeting ... ..	17	13	9
Sale of Reports ... ..	0	9	4
Postal orders, Park Street, Camden Town ... ..	0	7	0
Anon. ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Williamson ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. K. Narroway ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Tarrant ... ..	0	4	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
Miss F. M. Harrald ... ..	0	5	0
The Misses Boswell ... ..	1	1	0
The Misses Higgs ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. R. Sortwell, per Mr. H. Mears ... ..	0	2	0
A Friend ... ..	0	10	0
Conference Tea Table ... ..	1	3	3
Mr. Williamson ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Louisa Haward ... ..	0	5	6

### Annual Subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Goddard Clarke ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. W. Evans ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox ... ..	1	1	0
Miss F. Thorn ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Hellics ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. Barratt ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. F. Fisher ... ..	1	1	0
	£45	9	10

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

Statement of Receipts from May 14th to June 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A. ... ..	2	0	0	For translations of sermons:—			
Mr. Giles Shaw ... ..	3	3	0	Mrs. Knott (for Kaffir sermons) ...	0	5	0
W. J. H. ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Cowlin (for Kaffir sermons) ...	1	1	0
A thankoffering from a friend ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Taylor ... ..	1	0	0
"One in the faith" ... ..	0	7	6	Mrs. W. Nicoll ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Fleming ... ..	0	10	0	"A seedling" (for Kaffir sermons) ...	0	4	0
Jessie Taylor ... ..	0	10	0	Legacy from the late Mrs. Johnson ...	20	0	0
A. M. ... ..	0	5	0				
					£33	10	6

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Balance-sheet from April 17th, 1896, to May 13th, 1897.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
Total of contributions as per monthly lists in <i>Sword and Trowel</i> , June, 1896, to June, 1897 ... ..	2,776	0	5	Cost of School-chapel, fence, &c. ...	1,032	12	7
				Freehold site, legal expenses, Trust Deed, and Architect's Fees ...	468	1	0
				Stationery and postage ... ..	2	17	4
				Balance carried forward to Chapel Building Fund ... ..	1,272	9	6
	£2,776	0	5		£2,776	0	5

Audited and approved, June 17th, 1897,

S. SPURGEON, *Treasurer*.

WM. HIGGS.  
JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

Statement of Receipts from May 14th to June 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward to Chapel				Miss Burls	...	0	10 0
Building Fund	1,272	9	6	Mrs. G.	...	5	0 0
Mrs. Walker	4	0	0	Mrs. Cunningham	...	0	5 0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	6	Mrs. Howell	...	1	0 0
"A few bricks"	0	5	0	Kate	...	0	5 0
Mr. D. S. Johns	0	5	0	A. M.	...	0	10 0
Mrs. Calder	20	0	0	E. W.	...	0	5 0
Mrs. Strugnell	5	0	0	E. P.	...	0	2 6
Mrs. Parke	1	0	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Mrs. Earl	2	10	0	Bicycle	...	0	5 0
Per General Secretary of the Spurgeon				Thankoffering	...	0	10 0
Memorial Sermon Society, New Zea-				In boxes at Beulah Baptist			
land branch	0	12	0	Chapel	...	0	16 0
Mrs. Barclay	2	0	0				
Mrs. Bridge	0	2	0			1	11 0
Mrs. Medwin	3	0	0			£1,320	14 6

*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



# *The Thirtieth Annual Report*

OF THE

## METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

# Colportage Association,

— 1896. —



Founder—**PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.**

<b>PRESIDENT—</b>	<b>VICE-PRESIDENT—</b>
PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.	PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON, D.D.
<b>HON. TREASURER—</b>	<b>Mr. C. F. ALLISON.</b>

<b>COMMITTEE—</b>		
Mr. J. J. COOK.	Mr. M. LLEWELLYN.	Mr. S. R. PEARCE
" J. HALL.	" WALTER MILLS.	" F. THOMPSON.
" S. JOHNSON.	" J. PASSMORE.	" S. WIGNEY.

**HON. SEC.—**  
MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

**FINANCIAL SEC.—**  
MR. A. E. ALDER

**OFFICE AND DEPOT—**

Temple Street, St. George's Road, SOUTHWARK, S.E.

LONDON:  
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E.C.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE  
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.  
THIRTIETH ANNUAL REPORT, 1896.

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**I**N presenting the Thirtieth Annual Report of this Association, the Committee desire to acknowledge with praise and thankfulness that the good hand of the Lord has been with them through another year, and also to cordially thank all their generous friends who have aided them in carrying on the work.

During the past year, 58 men have been regularly engaged in this most necessary work of distributing copies of the Word of God, of stories in which the Gospel message is prominently presented, and of every variety of good, useful and pure literature.

These 58 men have effected sales to the amount of £7,495 16s. 1d., which represents the sale of 909,707 publications, including 6,393 Bibles and 4,438 Testaments.

The Committee again note with satisfaction the large number of Bibles and Testaments which have been sold. However valuable good books may be, the Book that quickens and gives life to dead souls, stands pre-eminent. When the Bible is in the homes of the people, it can be resorted to at all times for direction, instruction, admonition and consolation. We who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, should be earnestly desirous to bring to *all*, the same comfort and joy.

During the past year, the Colporteurs have conducted 7,479 public Gospel services, and have made thousands of visits to the homes of the people. By these means, the Gospel has been preached, the sick have been visited, the evil-doer has been rebuked, the enquirer has been directed to Christ, and sinners have been saved.

The Committee most earnestly appeal to the friends of this Association to help them right liberally. It is not only a good and useful work, but it is also a most necessary one. They would like to emphasize the fact that the subscriptions to the General Fund are not sufficient to warrant them in carrying on any district where the local friends are unable to guarantee the full £45. Hence several districts have been

reluctantly relinquished. The great importance of the work of this Society, must recommend it to the judgment and sympathy of every Christian.

The Committee have much pleasure in recording their appreciation of the efficient and earnest labours, requiring no small amount of toil and self-denial, performed by the Colporteurs during the past year.

They deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Brooking, their Trade Manager for the past two years, who, by his business tact, energy, persistent industry, and constant devotion, has rendered them invaluable assistance. They tender their sincere thanks to the friends who have generously subscribed £50 for the widow and orphans, and to the Trustees of the Stockwell Orphanage for having received one of the girls into that Institution.

## In Memoriam.

THE Colportage Committee lost one of its most earnest and devoted workers by the sudden home-going of DEACON JOHN BUSWELL on the morning of Saturday, September 12, 1896. On the Monday and Thursday evenings before his departure, he was at his post at the Tabernacle, so that he was serving his Lord, and the church he loved so well, right up to the time of his promotion to the upper sanctuary. He was a member of the Colportage Committee

for nearly twenty years, and his colleagues gratefully praise the Lord for all the help that he was permitted to render to the Association for so long a period. At the funeral service, on September 17, at Chatsworth Road Chapel, Norwood, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon mentioned an epitaph he had seen in Jersey,—

BELOVED BY ALL,—

and said that he would like to write those words on Brother Buswell's tombstone, for it was true of him that he was "beloved by all." His co-workers on the Colportage Committee fully endorse the Pastor's testimony, and prayerfully commend to the God of all comfort the daughters left to mourn the loss of such a loving and gracious father.



## Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From A. J. TILNEY, of Horsforth, Leeds.

### **Anxious to Get into the Light.**

"I called on a person who was anxious to get into the 'light.' I read a few Scriptures plainly showing the way, and it was interesting to notice how she kept hitching forward to catch the words. She tells me she is now trusting Jesus."

From R. MOODY, of Pewsey Vale.

### **"Light in the Home."**

"Mr. K—, of P—, whom I met last month, said, 'Mr. Moody, I have been wanting to see you for a long time to thank you for your conversation with me some months ago. The words you spoke to me at that time have done me a great deal of good, and I thank you for them, for it was 'a word in season.'"

"Mrs. O—, of B— (to whom I gave a copy of this Magazine), appears to have received much blessing by way of helping her to a clearer understanding of the way of salvation. Thus it was the means of imparting 'Light in the heart.' (I may say that these Magazines were given to me by the esteemed wife of my worthy superintendent, Dr. Anstie, of Devizes.)"

"This should be an inducement to those who may have magazines, to circulate them, not to hoard them away on shelves, &c., and should they be at a loss as to a good way of circulating them, let them write to a 'Colporteur,' and he will show them a way."

From R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

### **"A Word Spoken in Season."**

"I believe I am a help to many. One woman said to me the other day, 'You have been a great help and blessing to me and my family.' Another said, 'You have helped my poor boy many times, but now he has gone to glory to be for ever with the Lord.' Another said, 'You have been a great blessing to my husband. No one has done him the good you have. He has joined the church, and is working well. It is such a joy to me. God bless you, and make you a greater blessing!' I believe the preaching of the Word has been blessed in several places. The penny stories are doing good work. The 'Wicket Gate' has been a blessing to several. One young man told me Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons had been a blessing to him, and a great help to him in speaking to others."

From ROBERT DODDS, of Langley Moor, Durham.

### **"John Bunyan's Successor."**

"Since I began work for the Colportage Society on November 16th, 1895, I have had many ups and downs, but when I look at everything I can truly say the Lord is good. My sales have been very good and the people are surprised at the price of books and Bibles. The Scripture texts have sold well, and when I go into some houses they say I remind them of John Bunyan, to which I reply—

"'My pack is black, but it is not sin—  
It's only books—that is within.'"

"The work at the Baptist Chapel, of which I have charge, is going on well; we have three services every week, and Sunday-school and Christian Endeavour Society, and God has blessed us by saving souls, six of whom I had the pleasure of baptizing, and our motto for the year is 'Forward.'"

From F. J. BRIDGER, of Horsell.

### **"Asking—Receiving."**

"I find that during the last three months, I have been enabled to conduct 28 services, which I trust the Lord has blessed.

"Whilst going my usual round with books, at the village of Pirbright, I called at a house, and was shown into the drawing-room, and the lady, after purchasing

one or two books, and hearing me talk about the blessedness of Christians trusting in the Master's Word, wept, and would not let me go without kneeling down and praying for her. On leaving she seemed to be able to lay hold on Christ as her Saviour. This is but just a glimpse of the work. The Lord bless our work, and cause the light to shine on our dark villages, and double the number of Colporteurs, for His Name's sake."

From A. R. RICHARDS, of Canterbury.

### **"Probable Sons."**

"On Tuesday, June 2nd, I met (whilst visiting) in the city, Miss Hurst, the District Visitor for the parish of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

"Oh, Mr. Richards," she said, "I have been wanting to see you to let you know how much I have been blessed by reading 'Probable Sons' you persuaded me to buy, for which I thank you; it's done me so much good. I have bought some more, and am lending these out in my district, and I am glad to say that much good is being done by the book being read in the homes of the people."

"Miss Hurst told me also that she went to London to see a lady friend of hers, and she got her to read 'Probable Sons,' and she felt she had received such a blessing through it that she, in turn, has bought some to lend out in her district in London, and they are fulfilling their mission well, in leading men and women to see their need of the Saviour; as also to quicken and inspire those who are His. 'This,' she said, 'is all through you getting me to buy this beautiful little book.'"

From JARVIS SMITH, of Eastchurch.

### **Open-air Services.**

"At the close of another quarter, I am glad to say the work in my district is in an encouraging condition. The sale of books has been up to the usual amount, although the long journeys and hot weather have been very trying to one's strength.

"During the quarter I have been able to hold a number of very successful open-air services in addition to the usual services in the various places of worship.

"The sick have been visited and the Word of God has been a comfort and blessing to many. Thus the good seed has been sown on every hand."

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

### **"Have You Heard the News?"**

"Mr. Barber, of Stanton House, has kindly sent me a large parcel of tracts, and in the distribution of them I have had many opportunities of speaking a word for the Master.

"I sold a book entitled, 'Have You Heard the News,' sixpence, some time ago to an old lady; when I saw her again she said it had been made a great blessing to her, and ordered two more. Later on she ordered three more to give away, as the two she had previously bought had been good news to those to whom she had given them.

"Through the kindness of my superintendent, Mrs. Allen and myself have been able to spend our summer holiday at the seaside, which, by the blessing of God, has been very beneficial to our health—especially my wife, who was completely run down."

From ROBERT DODDS, of Langley Moor.

### **The Man with the Bible Van.**

"The work is going on very steadily. The people like to see the Colporteur, and his old friend the concertina. The Bible Van is very handy; I can show my stock better and get over more ground. The hills make it hard work, but when I get to the rows and markets I sing and play. Then the people gather round to see the man with the Bible Van. The Lord is giving His blessing. I addressed a temperance meeting at Spennymoor, and as I was coming home the next day a young man stopped me on the road and said, 'I heard you last night, and believe I am a fool to go on drinking. I came here in search of work and I promised God if He got me work I would stop drinking. I went to the colliery to-day and got work, so I mean to sign the pledge.' I directed him to my temperance friends and to Jesus, who alone could give him power to keep the pledge, and went on my

way rejoicing. I sold a book to a lady at Spennymoor, who asked me if I would take it to an invalid friend ten miles over the hill, which I did. When I landed I found the sick woman in bed. After we got into conversation I read and prayed, then took my departure. I called again, but death had been there and she was gone. Before she died, she asked her mother to read the book and buy it for her sake, which she did."

From THOMAS HAINES, of Corton.

### **Very High Church, but not High Enough.**

"I am glad to say blessing has rested upon the Sermons of the late President. One said, 'I am glad I bought that Sermon from you, it was just what I wanted. The people are poor, and not able to purchase much, but are glad to get a visitor. One said, 'I was afraid you were not coming again, then we should have had no one.'

"The Ritualistic party are trying to win the people in some parts of my district: they go round and leave one of their publications at each house, tell the people to read them, then at the end of the year they shall expect the money, or the books returned."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

### **Sowing the Seed, Waiting for the Harvest.**

"It is with deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father I am able to report another year's work in this district. With the end of June I closed my ten years' labours, and in looking back through the past year I can truly say, 'Goodness and mercy has followed all through the year.'

"I am glad to be able to report an increase in my sales; my ambition was £144, and that sum was slightly exceeded, as the total value of sales was £146 16s. 6d. The following is the summary of things sold:—Bibles, 78; Testaments, 51; books under 6d., 1,034; books 6d. and upwards, 785; magazines, 6,493; books in packets, 331; cards, various, 2,269; Almanacks, 295; Scripture texts, 964; penny stories, 3,277. To do this I have travelled 2,144 miles, and visited 4,542 families. Services and addresses, 63. Total number of articles sold during the year, 15,567. Total number for the ten years, 133,821, and total value same time, £1,212 5s. 1d.

"Thus the good seed has been scattered broadcast, but for the harvest we must patiently pray and wait. I believe the work of grace is going on in many hearts, and if we 'Be not weary in well doing, in due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

From A. W. GOULD, of Denmead.

### **Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society.**

"I am thankful to say that I have had some encouragements. The preaching of the Word has been manifestly 'not by might nor by power,' but in the Spirit: for I have always felt my weakness, and have proved 'He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might He increaseth strength.' Visits to the sick have been blessed, for one who has been sick some time said, 'It was when you spoke of the Fatherhood of God, and said it was only those who were born again of the Spirit could truly call God Father, that I was lead to seek the Lord and Father.' We have branches of Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society in our village. This work is much blessed of God, but it hinders sales of Spurgeon's Sermons.

"Results of books sold—one gentleman tells me he gave to a young sailor copies of 'Pillar of Fire,' 'Throne of David,' 'Prince of the House of David,' and during the voyage every one of the sailors on that vessel read those books with interest, and we trust with profit."

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

### **"A Trophy from Roman Catholicism."**

"Early in March I heard of a young man just come into the neighbourhood, who had evidently come home to die. I kept calling until I got him to consent for me to read and pray with him. Eventually he was obliged to keep his bed. Then I got to hear he had Roman Catholic tendencies, and I increased the number of my visits and doubled my energies to keep the family from sending for the priest. I

went in again, he was just waking up : I talked a little, read a little from the New Testament of the Saviour's dealing with the poor and afflicted, and as I read and spoke of the love of Jesus, he smiled, and said, 'It does seem so real, as if He were present.' I assured him He was present, had come to him, as He did to those I had been reading about. He said, 'I believe it, I feel it.' I sat with him until about twelve o'clock. I commended him to God in prayer, and as I left him, he held my hand and said, 'I do love you to come and see me ; do keep coming as long as I live.' I promised I would if I lived the longest. I went each evening, and on Saturday morning he passed peacefully away, trusting in Jesus. His friends sent for the priest to bury him, but it was indeed a Roman Catholic funeral of a simple believer in Christ as his high priest."

From H. WEBB, of Barrow.

### **"I am Busy To-day."**

"One day in May, in the village of Horringer, I visited an aged man, whose daughter lives with him. I suggested a word of prayer; the daughter said, 'I am busy to-day, you must excuse me.' I said I would pray with her father, and I found that soon after kneeling down the daughter came and knelt down as well, and when we rose, she shook my hand and thanked me heartily. In regard, also, to the preaching services, both at Barrow and the places where I have held cottage meetings, I feel that I can truly say the Lord has blessed the work. One young woman, just recently, has become a member of the church with us, she having been brought to Jesus through attending the cottage meetings at Birds End."

From GILBERT CHANT, of Forest Hill.

### **"The Word Spoken by the Servant."**

"The reading of God's Word has been precious to some. It happens sometimes that in the sick chamber those are present who are strangers to God's grace, then I have felt it to be an opportunity to pray for the sick brother or sister, and also speak a word to such as sit in darkness. This has been my joy of late to minister in this way the word of life, knowing that the word spoken by the servant whom God has sent shall not return unto Him void."

From ROBERT HALL, of Ilkeston.

### **"He being Dead yet Speaketh."**

"Since Conference in London, a young man came up to me, and stood a little while. He put his hand out to shake mine. He said 'I shall never forget that little book that you gave me.' I said, 'I don't recollect giving you one.' 'Yes, you did, when you were coming from Dale Abbey, about six weeks since,' said he ; 'I have read it many a time, and shall again. It has done me a world of good. I carry it in my pocket, and I would not part with it on any account.' I told him I was very pleased, and gave him another tract. It was 'The Way of Salvation,' by our late and esteemed President, C. H. Spurgeon. It did me good, and filled me with encouragement. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'"

From B. SLATTEY, of Tewkesbury.

### **"The Mourner's Comforter."**

"I am glad to report that God is still blessing our late dear President's work, the little book 'The Mourner's Comforter.' I sold one to a woman, and she found it such a comfort and blessing to her soul, she gave it away to her granddaughter, and as I called last month she told me that her granddaughter, on her dying bed, spoke of the blessing she had received by reading it, and gave it to a companion of hers, and told her to be sure to read it, for she had been blessed by doing so."

From CHARLES PAYNE, of Repton.

### **A Good Year's Work.**

"I am thankful to say the work of the Lord is progressing favourably with me. The sick have been visited, the poor have the Gospel preached unto them, and many good books have been sold, and are messengers for the Lord when the servant of God's message may be forgotten.

"This is the account of one year's good work with the books:—Total sales,



£216 15s. 4d.; miles travelled, 1,576; visits, 9,433; services, 82; Bibles, 161; Testaments, 62; books under 6d., 3,626; books over, 1,226; magazines, 6,586; books in packets, 2,134; cards, 4,390; texts, 1,523; binding, 44; almanacks, 287; tracts given away, 867. Total of publications, 20,906.

"We praise the Lord for all He has enabled us to do. To Him be all the glory."

From J. W. ANDREW, of Sellindge.

### **Help Needed for this District.**

"My sales keep up, for which I am thankful, and the people read the books with pleasure and profit, for often I hear them say, 'That was a good book or sermon; I have enjoyed reading it.' Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are a source of blessing to many, and I try to sell all I can, as I now receive 18 copies every week. 'The Traveller's Guide' is still selling, and I think I have sold about 300 copies in my district, besides many other books and text cards, &c., &c.

"I enjoy my work and like my district, as I have worked up a good connection. I do hope that the work will be still supported and carried on as heretofore, as I should feel grieved to leave it."

From BENJAMIN SLATTER, of Tewkesbury.

### **Souls Saved by the Preaching of the Word.**

"I am thankful to say that the Lord is still blessing my labours. I was asked to preach at Ebbw Vale on June the 14th, when the presence of the Master was manifested in a very special manner, and, at the close of the evening service, five remained behind and gave their hearts to Christ.

"As I visited one of the villages, I asked an aged woman if she wanted to buy any books; she said, 'Not to-day'; but as soon as I told her that I had some little books of Mr. Spurgeon's, at a halfpenny, she said she would have some of them, as she knew that they were good, and she did not want anything bad. She said that he never wrote a bad book. I sold her ten, and three Sermons."

From J. BROOKER, of Cowfield.

### **"A Canting Hypocrite and Bible Buster."**

"I am glad to say that the Lord still gives some tokens of His presence with me in the work here. I find the sale of books very difficult in this scattered and poor district. But those who buy often speak of blessings received, especially the late C. H. Spurgeon's books—'Words of Cheer' and 'Words of Warning.' I have sold several of these books, and, I believe, with good results. I also meet with much encouragement in my Sunday evening services in the school. Among other testimonies, I give the following:—A Mr. C—, of — neighbourhood, who has opposed me very much in bygone days about the services; who used to think anything outside the church was wrong and sinful, and used to call me 'a canting hypocrite and Bible buster.' After a good deal of pressure, he came to the meetings to see what they were like, and has never been absent since the first Sunday he came. He called on me a little while since to inform me that both himself, wife, and daughter were now trusting the Saviour, and were happy in Him. They are now among my most regular attendants and best supporters. His eldest daughter, who lives at Newark, since then has been home for a fortnight's holiday, and, since her return, has written me to say her visit home to her parents, and to the meetings, will ever be remembered by her, as she was not only brought to know her need, but to trust the Saviour. Praise the Lord!"

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

### **"All the Day and All the Way."**

"I am thankful to say sales have been fairly well. Spiritually I am glad to say the Lord is blessing the visits made and the books sold. About six weeks ago, coming away from the chapel, in a village five miles from home, a young man just over twenty said, 'Mr. Walker, may I go a little way home with you?' I said, 'Yes' When we got a little way I said, 'My young friend, do you love Jesus?' He said, 'I do, and Jesus loves me.' 'Ah!' he said, 'that's what I wanted to tell you.' He said, 'I do bless God you ever came to Wraxall, and that you came to me when I was milking, and invited me to come to chapel, and that

I listened to you that night. Oh, I shall never forget your preaching that night! You kept looking at me all the time. I went home and read my Bible, and wept, and prayed, and on my bended knees asked the Lord to have mercy upon me, and to forgive all my sin, and to make me His child. I came to hear you again the next time you came, and spoke from Genesis, chap. xxxix. 2. And I resolved, there and then, God helping me, I would live for Him, and Him alone, for you showed to us how God was with Joseph all the day and all the way. I went home, and said Joseph's God should be my God, all the day and all the way. Oh, Mr. Walker, I do want to thank you, for if you had not invited me to come to chapel I should not have heard about this wonderful God of Love."

From THOS. R. TONN, of Earls Colne.

### **"The Lion Becomes a Lamb."**

"Throughout my district I am pleased to say, in the name of Jesus, I have become, and am, a welcome visitor. Only occasionally have I received hard words, such as, 'If you come with such talk to me again I will break my stick across your head.' But, thank God, this lion has become a lamb by the Word of Truth. The Lord has blessed us in open-air work during this summer. I have been able to conduct six services with the help of other friends, in addition to other services at Mission stations; though no outward results have we seen, yet the Word has been received thankfully."

From E. GARRETT, of Cheddar.

### **"A Long Season of Sowing."**

"I meet with some encouragement and success in making sales through my district. This important part of my work is much more difficult now than it used to be years gone by. Looking back over the past three or four months, there is great cause for thankfulness for daily help and grace received. As to results, I cannot say much about, excepting that in the circulating of good books results cannot always be measured by outside appearances. This is what encourages me to keep plodding on. Mine has been one long season of sowing—over twenty-three years. During this time it has been one of *toil*, and now some journeys which I have to take with my loads to carry are quite beyond my strength. Something over six thousand pounds worth of Bibles and Testaments and good books have been sold since I commenced twenty-three years ago. Now the books which I much want to push the sale of, these often lie on hand. Have done a little better through August with Scripture texts than formerly. I try and sell Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons wherever I can, as it is the best of seed, which must, under God's blessing, spring up and bear fruit. 'I like the Sermons which you bring,' says one. Another says, 'I send them off to America.' So it is not for us to say where or when the seed will grow. The day will declare it."

From W. BEER, of Greenwich.

### **"All of Grace."**

"In visiting Westcomb Hill lately, a lady told me that her mistress read 'All of Grace' over and over again, and was so comforted, and also strengthened by its teaching, that there was every evidence to show that it had led her to put her trust in Christ Jesus. My Sermons seem to sell better than ever. I am constantly hearing of the good the Penny Stories, also texts of Scripture, which are sold, do. A man who bought Fox's 'Book of Martyrs' years ago, in a public-house, came to my stall recently, and said he had been convinced ever since, but drink and gambling was his master. During my holidays I preached two or three times, and a publican who heard the Word has professed conversion, and the same week got out of the business. Two other young men also were drawn by the gospel message."

From MR. MOODY, of Pewsey Vale.

### **"A Little Leaven."**

"The Bright City and the Way There' and 'The Appeal' have been the means of much good."

From Mr. RICHARDS, of Canterbury.

**"Blessed Gleaning."**

"The lad mentioned in my last report has taken a firm stand for Christ, and is proving a thoroughly converted character. His two companions, also, have decided for Jesus."

From Mr. MOREY, Sittingbourne.

**"Signs Following."**

"The book 'Strangely Led' has been the means of five conversions—three are known to me personally, and the two living away had the book sent to them."

"The motto card, 'Christ is the Head of this House,' hanging on the wall of a farmhouse, arrested the attention of a visitor, and was the means of deep conviction of his sin and the need of a Saviour. I trust the Holy Spirit may reveal Jesus to him."

From Mr. T. BENDALL, Great Totham.

**"After Many Days."**

"I am delighted to report that some of C. H. Spurgeon's books, 'All of Grace,' and 'Around the Wicket Gate,' that I sold six years ago, have been the means of converting some precious souls."

From Mr. HALL, Ilkeston.

**"Exporting Spurgeon's Sermons."**

"A lady at Trowett tells me she sends these to America after reading them, and that they have been the means of converting her friend out there."

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

**"A Good Word for Horner."**

"Some have condemned the reading of these penny stories; I thank God I can without hesitation recommend them, for many in the villages which I visit are attending God's house through their influence and my conversation with them."

"The Golden Ladder' is already doing good."

From Mr. GOULD, Denmead.

**"Unpaid Labour."**

"One village I go to is five miles from my home. On Sunday I have to walk ten miles, preach morning and evening, conduct a Bible-class in the afternoon, and take part in the prayer meeting after evening service."

"The work is arduous, but successful, for we preach Christ from the pulpit, in the highways and byways, and in the cottages."

From Mr. WEBB, of Barrow.

**"Personal Testimony for Colportage Work."**

"A friend at Hargrave said, 'I often pray for you, for your work must be one of the best means possible for scattering the good seed of the Kingdom.'"

**"A Village Scene."**

"I called at a cottage and found two neighbours present; without asking, one remained, and, after a little persuasion, the other stayed while I read God's Word and prayed with them. Thus we strive to lead men and women to Christ."

From Mr. WILLSTEAD, of Chard.

**"A Basket of Fruit."**

"C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons are read and passed on to others, and prove a great blessing to many."

"A Village Maiden's Career' has been the means of great comfort to those in trouble."

"A Cheque Book of Faith' is greatly valued."

"At the close of a mission held at Blindmoor Village, six professed faith in Christ, and fourteen stood up for prayer."

From Mr. BEER, Greenwich.

**"The Power of God's Word."**

"A dear mother bought a Bible of me years ago, and packed it in her daughter's box as she was going to service. She has since learned to love it and to follow Christ."

From Mr. KEDDIE, of Maldon.

**"Ye are the Light of the World."**

"A sick friend told me my visits were like sunshine in her home, for she has no one else that speaks to her of Jesus. A mother tells me her sons have given up reading bad books since I called with my pack, and sold them some good stories."

From Mr. COLLIER, of Swaffham.

**"At Work with 'Sword and Trowel'."**

"A young man who has taken the 'Sword and Trowel' for two years, tells others there is no better periodical to take. It has been the means of much good."

From J. W. KNEE, Penrhiwceiber, S.O. Glam.

**"Spurgeon's Sermons."**

Report of year's work, from October 1st, 1895, to September 30th, 1896, being the twelfth year of service:—

"I am pleased once again, through the mercy of God, to submit to you another year's report, and though not able to report an increase in sales, yet I think, considering the great depression of the last year, it will compare favourably with others. The sales, amounting to £209 19s. 8d., and made up principally of the following, with visits made, services held, &c.:—Bibles, 227; Testaments, 127; books under sixpence, 5,222; books at and over sixpence, 1,901; magazines, 4,922; cards in or from packets, 3,846; books in or from packets, 1,287; wall texts, 1,023; visits made, 6,884; miles travelled, 2,014; tracts given, 1,033; pennystories, 3,329; sermons or addresses, 133.

"The books have again been much looked for, and many have testified to good received from reading them. Also the late beloved President's Sermons; some saying they got more good from them than from the services. I was enabled to keep up the Mission Services and Sunday-school, mentioned last year, till a month ago, the school, especially, being very successful. Three have joined the church recently from there, and one is awaiting baptism. The Band of Hope here also prospered well last winter, and has started very well again this winter; it is much needed here. We have also started a Y.P.S.C. Endeavour here, and at Mountain Ash, and are expecting great good from them. In concluding, I would thank the Committee and Staff for their help and kindness during the year, without which so much could not have been done. The results, eternity only will reveal. Trusting Him who has been my help in the past for strength to continue in His service and work."

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## 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 1896 :—

## BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	6,393	Books under 6d. ... ..	74,121
Testaments ... ..	4,438	Books over 6d. ... ..	48,225
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	983	„ in Packets ... ..	31,897
„ John Ploughman's do.	2,795	Scripture Texts... ..	48,101
„ Books (various) ...	2,132	Cards in Packets ... ..	86,436
Almanacks (various) ...	5,189		
Penny Illustrated Books...	152,419		
<b>TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS</b> ... ..			154,243
„ <b>SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS</b> ... ..			134,537
„ <b>PENNY STORIES</b> ... ..			152,419

## PERIODICALS.

Adviser ... ..	2,572	National Temperance Mirror...	1,764
Appeal ... ..	2,148	Notes on Scripture Lessons ...	3,143
Band of Hope Review ... ..	10,555	Our Little Dots ... ..	5,720
Band of Hope Treasury ... ..	3,182	Our Own Gazette ... ..	3,969
Child's Own Magazine ... ..	5,960	Prize ... ..	8,163
Gospel Trumpet ... ..	2,995	Sunshine ... ..	7,315
Herald of Mercy ... ..	2,397	Silver Link ... ..	3,640
Juvenile Missionary Herald ...	3,904	Good Tidings ... ..	10,400
Baptist Messenger ... ..	2,612	Chatterbox ... ..	4,540
British Workman ... ..	7,645	Our Darlings ... ..	1,504
British Workwoman ... ..	3,891	Sword and Trowel ... ..	5,673
Child's Companion ... ..	5,465	Young England ... ..	3,450
Children's Friend ... ..	8,250	Boy's Own Paper ... ..	3,617
Christian Endeavour ... ..	3,995	Girl's Own Paper ... ..	7,180
Cottager and Artisan ... ..	7,314	Quiver ... ..	13,582
Family Friend ... ..	13,295	Sunday at Home ... ..	4,195
Friendly Visitor ... ..	4,123	Cassell's Family Magazine ...	3,695
Home Words ... ..	4,976	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	82,347
Infants' Magazine ... ..	3,250	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons ...	14,599
Mothers' Companion ... ..	14,034	Woman at Home ... ..	2,994
Mothers' Treasury ... ..	2,413		
<b>TOTAL PERIODICALS</b> ... ..			309,466

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 58 Colporteurs. In addition to this they distributed gratuitously upwards of 61,597 Tracts, made about 347,219 visits, and conducted 7,479 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association :—

£197,420 13s. 1d.

## 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	1881	78	7,673 3 6	624,482	7,544
1867	6			1882	79	8,038 2 2	620,850	7,149
1868	6			1883	76	7,921 9 3	592,745	7,514
1869	11	1,139 16 3	91,428	1884	78	8,760 15 9	626,348	7,627
1870	9	1,056 11 4	92,868	1885	76	9,525 16 2	552,677	8,458
1871	10	1,110 3 4	85,397	1886	87	9,601 13 7	560,750	11,952
1872	12	1,228 10 11	121,110	1887	80	9,166 8 3	831,130	9,742
1873	18	1,796 2 2	217,165	1888	80	8,916 11 1	624,989	9,352
1874	29	2,937 1 7	217,929	1889	84	9,688 13 7	698,272	9,866
1875	36	4,415 8 7½	360,000	1890	90	10,979 2 10	718,534	10,246
1876	49	5,908 1 9	400,000	1891	95	11,255 0 6	689,284	10,147
1877	62	6,950 18 1½	500,000	1892	93	10,828 10 10	695,764	10,936
1878	94	8,276 0 4	926,290	1893	91	9,581 1 4	579,605	10,285
1879	84	7,661 16 0	797,353	1894	73	8,125 8 10	471,008	8,498
1880	79	7,577 7 10	630,993	1895	63	7,665 12 6	425,851	7,796
				1896	58	7,495 16 1	347,219	7,479

*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.*

# LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1896.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
*Riddings and Il- keston ... ..	Derbyshire... ..	Robert Hall ...	1872	Mr. O. Perriam.
Cheddar ... ..	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett ... ..	1873	Mr. H. Woolf.
Dorking ... ..	Surrey... ..	S. Townsend ... ..	1873	Mr. C. T. Peirson.
Maldon ... ..	Essex ... ..	J. Keddie ... ..	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff ... ..	Glamorganshire...	Geo. Harris ... ..	1873	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford ... ..	1874	Messrs. P. O. Evans & Sons.
*Alcester ... ..	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner ... ..	1874	} Local Committee.
Evesham ... ..	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton ... ..	1874	
Downton ... ..	Wiltshire ... ..	C. Mizen ... ..	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford ... ..	Middlesex ... ..	H. Mears ... ..	1874	Messrs. Greenwood Bros., "In Memoriam.
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.
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.
Poole ... ..	Dorset ... ..	W. Lloyd ... ..	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bower Chalk ... ..	Salisbury ... ..	W. Hardiman ... ..	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
*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 ...	O. Payne ... ..	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sellindge ... ..	Kent ... ..	J. W. Andrew ...	1882	} Rev. J. E. Brett.
Tewkesbury ... ..	Gloucestershire...	J. A. Skeet ... ..	1882	
Thornbury ... ..	Do. ... ..	C. G. Hicks ... ..	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.
Great Totham ... ..	Essex ... ..	T. Bondall ... ..	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhiwceiber ...	Aberdare ... ..	J. W. Kneo ... ..	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury ... ..	Bucks ... ..	Job Smith ... ..	1883	Messrs. J. E. Taylor and Thos. Gurney.
Melksham ... ..	Wiltshire ... ..	A. Walker ... ..	1884	Mrs. H. Keovil.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire	S. Bartlett	1884	Messrs. J. Smallwood.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Boor	1886	Rev. O. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Copo	1887	H. O. Serpell, Esq.
*Langham	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
St. Margaret's	Kent	B. R. Slater	1889	{ Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Cowfold	Sussex	J. Brooker	1889	
Egham	Surrey	H. E. Cole	1889	Home Counties Baptist Association.
Chard	Somerset	G. Willstead	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Corton	Wilts	Thos. Haines	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Barrow	Suffolk	Ily. Wobb	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
*Gildersome	Yorkshire	J. Ford	1889	Rev. J. Haslam.
Eastchurch	Sheppey, Kent	Jarvis Smith	1890	L. H., Anonymous.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	A. J. Tilney	1890	Miss Bilbrough.
Sittingbourne	Kent	J. Morey	1890	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Horsell	Surrey	R. Fifield	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.
Denmead	Hampshire	A. W. 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. Parkes	1892	Cowling Hill Baptist Church.
Catford	Kent	G. Chant	1893	J. G. Priestley, Esq.
Wallingford	Berkshire	W. Bird	1893	W. Davies, Esq., Toronto.
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.
Langley Moor	Durham	R. Dodds	1895	J. Raw, Esq.

No. of Districts occupied during 1896 :—58.

\* 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, 1896.

(Previously acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*.)

## FOR DISTRICTS.

	£	s.	d.
Anonymous ... ..	12	0	0
Aylesbury ... ..	40	0	0
Alcester ... ..	30	0	0
Exbridge ... ..	6	6	0
Brentford, in memoriam ...	40	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris ...	45	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association ...	42	10	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory ...	45	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhynceiber, per Mr. R. Cory ...	45	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. T. G. Priestley ...	20	0	0
Cowling Hill Baptist Church ...	40	0	0
Devon Baptist Association, for Devonport ...	45	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot ...	45	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	40	0	0
Eastchurch, per L. H. ...	45	0	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. A. J. Tawell ...	40	0	0
Eritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith ...	33	15	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	40	0	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam ...	40	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association ...	100	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church ...	50	0	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough ...	45	0	0
Hereford District, per Mr. Samuel Ward ...	45	0	0
Ilkeston, per Friend in New Zealand ...	45	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw ...	40	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association ...	186	13	4
Kettering, per Mr. G. Barratt ...	40	0	0
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott ...	33	15	0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw ...	33	15	0
Malden, Friends at ...	45	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil ...	45	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans & Sons ...	40	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Newington and Walworth ...	40	0	0
Norfolk Congregational Union, for East Dereham ...	11	5	0
Orpington ... ..	40	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S. ...	80	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union ...	50	0	0
Southern Baptist Association ...	240	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck ...	45	0	0
Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire Association ...	40	0	0
Sellidge ... ..	34	10	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood ...	35	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Rev. J. S. Drummond ...	45	0	0
Tewkesbury District:—			
Rev. W. Davies ... ..	3	15	0
Mrs. Thomas White ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Robinson ... ..	20	0	0
Rev. J. E. Brett ... ..	5	0	0
Rev. E. Balmford ... ..	2	15	0
Mrs. Pattison ... ..	0	15	0
	37	5	0
Thornbury, collected per Mrs. S. Taylor ...	30	0	0
Totham, Great, per Rev. H. J. Harvey ...	40	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association ...	33	15	0
Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association ...	47	10	0
Western Baptist Association ...	45	0	0

## FOR DISTRICTS.—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Wallingford, per Mr. Wm. Davies, ...	45	0	0
Toronto ... ..	45	0	0
Difference between arrears and advances at the beginning and end of the year ... ..	31	0	10
	£2,351	13	6

## GENERAL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
A Friend, per Mr. E. Ives ... ..	30	0	0
An old Member, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ... ..	0	5	0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	1	19	10
Anonymous, per Dr. J. A. Spurgeon ...	2	2	6
A grateful son, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ... ..	0	10	6
A Friend, per Colporteur C. Payne ...	0	2	6
A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i> ...	0	1	0
Atherton, Mr. ... ..	0	1	0
An afflicted Missionary of India ...	1	2	0
A Friend ... ..	0	4	0
Batty, Mr. James ... ..	5	0	0
Brown, Mr. A. ... ..	0	4	6
Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0
Bethel Chapel, collection at ... ..	1	5	0
Baskcomb, Mrs. S. ... ..	5	0	0
Barclay, Mr. W. ... ..	0	1	6
Baker, Mrs. Anne ... ..	5	0	0
Billing, Mr. J. ... ..	1	0	0
Brazil, Mr. ... ..	3	0	0
Benstead, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	0
Collection, Special Meeting at Plymouth ...	1	1	4
Clout, Mrs. S. ... ..	0	2	6
Collection at General Meeting ...	13	13	9
Cowell, Miss J. T., collected by ...	0	7	0
Cole, Mr. W. R., in memory of ...	10	10	0
Cook, Mr. Harry ... ..	0	2	0
Day, Mr. A. J. ... ..	0	2	0
Donaldson, Mrs. ... ..	1	0	0
Evans, Mr. W. ... ..	5	0	0
Ellerson, Mrs. S. ... ..	0	2	6
Gibson, Mr. R. ... ..	10	0	0
Greenop, Mr., per Colporteur Andrews ...	0	2	6
Grant from President's Birthday Fund ...	10	0	0
Fiddymont, Mr. A. ... ..	1	0	0
Heelas, Mr. D. ... ..	1	0	0
Harker, Mr. E. ... ..	1	15	0
Haward, Mrs. L. ... ..	0	7	6
Hiley, Mr. W., of Rhymney ... ..	20	19	6
H. A. B. ... ..	0	7	6
H. B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
"In Loving Memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ... ..	50	0	0
Jones, Mrs. M. ... ..	0	10	0
King, Mr. W. ... ..	1	0	0
Kirtley, the Misses ... ..	2	0	0
Lawrence, Mr. J. ... ..	1	0	0
M. A. K. ... ..	0	5	0
Moore, Mr. Thomas ... ..	2	0	0

## GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Nicholson, Mrs. ....	1	0	0
Pierson, Dr. A. T. ....	2	10	0
Pitcher, Mr. W. ....	0	10	0
Powell's Collection Box ...	0	11	2
Price, Mr. ....	2	0	0
Priestley's, Mr., Shop Fund ...	1	0	0
Profit on Sale of Purse Text Books ...	1	2	10
Rainbow, Mrs. ....	1	0	0
Raffield, Mrs., Collected by ...	0	18	2
Service of Song ...	0	10	6
Sealy, Mr. L. ....	0	7	6
Sinclair, Mrs. and Daughters ...	1	5	0
S. E. ....	0	10	0
Shadwick, Mr. W. ....	0	10	0
Sale of Reports at Annual Meeting ...	0	12	11
Spleidt, Miss ...	0	15	0
Widow's Mite ...	0	1	0
Walter, Mrs., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Williamson, Mrs. ....	0	10	0
Worthington Baptist Chapel, Collec- tion at ...	0	8	6
Webedale, Mr. A. ....	1	0	0
Wilkinson, Mrs. R. ....	0	10	0
W. H. A. ....	0	5	0

## ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Ackland, Mr. A. G. ....	5	0	0
Bully, Mr. ....	0	10	0
Bravne, Mr. E. ....	0	10	6
Bullman, Mr. ....	1	0	0
C. A. M. ....	10	0	0
Clemtinson, Mr. H. ....	0	10	0
Calder, Mrs. E. A. ....	5	0	0
Cassell & Co., Messrs. ....	2	2	0
Countis, Mrs. ....	1	1	0
Cook, Mr. J. J. ....	1	1	0
Daniell, Miss R. ....	1	0	0
Dale, Mrs. E. ....	0	10	0
Elgee, Mrs. ....	2	2	0
Ellwood, Mrs. ....	2	0	0
Evans, Mr. W. ....	0	10	0
Fishwick, Mr. ....	2	2	0
Fisher, Mr. F. ....	1	1	0
Fitzgerald ...	1	1	0
Gagard, Mr. J. ....	0	5	0
Gardiner, Mrs. ....	2	2	0
Gerard, Miss ...	0	5	0
Gale, Mr. Wm. ....	0	5	0
Hopper, Mr. W. ....	1	1	0
Hall, Mr. T. ....	2	2	0
Hellier, Mrs. ....	0	10	6
Hegarty, Mrs. ....	0	5	0

## GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Harden, Mr. R. N. ....	0	10	8
Irard, Mr. W. ....	1	1	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
M. H. B. S. ....	0	10	0
Mead, Mr. and Mrs. ....	2	2	0
McGill, Mrs. ....	0	10	6
Marnham, Mr. J. ....	2	2	0
Marshall, Mr. ....	1	0	0
Matthew, Mrs. ....	1	1	0
Mannington, Mr. W. ....	1	0	0
M. H. B. W. ....	0	10	0
Mills, Mr. Walter ...	1	1	0
Norris, Miss ...	0	10	6
Neal, Mr. John ...	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. Wm. ....	1	1	0
Olney, Mrs. ....	0	10	6
O. B. ...	10	0	0
Penny, Mr. T. S. ....	1	1	0
Pocock Bros., Messrs. ....	1	1	0
Priestley, Mr. J. ....	5	0	0
Partridge & Co., Messrs. ....	2	2	0
Payne, Mr. W. ....	1	1	0
Passmore, Mr. J. ....	2	2	0
Palmer, Mr. G. ....	20	0	0
Poate, Miss ...	1	0	0
Quick, Mr. J. ....	0	2	6
Rabbits, Mr. Wittuck ...	5	5	0
Raybould, Mrs. ....	4	10	0
Rogers, Mr. Matthew ...	1	1	0
Roberts, Mr. C. W. ....	5	0	0
Rawlings, Mr. E. ....	5	5	0
Shearman, Mrs. ....	0	10	0
Spurgeon, Pastor T. ....	1	0	0
Spice, Mr. and Mrs. ....	1	0	0
Scotland, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Spiers, Mr. J. ....	0	10	0
Stevens, Mrs. ....	0	5	0
Smith, Mr. J. S., per Dr. James Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Thorn, Mr. R. H. ....	0	5	0
Upton, Mrs. J. ....	5	5	0
Wollard, A. ....	1	1	0
Wilson, Mr. J. ....	0	10	0
Windmill, Mrs. ....	0	10	0
York, Miss ...	0	10	6

TOTAL £377 0 0

Part Legacy, late Mr. A. Cochrane ...	50	0	0
Legacy, Mrs. E. S. Jarrett ...	45	0	0
	£95	0	0

# METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

Dr.

General Account, December 31st, 1896.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—						
Wages ... ..	3,835	10	3			
Expenses ... ..	338	19	11			
				4,174	10	2
„ Dépôt and General Expenses—						
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants ...	345	7	1			
Printing, Stationery, and Annual Report ...	32	19	4			
Postages and Telegrams ... ..	17	13	5			
Advertising and Travelling ... ..	2	14	4			
Sundries, Cleaning, &c. ... ..	15	7	8			
Annual Meeting Expenses ... ..	36	12	8			
				450	14	6
				£4,625	4	8

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Profit on Sales ... ..				1,817	14	9
„ Subscriptions and Donations—						
For Districts ... ..	2,351	18	6			
For General Fund ... ..	277	0	0			
				2,728	18	6
Balance Deficiency ... ..				78	11	5
				£4,625	4	8

## Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1896.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
District Subscriptions (in advance) ...	109	10	9			
Publishers, Printers, &c. ... ..	1,411	11	3			
				1,521	2	0
„ Capital Account—						
Balance, December 31st, 1896 ... ..	2,730	7	11			
Legacies ... ..	95	0	0			
	2,831	7	11			
Less Deficiency, 1896 ... ..	78	11	5			
				2,752	10	0
				£4,273	18	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Stock—						
At Dépôt ... ..	698	19	11			
With Colporteurs ... ..	1,202	3	10			
				1,901	3	9
„ Debtors—						
Colporteurs' Balances ... ..	666	2	1			
Book Agents' ... ..	36	16	11			
District Subscriptions (due) ... ..	58	8	1			
				761	7	1
„ Investment £966 2s. 8d. Victoria 4						
per cent. Stock ... ..				1,000	0	0
„ Cash—						
At Bankers' ... ..	566	7	8			
With Secretary & Trading Dept. ...	45	0	0			
				611	7	8
				£4,273	18	6

Examined with vouchers and found correct } THOS. GREENWOOD.  
May 20, 1897. } F. G. LADDS.

# THE LADIES' WORKING SOCIETY

## For Helping the Colporteurs and their Families.

*President*—Mrs. THOMAS SPURGEON.

*Vice-President*—Mrs. PEARCE.

*Treasurer*—Mrs. HALL.

*Secretary*—Miss HOOPER.

*Committee*—Mrs. WIGNEY, Mrs. MORGAN, Mrs. FULLER, Mrs. FREEMAN,  
Mrs. PARKER, Mrs. FORD, Miss SWAIN, Miss SMEE, Miss HEILBROUN,  
Miss C. PEARCE.

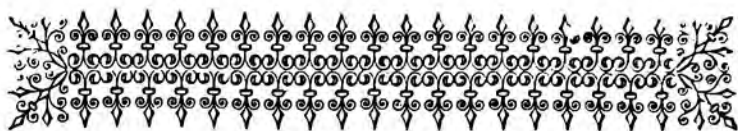
**T**HROUGHOUT another year the good hand of our God has been upon us, helping and guiding us in this our effort to help bear the burdens of our friends the Colporteurs; this effort is much needed and must be very helpful. When we think of a Colporteur going forth on his rounds with his heavy pack on his back leaving behind him at home a sickly wife oftentimes, and a large family of small children, all needing fresh clothing, and not knowing where the money is to come from to procure it, what a relief it must be to him to know from experience that in London there is a Society able, ready and willing to meet most of his demands, only waiting to know what they are; this naturally must help him carry his pack with a lighter heart, and praise his Heavenly Father for having thus remembered his needs. The Committee have again to thank several kind friends for subscriptions and left-off garments, and would again solicit their kindly aid in further carrying on this Christ-like work; the number of parcels sent out during the year was 19.

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.*

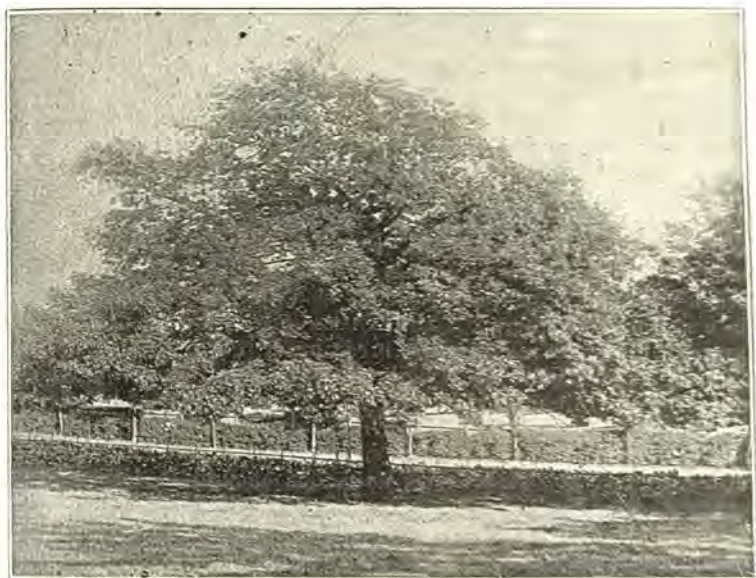


THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

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AUGUST, 1897.

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"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

O. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 367.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*If a person be truly converted, and so a member of the true Church, have we any warrant for refusing him admission to church-fellowship because he is not immersed?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—I think so. The rule of the Church of Christ is: "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be

saved." We have to ascertain these two things concerning each candidate for church-fellowship,—first, has he believed? If so, next, has he been baptized? When I had been accepted as a member of the Congregational Church at Newmarket, I was invited to the communion table, although I had not been baptized. I refused, because it did not appear to me to be according to the New Testament order: "Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." I waited until I could go to the Lord's table as one who had believed, and who had been baptized. This is what we practise as a church, and always have done.

With regard to communion, we have realized that there are certain brethren and sisters who belong to Christ, though they have not obeyed one of His ordinances, so we give them hospitality, we invite them to commune with us; but we do not admit them into the church, we do not allow them a share in the government of the church, for that would be to violate Christ's law, and within the church we are bound to carry out the regulations He has laid down.

I do not regard either baptism or the Lord's supper as a church ordinance; we are baptized into Christ, not into the church. Any believer can baptize any other person who desires to confess his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in the divinely-appointed way. The minister of Christ may baptize anybody who comes to him to make a profession of his faith; and any believer, whether inside the church or outside, may sit down at the Lord's table, not only in a building specially set apart for the worship of God, but, as I have often done, at an inn or hotel where I have been staying with a few friends, who have gathered with me for the "breaking of bread."

I imagine that there are small villages, where there could not be any Christian ordinances if people waited until they could be observed according to the order of the Church of England, Wesleyans, Baptists, and so on; and it may be well, in such places, to have united services until each body of believers is numerous enough to form its own organizations. Such a union may be necessary for the time being, but it always ends in a break-up, sooner or later. We never ought to form churches which will end in splits, and that is usually the result of union churches. I remember an instance, at this moment, where a number of Baptists helped in forming a good strong church, which afterwards chose an Independent minister, and when they had exhausted themselves, and spent all their money, they had to go and start a new church of our own faith and order. See how John Bunyan's plan worked at Bedford; he was a Baptist, but now they have not had a Baptist minister for many years. It is but just to say that Mr. Brown, the present pastor, said to me, "I wish you would come, and preach a baptizing sermon; we had two Baptist ministers to preach for us, but they never said a word about the ordinances, and I should like our friends to hear what you would say upon the matter, so come and give us a good stiff sermon upon believers' baptism."

I had a curious experience, once, with a Pseudo-baptist minister, who wrote that one of his members wished to be baptized, and as her pastor he thought it was his duty to baptize her, so he asked if he might bring her to the Tabernacle. I said, "Yes, but I should recommend you not to do so, as you are not baptized yourself." He replied that he thought I was very kind and generous, and he came with his young friend. I said, "Of course, you will say something to the people to explain your position." "Oh, no!" he answered, "I would not think of intruding;" but, after all, he was stupid enough to come forward, and say that he thought it was his duty to do everything for his beloved members that might be helpful to their spiritual life, so he had come with the young friend who was about to be baptized; and then he went on to show that immersion was not suited to our climate, that it was injurious, unnecessary, and that he did not approve of it, but he finished up with the following observation:—"Though I do not approve of it, I have no doubt that it is according to the will of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." After such an admission, it mattered very little to us whether he approved of it, or not.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—In a village of a few hundred inhabitants, too small for different denominations to worship, would you advise the establishment of an avowedly Baptist, or an unsectarian cause?*

*If the latter, what plan would you adopt to define the doctrinal position of the church, and to prevent the intrusion of error or disorder?*

*A.*—I hardly know what to say, brethren; I have already anticipated this question by the remark that there may be occasions when it is not wise to have a separate church for each denomination, but a church in which all may be united. In such a case, I really do not know how they would all get on together; but I have seen it done with very good and very gracious men. They have gone on somehow, I don't know how; higgledy-piggledy, I should think. Still, where there is abundance of the grace of God, such communities may flourish, and good may come out of them. Some of you know a place that has been put into my hands because it has failed under the undenominational arrangement. The Trustees were members of the Church of England, Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist bodies, and they have at last come to me to say that the worst religion in all the world is undenominational, and that they will gladly give it up to me for a Baptist cause. Even the clergyman of the parish says, "I can get on very well with the Baptists, or the Wesleyans, or with other bodies of Christians, but I cannot get on with these undenominationalists." It is so, brethren, and you will find that the people who come to you, and say the most about your being sectarian, usually belong to that sect which is the most sectarian of all sects, though it professes to be unsectarian.

As to laying down any doctrinal basis "to prevent the intrusion of error or disorder," I don't think one could do better than have the Evangelical Alliance doctrines; they have been adopted by Christians

of various denominations, and they are just the elements of the gospel of Christ. That creed might serve for a time.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What course should a pastor take with a refractory Sunday-school superintendent, who has a following among the teachers?*

*A.—*Well, brethren, if a refractory deacon be hard to manage, what shall I say of a refractory Sunday-school superintendent? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Well, I can tell you what the pastor must *not* do; he must not get into a bad temper, he must not get himself into disgrace in trying to deal with a refractory superintendent. I never had to deal with such an animal; so, not knowing what course to pursue, I cannot say. I should pray about him a great deal; what else I should do, must depend upon circumstances. Sometimes, it becomes necessary for superintendent and teachers, too, to go for peace sake, or even for love's sake; but it is not usually the spirit of Christ that leads to division and separation.

What trials there are in connection with all Christian work! I think that Sabbath-schools always ought to have been part and parcel of the church; the officers of the church ought to be officers of the school, and its members ought to be the teachers. I think that every teacher ought to be a church-member.

(*To be continued.*)

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE P. C. M. A.

*"It was your dear Father's own Mission."*

SO wrote a friend on the Continent enclosing a generous contribution to the funds of the Pastors' College Missionary Association. The friend was right. I do not even find fault with her for employing a capital F, for have I not been guilty (?) of so doing myself?

The Institutions and Societies which C. H. Spurgeon himself founded, demand our special interest and care;—they are the best memorials of his name and work.

The founding of the P. C. M. A. was certainly his doing. Rejoicing to see the Missionary spirit in the College, he determined to have a Society of his own with a special field. His thoughts were directed to North Africa, and Mr. Patrick, who was destined to be the first agent of the new Society, was already "Morocco bound," for the Lord had laid the place and people on his heart. So the dear President wrote, in October, 1889:—"Mr. Patrick is a man of *our own* College, and is *our own* missionary working in connection with the North Africa Mission. We hope that this work will grow till we have many such men in the field. This must, of course, depend upon the amount of money which we receive for this object. We would not deprive any one of the societies of a single shilling; but, at the same time, we desire to have independent missionaries of our own



wherever a door is opened. This work, in the nearest of unchristian lands, has taken a deep hold on our heart. *ALGIERS AND MOROCCO FOR CHRIST* is our cry. Please, dear friends, note this work, and pray for its prosperity."

Thus the mission began, and it has continued unto this day. It has had its ups and downs, and even the late dear Pastor did not find the funds come in sufficiently well to extend the work, beyond making the valuable addition of one agent (our good friend, Dr. Churcher) to the staff. I have reason to believe that this slow progress was a cause of some disappointment to the founder, for he had often said, "Our hope is that this sapling may grow into a great tree." When Mr. Patrick wrote, pleading for a helper, mourning the small subscription list, and hinting that the money would roll in if the missionaries could send home thrilling accounts of hairbreadth escapes, or extraordinary hardships, the Pastor wrote:—"We cannot do more for North Africa until friends furnish us with the means. We must leave it with the consciences of the Lord's stewards."

Since my dear father's death, our difficulties have been many, but thus far we have managed to hold on our way. Lately, however, the bottom of the barrel has been all too visible, and the faint-hearted began to fear that the sapling, instead of growing into a great tree, was about to wither, and die. But "the trees of the Lord are full of sap," and He who prompted C. H. Spurgeon to plant this sapling has already put it into the hearts of some to come to the help of Thomas Spurgeon in his attempt to keep his father's memory green in this matter also. Earnest workers in the Tabernacle Sunday-school heard of my anxiety, and having found the Missionary Circle system work splendidly in the school, they kindly offered to help me launch it in the church. They gave me one of their best workers—Mr. F. W. Weekes,—as general secretary; they suggested four friends as managers, who willingly responded to my call; and they generously transferred 31 shares from an existing circle, which had been re-organized for the purpose. Mr. E. J. Wigney, the energetic secretary of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, thus reports our opening meeting:—

"On July 9th, a *conversazione* was held at the Pastors' College, by invitation of Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, to inaugurate the new movement. About one hundred friends responded, and, after refreshment and music, Mr. Patrick gave an interesting account of the various branches of the work in Tangier. The Pastor then asked everyone present to take up a share in these circles, *i.e.*, to undertake to give or collect one penny per day for these missionaries, he leading the way by asking for four shares. The response was immediate and enthusiastic; and, by the end of the evening, 44 new shares were placed, and others promised. Many more shareholders are required, and friends willing to give or collect one penny a day are invited to send names and addresses to Mr. F. W. Weekes, 142, Wyndham Road, Camberwell, S.E., who will forward Missionary Circle Collecting-card. Each card lasts three months, and at the end of the quarter the seven shillings and seven pence is sent in to the friends in charge of the circles." Since the above was written, the movement

has shown signs of encouraging development. Who can tell whereunto it may grow?

This new departure has encouraged me more than I can tell. I believed there were many in the church and congregation willing to aid. Just this systematic organization was needed. The plan commends itself to all. It is so simple, so interesting, so suitable to everyone. Who can help approving a scheme which can be thus defined,—“A Missionary Circle is a syndicate or company of a stated number of individuals, to raise a definite amount of missionary money for a particular piece of missionary work”? The leading characteristics of “definite responsibility,” “definite amount,” and “definite sphere,” surely commend the system to all who have the evangelization of the world at heart. And you, dear readers, who have been collecting in other ways, please remember that your help is none the less needed now in view of the pressing need. It may still suit some of our helpers best to send contributions and subscriptions, or to collect by means of boxes; but may I not hope for a widespread interest in this new departure?

I commend it confidently to the members of the Tabernacle Church and congregation. I venture to hope also that some other churches will help us to bear this burden, and to enlarge our work.

Dear father used to cherish the hope that the *Pastors' College men* would espouse this branch of missionary enterprise. Some are helping a little, but oh! what might not be accomplished if all of them (or even half) would help to send out their own brethren to the heathen? This circle scheme affords a grand opportunity (and a golden one) for aiding this Christlike work. If you cannot form a circle of 40 or 50 shares, why not try one with a smaller number,—20, 10, or even 4? Inability to do great things for God will not excuse us for leaving undone what is within our power, and to our minds seems small. I wonder who will be the first of “our own men” to write, saying,—“I am determined to start a circle on behalf of ‘*your dear Father's own Mission*,’ or to aid in some other way.” I shall look out for some post-cards with this sentence on them.

I have been loth to use “The Pastor's Page” for urging the claims of the work committed to my care, but this time I could not resist the temptation, especially as the Editor most kindly said, “Why not write about the Missionary Circles in The Pastor's Page?”

Dear reader, you can see to it that I do not appeal in vain, for you can help *by one or other* of the means suggested. I, therefore, like C. H. Spurgeon, “leave it with the consciences of the Lord's stewards.”

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

“*I have seen his ways, and will heal him.*”—Isa. lvii. 18.

HERE is one of the blessedly incomprehensible paradoxes of God's love and mercy, which fairly startles us by its excess of compassionate grace: “I have seen his ways,—and”—one would have thought the next sentence *must* be, “I will punish him,” or at least, “I will rebuke him;” but instead of wrath, here is pardon, pity

makes room for love, and in the place of bitterness, the Lord gives a blessing! "I have seen his ways, and will heal him."

O wanderer, will not these tender words cause you to return to your Lord? O stony heart, wilt thou not break at so loving a touch as this? O cold and half-dead soul, will not such a Divine cordial revive thee? "*I have seen his ways.*" What "*ways*" has God seen in thee? Have they not been "*wicked*", "*crooked*", "*perverse*", "*thine own ways*",—"the ways of death"? Hast thou not turned aside from the path of life, and refused to walk "*in all His way*," and chosen to thyself "*a stubborn way*"? Our heart must give a sad assent to all these charges. As we bow humbly before Him, and say, "*Thou art acquainted with all my ways*," we feel that such knowledge on His part intensifies our wonder and gratitude at the loving compassion with which He regards us.

When I was a little child, and had been troublesome to my mother, reproof or punishment would always be followed by the trembling question, "Mother, don't you love me?" And the mother's reply invariably was, "Yes, I love *you*; but I do not love your *naughty ways*!" Poor mother! Doubtless I tried her very much, and this was the best that grieved parental love could say; but the Heavenly Father has sweeter, choicer words than these for His erring children. His love is Divine, so He says, "*I have seen his ways, and will heal him.*" O sweet pitifulness of our God! O tenderness inexplicable! O love surpassing all earth's loveliest affection! Do not our hard hearts yield under the power of such compassion as this? God knows all our wickedness, He has seen all our waywardness; yet His purpose towards us is one of healing and pardon, and not of anger and putting away.

As I learn more of God, I get so sick of sin,—indwelling, heart-sin, I mean,—both in myself and others, that my soul welcomes this Word of the Lord as a condemned prisoner embraces a reprieve, or as a drowning man clutches the life-buoy thrown out for his rescue. To be healed of the disease which wastes us, to be delivered from the deadness and indifference which enchain us, to have a perfect heart with the Lord our God, and to walk before Him in a perfect way, this, I take it, is the blessed prospect held out by this promise. Who will claim its fulfilment at once? Who will take our gracious God at His Word, and believingly receive the priceless boon which His love offers?

O blessed Lord, Thy forbearance with us in the past has been a miracle of mercy! Thou hast seen so much in us which Thy soul has abhorred, and yet Thou comest now with this gift of healing in Thy hands, which means not only pardon, but the power to be holy. Lord, we lift up empty, beseeching hands to Thy full ones; lay upon them. we pray Thee, all that they can bear of Thy promised blessing! Our own ways have led us farther and farther from Thee; now let Thy forgiving, healing love draw us so close to Thee, that we can never again be among those "*who leave the paths of uprightness, to walk in the ways of darkness.*"

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THE PRESENTATION OF TROWELS TO MRS. SPURGEON (See page 467).

What a memorable date will the seventh day of the seventh month of the year 1897 ever be to me! It was a perfect day! Perfect in God's goodness and mercy, which from dawn to dusk followed us through every hour; perfect in the abounding sympathy and generosity of friends, which secured a splendid financial success; and perfect as to the glorious weather, which was in itself a cause of exhilaration and delight. The ceremony and addresses are so well and graphically described in another page of this Magazine that there is no necessity for wearying my readers with a further account of them; but I feel constrained to write what I could not fully say then, and give utterance by my pen to the exceeding gratitude and joy which filled, and still fills, my heart. I am sometimes very sorry that my lips are well-nigh sealed when most I could desire them to overflow with comely speech; but it is always thus with me, and however good a matter my heart may be inditing, my *hand* alone can express it, for never yet have I had the happy experience of finding my "tongue as the pen of a ready writer."

This lack of service on my part was grandly supplied on Wednesday, July 7th, by the speeches of my two dear sons, and Pastor A. G. Brown. They said the kindest and tenderest things in the best possible way, and praised the Lord with loving earnestness, giving thanks to His great Name for all the details of gracious aid which combined to make the day so prosperous and happy.

Yet I think I *must* have my little say also; and now that the excitement is all past, and I am once more in the solitude of my own home, I can perhaps tell, out of a full heart, some of the joy and thankfulness, the very weight of which almost silenced me before the people.



MRS. SPURGEON DECLARING THE STONE LAID (See page 467).

My dear friends, readers of the *Sword and Trowel*, who have seen the unfolding of this blessed story of Beulah Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, you know from how small a seed of faith and love it grew, and you have watched its rapid development with interested eyes and sympathetic hearts;—you can imagine the tide of strong emotion which surged across my spirit as I laid that lovely, sparkling block of marble on the auspicious day, and stood in the midst of that crowd of loyal, loving people. “WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT,” were the words which flashed in the sunshine, whispered in the soft breezes, and danced on the wave-crests throughout those memorable hours.

God was giving me one of the greatest desires of my solitary life in thus seeing the successful commencement of the larger House of Prayer to be built, first for His honour and glory, and then in undying memory of my beloved, who still lives in the hearts of thousands in this and other lands, not by remembrance only, but by those wonderful gospel utterances which even now seem to leap from his living lips, and are made “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” It was the joy and aim of his life to preach the pure and simple gospel, and point poor sinners to a pardoning Saviour, and, as that same blessed work is being carried on in Beulah Chapel, and the truths for which he lived and died are fully and fearlessly proclaimed there, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.” Small wonder that the placing of that memorial stone, the gathering together to celebrate God’s goodness to us, and the uprearing of fresh Ebenezers to His praise, should be almost overwhelming joy to one so deeply interested in the work.

Think, for a moment, dear readers, what cause I had for exceeding

gratitude. Not much more than twelve months ago, there was no Baptist meeting-house in Bexhill, or any hope of having one. Now, by the grace of God, and His unfailing help, we stood on our own freehold ground,—*all paid for*; we saw at a short distance the School-chapel, my “beautiful little Zion,”—all finished, and furnished, *and paid for*; even the foundations and rising walls of the larger building, where we met together, were *paid for*; all our belongings were entirely free of debt, and at that very moment the Lord was inclining many hearts to give freely of their substance that the work might go forward to a triumphant completion. Well did we say one to another, “This is the Lord’s doing,—it is marvellous in our eyes!” Never can I forget the eager kindness of friends on that day! They crowded round me with their loving free-will offerings, pressing their gifts into my full hands, with smiles and tender words of congratulation, till I felt bewildered by the abundance of the blessing which the Lord was bestowing upon me. Thanks, dear willing helpers, ten thousand hearty thanks to all (whether present at Bexhill or absent) who joined in this gracious service; my heart first blesses God, for of His own have we given Him; and then I gratefully turn to you, to thank you for the bounty which so inspired and gladdened us. It seemed to me that what was said of a greater and more glorious gathering, in the days of old, might as truly be said of you, “Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord.”

If any should feel unentitled to my praise in this respect, they can easily deserve it even now, and earn my loving thanks by sending forthwith that help to the Lord’s work which they have hitherto withheld. We shall want much more to complete the grand design; but it is only from hearts that *God* has touched that we care to receive gifts which are so sacredly dedicated to His service.

So far, dear friends, have we not conclusively proved that “it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man”? *You know we have asked help from none but God Himself.* In this, at least, we have served Him with a perfect heart, and He has shown Himself strong on our behalf. The money has come by His command, and not a need has been unsupplied. Oh, that I could praise Him as He deserves,—that I could tell out in fervent, forcible words what a covenant-keeping, prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God we have found Him to be! We owe all our success to His favour, and our prosperity to His gracious aid. Solomon’s temple gleamed and glittered with earth’s most precious product to the honour of the Great King; but just as truly, to the eye of faith, shall every stone and brick of these buildings, every beam and rafter, every detail of their construction, appear covered with the fine gold of His faithfulness and love!

“It is not all accomplished yet,” someone would remind me. No, very likely we shall want quite another thousand pounds before the place can be opened free of debt. But we have the same God to go to, and depend upon; and what are a thousand pounds to Him? He could send me that sum to-morrow if He saw fit! Ah! while we



count upon God to fulfil His promises, there is no fear of failure being written across our plans and purposes. Never shall anyone be able to say, "These people believed in the Lord,—and He disappointed them!"

"Can He have taught us to trust in His Name,  
And thus far have brought us, to put us to shame?"

No,—a thousand times, No; we have no fear of this. His promise still stands sure, "My people shall never be ashamed."

If I had had the courage to speak to the eager crowd, the other day, I think I should have told them this little story about one whose faith I fain would follow. Far back in the Middle Ages, there lived a good woman called St. Teresa. I believe she was a Carmelite nun; but that matters little, since she believed in God with all her heart. Well, she wanted to build a great Orphanage; and how much do you think she had in hand towards it? *Just three shillings!* When she was laughed at, and ridiculed,—for people were much the same in those days as they are now, and faith was foolishness to them,—she looked pityingly upon them, and gave this wise and noble answer, "With three shillings, Teresa can do nothing; but with God and her three shillings, THERE IS NOTHING TERESA CANNOT DO!!"

S. S.

## The Cross, the Centre.

A PAPER READ AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF  
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY DR. McCAIG.

DEAR PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN,—It was my privilege, three years ago, to read a paper on "The Cross, the Inspiration for Christian Service;" this morning, my subject is, "The Cross, the Centre." As servants of the Crucified, redeemed by His blood, we gather here to-day. The Cross is the mighty magnet that draws us to each other. As the mustering hosts salute the national standard, so do we gladly hail the Cross. As the Israelites encamped under the shade of the cloudy pillar, so do we rest beneath the shadow of the Cross. Fronting the hosts of darkness, our banner, our beacon light, our battle-cry is the Cross. May our thoughts cluster round the Cross, as bees gather round the summer blossoms, while, for a little, I try to speak of the Cross as the Centre!

As before, I premise, at the outset, that I do not speak of the material symbol or ritual sign of the cross. The Cross, in New Testament language, means Sacrifice, Expiation, Propitiation, Atonement, Redemption; and it is ever in that signification that we use the word, and glory in the truth it embodies. It has long been a commonplace with Evangelical Christianity that the Cross holds the central position in the Christian system; but there is a strong tendency, at the present day, to assign that place to the Incarnation, and we are assured that the Incarnation is to be regarded as the true centre of the Christian Faith. There is a measure of plausibility in the

contention, and we certainly have no desire to minimize the importance of the Incarnation. We believe that the Cross implies the Incarnation, and that the Incarnation leads to the Cross; and we can use the term Incarnation to describe the whole of the marvellous manifestation of God in the matter of human redemption; but we cannot agree with the theorists to whom I refer in making the Incarnation so important as to say that it would have taken place had there been no Fall, and no need of Redemption; or that it may be conceived of as apart from sin and salvation. This is going beyond what is written; at most, it can only be a speculation; we believe it is opposed to what is written, and we maintain the old position, that the Cross—Atonement—is central, the Incarnation being a mysterious means to that glorious end. The other idea, when taken out of the region of speculation, is apt to be used to minimise the importance of the Atonement, and to encourage the hope of salvation in some other way than through the "blood of the Cross." My main object, however, is not the polemical one of confuting the modern dogma (which is not so modern, after all), but the devotional one of stirring our hearts to fresh love and adoration for the crucified Redeemer.

#### I. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN THE DIVINE PURPOSE.

Into the unrevealed secrets of the Lord, we make no attempt to pry; we have been warned, on high authority, against the danger of being "in wandering mazes lost" while discussing such lofty themes. The Divine purpose we can only know by Revelation. Prophecy reflected that purpose. It, at least, gave hints of what was in the Eternal Mind. The more closely we look at the Old Testament predictions, the more clearly do we see that the Cross is the Central idea. The very first prediction tells of the Cross. Incarnation is certainly implied in the expression "Seed of the woman"; but the great truth foreshadowed is Redemption through suffering, Conquest through the Cross. In the promise to Abraham, the blessing comes through the Incarnate One, "thy seed," the exact method being undefined; but, as interpreted by the apostle, the blessing clearly comes through the Cross. In the 22nd Psalm, the Cross is upreared, and the writer sits under its sombre shadow, and sobs out the sad story in tones as pathetic and almost as plain as those of the Evangelists. In Isaiah liii., the Cross is gloriously prominent, all-engrossing; the chapter, like the 22nd Psalm, anticipates, and almost rivals in clearness, the Evangelists' tale of "the place called Calvary." Thus, did time permit, might we look in detail at all the leading Prophecies, and be by them guided to the same interpretation of the Divine purpose as centring in the atoning Saviour.

If the Prophecies reflect the purpose, not less certainly do the Types foreshadow it; and in all the great Types, while there is a hint of the Incarnation and other important truths, Atonement is the leading idea. The Tabernacle built upon the Redemption silver, the Ark with its propitiatory covering and the sprinkled blood, the many sacrifices, the perpetual blood-shedding, the cleansing rites, the priestly functions, all told of the Cross, all glowed with the distant light of Calvary, all plainly cried "the Eternal purposes to save sinners by sacrifice."



Unmistakable are the New Testament statements of the purpose. Caiaphas unwittingly makes it known, the Evangelist giving the inner meaning of the high-priestly oracle, that Christ should die, "not for that nation only, but that also He should gather together in one the children of God, that were scattered abroad." Peter declares, in his Pentecostal address, that Christ was delivered up "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God;" and in his first Epistle he more fully expresses the thought, when, speaking of Redemption through the precious blood of Christ, he says, "Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifested in these last times for you;" and in perfect keeping with that we have, among others, the statement that Christ is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world", and the Book of life in which the names of the redeemed are written is the Book of the Lamb. Ever does the Divine purpose move round this great transaction. The person of the Redeemer is in one sense the Centre, but the very fact that He is represented as a sacrificial lamb, shows that the atoning work is the great thought of God. The salvation of man is no afterthought of God. The Cross is not an experiment. From eternity, God contemplated the race in its sin, He determined to provide salvation, and in His wisdom arranged that the salvation should come through Atonement. If, as some say, the Incarnation was a necessary method of the Divine manifestation demanded apart from sin, then the freeness of the purpose is obscured, and the gift of His Son is no longer the specific manifestation of God's love for sinners. Great, indeed, is the love shown in the Incarnation; but that love appears in all its splendour when we see the lowly birth crowned by the shameful death; the Cross is the climax of Divine love, as it is the effulgence of Divine intelligence, the masterpiece of Divine skill.

## II. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN THE THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

It has become fashionable, in certain quarters, to give great prominence to the "Teaching of Jesus"—especially to the ethical side of that teaching—at the expense of the apostolic testimony. We, of course, have no desire to undervalue the importance of any aspect of Christ's teaching; but we consider the teaching of the apostles as of equal import, as indeed really the teaching of Jesus through the apostles. The four Gospels are the record "of all that Jesus *began* both to do and to teach;" and, by the way, what is specifically called the teaching of Jesus, that recorded in the Gospels, is His teaching as set forth by these apostolic men Divinely inspired, so that there ought never to be any dream of conflict between the teaching of Christ and that of His apostles. But when we examine Christ's teaching as reflecting His thoughts, we cannot fail to see how prominent a place is held by the Cross. Some will have it that it was only gradually, and at a late period in His ministry, that Christ came to realize that His way to victory lay by the Cross, that His death was essential to the salvation which He came to accomplish. Dr. Horton frequently asserts this, and even Dr. Watson tells us that "there are signs that, at one time, Jesus had an idea of a Messianic Kingdom which did not embrace the Cross." This we cannot admit. We know, from other Scriptures, that Christ came into the world to do the will of His Father, and to

offer Himself a sacrifice for sin. It would be strange indeed if the mists of earth so obscured His vision as to lead Him to lose sight of that great object. The strength of such fancies lies in the unscriptural theories of the *Xenos*, with which, in a paper like this, we cannot attempt to deal. Our attitude toward such theories is indicated by a pregnant sentence of Mr. Gracey's, when referring to speculations as to "when the consciousness of having a Divine Mission, or a Divine Nature, dawned upon the Christ," he says:—"It must first be shown that He ever lost such consciousness, and so was without it, before it is time to enquire as to when He found it."

We believe that all the Prophecies demand that Christ should come to His work with the full consciousness of what it involved; but waiving that, and taking Christ as represented by the Evangelists, studying His teaching as there recorded, we maintain that the Cross was ever before Him. Even in the Synoptics, there are many indications of this. It is sometimes maintained that the first mention of the Cross by Christ, as indeed the first thought of it entertained by Him, was at Caesarea Philippi, after the confession of Peter; but long before that, we find Him speaking of the days when the disciples would fast because the Bridegroom should be taken away from them. No doubt, the Revelation of the Cross was gradually given to the disciples, and slowly received and dimly understood by them; but the Cross did not come into the range of Christ's vision unexpectedly. He saw it from eternity. He contemplated it all through life. I need not refer to the many other passages in the Synoptists where He speaks of His death, as it is generally admitted that, in the latter part of His ministry, the thought was continually with Him; but when we turn to the Gospel according to John, we find abundant evidence that from the beginning it was so. Throughout, this Gospel is luminous with the light of Calvary. In the second chapter, we hear Christ speaking of the overthrow of the temple of His body. To Nicodemus, He clearly makes known the necessity for His being "lifted up." In the discourse at Capernaum, He speaks of giving His flesh for the life of the world. The tenth chapter is full of the glorious truth that He, the Good Shepherd, would lay down His life for the sheep; and to refer to only one other passage, in the twelfth chapter, He speaks of the approaching hour of His glorification, uses the expressive figure of the corn of wheat dying and bringing forth much fruit, lets us hear the surging of the sea of agony which yet beneath has its calm depths of Divine resignation and resolution: "Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify Thy name." Mark, He does not speak as if He had but recently found out that such an awful hour awaited Him, but rather as if it had been long appointed and expected; and then He more definitely indicates the great event of that hour: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." He knew that, from the Cross, He would rule the universe, dominate the ages, subdue the powers of evil, be the true Shiloh, the Centre of saving attraction for the sinful sons of men. Well might that hour be ever in His mind; it meant much to Him, it means much to us;—that hour fixed in the

eternal purpose, that hour to which all ages had converged, that hour round which centred the greatest interests of Heaven, earth, and hell.

Undoubtedly, according to the Evangelists, especially the beloved disciple, who was so well qualified to reflect the teaching of His Master, the Cross was ever central in the thoughts of Christ, and salvation ever conceived of as coming through suffering and death. Indeed, statements like those made by Drs. Horton and Watson would imply that John the Baptist knew more of Christ's mission than Christ Himself knew, since from the first appearing of the Christ, the herald's cry was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." We do prize the teaching of Jesus, but we feel that it can only be fully understood in the light of the Cross. We rejoice in the holy life of Christ, but we believe that life finds its consummation at the Cross. We admire the miracles of Christ, but "the Cross of Christ is more to us than all His miracles," it is "the matchless miracle of Love." Surely it is not without significance that so much space is given by the Evangelists to the story of the Crucifixion; they do not all tell of His Birth, His Baptism, His Transfiguration, but they all linger lovingly over the details of the story of His Passion, His Death, His Cross. The impression grows upon us, as we read the narratives, that the crown of them all is the Cross; they all move on unswervingly to this tragic yet truly triumphant conclusion,—a conclusion which the Master saw from the commencement. This the Church has ever felt; and beautifully it is expressed in an old Latin hymn of the 6th century,—

"Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, with completed victory rife,  
And above the Cross's trophy, tell the triumph of the strife,  
How the world's Redeemer conquered, by surrendering His life.

"Thirty years among us dwelling, His appointed time fulfilled,  
Born for *this*, He meets His Passion; for that this He freely willed;  
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted, where His life-blood shall be spilled.

"Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only noble tree,  
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peer may be;  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron, sweetest weight is hung on thee."

### III. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN APOSTOLIC PREACHING.

This is so clear that it cannot well be gainsaid. Thus, Dr. Horton, speaking of what he calls "the strange fact that divines have said so little about the teaching of Jesus," says, "but the strangest fact of all is that, when we go back to the New Testament itself, we find that the most voluminous of the apostolic writers, St. Paul, does not allude to the teaching except in the most casual way. . . . What is the explanation of this anomaly? It would seem that the wonder of the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Ascension obliterated in a blaze of glory every other consideration. 'He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification.' 'Himself bore our sins.' 'He is the propitiation.' The mind was filled and dazed with that triumph over sin and death. . . . Thus, even from apostolic times, the bias to which I refer has been observable in the Church. The teaching of Jesus has been neglected in favour of the central fact of His saving work." But,

surely, the very fact that Paul and the other apostles gave so much prominence to that "central fact" is a proof that the "bias" of the Church has been a bias in the right direction. We believe that these apostles were Divinely guided in thus setting forth the Cross. It is strange that many of those who speak of the Incarnation as central yet consider that it is immaterial whether we regard the account of the Virgin birth as historical or not. But apart from that account, we have in the apostolic preaching only incidental references to the Incarnation, which fact is sufficient to refute the idea that it was the all-important thing. The apostles, in their preaching, always take the Incarnation for granted, for the Saviour, whom they preach, is One who has appeared in human nature; but while they touch upon the facts of His life of holiness, His miracles of healing, His deeds of blessing, their story moves on without a pause to the Cross, and in that Cross is their glory. All their rhetoric is bathed in the light of the Cross. All their weightiest arguments are backed by the power of the Cross. All their tenderest pleadings throb with the love of the Cross. The dominant note of all their gospel melody is the Cross. Their whole lives march to the music of the Cross. All their work is baptized in the Spirit of the Cross. Quotation here is needless, since, to cite the references to the Cross, would be to transfer to our pages the bulk of the apostolic sermons. Of course, they spoke of other things. They declared the whole counsel of God. They gave emphatic testimony to the Resurrection, the Ascension, the continued life of the Lord Jesus on high, and His glorious Coming again: but these and all other glorious truths are regarded as having their roots in Calvary, drawing their life from the Cross. The Atonement through which salvation comes, is the great matter. Thus Paul can summarize his message in the phrase, "We preach Christ crucified." The preaching of Christ incarnate would not have been foolishness to the philosophical Greek, for his own mythology had hints of such a doctrine. The preaching of Christ glorified would not have been a stumbling-block to the Jew, for a glorious Messiah was his fond ideal. The preaching of a Christ of spotless morality, of purest teaching, of wondrous working, need not have repelled either Jew or Greek; but to preach that the Christ incarnate and glorified, had been *crucified*,—that the perfection of living, teaching, and working had blossomed and fruited in the Cross,—this was what the natural mind repudiated. But this the apostles continued to preach, knowing that it was at once the grandest revelation of God, the only solution of the mysteries which surround men, and the true satisfaction of the needs that torment them. The gospel message is called "the Word of the Cross." It is the Divine exposition of the transcendent fact of Calvary. Ruskin gives this "definition of the purest architectural abstractions":—"They are the deep and laborious thoughts of the greatest men put into such easy letters that they can be written by the simplest." "The Word of the Cross" is the deepest thought of God put into such easy letters that they can be understood and proclaimed by the simplest.

Brethren, we are in the true apostolic succession if we preach the Word of the Cross. Let us not be content with preaching *about* the

gospel, but preach THE GOSPEL,—not discussing the ethical or outlying aspects of this or that truth, but going to the heart of all truth. Let us see that we preach Christ in all the wondrous fulness, and many-sided aspects of His person and work; but ever let us hold and proclaim as central, vitalizing, and essential, the Cross. It was a true instinct that led our late beloved President to choose a certain well-known verse as his favourite, and well did it describe his ministry. God grant that ever in our hearts, and on our lips, may be the truth embodied in these lines, so often sounded out as sweetest music by his silver voice, so often written by his ready pen, and so appropriately engraven on his tomb,—

“E’er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die”

#### IV. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Doctrine is a necessity to a thinking man. It is idle to say, “Let us keep to the facts of Christianity, never mind the doctrines.” You cannot have an intelligent grasp of the facts without having doctrine. Your doctrine is simply your judgment about a fact. New Testament doctrine is the judgment of inspired men about the facts of Christianity. You take two marbles, and place them beside other two marbles, these are facts; but when you go on, and say, “Two and two make four,” you announce a doctrine. Arrange three lines in a certain way, and you get the fact of a triangle; but you are not content with seeing that it is a triangle; you go farther, if you are a disciple of Euclid, and you formulate the doctrine that any two angles of a triangle are together less than two right angles. When we say, “Christ died,” we announce a fact; but when we add, “for our sins,” we declare a doctrine, as we also do when we answer to ourselves the question, “Who was this Christ?” We cannot talk intelligently about Christ’s death without stating doctrine. We believe in doctrine, and we hold that, in the noble system of Christian doctrine, the doctrine of the Cross—Atonement—holds the central place. Election—unpalatable to many, and yet in some form believed even by those who scout the name of Calvinist,—is closely connected with the Cross, for God’s people are elect unto salvation, “unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ.” Regeneration is the work of the Spirit, but the Spirit is given as the purchase of the Cross, and He uses the truth of the Cross as the instrument to accomplish His regenerating work. Justification cannot be dissociated from the Cross; we are justified by God as the Author, through grace the source, through Christ the Medium, through the Resurrection the evidence, through faith the instrument, but through *His blood*, as the ground—the basis of it all. Sanctification,—the Cross is the power to sanctify; we are crucified with Him that the body of sin might be destroyed. In the power of the Cross, as brought to bear upon us by the Spirit, we are enabled to mortify the deeds of the body. The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes us alive, but it is through reckoning ourselves dead,—dead through the Cross. So might we look at all the other doctrines, and

find that they are all bound into one harmonious system by the central Sun of the Cross. Incarnation and Resurrection are the only two doctrines that can be thought to compete with the Cross in importance. Of the Incarnation, we have already shown that it leads to the Cross, and is never in Scripture contemplated in separation from the Cross. The doctrine of the Resurrection might sometimes seem to claim the central position in the apostolic system of doctrine, but it is only seeming. We can hardly over-estimate the importance of the Resurrection. We often speak of it as fundamental, but it is fundamental *evidentially*. It is the great demonstration of the truth of Christianity: if it could not be established, the whole system would fall into ruins. (See the Easter Sermon of the present Pastor of the Tabernacle.) Most emphatically does Paul assert the utter futility of preaching, or of believing, if the Resurrection is not a fact. Preaching is vain, and faith is vain; vain in a threefold way as the three different Greek words used show. "Unless ye believed in vain," (*ἐκ κῆ*), rashly, unreasonably, without sufficient evidence. "Your faith is vain" (*κενή*), empty, unsubstantial, a shell without a kernel;—again, it is "vain" (*ματαιά*), foolish, resultless.

"If Christ be not raised, our preaching is vain;" but what was the "preaching"? Not the preaching specifically of the Resurrection; that is dealt with in the next clause: "We are found false witnesses of God," but the preaching which is vain, if the Resurrection is not true, is the gospel, the story of the Cross, containing first of all the great truth that saves, "that Christ died for our sins." The Resurrection is like the attestation to a will, without which the will would be void, vain; but with it, the contents are reliable, and bring blessing to those interested. The Resurrection establishes the gospel message. If we would give prominence to the fact that God has revealed Himself to men, come near to them, then we must emphasize the Incarnation; if we would prove the truth of Christianity, then must we emphasize the Resurrection; but the very heart of the Revelation which the Incarnation brings, and the supreme glory of the truth which the Resurrection establishes, we find in the Cross.

How closely connected with the Cross are Baptism and the Lord's supper, whether viewed as ordinances or as doctrines! In Baptism, we certainly do think of the Resurrection, but first and chiefly of the death: "we are buried by baptism unto death." In the Supper, we are pointed forward to the glorious Second Advent; but "till He come," we "shew forth His death." In the bread broken and wine outpoured, we read afresh in "large letters" written by the Saviour's own hand, the solemn yet joyful story of the Cross. Michelet, speaking of the fountain at the Coliseum, where the gladiators were wont to wash their wounds, says:—"The pillar of this fountain was also the first milestone of the Empire, all the roads of the Roman world were reckoned from this monument of slavery and death." May we not say that all the roads in the world of Christian doctrine are reckoned from that monument of shame and death, the Cross of Calvary?

#### V. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN CONVERSION-WORK.

It has gloriously vindicated its right to this place. Sinners get peace through the sight of the Cross; and preachers of the gospel can declare with ever-growing emphasis,—

“There is life for a look at the Crucified One.”

We might rest the whole case on the testimony of converts. Hold an experience meeting of all the redeemed, and you will find that most will trace their conversion to some “Word of the Cross.” Many truths may be used to awaken, to encourage, to guide the sinner; but, as a rule, it is the truth of the Atonement that brings rest. I do not think there would be so much lament about “the dearth of conversions” were this glorious truth more fully and constantly proclaimed. We have heard many sermons, great sermons so-called, which would demand some extraordinary display of Divine grace to lead to the conversion of any soul. In that admirable book, *The Soul-winner*, there is a specially-instructive lecture on “The Kind of Sermons likely to win souls,” which many of us remember hearing in our College days, and which we should like every minister in the land to read. Among many helpful hints there is this:—“Those sermons which are fullest of Christ are the most likely to be blessed to the conversion of the hearers. Let your sermons be full of Christ, from beginning to end crammed full of the gospel.” And then, adds the greatest preacher of the age:—“I cannot preach anything else but Christ and His Cross, for I know nothing else; and, long ago, like the apostle Paul, I determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.” We all know how he stuck to his theme; let us each be humble enough, and brave enough, and wise enough to do the same. Ever let us remember, it is the truth of the Cross that saves. Call up and examine as witnesses the most successful soul-winners, from Peter and Paul to Luther and Knox; from Whitefield and Wesley to McCheyne and W. C. Burns; from C. H. Spurgeon and Richard Weaver to D. L. Moody and W. Y. Fullerton, and they will all testify that the Cross is ever central in conversion-work. Ruskin says of a certain picture in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, “A most interesting picture, but which is unusual, best seen on a dark day when the white figure of Christ alone draws the eye.” Brethren, is it not in the dark day of conviction that the sinner best sees the Cross, and the figure of the crucified Christ alone draws the eye, sets at rest the conscience, satisfies the soul, and gives full salvation?

#### VI. THE CROSS CENTRAL IN CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The new life is born at the Cross, and all the blessings of that life come through the Cross. Forgiveness, peace, joy, hope, strength, guidance, are all flowers that grow on Calvary. The heart of every true Christian, whatever ideas and speculations may occupy the head, finds its truest satisfaction in the Cross, and must ever sing,—

“Jesus, keep me near the Cross.”

The spiritual life can only be strong as it maintains contact with the Cross. True prayer is baptized at the Cross. Truly and beautifully does Dora Greenwell say:—“No one truly prays who does not pray in the freedom of Christ’s life, and work, and death. . . . It is

the sight of the Cross and of all the tremendous associations that are bound up in it, . . . that brings, that *binds* the soul to prayer. It is this sight that makes of every awakened soul a priest, an intercessor. . . . no longer trusting in its own repentance, its own faith, its own prayer, but joining its every petition to the might of that prevailing blood, which is *itself* the most powerful of all intercessions." In affliction, how precious is the Cross! How the sorrowing, burdened heart finds comfort in the Cross! When the King of Mexico and his chief favourite were put to the torture by their Spanish conquerors, to compel them to reveal the place of the royal treasure, the courtier, giving way under the suffering, implored his monarch by a look to give him permission to speak; but the King, who had been bearing all unflinchingly, responded, "Am I now reposing on a bed of roses?" The words and the thought inspired the favourite with fresh endurance, and he emulated the spirit of his brave sovereign. Ah, brethren! how often the suffering saint has been strengthened and shamed into endurance by the thought of the sufferings which Jesus bore! And suffering with Him, and for Him, is better than the best that life could give without Him.

" Apart from Thee, all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done;  
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross  
Is better than the sun."

So might we look at all the phases of a Christian's experience, and we should find everywhere and always that the Cross is the Centre. It is never more so than in the last earthly experience. You, brethren, who have visited many a dying bed, know full well that the ripest saint, no less than the vilest sinner, finds all his comfort and joy in the Cross. We may not care for the Ritualistic colour of the line,—

" Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,"

but in *our* meaning of "the Cross" we believe the line embodies the best desire of every dying saint. "The port I would beat," said the saintly Rutherford in his last moments, "is redemption through His blood." Ah, yes! when earthly scenes are fading, when the features of the best beloved ones grow dim to the weakening vision, when the black curtain rises, and the great eternity, with all its tremendous issues, looms before the spirit, then, if ever, is the Cross precious, central, essential.

#### VII. Finally, and briefly, THE CROSS CENTRAL IN GLORY.

It is so with regard to the glory of Christ Himself. His glory as the God-man comes to Him through the Cross. He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross; *wherefore*, God hath highly exalted Him. It was for the joy set before Him that He endured the Cross. It is because He poured out His soul unto death that He can now divide the spoil with the strong. Because He glorified God on the Cross, God has glorified Him on the throne; and He ever sitteth as a *priest* upon His throne.

It is true of the redeemed; they gather round the Cross now; in the glory, they know no other Centre. Throughout the Apocalyptic vision



of the glory, the great central Figure is the glorified Christ, but He always appears bearing the marks of His Passion,—the Lamb as it had been slain. The Lamb is the Victor, the Lamb is the Leader, the Lamb is the Light, the Lamb is the source and centre of all glory for His people. The saints before the throne are there because they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. The redeemed follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and their eternal song of adoration is, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”

“The bride eyes not her garments,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face.  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's Land.”

Brethren, there is much else I should like to say about the Cross, but I forbear; what we all need is, to see the Cross in all its glory. What Ruskin says of the picture of the Crucifixion by a great painter, we may say of the Cross itself, we “must leave it to work its will on the spectator; for it is beyond all analysis, and above all praise.” But if we have afresh realized that all the Divine purposes circle round the Cross, that the thoughts of the Man of sorrows were ever occupied with the Cross, that the apostles and all true preachers have ever gathered round and pointed to the Cross, that all the doctrines of grace revolve around the Cross, that sinners find all their salvation through the Cross, that saints on earth derive all their blessings from the Cross, and saints in Heaven trace all their glory to the Cross, we surely ought, with renewed emphasis, to say,—

“God forbid that we should glory,  
Save in Christ, the Crucified;  
Or should blush to tell the story,  
How for sinners Jesus died.”

“So round the Cross we sing,  
Of Christ, our offering,  
Of Christ, our living King,  
HALLELUJAH FOR THE CROSS!”

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### XI.—EVEN SUDRAS BELIEVE.

**B**RAHMANS are the highest, and Sudras the lowest caste; but there are also many non-caste people in India. These are the very lowest grades of society, and were left in a state of utter degradation till the Christian Church stretched out a hand to help them. Even among Sudras, there are various sub-divisions of caste; and of these, the Nomo-Sudra is perhaps the lowest. They form a large portion of the community, and are as fully dominated by caste rules

as are the upper castes. Yet from among them God has called out large numbers by His grace; and I purpose giving a character-sketch of one whom I knew full well.

Chandi Charan was a Nomo-Sudra of great intelligence. He lived some distance from the town of Barisal, but near to one of the many small native churches that now dot that district. Like others of his caste, he owned a field or two, a couple of cows, and a homestead where his aged parents lived with him. There were three thatched houses on the mound, one his own, a second his father's, and a third, the cook-room where all the work was done for the family. Chandi Charan came under conviction of sin that made him begin to live a different life; but this did not please his aged father, who had grown up hardened by idol-worship. So semi-persecution was begun; and thus, "without were fightings, within were fears." The poor fellow was dazed by the experiences that assailed him. "I am like a fish in a frying-pan," he said to me in the mission boat, "being turned first one side and then the other, towards the fire." He appeared to be in perpetual misery. The matter that seemed most to enrage his father was his refusal to beat his wife on the most trivial occasion as he used to do. Often marrying girls of tender age, the men of his class almost universally learn to deal harshly with their wives. The young things are often incapable of doing all that is required in the home, because of want of teaching and experience; so the husbands think they have a right to punish them as they please. The old father did not like the change that he saw in his son. Perhaps it was a witness against himself. On one occasion, I held a magic-lantern service in their homestead, and all the neighbours round were invited. Chandi was in the highest spirits as he ransacked the place for mats, sacks, boxes, or anything that could be used as a seat. To every one he gave a cheery welcome, but his father was surly and churlish all the time.

Nothing, however, hindered Chandi Charan's growth in grace. In May, 1892, he was baptized by the native pastor of the village. We gathered in the tiny thatched chapel for special prayer before the ceremony, and our new brother's heart was melted within him. The hard-hearted father showed no delight or interest, even when his son prostrated himself at his feet to entreat a reconciliation. It was a touching scene; but the cruel man spurned the pleading son from him, and refused him love,—the one great right of a child's existence. Weeping, the dear fellow went to the large tank to put on Christ by baptism; and we who stood looking on were filled with thanksgiving and praise to God. Three days afterwards, a letter reached me from the native pastor, with the news that the father had relented, and all was peace at home. Thus the son's many prayers had been answered, and all was well.

But happiness was not to be his for long in this world. On June 18th of the following year, the Prince of peace called him to Himself. Cholera was the messenger sent to that village home. While ill, he said many comforting things to his wife and parents, and to all who came near. His last hours were spent in prayer. He left two little girls, and a son was born after his death. He left behind him a

splendid testimony. All his brethren testified to his labours, prayers, and gifts for the church he had joined. He was very zealous in his observance of the Lord's-day. First at the house of God, he would sound the gong, and then go round to urge the people to come. "Unless we serve the Lord Jesus, we can never be happy," he would plead. "The Lord is with those who are with Him," was his frequent declaration.

Chandi was quite illiterate, but his wife could read. He often listened to the truth from her lips, and explained it as she read. But this did not satisfy him; so he learnt to read, and was soon able to master the simpler portions of the Bible. This led him to read portions to his heathen friends, and thus sow the seeds of truth in their hearts also. Even while ploughing, he was heard to speak of Jesus to a neighbour. He liked to contrast the religious teachers of the Hindus with our loving Saviour. One, at least, resolved to become a follower of the Master through hearing Chandi's testimony. Though a zealous Christian, he is said to have never neglected his duty in the field, or at home, for religious effort. Through his example, quite a number of lads were induced to attend a night-school taught by a mission teacher.

One day, his old Guru (or religious teacher,) met him, and said, "You have forsaken us, and become a Christian; what happiness have you gained?" With a smile full of joy, Chandi replied, "Sir, the inward joy and peace that I have received, I cannot possibly utter with my mouth. While I was a heathen, I never even dreamt of such joy! And while you remain Hindus, you will never understand or imagine it at all." This enraged the Brahman. He tauntingly replied, "You, my disciple! can you teach me? Select those among the Christians who are educated; fix a time and place, and I will argue with *them* in the presence of everybody." At this challenge, Chandi was delighted. After consultation with the brethren, he sent word to the Brahman. Numbers gathered to hear the discussion; and one of the native evangelists declared "the truth as it is in Jesus." The Guru was silent, and thenceforward never troubled Chandi.

Even a poor, uneducated man may have a posthumous influence: and Chandi Charan's influence did not die with him. "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Sitting on the deck of the mission boat, one evening, a few weeks after his death, I had proof of this. A tiny boat, with one dark-skinned native on board, glided up alongside, and I entered into conversation with the man. He was a neighbour of Chandi Charan's, and nothing loth to speak of him. He told me how, while listening to his talk about Jesus, he always felt quite another man. Good feelings took possession of him; and when he returned to his home, he took these better thoughts and good desires with him. "But very soon," he continued, "some evil spirit seemed to take possession of me again, and all good feelings fled." In this way our brother probably influenced others around his little home. So a life, though brief, when used for Christ, may yield more results than the person knows.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

NLIV.—PASTOR ALFRED HALL, MERTHYR TYDFIL.



THE pages devoted in *The Sword and the Trowel* to portraiture of "Our Own Men" are truly animated and diversified; for, month by month, we move from one sphere to another, almost as varied in climates as the months themselves. In hot or cold regions, in Northern and Southern climes, are Pastors' College men at work, so that betimes we may visit "Bonnie Scotland," then find ourselves in far-away New Zealand; again we are in hamlet haunts in our own dear mother-land, anon in her busiest cities, or perhaps carried with lightning speed to foreign mission fields. This month, we have to journey to "gallant little Wales," and peep at PASTOR

ALFRED HALL at work in the heart of the Principality, where, for the past three years, he has been seeking to "make the hills resound" with the gospel message.

Merthyr Tydfil, the ancient metropolis of Wales, is a densely-populated district. The church, of which Mr. Hall is pastor, was formed ninety years ago. It has had a memorable history, and happily it has never sought to break away from its Evangelical traditions. It is saying not a little for its stability and prosperity when we affirm that nothing but the good old gospel as preached by Dr. Davies, late of Haverfordwest College, and his successors, Professor Williams, of Aberystwith College, Dr. Witton Davies, of Nottingham College, and others, would find acceptance with the members of this church.

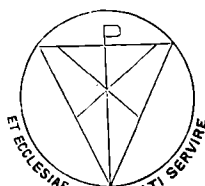
Although Mr. Hall has laboured with much success in Wales, he is not a Welshman, for he was born in the town of Newbury, in Berkshire, and his early days were spent in due observance of all the claims of "Mother Church." But the grace of God was stronger than these claims, and going with a school-fellow, one Sabbath night, as a lad of thirteen, to the Baptist Chapel, he was then and there converted. It was not, however, until he had left home for city life, and had come under the ministry of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, that he was baptized as a believer. This solemn event took place in November, 1876, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where, as a teacher

in the Sunday-school, and a worker amongst young men, Mr. Hall soon became useful in the Lord's vineyard. The influence of the teaching of Mr. Spurgeon worked in a remarkable manner in the young man's life, and his determination to spend his days in his Redeemer's service was definitely made during one of the Pastor's memorable prayers. Not only did he give himself to Christ's service, but he also allied himself to the cause of "the prince of preachers," and no more faithful follower of the then Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle could or can be found than he. Soon the way was open for him to fully enter the ministry, and after two years spent in a country pastorate,—Ashley, near Lymington,—Mr. Hall sought and gained admission to the Pastors' College. For another year, nearly every Sabbath, he visited his first church.

Later in his student life, in compliance with Principal Gracey's request, Mr. Hall undertook the task of commencing a Baptist church at Hampton Court. During the five years given up to this effort, ground was secured, and a building erected; and when Mr. Hall left the river-side for St. Leonard's-on-Sea, in 1890, there was a church of about a hundred baptized believers. For four years, the subject of our sketch found much congenial work at the fashionable seaside resort adjoining Hastings; and while there, his zeal in the town affairs gave him a seat on the Hastings and St. Leonard's School Board, and his devotion to temperance and other good causes won for him many friends.

In the early summer of 1894, Pastor Hall accepted a pressing invitation from the church worshipping at High Street, Merthyr Tydfil; and the heartiness of his welcome has continued to this day. His gifts as a preacher and lecturer have been recognized by a large number of the Welsh churches, and it goes without saying that, to find favour in the "land of preachers" is no small thing; and, consequently, his life, both in his own sphere and in visiting sister churches, has been an exceedingly busy one.

Mr. Hall takes a great interest in the young, and in all kinds of work among them. Being desirous of assisting those who feel their need of further equipment for religious, philanthropic, temperance, or civic usefulness, he has founded the "Free Church Training Institute," where lectures are delivered with this object in view, during the winter months.



We give our readers a copy of its emblem and motto. At the last—the second—distribution of rewards, many of the members testified to the valuable help rendered to them by Mr. Hall, and the winner of the silver medal—a young man who hopes some day to become a pastor,—spoke in strong terms of his gratitude that such an Institute, with such a course of instruction, had been

established.

While our friend has a great dislike to any *statistical* record of success attending his work for Christ, he must feel thankful that, during his three years' ministry in Wales, over one hundred persons have joined the High Street church.

This sketch would scarcely be complete unless some slight reference was made to what is perhaps a more personal and therefore more private side of his life. When Pastor Thomas Spurgeon came as "supply" to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, Pastor Alfred Hall was amongst the first to hold out a welcoming hand to him, and with that hand-clasp a friendship was formed which the following years have only increased. Mr. Hall loved and revered his spiritual father,—C. H. Spurgeon,—and he mourned his translation to glory as only a son can mourn. He had no love to transfer from father to son,—love is not often transferable,—but when he saw Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, "his soul was knit with the soul of T. S., and he loved him." His faith and hopes in the abilities and grace of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon have been fully realized, for he has lived to see the "supply" become the accepted Pastor of the Church, and President of the College, Colportage, and Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

Inscribed in Mr. Hall's Bible is a prayer which we believe is his heart's yearning, and which may be a fitting close to this pen-and-ink sketch of one who labours in the land of lofty hills and rushing mountain streams, yet where sinful man is found just as bruised and ruined by the Fall as in less-favoured scenes,—

"Oh, could I preach as if my heart was fired  
By gazing on the cross where Christ expired;  
As if I felt the mighty love that He,  
By dying pangs, proved His own love to be!  
How soon would guilty, stubborn souls embrace  
The joyful tidings of redeeming grace!"

P. H. W.

## Matthew xxv. 1—13.

(See C. H. SPURGEON'S Sermon, "Number 2,500; or, Entrance and Exclusion.")

LIST! 'tis a cry on the midnight air,  
How shrilly it sounds in the lonely street!  
"The Bridegroom is coming! Awake! Prepare!  
Go forth with your lamps your Lord to meet."

\* \* \* \*

Hark! 'tis the clang of a closing door,  
How sharply it rings through the silent night!  
'Tis the knell of a soul, that is evermore  
Shut out from the feast in the halls of light.

\* \* \* \*

Soul! hast thou oil in that lamp of thine?  
Say! dost thou watch for thy Lord's return?  
Yield not to slumber, arise and shine,  
Look to thy lamp ere it cease to burn.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," ETC., ETC.

### VIII.—MARSH MEADOWS AND STREAMS.

IT is a June evening. Our way lies along an artificial ridge with low meadows on one side, and the backwater of the river on the other. Both the main stream and the minor brooks are banked, for much water comes down in time of flood, forcing its way through every fissure, and often turning the plain into a marsh. Though the dam is not perfect, it serves, like human law, to keep wilfulness in check. Here and there the ridge slopes away, and the waters lap over a shallow strand, around which is an oozy space where rushes and lush grass grow. Beyond, are the meadows bathed in the evening glow, the mellow sunlight turning the sullen sorrel of the field into a dream of beauty. If you have never noticed sorrel shot through with horizontal sunshine, you have a charm of colour yet to see.

We are now in a by-path overhung with tall grass, and close by is quite a labyrinth of brooks. A little further off, the river itself shows like a broad band of gold. Let us sit down and meditate. There is much to interest if the brain does but use the eye as a lens. Often, when we sit, as we say, "to think," the mind goes off on a long journey, and leaves the poor eye with nothing to do till the master comes back. Let us weave what we have already seen into a story.

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The streams divide not far from this spot. The waters have had a common home; but now, like children growing up, they cut out a course for themselves; and each young stream developes certain characteristics. One or two will just make a loop into the meadows, and then go back to the main current; another will hurry on to get in time to turn a summersault over the mill-wheel; a third makes no end of babble as it falls down two or three steps; while a fourth glides silently along shadowed with willows. Its waters are dark, and decaying reeds make black sludge where the ridge crumbles. It is at such spots that the flood escapes which lays the land under tribute. There are but a few small fish. The shadows are pleasant on a hot day, and there are shining beetles and flies with moth-like wings: but the big fish like deeper and sunnier waters. The back stream, latticed with boughs, may be the place for a pensive walk; but if you want fish, you must go where the sunshine strikes the brickwork of the viaduct, where wings flit in one unceasing network of motion, and where the river runs swift and deep. The shades are not conducive to life.

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As we came along, stray buttercups and other meadow flowers passed by, sailing down the back stream. We argued, children somewhere ahead! And, now, sure enough, here they come,—sun-burnt and picturesque,—with their hats pushed up at varied angles, and their bare brown arms full of flowers. But how like they are to their elders! They soon get tired of what they have gathered, and

drop their burden listlessly into the waters. They have robbed the meadows of their treasure, but it is too much trouble to carry it far. They have waded through the long grass of the marsh to pluck some bloom that charmed their eye. They have torn it from its place, forgotten it soon: and, as they lag by the stream, they drop it heedlessly into the cold current. How like to some of their seniors who trifle with what they have ruthlessly obtained! There are children of an older growth who tire of the flowers they have risked their reputation in plucking, only to throw them, faded, upon the stream of time.

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A water-rat sails across one of the brooks. Be very still. He comes up on a bed of rushes washed around sunken branches. On these he sits, brushing his coat with his head,—a water dandy dressing for dinner! Presently, off he swims to a growth of weeds, severs one of the soft young shoots with his teeth, and is back with it to his raft of rushes. How quickly he eats! Surely, he has no need to hurry; there are no trains for him to catch! The long weed disappears as fast as a tart from a schoolboy's plate—say, when the said boy is home for the holidays, and his mother and sisters are beaming complacently upon him. The dear boy will probably be helped thrice; he may fare differently when he has been at home a fortnight.

But the water-rat is so nimble, we must watch him intently to see his antics. He is as much of an epicure in his way as an alderman. Now he is across the stream again, this time among the pale green grass by the water's edge. It must be a tender undergrowth. None of your top pieces which have been in the sun,—our little friend has a dainty tooth. And he is like some men we know; he prides himself on doing his own shopping. But perhaps the "he" is a *she* after all. It is difficult to guess at gender from attire nowadays. The lush grass is taken to the raft, and the second course begins. Behold, now, another line of bubbles is coming up stream. A second rat! Surely, it is not "good form" to be late for dinner! Perhaps not invited! Some swell taking French leave! Rat Number One has seen that line of bubbles; he has turned round, and hidden against a branch as much like his own colour as possible. His dinner is underneath him; not exactly on his chair. The other rat makes advances, but Number One is "not at home." Number Two thereupon tries to occupy the narrow channel between the rushes and the bank; this is alarming. Our first acquaintance is off so quickly that we cannot see what has become of the half-finished dinner, and we hope his digestion was not upset. Number Two flashes after Number One. Was Number One a lady? If so, did Number Two act like a gentleman?

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The water-fleas are dodging about in all directions. They share the fate of most dodgers, for they get caught. The *Hydræ* are waiting for them. There is nothing in the fresh-water hydra to remind one of the mythological monster which Hercules slew near the Lernean lake. Only a little green tube holding on to a water-weed at one end, and bearing at the other a mouth surrounded by whip-like feelers. It is



these tentacles which do the catching work. If the lively water-flea touches one of these threads of the hydra, it is all over with him. The coil acts, the flea struggles for an instant, and then is very still, paralyzed by a poison secreted in the microscopic darts sheathed within the tissue of the hydra. The tiny *Crustacean* then travels on the downgrade to the mouth of his captor. Dr. Andrew Wilson, in a most interesting paper on "Animal Colonies and Co-operation," tells us that the hydra has three ways of self-propagation. If it is cut up,—“minced,” in fact,—each severed piece will produce a perfect hydra. It lays eggs, and so multiplies. It buds, also, like a plant, and throws off from its sides perfect young from the parent stem. False doctrine has multiform means of propagation, and as subtle a method of seizing souls.

If this similitude should be used by some daring reader, he had better be careful. Audiences are very fastidious, so you need not speak of “fleas.” You may say “beetles.” Or, to be anatomically accurate,—and there is nothing like a straight anatomy,—you may use the term “microscopic crabs”; only mind that you do not add,—“You are aware, my dear hearers, there are *crabs* that are not microscopic, neither do they live in the water, though some of them have been *through it*.”

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We stand now by the broader stream, swelling seawards, radiant with the hues of the sunset. What are these shining ones dancing in the slanting rays? May-flies, all wonderful in mother-o'-pearl wings, with bodies like mica, and terminating in two tremulous red threads. Naked wings, veined with nerves, have they, and the nerves are the colour of stained glass! Most of them are flying up stream. Very beautiful, fragile, short-lived;—not a moment passes but that one flips the water. A movement or two of the wings, and the insect resigns itself to the flow of the current. Dozens float by on the polished surface, their sweet wings pathetically stretched out till they seem miniature white crosses carried on a blood-red bosom, for the sun has sunk lower, and the river is the colour of rubies. Romancing, are we? Many others fly by. In a few minutes, the stream will have taken toll of them, and ere the hues fade from off the waters, hundreds more will have found a grave. When we come along, forty-eight hours after, with a cold wind blowing, and a grey sky, not one of these diaphanous creatures will dance for our delight. How like to life! A struggle up stream. A few gay hours. A little flutter, and then the evening, and the cold current.

But those outstretched wings passing by on the blushing waters,—so many tiny floating crosses! *Are we romancing?* He who has a thing on his heart is apt to see its similitude wherever he looks. We would not be superstitious; but the sign of the Christian faith shapes itself full often to a devout mind. This we blessedly know,—Calvary is no romance, but the most searching, solemn, sublime reality of all time.

Lift one of those crosses coming near the river's brink. Wings! Wet, limp, yet alive and quivering. Oh, if it were but morning, the thing would live, and these wings move in the new day! What a far-

reaching train of thought this opens up! From the flutter of a May-fly to the flight of an archangel! Wings on the river in the sunset;—wings on the River in the sunrise, even the River of the Water of Life, flowing from the throne of God!

The light has faded while we have been thinking. The waters are getting grey. The swallows have ceased to circle, the swifts to swoop. But still the image lingers. A rustle of the leaves tells us that the night breeze is born. On it, from the marsh will come the miasma, and over us soon will sweep the erratic bat. Let us go home. Yes, we will set our faces toward "the Homeland", and as we pass along in the magnified shadows of the twilight, amid all the mystery our soul shall listen for the pinions of the "ministering spirits", and our faith shall whisper of the wing of the Lord, for is it not written,— "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust"?

## Famine in the Agra District, N.W.P., India.

THE following letter, received by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, is a sad but appropriate sequel to the article in last month's Magazine upon Mr. Potter's work in India. Contributions in aid of the Missionaries' Famine Fund should be sent to Mr. A. H. Baynes, Baptist Mission House, Fumival Street, London, E.C., or direct to Mr. Potter.

My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—As an old Pastors' College student, now engaged in famine relief work, I have thought that some account of it might enlist the sympathy and prayers of Tabernacle and other friends.

Till a year ago, the word "famine" was to us little more than a name; it is now a sad and awful reality. After the failure of last year's rains, and the consequent rise in the price of food, we began to realize that bad times were before us. At first, it was thought that the great rise in prices was local, and that by combination we, the Agra missionaries, might purchase food at a distance, and then supply the poor people at reduced prices. It soon became evident, however, that the rise was general, and the distress widespread. Having thus realized that famine was upon us, in October last I read a paper at our B.M.S. Conference at Calcutta, suggesting various means of relief for poor people, both Christian and non-Christian. After careful deliberation, a scheme was drawn up, adopted, forwarded to the Home Committee, and received their approval. Meanwhile, they had already opened a Famine Fund, and issued an appeal for help.

Day by day, in Bazaar and other mission work, we met with cases of distress; but not till I went into camp, in January last, did I realize the full meaning of the word "famine." In the providence of God, my wife and I found ourselves in one of the worst parts of the Agra district, where the effects of famine were everywhere seen. After leaving the district watered by the Agra canal, we came upon a region where thousands of acres of land had produced no crop, and the patches of corn, which had been cultivated only with the greatest care near the village wells, appeared as oases in a wide desert. Such trees as had survived the long drought had been almost stripped of their green leaves to feed the starving cattle, and presented a most weird appearance. Many oxen, buffaloes, and sheep had already died of starvation, and such as remained presented a pitiable sight as they wandered over the barren fields in search of food. In the villages, we saw many of the people busy removing the old straw from the roofs of their houses, and cutting it up to feed their starving cattle. I suppose they

thought that it would at least fill if it did not fatten. But, of course, a far sadder sight was to see men, women, and children reduced to skin and bone for lack of food. Such sights became all too common as we passed from village to village. At one place, where we had camped a year before, the village seemed almost deserted; and no wonder, as 400 of its inhabitants had been driven away by hunger to seek food elsewhere. It was grievous to hear of many little children in that village who had died because, from lack of food, their mothers' milk had dried up, and thus there was no nourishment for them. In a village near by, we made careful enquiries, and found that there were at least 50 people quite destitute, many of whom were widows, and others mothers with families, whose husbands had left weeks or months before in search of work. In one case, where the husband had remained behind, it was only to die in seeking to feed his wife and starving children.

At several of the villages, where other crops had failed, we noticed small patches of carrots growing near the village well. On these, at the time of our visit, many poor people were trying to subsist; and but for them, many must have died. In one place, my wife met with a widow woman who, with her children, had lived on nothing but raw carrots for five weeks. Such, indeed, was the hunger of the poor people, that they were gathering weeds from the fields, and trying with them to satisfy their craving for food. We heard of several also who, having eaten unripe berries to appease their hunger, had died in consequence.

When we commenced to give a little relief, the people thronged us, and many travelled for miles to our tents in the hope of getting a few halfpence. Such was the number of needy people that we could give but little to each; and, at most, we could but help them for a few days, yet for such help as we were able to give they were most grateful.

Yet, sad as was the sight of hungry people for whom we could do but little, a still sadder sight awaited us, when we reached the Government Relief works of the district. There we saw about 1,000 men, women, and children employed in road-making. Though this may seem a large number, considering the distress of the neighbourhood, it was in reality very small. The reason of this was, that the conditions of labour were so hard, that only extreme poverty made people willing to submit to them.

Those on the work were mostly people of low caste, such as shoemakers and weavers. The overseer in charge was a man of high caste, who utterly despised those who were working under him. Although many of them were weak from want of food, they were treated by him as so many slaves. The marks of his cane were seen on the legs and arms of many of the poor creatures, and seven men whom we saw showed us the marks of the ropes on their arms, where they had been bound with cords before being beaten by order of their cruel taskmaster. Others who had escaped from this form of cruelty, still suffered in a more refined way; for, although the Famine Code distinctly states that the famine wage given shall not be reduced, in case the people are unable to fulfil the allotted task, this cruel overseer was fining the people almost daily. What became of those fines it is not possible for me to say, but I little doubt that most of them found their way into the overseer's pocket, as is so often the case in such times as these. Even when I have said this, I have not told the whole story, for on the first day of our visit even the few pence earned were not paid, so that many of the 1,000 people we saw must have gone hungry to bed; yet a full day's work was expected of them the day following. Hard as were the conditions of labour, poor creatures still came asking for work. These people were often kept waiting for days, and then turned away without it. I met with one such returning to his distant village, who had spent his little all whilst waiting for work, and was returning hungry to his home, where his old mother and father had been left foodless and penniless.

One of the saddest features of famine times is the cruelty practised on

poor people by subordinate native officials. I am glad to add that, after I had sent in a full report of what I had seen at this Relief work, the overseer was at once suspended, and I hear, afterwards dismissed, by the English engineer under whom he worked.

During our tour in the villages, we picked up some famine waifs, all boys under ten years of age. These we sent in to Agra, to be cared for in our Christian Boarding School.



A FEW FAMINE WAIFS IN OUR CHARGE AT AGRA.

We have decided to take in all such that come to us, trusting that the Lord will provide for them. One might have supposed that the people would gladly have placed their starving children under our care, but such was not the case. Many there were who said to us, "We will never allow our family to be broken up; if we must starve, we will all starve together." Even those who would gladly have given their children to us were prevented by their caste-relatives, who decided that it was better for the children to starve than that they should be placed under the care of Christians! One such case was that of a poor woman, with a husband nearly blind, and four children under seven years of age, one of whom was blind.

At Agra, on our return, we found 14,000 people at work levelling a piece of broken land near the famous Taj Mahal. Yet, though the number was large, it was but a tithe of those who needed work in Agra alone. To meet the awful need of India's starving millions, the Government has done much. If only the wise and kind provisions of the Famine Code had been fully carried out, no one in India need have starved, and all real distress would have been met. The difficulty is, that the Code is a *benevolent* scheme drawn up by true Englishmen, who made an honest attempt to provide for all contingencies, whereas the actual carrying out in detail rests largely with subordinate native officials, whose one thought is concerning what they can make for themselves out of the money which passes through their hands.

Strange to say, the Government officials in our district, at least, have been slow to avail themselves of the valuable help which the missionaries have freely offered. After all that Government can do, there remains a vast number of poor people untouched by any relief. To deal with this distress, has been the aim of all the missionaries at Agra. The first organized effort was made in connection with the Medical Missionary Institution, where, twice a week, pice (pence) were given to such as most needed them amongst the many who attended. There are about 900 poor people who now receive regular help there. The next effort was made by C.M.S. missionaries to provide food daily for the poor starving people who came for it. From the many who come, 1,000 daily receive a dole of flour if adults, and if weakly children unable to cook and eat the flour, a cup of pea soup is given, whilst tiny famine babies get a little milk to keep them alive.

In connection with the B.M.S., an attempt has been made to reach a still larger number of needy people by giving work to such as could do it. The first work started was that of digging and carrying earth. An old well needed to be filled up; this gave employment to many poor people. We have 100 such engaged in levelling a piece of mission land at the present time. The next class to be helped were poor women who could spin. The number of such is enormous, as most Indian women can spin. Of the thousands of poor widows and others who needed such help, we are now employing about 400. Many of these are Zenana women who could not leave their homes, either to beg, or to engage in other relief work. When spun, this thread is given to the weavers, who suffer more than most at famine times. We have now about 80 of such working for us regularly.



WOMEN SPINNING AND WINDING COTTON IN LADIES' COMPOUND, AGRA.  
(LADY IN CHARGE, MISS WROOLEY; BIBLE-WOMAN, RACHEL, SEATED AT THE BACK.)

Then we employ such women as cannot spin in grinding corn, and we have about 100 at work daily. As most of these people are adults, and have families dependent upon them for support, we reckon that not less



than 2,000 poor people—men, women, and children—are enabled by us to earn their daily bread. The prices we pay for work done are higher than Bazaar rates, hence there is a loss to us on all the material produced; yet, in bearing this small loss, we are able to support far more than if merely giving food or pence to the poor, with no return in the form of work. The poor people thus helped will not forget the fact that the *Christians* have aided them in their hour of need; hence we feel that famine relief work at this time is the best form of mission service in which we can engage. Amid the many claims upon our time and attention in carrying on this extensive labour, we have many opportunities of urging upon the people the claims of the Lord Jesus, “who though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.”

One happy feature of this work is the fellowship which we are having in it with Christians of other denominations. At Agra, C.M.S., B.M.S., and Methodist missionaries are all labouring heartily together, whilst, in the course of a fortnight, as treasurer of the relief fund, I received cheques from a lady of the Society of Friends, a Presbyterian, and a Bishop of the Church of England, all for substantial amounts, to be used by the Baptists in their relief work.

As yet, we have received no help from Government, and no share of the Mansion House Fund; yet we hope soon to obtain some portion of the latter, through the local committee, though composed almost entirely of Hindoo and Mohammedan gentlemen. They have expressed their approval of the work done, and have asked the Central Committee to sanction a monthly grant to enable us to extend the work. If this sum of money is received, we shall be able greatly to extend our service. It is hard to send away hungry people, who are quite willing to work for their bread, yet from lack of means we have been obliged to tell many such that we could do nothing for them. There are still other classes of poor people whom we should be glad to help if funds were available. And, further, there is great need of *clothing* as well as food, which we should be glad to be able to supply. This need will increase as the winter approaches; and even now it is great, for many of the poor women are not decent in such rags as they are obliged to wear. If we could obtain funds to give away such cloth as our weavers produce, it would be a great boon to the poor creatures.

This appeal of the suffering people of India comes to all their fellow-subjects in England; but the command of the Lord Jesus, “Give *ye* them to eat,” is addressed to His own disciples. In obeying it, we may have blessed fellowship with Him; whilst, if we regard it not, may He not say to us, “I was hungry, and ye gave Me no meat”?

May I ask the prayers of the friends at the Tabernacle, and elsewhere, that this present famine may be followed by a large ingathering into the Christian Church, as was the case in the South India and North China famines?

I remain, yours in the one Master's service,  
Agra, India.

J. G. POTTER.

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

MEMORIAL STONE LAID BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1897, was, as Pastor Charles Spurgeon truly said, a *golden letter day* for the Bexhill Baptists and the many friends who gathered with them to witness the laying, by MRS. C. H. SPURGEON, of the memorial stone of the larger Chapel now in course of erection. On arriving at the site, accompanied by her two sons, Mrs. Spurgeon was very heartily welcomed by a congregation of several hundreds of persons, many of whom had travelled long distances in order to be present. The London

contingent alone numbered between 100 and 200, Pastor W. J. Harris brought about fifty of his friends from Eastbourne, while Pastor G. B. Richardson's people at Battle filled eight waggons. Mr. Hockey was specially pleased to see representatives from each of his previous pastorates at Bower Chalk, Camberwell, Brentford, and Henfield, and some who could not be present sent their contributions towards the building fund.

The proceedings commenced with three verses of the hymn beginning—

“Come, let us join our cheerful songs.”

Pastor W. J. Harris read a few verses from 1 Chron. xxix., Pastor A. G. Brown prayed, and Pastor J. S. Hockey then said:—Even were I an orator such as Brutus was, I would refrain from speech-making this afternoon, for the simple reason that we all want to hear other voices. I have just one sentence to utter, and if I did not give voice to it, I could not forgive myself, and I do not think you would forgive me. It is to say, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, from my heart of hearts, and on behalf of this assemblage, representative of thousands who remember you daily before God, how we rejoice that you are able to be with us to-day. With you we rejoice that you are accompanied by your two sons, whom may God bless, with yourself, exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think! The meeting is now in the hands of dear Mrs. Spurgeon and her two sons, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

In laying the stone, Mrs. Spurgeon used the two silver trowels which she had given to her sons, and which they employed at the laying of the memorial stone of the School-chapel, last August. Having completed the ceremony, Mrs. Spurgeon said:—

Dear Friends,—I have great pleasure in declaring that this stone is well and truly laid, and as for the present moment it represents to us the large edifice which is, we hope, to rise here, we very solemnly dedicate it to the glory of God, and His worship, and to the sweet memory of His dear servant, C. H. SPURGEON. I want to thank you all for coming here to-day, and I wish to express double thanks to the dear Tabernacle people; it is so good of them to come. I feel your sympathy and help very much indeed, and I pray you to accept the assurance of my deep gratitude. I bid you a most hearty welcome, both in my own name, and in that of the dear friends at “Beulah.”

The inscription on the stone is as follows:—

This stone was laid, 7th July, 1897,  
by  
MRS. C. H. SPURGEON,  
to the glory of God,  
and in perpetual remembrance of  
her beloved husband's blameless life,  
40 years' public ministry,  
and still-continued proclamation of the gospel  
by his printed sermons.

“I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put My name there for ever; and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually.”—1 Kings ix. 3.

RESTA W. MOORE,  
Architect.

JOHN S. HOCKEY,  
Pastor.

CHARLES THOMAS,  
Builder.

The Doxology having been sung, PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON said:—My words shall be few, but they shall come from a very warm place, for

there is no one—except it be my brother,—who can feel equally with me on this occasion. It was with great delight we came to lay the twin foundation stones of the School-chapel. What great things God did for us then ! But He has been doing greater things since. Only a month or two ago, a very memorable transaction took place upon this very spot, when we gathered together in the morning hour, and my dear mother cut the first sod for the foundations of the new Chapel. And here we are, to-day, to celebrate with great thankfulness His mercy in that the larger building is going forward unto completion. Yesterday, I was laying a memorial stone to my dear father away up beyond Birmingham,—at Redditch,—and I said to the people there what a wonderful thing it is that his (Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's) work seems to be ever growing, that though he is dead, he yet lives on, lives here amongst us, and in the Church of Jesus Christ, with increasing power. And his memorial is not yet complete ! We look upon the Tabernacle, the Almshouses, the College, the Orphanage, and so forth, and we believe all those are part of his memorial ; but they are being augmented week by week. Why ? Because the glory of God must ever increase as the grace of Jesus is being made known throughout the length and breadth of our land. It is because he sought first the glory of God that God so greatly honoured him ; and we add another memorial to-day, and who could add it better than my beloved mother ? May God bless her in the deed which has been done ! It is the work of God, and that which He has begun He will carry on until with joy and shouts of praise the top-stone shall be reared.

If you look into your Almanacks, you will generally find, printed in red letters or large capitals, special events for certain days. The 7th July, 1897, should be a golden letter day, and I trust it will ever be so in our heart's recollections. We have many of these if we go back in history, and we thank God for them ; but I ask you to remember this day as a witness to the power of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, which was preached by my departed father, and is still being preached, and preached with acceptance to the people, and with soul-saving results, in connection with the work of the Beulah Baptist Chapel. Thank God for the minister connected with this cause ! I do not believe our dear Brother Hockey will ever preach anything but the gospel. May his bow abide in strength in connection with this work, and may his hopes be fully realized when he enters into the building, there to declare what he knows of Christ and of His Word ! And you, dear friends,—particularly you who belong to Bexhill,—pray that a rich blessing may rest upon his labours. It is my dear mother's heart's desire and her prayer to God—and we join her in it,—that many souls may be saved here. Oh, what intense joy will be ours as we hear, week after week, that the Lord is adding to the Church daily of such as shall be saved ! May the Holy Ghost enter into Brother Hockey and you, giving him a tongue of fire, and lips to declare the precious truths of Calvary, and that you, men and women in Bexhill—a beautiful place where people seek their rest, their refreshment, and invigoration,—may hear of Christ, and be restored in heart, and brought into the Kingdom of God's dear Son ! May the gospel flourish, as many other things are flourishing in this seaside resort ; but, above all, may the name of Jesus become exceeding precious unto the conversion of hundreds,—yea, of thousands ! Our best wishes are that souls may be saved, and that saints may be sanctified, for we know we are only expressing that which lay at the very bottom of all my dear father's efforts, life, and preaching, that men might be brought to a knowledge of the truth. May the Lord abundantly bless to-day's deed, and follow it with even further and fuller favour, and His name shall have the glory !

I do not think I need introduce to you the next speaker. I do not think, however, that you know him as well as I do, or love him as well as I do, for he is my own brother.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON said :—It seems to me as if a little bit of the



Jubilee had been projected into this still happier week, and into the yet more glorious work in which we are this afternoon engaged. What if we have no sound of trumpet and no fluttering of flags,—we have some flutter of the heart, maybe, and certain it is that the flags of our joyful spirits are flying, not half-mast high, but at the very top of the highest poles. I speak my own experience, for I am glad beyond expression. They said of old, “We have no king but Cæsar,” and I suppose that if we were loyal, and only loyal, we should have to say, “We have no Queen but Victoria.” I yield to none in loyalty to Queen Victoria, but I am bound to say I have another Queen, and she sits upon this platform now. Have we not been favoured with Queen’s weather, for the sun shines his brightest on this glad occasion? Well, though my heart is full of joy, I confess I cannot prevent a little mingling of sadness with the gladness. It does not overcome it, or mar it in any sense; but rather, I think, intensifies it, and sanctifies it. We cannot attend the laying of a memorial stone without cherishing memories which, though they be so sweet, have also a tinge of sorrow in them. It is June weather with us, but it is April with some of us, for our hearts remember so well and lovingly the dear one who has gone above. We praise God at every remembrance of him, but what wonder that, as often as we try to speak about him, we find the April showers beginning to fall,—we find silver threads among the gold, this afternoon,—and who shall say which is the more precious to God, the gold of our glad joy, or the silver which represents our chastened spirits and our somewhat mournful memories?

I am glad it has been arranged that this memorial stone should be of marble. It ought to be something out of the ordinary, for this is no ordinary occasion,—at least, in my humble judgment. I am glad that one of the most imperishable things that this poor perishing earth affords has been chosen on which to inscribe so beautiful an inscription, one which is just and sweet beyond expression. Moreover, I think I see in this memorial stone a not unworthy image of him in whose memory it has been laid. He stood four-square to all the winds of heaven. How they beat upon him at the first,—they were scarcely less vehement at the last! He bore them bravely, and witnessed a good and grand confession from first to finish. I like to think that this memorial stone is made of marble, since it bears his name. I have sometimes ventured to believe that if God, in His love, had seen fit to spare my dear father, he would have had a Baptist Chapel at Bexhill by this time. What a wonderful gift he had of spotting a place that needed such a work, and then of putting his hand and heart into the work, encouraging others until the work was begun, and encouraging them long after, as they proceeded and progressed in the good Word and Work of God! I believe his keen insight would have led him to see what Bexhill was going to be,—I do not know what it is going to be,—but I think he would have had some idea; he would have seen, at least, that it was growing, and that its needs would grow with it, and that we ought to be represented here as a denomination. More than that, despite all the efforts being made for the spiritual welfare of the people,—and we despise none of them,—there is room for more, and we, of all people, ought to have a share in bearing the happy burden of this important task. So I believe that, had he lived, he would have been foremost in promoting this good work, and we are doing honour to his memory just as he would have it done, when we do what we think he would himself have done.

I venture also to say that I think I see in this marble a symbol of my precious mother;—she will pardon what I say about her, the words shall be very few. You will see in this marble the marks of the fire it has undergone, processes which in themselves were terrible, but which were necessary for the bringing forth of such fine-grained stone capable of receiving so high a polish. Very few of you can know how my dear mother has suffered in her person, and in the bereavement which we cannot forget just

now. I am sorry to say that, only last week, she has been in the fires of pain again, so much so that I almost began to fear whether she would be able to be present with us here. But God, through this process of trial, has brought to us and to the Church what we could not otherwise possess, the fineness of her disposition and the polish of her character,—you can see it in her writings,—all this is through the fire of the furnace through which the Lord has caused her to pass. I need not tell you I love my mother, and I want to renew to her, in your hearing and before God, the pledge of my unfaltering affection:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." I am as sure of her love for me as of mine for her. She had the start of me, in fact, but I loved her as soon as I was able to love. Whenever I look upon this stone, I shall think lovingly and prayerfully of her, and I beg you to do the same.

I have had a good look at this stone, and it reminds me, also, of Mr. Hockey. He is a substantial brother, is he not? and his preaching is of a substantial order. I do not know whether he receives as many catalogues from booksellers as come to my lot. If so, only a few days ago, he received a catalogue of "Second-hand Modern Theology." Do you know what I did with that catalogue? Well, it went into the waste-paper basket; perhaps it served the useful purpose of lighting the kitchen fire. I do not want any second-hand theology, and I certainly do not want any second-hand modern theology, nor does Brother Hockey. He is a marble man,—I was going to say a marvellous man, certainly the glorious gospel which he preaches is marvellous in the results it produces upon those who hear it. Some of you know that it is my joy to possess a little lad, just six years of age. He is a curious little fellow, but then I trace that to his grandfather. You know that humour generally misses a generation, and it has cropped out again in my little son. He said to me, only the other day,—quite unaware of this event,—“Father, what has become of Brother Hockey?” I said, “He is where he has always been, at Bexhill-on-Sea,” and I think I can say, in another sense, that he is still where he was in the matter of belief and creed; and though some will, perhaps, despise him and his preaching on that account, I believe the majority of you will say, “Praise God for that!” While some are floating with the tide, he remains at anchor, anchored to the rock which can never be moved. I have heard that three requisites are required for the true gospel preacher,—that he should know God, and the Scriptures, and men. I believe Mr. Hockey answers to these requirements. He knows God, walks with Him, talks with Him, lives in His presence, and longs for His glory. He knows the Scriptures, whatever else he does not know; and what better qualification for proclaiming God’s truth can there be than that of having an acquaintance with the good Word of Life? And I believe he knows men. I have reason to believe that he knows his way about amongst men, knows the way to their hearts, and to the hearts of women, and to the hearts of little children. May he win hundreds of these for the living Lord!

May I not see in the marble memorial stone an emblem of the people who are gathered round the pastor of this comparatively new church? They say, “Like pastor, like people!” If Mr. Hockey is a substantial man, we expect his people to be substantial, too; if he holds to the old truths, we expect the people to do as their pastor does, if only for his sake. I believe Mr. Hockey is worth imitating by you. We want you to be beautiful in character and conduct, helpful to the cause and kingdom of Christ, to rejoice in all things that are beautiful and pure and noble, to be faithful in your service to King Jesus. We want you to be a very steadfast people. I have read of one who was asked if she was a Christian, and she said, “Yes, just every now and then,” and of another who said, “Yes, I am a Christian off and on.” I do not want these initials, O.O. (off and on) after my name; I would rather be a D.D. than an O.O., unless O.O. means

"out and out," as, thank God, it does with Brother Hockey, and, as I believe, with his people. The marble, that its charms may be plainly visible, must ever be kept clean. What is the good of having the name of being Christ's if we are not Christlike? The marble must be kept clean and beautiful, else its charms are hidden, and it becomes a disgrace rather than an honour. I pray God that, while souls are being saved, the saints may be preserved pure and undefiled. Every foundation stone is a memorial to Christ, and the image of the one Foundation that has been laid, other than which no man can lay.

Telegrams from Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. (Dublin), and Hugh Rodger (St. Leonard's), having been read,—

PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN said:—I am announced to preach this evening, but I had no idea of being called on to say anything this afternoon. However, I have learned to obey whenever there is a Spurgeon in the case. I am not able to say, as the dear brothers Spurgeon have said, that they are sons of the departed, and yet would I venture to say that he must love wonderfully who can love more than I loved dear C. H. S. Though not related to him by the ties of blood, yet have I often said that I would willingly lay down my life for him. Not a son, in one sense, yet I am truly his son in another. He baptized me when I was but a youth; he was the one who held out the right hand to me when first I began to try to speak for Christ; he welcomed me into the College; his eye rested on the East End of London, and he located me where, for thirty years, it has been a joy to labour for the Lord. If thirty years' work has put in so many silver threads that the gold has disappeared altogether, yet, thank God, there is one thing that has not grown grey, or old. First and foremost, there is love for my Master, and next, the memory of that good man who was more to me than words can tell. This world has never been the same place exactly, since he went home. But although the workers wear out, and go home, the work continues. Jesus Christ is never going to be hard-up for a workman; Heaven's anthem is not going to die away for want of choristers. Instead of the fathers are the sons, as we have seen this afternoon. I do so joy to be here because it is in connection with the rearing of a material sanctuary. I think as we live and grow older, we grow wiser, at least we think we do, and I have come to this conclusion, that it is a vast mistake to under-rate chapels and the building of sanctuaries as a means of evangelization. The rearing of a House of Prayer means the continuation of the work of the Lord Jesus, a work that will abide long after that which is perhaps more showy has passed away. I joy to think there is a Church of the Lord Jesus Christ here, and I personally am glad it is a Baptist Church. I would not limit my sympathies to any one denomination, but I do not believe in that love which is so almighty general that it is not particularly deep anywhere. It is like the butter I had in my school days, spread so widely over the bread that there was no depth of it anywhere. I rejoice that there are found worshipping here people holding the precious doctrine of believers' baptism; but, apart from that, I say candidly, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, I should not be here to-day if I had not good reason to believe that the old doctrine was going to be preached here; but we know that our dear Brother Hockey will preach the doctrine of the atonement, the blood of the covenant, that glorious sacrifice of the Lord Jesus,—full, free, unfettered proclamation of the gospel, and I know there will be an intense desire to win souls. God bless any man who is trying to win souls! The Lord bless my Brother Hockey! He lives with this one aim, to bring poor trembling hearts into the perfect peace Jesus Christ gives. I do hope this place will be opened free of debt.

Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON:—It will be.

PASTOR A. G. BROWN:—Mrs. Spurgeon says it will be. I thank God for that. A person who will not give to a place that is going to be opened free of debt, is an inconceivable person.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON:—My dear mother wishes me to say, so that you may know it most definitely, that this place is not going to be in debt, that the Lord will send all the money; we feel sure of that. It will indeed be that, when the doors are opened, and the first service is held, all may enter in, knowing that every bill has been discharged.

Mr. Harrauld then read the list of donations and promises for the Building Fund, and afterwards Mrs. Spurgeon was occupied for a long time receiving further contributions. The total up to July 16 will be found at the close of the list in the present Magazine; it is a grand amount, for which we cannot be too thankful to the Lord who has moved so many of His stewards to assist in erecting another House to His glory, but a considerable sum is still needed in order to defray the entire cost of the Chapel, with the necessary furnishing and fittings.

240 friends partook of tea in the School-chapel, and in the evening the area of the large Wesleyan Chapel was crowded for what proved to be a most fitting close to a truly blessed day. Mr. Hookey announced the hymns, Mr. Harris prayed, and Pastor A. G. Brown read and expounded 1 Peter i. 1—12, and then preached from the words in chapter ii., verse 24, "His own (dear) self." It was a clear enunciation of the great verities of the Christian faith, delivered with all the unction and power which have ever characterized the ministry of our beloved brother, and its influence upon the large assembly must be both gracious and abiding. Although most of those present had already given generously, the collection realized £11 5s., showing that hearts and pockets were alike touched. The whole of the proceedings of the day must have greatly helped towards the building up of the spiritual Church of Jesus Christ in Bexhill, as well as the material structure now in course of erection, and thus the services themselves formed a part of the ever-growing memorial to the life and work of the much-beloved PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

## "For Christ's Sake."

AN anonymous friend sends a contribution every month to the Pastors' College Missionary Association "for Christ's sake." I like that reason,—*"for Christ's sake."* This seems, indeed, to me the only solid reason for our missionary work out here among these poor Moslems. I like the regularity, also, for the monthly gift. I think, means a daily praying soul, and that is a working soul, like Epaphras, "labouring fervently for you in prayers" (Col. iv. 12). One of the best things I heard, when last in England, came from "one of our own men" who, as he grasped my hand, said, "Brother, I have prayed for you every day since I heard you speak, years ago." May the Lord bless and multiply such missionary labourers!

The French are making a harbour here, and the contractor, it is said, put down much loose stone, but a storm washed it away; now he makes great concrete blocks, weighing tons, and his work defies the tempest; and by God's blessing, our efforts, with your support, dear readers, and cemented with our united prayers, shall yet make, even here, a harbour of refuge for dying souls, against which the powers of darkness shall never prevail.

To build *their* harbour, the French are removing an old Mohammedan fort and walls,—razing much before raising anything. We, too, have much razing of the false to do ere we can begin to raise the true temple of God.

Europe in concert is trying to deal with Islam, and she may, in the end, make many broken-headed Moslems; but she will fail to make them *broken-hearted*. The blasts of war will make them wrap themselves the

closer in their false creed; only the warm love of Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, will lead them to lay it aside for ever.

During June, 173 visits have been made to me. Among the patients was a poor Soudanee; he spoke but little, and seemed to be in great pain; but after a day or two, one morning, while my wife was speaking, she was delighted to hear him repeating and explaining the plan of salvation to the others present. Poor fellow, his was a very serious case. I advised amputation; to this he could not consent; he grew rapidly worse, and died;—yet may we not hope that this poor black slave, telling others of Jesus, had himself, by simple faith, become Christ's freeman, and now rests "for ever with the Lord"?

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## 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.

*Great Britain and Her Queen.* By ANNE E. KEELING. Second edition. Wesleyan Methodist Book-room.

THIS work is likely to survive much of the Jubilee literature which is now making the most of its ephemeral existence. It contains much of historical interest relating to the Queen, and to the political, commercial, social, and religious life of the nation. Being profusely illustrated, it forms a very interesting photographic album of many of the notable men and women who have done much to make the Victorian era so memorable. The ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon has a place with these worthies, though he receives but one short sentence by way of description. We hardly understand how it is that, in a work professing to deal with the empire, one denomination should monopolize 52 pages out of 244, while others are unnoticed or receive but scant recognition. If this work is published in the interests of Methodism, its title should indicate that fact. We suggest that, in subsequent editions, which are sure to be called for, the title should be, "Great Britain, Her Queen, and Wesleyan Methodism."

We have received two excellent penny booklets from the Wesleyan Methodist Book-room. In the first, *Is not this the Blood of Men?* by MARK GUY PEARSE, the drink curse is vividly set forth, and denounced in language burning with righteous

indignation. We are at one with the writer in his horror of the demoralizing and deadly traffic, and pray that his words may be like fire upon the consciences of his readers. Surely it is high time for all Christians to dissociate themselves from this blood-branded evil?

The second booklet, *Respect the Hedge*, by Rev. W. L. WATKINSON, contains wise and weighty words, upon matters of great importance, especially to young people who are disposed to resent authority, and to break through all restraints. It is well that they should know that the fences, which appear to stand in their way, are really meant to be defences against the serpents which lurk on the side of unlimited license and unchecked passions. In so small a space, the subject can only receive brief treatment; but it is capable of great expansion. We trust the booklet will be widely circulated and greatly blessed.

The Midsummer volumes of Mr. Bullock's three excellent Magazines—*Home Words*, *Hand and Heart*, and *The Day of Days*,—have come to us from the "Home Words" publishing office. They will be specially welcomed by Church of England readers; but we are always glad to note their clear proclamation of Evangelical doctrine, and their thoroughgoing protest against the increasing Ritualism in the Establishment.

*China and Formosa: the Story of the Mission of the Presbyterian Church of England.* By REV. JAS. JOHNSTON. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

THIS six-shilling volume, excellently printed, and fully illustrated, deserves to rank as a missionary classic. It is from the pen of one who has served on the field, and who is familiar with his subject throughout. China, religiously considered, is a kind of composition of which Confucianism is ever a main ingredient; but, usually, that ingredient is too thin to suit the general palate, and is thickened either from Buddhism, or Taouism, or both. In the present work, we get a particularly good view of the result of that combination, and of the practical religion of the Chinese. We differ from Mr. Johnston when he says that "Confucianism and Taouism both taught in their purer days the unity and fatherhood of God." As regards Confucianism, this is a mistake, for this system never had the smallest trace of spirituality of conception, being a humanized and earthy product alone. The reference to Taouism, moreover, would scarcely hold, were we to except the phenomenal acuteness of the founder of that system,—the greatest prodigy, not only of China, but of the whole heathen world. The main interest of this work lies in the well-told story of the Amoy, Swatow, and Formosa missions, which we feel assured will be greatly prized by all friends of the missionary cause.

The Religious Tract Society has published (price 2s.) another valuable missionary volume,—*Among the Dark-haired Race in the Flowery Land*, by SAMUEL B. DRAKE, of the Baptist Missionary Society. The book will have all the greater interest for our readers from the fact that it is written by "one of our own men," and that it contains graphic descriptions of his missionary labours in North China. The self-denying efforts of the author to rescue the victims of the opium curse deserve special mention, but the whole work is worthy of prayerful perusal. It should be in every Sunday-school and Missionary Library.

*Is Science Guilty?* By AVARY W. H. FORBES, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

Is it right to trace to Science all the consequences of man's misdoing? If it is not, the present work lacks its *raison d'être*; and if it is, there is no help for it but to return to a state resembling Rousseau's savage. It is absurd to level an indictment against Science in the manner expressed in these pages; one might as well vituperate against cold steel because of the misuse which the suicide has made of it.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., have issued a new and cheaper edition (price 2s. 6d. each) of *The Young Man's Guide* and *The Young Woman's Guide*, by JOHN ANGELL JAMES. These works are not as well known to the rising generation as they were to their parents, but they are among the standard religious literature that should always have a place in Christian households, and in all libraries for the young. We wish our lads and lasses would more heartily welcome such solid instruction, and let it take the place of the frothy fiction which so many of them love.

Two other half-crown books, of quite a different character, may be just as heartily commended,—*Through a Pocket Lens*, by HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S. (Religious Tract Society), and *Facts and Fancies about Flowers*, by MARGARET MOYES BLACK (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). Boys and girls who have either or both of these volumes presented to them, and who make good use of them, will see that they are surrounded by objects of interest and beauty which will repay their study. Natural history was, surely, never made more attractive than in these days.

A book which we cannot recommend is, *John, a Tale of King Messiah*, by KATHARINE PEARSON WOODS. (Part-ridge and Co.) It may be very good of the sort, but we do not like the sort, and do not believe it is right for anyone to tell "a Tale of King Messiah" in addition to the four-fold tale of the inspired Evangelists.

*The Miracles of our Lord.* By Rev. PROFESSOR LAIDLAW, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE heartily commend this Primer as supplying a condensed and instructive commentary on its subject. We greatly admire the spiritual insight and perspicuity of this writer; and deem the present production a compendium of the Miracles that all may study to the profit alike of mind and heart.

*The Apocalypse, considered entirely from the standpoint of the Old and New Testament.* By H. G. H. Elliot Stock.

H. G. H. tries to expound the Apocalypse by the Sacred History of the Old and New Testament. We marvel at the adoption of such a line of exposition, for the inevitable result is to give the Book of Revelation, even from its very inception, a historic setting, so that the apostle John had, in effect, to tell of what had been instead of what should come to pass.

But for the reverent tone of the author, our criticism of this work would be severe. As it is, we can do no other than say that, by such handling, the Apocalypse virtually becomes a dead letter.

*Primeval Revelation.* Studies in Genesis I.—VIII. By J. CYNDYLLAN JONES, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN this elaborate work, a firm stand is taken in the interests of the integrity of Scripture and of essential truth. Necessarily, the required treatment demanded solidity, a present-day view of present-day problems, and the ability to explain and reason with effect; and readers will not be disappointed in any of these respects. Dr. Jones has not entered this gladiatorial arena without having first counted the cost; and we believe that the side he has espoused is in most points that which deserves the strenuous advocacy of all lovers of God's Word.

## Notes.

During Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's holiday, the preachers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the Lord's-days, will (p.v.) be as follows:—Aug. 22, Pastor Charles Spurgeon; Aug. 29, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.; Sept. 5, Pastor A. G. Brown; and Sept. 12, Pastor C. B. Sawday. The prayer-meetings and Thursday evening services will be in Mr. Sawday's hands. He has been away for rest and change in anticipation of the extra duties that will devolve upon him during the Pastor's absence.

On Monday evening, July 5, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided. The Report, read by Mrs. Goddard Clarke, the Treasurer, stated that, during the past year, the good work has been carried on with much success. There have been 22 working meetings held, and the attendance at each meeting has averaged more than 20. If it were not for outside help in the shape of parcels of new and partly-worn garments, the Committee could not satisfy the demands of the many who apply for assistance; but they are pleased to be able to report that they have not had to refuse any applicant. Much thought and consideration

are needed in selecting suitable articles for the several needs; this, however, is not done without prayer for the guidance of our Heavenly Father. The success of the workers is proved by the extracts from letters received from the grateful recipients, and published in the Report. The subscriptions, donations, &c., during the year, amounted to £77 5s. 4d.; the previous year, they were £65 19s. 2½d. The Committee desire to thank the Giver of all good for enabling the Society to continue its benevolent work, and thus aid a large number of ministers, who are labouring in very poor districts under most trying and distressing circumstances.

Forty-four parcels, containing 1,952 articles, of the total value of £298 15s. 9d., were sent out in the course of the year. In response to the Pastor's appeal, 888 articles were brought in at the annual meeting held on July 6th, 1896. The Committee most gratefully thank the friends who have so generously sent parcels of clothing, some of which were of special value. The number of parcels received was 180, in addition to which the Branch Society at the Blackheath Baptist Chapel (W. T. Mackenzie, Pastor), sent 131 articles and a box of sundries; and the London Needlework

Guild,—Patroness, H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck,—sent 100 articles.

Addresses were delivered by Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday, and by Deacon W. Olney, and Elder T. Cox. During the proceedings, Miss Beaumont sang two solos, which were very beautifully rendered.

Before the meeting commenced, tea was provided in the lecture-hall, which was well filled with friends, many of whom had come with parcels, which were received by Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, the President of the Society, who was occupied for three hours, with her assistants, opening the 116 parcels brought in, which contained over 900 articles.

For the information of friends desiring to help the Society, it may be mentioned that contributions should be directed to Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Fairlawn," 157, Peckham Rye, London. Parcels should be addressed to Mrs. Barrett, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. Each parcel should contain a card bearing the name and address of the sender, and in addition, a post-card should be forwarded to the Secretary, apprising her of its despatch, in order to secure acknowledgment. The Committee will gladly welcome any friends who can join them at the working meetings, which are held in the Ladies' Room at the Tabernacle, on the Wednesdays following the third and fourth Sundays in each month, at three o'clock.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Kirk Bryce is removing from Chatteris, to Nottingham Tabernacle; Mr. C. A. Ingram, from New Romney, to Brasted, Kent; Mr. G. H. F. Jackman, from Coggeshall, to Pembroke Street, Devonport; Mr. F. D. Tranter, from Driffield, to Parker Street, Barnsley; Dr. Usher, from Orpington, to Tunbridge Wells; and Mr. J. R. Way, late of St. Helena, to Dolton, Beaford, and Kingscote churches, North Devon.

We are glad to hear that Pastor Joseph Clark has had a most hearty reception at the Auckland Tabernacle, and that his services are very highly appreciated.

The College recommences with a re-union at "Westwood" (thanks to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's kind invitation), on August 11, when the President hopes to welcome 16 new students.

PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.—The address agreed to at the Conference, congratulating the Queen upon reaching the 60th anniversary of her accession, has been duly presented to Her Majesty by the Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, who has written to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, informing him that the Queen had "graciously accepted the loyal and dutiful address."

ORPHANAGE.—Our readers will notice that the Annual Report of the Stockwell Orphanage is included in the present number of the Magazine, which has had to be enlarged in order to make room for the long list of contributions at the festival, of which we gave particulars last month. We are asked to call special attention to the appeal for the Sea-side Home; it is thought that, as so many friends of the orphans are now enjoying their holidays by the sea, they will be the more willing to help in providing a Convalescent Home for the Stockwell lads and lassies.

Some of the children have no relatives to receive them for the summer vacation; any of our readers who can entertain a boy or girl are earnestly requested to communicate, as soon as possible, with Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—We are pleased to be able to report our work is still going on satisfactorily, although our workers occasionally have to pass through very trying experiences. The following extract from a letter from Maldon tells how one of our brethren passed through the great storm which caused such devastation and distress in Essex:—"I feel that I must report at once, to God's praise, a miraculous deliverance. Yesterday, a thunderstorm was raging all around me, and I was six miles from home. About four o'clock, it threatened to close right upon me, so I made all haste to the nearest refuge. Having put my mule in a stable, I went indoors, and just sat down, when darkness came over us so that we could scarcely see each other, and fear fell upon all present. Amidst thunder and lightning of an indescribable character, there seemed to be a stone strike the window, then another, and another, with such violence that the good lady of the house came running to me, and grasped my arm. When three of the windows fell in, she fainted. I shook her, and entreated her to trust in God; then her daughter went into a fit through fright, and the scene was one of sore perplexity, as we feared that we should be buried in the ruins of the house. Twenty-seven panes of glass were broken, and hailstones, measuring two inches across, were lying about. The rector came in after the storm had ceased, and said that he had not a whole pane of glass in his house. Thanks be to our Heavenly Father for sparing our lives!" Through all weathers, and under all circumstances, our seed-sowers toil on in their holy service; will not those who read these "Notes" express their sympathy with them by sending a donation to our General Fund, which still needs to be increased if the Association is to continue to pay its way?

All communications should be addressed to "Secretary," Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.					
Readers of "The Christian," per				Miss Halls	...	1	0	0				
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Yates	...	1	10	6			
M. L. H., Edinburgh	...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	...	1	10	0			
Mr. T. H. Stockwell	...	1	1	0	Mr. James Hughes	...	1	0	0			
L. R. E.	...	5	0	0	W. H.	...	0	5	0			
Mr. W. Mills	...	5	0	0	Legacy from estate of late Mr. John							
Mr. W. Pitcher	...	1	1	0	Kidd (on account,				1,600	0	0	
Mr. G. Osborne Neal	...	1	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:-							
Mr. S. R. Pearce	...	0	10	0	June 20	...	5	12	9			
Contributions from Church at King's					" 27	...	23	7	9			
Langley, per Pastor D. Macmillan	...	0	10	6	July 4	...	18	8	7			
Rev. R. J. Beechiff	...	0	2	6	" 11	...	26	12	9			
Collection at Shoreditch Tabernacle,										74	1	10
per Pastor W. Cuff	...	5	0	0								
Mrs. Elgee	...	0	10	6						£1,111	3	10
Miss Spillett	...	3	0	0								

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend, per Mrs. Freestone ... ..	0	1	0	A friend ... ..	0	1	0
W. S. ... ..	0	2	0	"Mal III. 10" ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Rowle ... ..	0	3	0	Part legacy from estate of late Mrs. H. Wilson ... ..	36	11	11
Mrs. Donaldson ... ..	0	5	0	"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurreon ... ..	0	4	0
From Evangelical Mission Church, Tangier, towards support of Mr. N. H. Patrick ... ..	6	9	5	F. C. W. ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Spliedt... ..	1	0	0				
Miss Halls ... ..	0	10	0				
H. Mc S. ... ..	0	5	0				
					<u>£57</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>10</u>

Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. Pringle ...	...	1	0	0	John F. H. ...	...	2	0	0
Mr. G. Outram ...	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Hewidley ...	...	2	0	0
					Miss J. Wood ...	...	1	2	0
		1	5	0	Collected by Mrs. F. E. Atkinson	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Keevil ...	...	10	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Wells	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Jones, for the late John Briers ...	...	1	1	0	Collected by Miss L. Collis	...	0	6	0
Mr. A. Tessier ...	...	0	19	0	Orphan Boy's card, F. Burnett	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Rugg ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. Henry Coles ...	...	5	0	0
Mrs. Birkinshaw ...	...	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. L. Knowlman	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Jarratt ...	...	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Harris	...	0	7	4
Mrs. Jolly ...	...	0	2	0	Communion collection, Wishaw Baptist Church, per Pastor George	...	2	0	0
Widow Adlem ...	...	0	1	0	Whitett ...	...	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Reid ...	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lane ...	...	2	0	0
Mr. Geo. Cox ...	...	0	10	6	Mr. S. Bawtree ...	...	1	1	0
Mrs. C. J. Porter ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. Pearson ...	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Whitehorn	...	1	7	3	Mrs. Smith ...	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Parker ...	...	0	2	0	Captain Thomas Mitbourne	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Boyle ...	...	0	5	0	The Misses N. and R. Burbridge	...	0	10	6
Mr. W. Lawrie ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. N. T. Southwell	...	0	10	6
Miss J. Stewart ...	...	0	10	0	Miss L. Seadey ...	...	0	10	0
Miss Kirkland ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. J. K. Read ...	...	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Buntick ...	...	0	6	0	Mrs. Chenery ...	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wood ...	...	0	10	0	Miss M. E. Cousin	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Downing	...	0	15	0	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	...	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat	...	1	0	0	Dr. S. Cowdy	...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Holloway ...	...	0	3	0	Collected by Miss A. Wilson	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. S. Barter	...	0	13	0	Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per	...	0	8	0
Collected by Miss E. Stevens	...	0	13	0	Mr. A. Smith	...	0	3	6
Mr. Geo. M. Rabbich	...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Blake	...	0	18	9
Mrs. James Staff ...	...	10	0	0	Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	...	1	1	6
Miss Dransfield ...	...	1	1	0	Collected by Miss A. H. Cox	...	0	10	0
Dr. J. A. Dunbar ...	...	2	0	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidwell	...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sloun	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	...	0	7	0
Mr. C. F. Aldis	...	1	1	0					

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Mumford	...	...	0 2 0	Miss M. McEwing	...	...	2 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Robin	...	...	0 19 0	Mr. Tatnell	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	...	...	0 15 0	Mrs. M. D. Macleay	...	...	1 0 3
Mr. C. Hooper	...	...	0 3 0	Mrs. M. Munro	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. C. Clover	...	...	0 10 8	Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	...	...	0 1 0
Miss L. Jacob	...	...	1 0 0	Miss M. Maynard, in memory of a	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. R. Dawson	...	...	0 10 0	beloved mother	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	...	...	2 0 0	A. H., St. Leonard's-on-Sea	...	...	0 13 0
Mr. Earle's Bible-class, Stoke Newington	...	...	0 7 6	Collected by Miss E. M. Eiford	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Cox	...	...	0 7 6	Collected by Mrs. A. Womersley	...	...	0 2 0
Mr. B. Carvy	...	...	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. L. Pilgrim	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Mackie	...	...	0 11 8
Mr. M. Cole	...	...	1 0 0	Collected by Master J. Maynard	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. B. Phillips	...	...	2 2 0	Collected by Master P. Wigney	...	...	0 2 11
Collected by Mr. J. T. Manly	...	...	0 6 0	Rev. James Johnman	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	...	...	0 10 6	Mrs. W. Robinet	...	...	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Robinson	...	...	0 6 0	Mr. Geo. Tolley	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss M. E. Jenkins	...	...	0 6 6	Mr. E. Hoddy	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Freestone	...	...	0 10 0	Mrs. Oliver	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss G. Clarke	...	...	1 3 6	Mrs. E. Howard	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. Samuel Sharp	...	...	2 0 0	Miss Davis	...	...	0 2 0
A thankoffering, Mr. L. Clayton	...	...	0 10 6	Mr. W. Howard	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. L. M. Pittman	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. P. Cockerill	...	...	0 10 6
Mr. D. Lloyd	...	...	1 0 0	Miss A. Nash	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Holder	...	...	1 1 1	Mrs. J. Dickerson	...	...	0 2 0
Collected by Mr. S. Church	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. James Basham	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	...	...	0 11 0	Mrs. Alexander	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss A. Jones	...	...	0 5 0	Miss Clout	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. T. Greening	...	...	1 6 0
Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	...	...	0 9 0	Mrs. Hemsley	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. S. Zuber	...	...	0 3 0	Miss Riddell	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Nearns	...	...	0 5 6	Anonymous	...	...	25 0 0
Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard	...	...	0 16 6	Collected by Miss E. E. Moase	...	...	0 5 6
Collected by Mrs. A. Cross	...	...	0 9 0	Mrs. A. Williams	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Fox	...	...	0 5 0	"In loving memory of C. H. S."	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Blake	...	...	1 3 0	Mrs. E. Porter	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles	...	...	0 6 0	Mrs. Barton	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mr. C. B. Casey	...	...	1 2 6	Mr. J. Niblett	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss M. Ryder	...	...	1 15 0	Miss A. Tait	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Straw	...	...	0 12 0	Miss F. Stock	...	...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	...	...	0 15 0	Mr. W. Beard	...	...	0 12 6
Collected by Miss M. Rayner	...	...	0 9 2	Mrs. Jno. Roberts	...	...	0 2 0
Collected by Miss Simmonds	...	...	0 3 3	Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	...	...	0 8 6	Miss Rachel Daniell	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. J. Everett	...	...	2 2 0	Mrs. Heasman	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. Robert Inglis	...	...	1 1 0	Miss Cabban	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	...	...	0 8 0	Mr. R. Stewart	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss J. Permaine	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. Gooding	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss E. Oxford	...	...	0 10 0	In memoria, the late Mr. C. Chester	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Mr. H. J. Curtis	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. F. Oook	...	...	2 2 0
Collected by Miss Wright	...	...	0 3 0	Mr. J. Barton	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Miss L. Page	...	...	0 10 0	Mrs. Angell	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss A. Orsman	...	...	0 15 0	Mr. E. Rawlings	...	...	10 10 0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	...	...	0 2 6	Collected in Alford Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor F. Joseph	...	...	0 11 6
Collected by Mrs. E. Hoskins	...	...	0 3 0	Mr. John Carter	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. E. Cobley	...	...	0 15 0	Mrs. Bickford	...	...	7 3 6
Collected by Miss K. R. Smith	...	...	0 3 6	Mrs. Newman	...	...	0 7 8
Collected by Mrs. M. Bennett	...	...	0 8 6	Mrs. N. Sparrow	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. M. Ince	...	...	0 7 0	Mr. C. Dimond, for J. W. Dimond	...	...	0 2 0
Collected by Miss J. Frost	...	...	0 4 0	Mrs. A. Mitchell	...	...	0 1 0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	...	...	1 0 0	Collected by Master A. Myhill	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Miss L. Jackson	...	...	1 10 0	Mrs. Porter	...	...	0 10 6
Siamps, Kilmarnock	...	...	0 10 0	H. M. F., Martham	...	...	0 3 0
Collected by Miss M. Wills	...	...	0 6 0	Mr. C. Ibberson	...	...	0 3 0
Collected by Master R. Williams	...	...	0 1 4	Mrs. Hinton	...	...	5 0 0
Collected by Miss E. Sneed	...	...	0 2 4	Mrs. Alex. Thomson	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss E. Hare	...	...	0 2 11	Collected by Mrs. A. Whiting	...	...	0 5 0
Miss Sarah Gray Hill	...	...	8 8 0	Edie	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. Thos. Hankin	...	...	1 1 0	Collected by Miss Sheen	...	...	0 6 6
Mr. W. Wood	...	...	1 1 0	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	...	...	5 0 0
J. E. E.	...	...	0 1 0	Mr. W. Appleton	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lamb	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. Meredith	...	...	1 0 0
T. H., Isleworth	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. S. A. Read	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss J. H. Mann	...	...	3 0 0	Mrs. Read, sen.	...	...	3 3 0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	...	...	0 7 7	Mr. R. V. Darrow	...	...	0 2 0
Collected by Miss A. Reynolds	...	...	0 6 0	Mr. J. T. Daintree	...	...	0 10 8
Collected by Miss E. Wain	...	...	7 14 0	Mrs. Elgee	...	...	10 16 0
Mrs. K. Allen	...	...	0 2 0	Collected by Miss Fosy	...	...	0 2 10
Mr. Geo. Smith	...	...	0 10 0				
Collected by Miss D. Martin	...	...	0 2 10				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor and deacons, Shoreditch Tabernacle ... ..	2	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Harmer ... ..	1	3	0
Miss Barker ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. E. Perriman ... ..	1	0	0	Miss E. Rude ... ..	0	10	0
Rev. F. M. Rowden ... ..	1	0	0	Postal order, Pangbourne ... ..	0	5	0
Rev. W. Priest Peck ... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Heffer ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. James Campbell ... ..	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. J. C. Toovey ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Shaw ... ..	0	5	0	Miss B. D. Lewis ... ..	1	0	0
Pastor J. Smith (in memory of dear Howard) ... ..	0	4	0	Mr. Thomas H. Howell, J.P. ... ..	2	2	0
Collected by Miss G. Copley ... ..	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. Stevenson ... ..	0	5	0
Miss E. M. Scott ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. R. Batty ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Porter, fines for spots on table-cloths ... ..	0	10	6
Miss A. Walker ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Smith ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Halsey ... ..	1	2	6	Mrs. Malin ... ..	1	10	0
Miss Ware ... ..	0	2	6	Collected by Pastor Wm. Sullivan ... ..	0	5	0
Miss M. S. Roleston ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. G. Colyer ... ..	0	10	0
Rev. O. Heywood ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. J. Short, junr. ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. B. Whitworth ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Babbitts ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. G. Wood ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Le Feuvre ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. C. W. Owen ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. Geo. F. Dean ... ..	5	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Worrall ... ..	0	8	4	D. D. B. Perth ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A. ... ..	5	0	0	Regent Baptist Chapel, Lambeth, per Mr. H. G. Osborne ... ..	0	10	0
Free Church Sabbath School, Lockerbie, per Mr. E. Moffat ... ..	0	12	0	Collected by Mrs. Clubb ... ..	1	4	7
Mr. I. McPherson ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. D. Burgess ... ..	1	0	0
Miss S. E. Knight ... ..	0	1	0	Mrs. C. Stoford ... ..	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery ... ..	0	10	0	Miss E. J. Thompson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. G. J. Otter ... ..	5	0	0	Miss M. E. Cousin ... ..	2	2	0
K. C. ... ..	1	0	0	Miss E. Milroy ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. W. Newton ... ..	0	5	0	Miss Maxwell ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hall ... ..	0	5	0	C. C., Richmond ... ..	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Penning ... ..	0	5	0	Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Sons ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Manning ... ..	0	18	0	Mrs. M. A. Barnwell ... ..	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. A. E. Gregory ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. O. Barfoot ... ..	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Helier ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. E. R. Tiddy ... ..	1	13	6
Collected by Miss R. Platt ... ..	0	13	0	West Brompton Railway Mission Sunday School, per Mr. J. W. Gooding ... ..	1	1	0
Stamps, London, S.W. ... ..	0	1	0	Mid-Annandale ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Payne ... ..	0	2	6	Mr. Alfred Fennings ... ..	100	0	0
Miss C. Barrett ... ..	0	5	0	A. A. J. ... ..	5	0	0
S. B. S. ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. J. Bryan ... ..	1	0	0
Miss G. C. Mathew ... ..	1	0	0	"In memoriam," Alice Churcher ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. S. A. Webb ... ..	1	0	0	Miss Sadler ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. H. J. Astell ... ..	0	10	0	Rev. A. J. Poynder, M.A. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Walker ... ..	0	2	6	Executors of the late Mr. Josiah Taylor ... ..	500	0	0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ... ..	0	7	8	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Sunday dinner-table box, Mr. E. Giles ... ..	0	13	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Bromley, per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd ... ..	9	12	0
Mrs. Clews ... ..	1	0	0	Arthur Street Baptist Chapel, King's Cross Road, per Pastor J. Love ... ..	1	0	0
J. F., High Cross ... ..	1	0	0	Received at Annual Festival, June 17th.			
Mr. Jas. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
Miss G. Gunner ... ..	0	5	0	Anderson, Master E. ... ..	0	8	5
Mrs. M. A. Eaton ... ..	0	5	0	Allen, Miss ... ..	2	3	0
Mrs. H. A. Southernwood ... ..	0	5	0	Appleton, Miss ... ..	1	18	4
Mrs. T. Hammond ... ..	0	10	0	Atkinson, Mrs. S. ... ..	0	5	10
Mr. W. A. Nathan ... ..	0	10	0	Ash, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	0
Mr. H. Bell ... ..	0	10	0	Barrow, Mrs. ... ..	0	14	6
Collected by Mrs. Kingston ... ..	0	4	2	Bray, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	4
Mr. Jas. Henderson ... ..	0	5	0	Blake, Misses L. and E. ... ..	0	9	9
Hillhead Baptist Chapel, Glasgow, per Mr. J. Hamilton ... ..	1	0	0	Bailey, Miss ... ..	0	11	3
Mr. J. Goodman ... ..	4	4	0	Barnard, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	4
J. C., Belfast ... ..	0	10	0	Barrett, Miss G. E. ... ..	0	7	0
Mrs. Revell ... ..	0	6	0	Ball, Miss ... ..	0	2	8
Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Smith, per F.B.T. ... ..	0	10	0	Black, Miss ... ..	0	4	3
Collected by Mrs. Elliott ... ..	0	6	5	Banks, Miss E. ... ..	0	10	0
"Beattie" ... ..	21	0	0	Raskett, Miss N. ... ..	0	6	5
Mr. G. R. Adams ... ..	0	5	0	Bartlett, Miss N. ... ..	0	8	0
Mr. Septimus Holtum ... ..	1	1	6	Barnden, Mrs. ... ..	0	11	7
Mr. Wm. Phillips ... ..	1	0	0	Bates, Mrs. F. M. ... ..	0	4	6
Mr. C. F. Pfeil ... ..	1	0	0	Batchelor, Miss R. ... ..	0	2	1
Mrs. Uridge ... ..	0	10	0	Brazier, Mrs. ... ..	1	13	8
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Branch, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	8
S. N., New Wandsworth ... ..	8	0	0	Bennett, Mrs. R. ... ..	0	4	7
Rothsay ... ..	0	10	0	Hennett, Mr. F. ... ..	0	1	6
Madame Van Gogh ... ..	1	0	0	Bevan, Mrs. A. ... ..	0	2	0
Mrs. John Pearson ... ..	2	0	0	Bellefontaine, Miss V. ... ..	0	3	7
				Bellefontaine, Master W. ... ..	0	3	8
Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	1	1	0	Brewer, Misses A. and L. ... ..	0	14	7
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Cory Bros. & Co., Ltd. ... ..	120	16	8				

	£	s.	d.
Best, Mrs. ...	0	16	7
Bedwin, Mrs. ...	4	6	4
Benningham, Miss ...	0	1	7
Bennington, Miss ...	0	11	0
Beale, Miss ...	0	4	1
Bligh, Mr. F. G. ...	0	8	2
Brice, Master A. ...	0	7	5
Broomfield, Master ...	4	0	6
Bowerman, Miss A. ...	0	8	8
Boyce, Miss G. ...	0	3	2
Bown, Mr. ...	0	16	10
Bown, Mrs. ...	0	16	2
Butler, Mrs. ...	0	13	3
Huswell, Miss ...	1	15	0
Burgess, Miss A. ...	0	6	0
Butcher, Miss ...	0	4	6
Burrows, Mr. B. ...	0	1	6
Butt, Miss ...	0	6	7
Butt, Miss D. ...	0	8	5
Burbridge, Miss K. ...	0	1	0
Burn, Mr. ...	0	2	5
Bult, Miss D. ...	0	2	5
Bridges, Miss E. ...	0	3	0
Bullman, Mr. ...	0	15	0
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. T. ...	0	14	6
Crawford, Miss E. ...	0	5	6
Cook, Mrs. J. ...	3	9	3
Chase, Mrs. ...	0	3	3
Chapman, Master C. W. ...	0	5	9
Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	1	0	0
Cane, Miss ...	0	3	6
Clarke, Miss ...	0	13	0
Call, Mrs. ...	0	2	2
Clar, Mrs. ...	0	3	7
Chamberlain, Master J. ...	0	16	6
Cooke, Mrs. ...	0	3	9
Cook, Miss M. A. ...	0	8	8
Collier, Miss D. ...	0	4	2
Collier, Mrs. ...	0	1	9
Cooper, Miss B. ...	0	1	11
Cooper, Mr. J. ...	0	16	5
Cooper's Stores, Limited ...	0	6	11
Cornish, Miss ...	0	2	8
Cowell, Miss F. ...	0	7	11
Corry, Miss ...	0	14	11
Collins, Mr. ...	0	5	1
Conway, Miss ...	0	1	6
Clow, Miss ...	0	18	3
Coutts, Miss L. ...	1	17	7
Crow, Miss L. ...	0	3	4
Culley, Miss P. ...	0	3	4
Church, Mr. F. ...	0	2	1
Colley, Mr. A. ...	0	7	0
Davies, Mrs. ...	0	5	3
Davies, Mr. ...	0	8	9
Davie, Mr. H. H. ...	0	9	1
Darch, Miss ...	0	4	11
Dale, Mrs. ...	0	5	5
Davenport, Mrs. ...	0	9	1
Dean, Miss M. ...	0	1	1
Dorin's, Mrs. (Bible Class) ...	0	13	5
Dobson, Miss L. ...	0	3	3
Dury, Mrs. ...	0	14	7
Durwin, Mrs. ...	0	10	5
Dunnett, Miss ...	0	10	0
Dunn, Mrs. J. T. ...	0	10	0
Evans, Mr. D. J. ...	0	6	1
England, Miss ...	0	2	11
Eaton, Miss ...	0	2	6
Edgley, Mr. E. ...	1	0	5
Ellis, Mr. ...	0	3	6
Eldridge, Master E. ...	0	1	7
Elliot, Miss ...	0	2	10
Frazer, Mrs. ...	0	2	8
Fairbairn, Mrs. ...	0	7	3
Fletcher, Miss G. ...	0	3	0
Fellows, Mrs. ...	0	10	10
Fryer, Mr. H. J. ...	0	11	6
Fisher, Mr. ...	1	8	4
Frishy, Master ...	0	19	4
Fitch, Mrs. ...	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Fitness, Miss M. ...	0	1	4
Fosdick, Mrs. ...	0	13	3
Ford, Mrs. ...	0	2	10
Forsdike, Mrs. ...	0	6	11
Forward, Miss G. ...	0	3	0
Furlong, Mrs. ...	0	3	11
Furlong, Master ...	0	3	11
Fuller, Miss E. ...	0	2	3
Fuller, Miss M. ...	0	11	6
Gater, Mrs. ...	0	6	0
Garrett, Mrs. ...	0	6	8
Grant, Mrs. ...	0	8	8
Grant, Miss ...	1	0	1
Greenland, Mrs. ...	1	2	6
Green, Miss J. ...	0	2	11
Green, Miss ...	0	3	2
Green, Miss D. ...	0	4	4
Grimes, Mrs. ...	0	4	3
Goode, Mrs. ...	0	10	8
Grove, Master W. ...	0	1	6
Goodwin, Miss ...	0	2	2
Goshing, Mrs. ...	0	4	9
Goshin, Mr. P. H. ...	0	5	8
Goshin, Miss A. ...	0	9	1
Godbold, Miss ...	1	5	11
Grose, Master A. ...	0	5	1
Gubbins, Mr. S. J. ...	1	7	1
Godfrey, Miss ...	0	15	0
Harvie, Miss G. ...	0	6	8
Hall, Master A. ...	0	1	4
Harding, Miss B. ...	0	2	2
Haselden, Master E. ...	0	2	11
Hayter, Miss ...	0	15	8
Harris, Miss ...	0	5	0
Harris, Miss W. ...	0	14	6
Harris, Miss ...	0	8	7
Hayward, Miss ...	1	2	11
Harrington, Mrs. ...	0	1	6
Helher, Mr. ...	1	0	2
Hennings, Miss ...	0	2	6
Holland, Master J. ...	0	5	9
Holbrook, Miss ...	0	1	11
Howton, Miss ...	0	2	4
Hodsdon, Miss ...	0	3	7
Horwood, Mr. ...	0	7	7
Horwood, Mrs. ...	0	18	9
Holmes, Mrs. ...	0	7	4
Howells, Miss ...	0	14	2
Hutchinson, Miss ...	0	4	1
Hunt, Miss S. A. ...	0	4	9
Hull, Miss ...	0	6	5
Hughes, Miss S. ...	0	13	10
Huitt, Mrs. ...	0	4	2
Huitt, Miss ...	0	4	0
Huitt, Master ...	0	4	10
Howard, Master W. ...	0	4	7
Harrald, Miss ...	1	18	0
Harrald, Miss E. M. ...	1	10	0
Harrald, Master E. W. H. ...	0	17	6
Iles, Miss C. ...	0	5	10
Ingram, Pastor C., per ...	0	15	9
James, Mrs. ...	0	4	3
Jackson, Master V. ...	0	1	1
Jarvis, Miss ...	0	10	1
Jeckew, Miss ...	0	1	0
Jewhurst, Miss ...	0	5	11
Jenkin, Mr. F. ...	0	18	7
Johnston, Miss N. ...	0	10	0
Johnson, Mr. E. P. ...	0	4	7
Johnson, Miss S. A. ...	0	12	7
Johnson, Miss S. J. ...	0	3	9
Johnson, Master E. ...	0	2	6
Jones, Miss E. E. ...	2	1	6
Jones, Miss M. ...	0	2	11
Jones, Miss ...	0	2	5
Jones, Mrs. ...	0	2	3
Jago, Mrs. ...	1	2	0
Jones, Mrs. J. J. ...	0	13	0
Keylock, Miss ...	0	6	6
Kerridge, Miss M. ...	2	0	6

	£	s.	d.
Knowlman, Mr., and Miss			
Wingate ... ..	0	8	5
Kitson, Miss ... ..	0	7	11
Kirby, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	11
Larkman, Miss D. ...	0	8	7
Larwill, Mrs. ... ..	0	13	7
Lamb, Mrs. ... ..	0	8	5
Legg, Miss K. A. ...	0	6	9
Le Saigneur, Mrs. ...	0	17	9
Lee, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	3
Lindsay, Master W. ...	0	1	2
Lyon, Miss ... ..	0	1	0
Low, Mrs. E. ... ..	0	5	1
Lowe, Master F. ... ..	0	2	9
Lott, Miss ... ..	0	12	0
Luckhurst, Mrs. ...	0	8	7
May, Master E. ... ..	0	9	3
McCrombie, Mr. ... ..	0	7	10
Mackenzie, Mrs. ...	0	4	9
Marshall, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	10
Marshall, Miss ... ..	0	9	4
Mason, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	9
Madder, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	8
Mandrell, Mr. ... ..	0	19	7
Messent, Master ... ..	0	8	9
Mills, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	8
Middleton, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	8
Morgan, Miss F. ... ..	0	2	8
Moore, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	6
Morris, Miss A. ... ..	0	7	0
Mundy, Mrs. ... ..	1	17	5
Newton, Mr. ... ..	0	2	6
Newen, Miss ... ..	0	17	5
Newbery, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	2
Norman, Mrs. L. ... ..	0	4	4
Oakes, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	4
Oxenford, Mrs. ... ..	0	15	10
Older, Mr. ... ..	0	15	1
Osborn, Mr. D. E. ...	0	2	7
Orton, Miss ... ..	0	13	3
Pankhurst, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0
Pankhurst, Miss G. ...	0	4	10
Palmer, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	0
Palmer, Miss ... ..	0	2	11
Pavey, Miss ... ..	0	19	0
Pawsey, Misses A. and D.	0	9	10
Parker, Master ... ..	0	1	9
Parker, Mrs. J. B. ... ..	2	16	3
Pearce, Misses C. and P.	0	14	1
Pearce, Misses J. and L.	1	2	5
Pearce, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	4
Pearson, Master ... ..	0	2	7
Prebble, Mr. W. ... ..	2	11	6
Peck, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	1
Pegg, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	6
Pinnegar, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	10
Potter, Miss J. ... ..	0	5	6
Polley, Miss ... ..	0	3	4
Podmore, Mrs. ... ..	0	9	0
Poynter, Miss E. ... ..	0	4	3
Pitt, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	1
Prizeman, Miss ... ..	0	11	1
Plummer, Miss N. ...	0	5	2
Peck, Miss ... ..	0	1	6
Prioe, Miss E. ... ..	0	10	6
Rohson, Master ... ..	0	5	0
Rumsey, Pastor G. Hunt	0	8	4
Randall, Miss F. ... ..	0	7	0
Riddington, Miss ...	0	13	9
Roff, Miss ... ..	0	5	6
Robert Street Sunday-			
school, per Mr. Everett...	0	16	9
Roberts, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	9
Roberts, Master A. ...	0	1	8
Round, Miss ... ..	0	9	2
Russell, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	1
Saint, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	1
Stumpson, Miss ... ..	0	3	3
Slade, Miss ... ..	0	19	1
Staines, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	2
Stapleton, Mrs. ... ..	0	8	2

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Swan, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	3			
Swain, Miss ... ..	1	1	5			
Seaton, Miss ... ..	0	4	7			
Sheard, Miss L. ... ..	0	7	5			
Shears, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	3			
Shenton, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	10			
Shepherd, Master J. C. ...	0	16	0			
Smee, Miss O. ... ..	0	6	0			
Stephens, Miss ... ..	0	1	1			
Stevens, Mr. C. K. ...	0	2	6			
Speller, Mr. E. ... ..	0	8	6			
Speth, Miss ... ..	1	11	10			
Smith, Master T. ... ..	0	4	2			
Smith, Miss ... ..	0	1	8			
Smith, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	11			
Smith, Miss ... ..	0	3	8			
Sinkins, Mrs. S. B. ...	1	5	4			
Spiller, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	3			
Soar, Mrs. ... ..	1	16	1			
Stockbridge, Misses G. & O.	0	15	9			
Sullivan, Mrs. ... ..	0	7	2			
Stinson, Miss ... ..	0	5	0			
Spooner, Mr. G. ... ..	0	4	0			
Taylor, Miss S. J. ... ..	0	12	2			
Tregear, Miss ... ..	0	15	11			
Tomkins, Miss H. ... ..	0	1	11			
Thomas, Miss E. ... ..	0	1	11			
Thompson, Master C. H.	0	2	10			
Trowell, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	11			
Tucker, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0			
Turner, Miss M. ... ..	0	6	3			
Tudor, Mrs. ... ..	1	1	1			
Trueman, Master H. ...	0	3	10			
Townsend Street Sunday-						
school, per Mr. J. Witton	3	12	3			
Underwood, Miss ... ..	0	10	0			
Vears, Mrs. ... ..	0	12	7			
Vincent, Mrs. ... ..	0	7	6			
Wadland, Miss L. ... ..	0	13	4			
Wagstaff, Miss E. ... ..	0	4	8			
Waite, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	9			
Walton, Mrs. ... ..	0	14	6			
Walker, Mrs. ... ..	0	8	11			
Watts, Misses E. and A. ...	0	2	8			
Watling, Mrs. ... ..	1	13	1			
Waterman, Miss ... ..	1	12	9			
Warman, Master J. ... ..	0	1	1			
Waumale, Mrs. ... ..	0	7	8			
Weeks, Miss ... ..	0	6	0			
Weeks, Master ... ..	0	1	5			
Welford, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	5			
Wheeler, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	1			
Wickham, Miss M. ... ..	0	3	0			
Wiffen, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	0			
Williams, Miss N. ... ..	0	2	2			
Williams, The Misses ...	0	5	7			
Williams, Mrs. ... ..	0	14	11			
Willoughby, Miss ... ..	0	6	0			
Windsor, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	7			
Winters, Miss ... ..	0	1	4			
Wiseman, Miss H. ... ..	0	7	7			
Whitehead, Master A. ...	0	3	6			
Wright, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	0			
Woollacott, Miss ... ..	1	12	6			
Young, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	0			
Young, Master ... ..	0	1	9			
Sums under a shilling ...	0	10	0			
Two boxes undecipherable,						
and amount received in						
addition to the above ...	3	6	2			

## Collecting Books:—

Alderton, Miss ... ..	0	11	6
Allum, Mrs. ... ..	2	0	0
Bumsted, Messrs. D. and			
Co., per Miss K. E.			
Buswell ... ..	1	1	0
Brown, Miss J. H. ... ..	1	4	3
Broughton, Mrs. ... ..	0	8	0
Barrett, Mr. H. ... ..	3	5	0
Cookshaw, Miss ... ..	0	15	0



## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1897.*

*Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—*

	£	s.	d.
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey ...	10	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson ...	10	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	8	15	0
Melksham, per Mrs. Hester Keevil ...	11	5	0
Narrow, per Mr. S. H. Harwood ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw ...	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw ...	22	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor J. E. Brett ...	2	10	0
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Pastor E. H. Brown ...	20	0	0
Corton, per Mr. T. Harris ...	11	5	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	11	5	0
	£132	10	0

*Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—*

	£	s.	d.
Pastor J. H. Harvey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Garard ...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss Van Notten Pole ...	0	10	0
Miss Hegarty ...	0	5	0
Scotch note ...	1	0	0
Mr. I. Eakin ...	1	0	0
A friend, per Dr. J. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
M. C. ...	0	1	0
H. H. ...	0	3	0
Mr. E. Priestley's Shop Fund ...	0	8	0
Mrs. Elgee ...	0	10	6
Miss Halls ...	0	10	0
Miss Spliedt ...	1	0	0
Miss H. Thomas ...	0	10	0
Mrs. James Young ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellison ...	0	2	6
F. C. W. ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. O. H. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Dr. A. T. Pierson ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
	£24	2	6

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

*Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bilham ...	0	5	0
F. C. W. ...	0	2	6
"Phebe" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Davis ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Robert Wilson ...	2	0	0
For translations of sermons:—			
Miss Spliedt ...	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
E. T. (for Kaffir sermons) ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd (for Kaffir sermons) ...	5	10	0
Miss Barham ...	0	5	0
A. B. T. ...	0	7	6
	£12	0	0

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

*Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 16th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	1,320	14	6
"An old friend" ...	30	0	0
"In memoriam" ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Rides ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Wilson ...	1	0	0
E. A. D. ...	0	2	0
E. H. T. ...	5	5	0
"My feathered friends" ...	5	5	0
"An echo from the Work-room of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon" ...	5	0	0
"Wild Rose" ...	0	10	0
George ...	0	5	0
Miss Nice ...	0	10	0
Miss Hoff ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tobby ...	1	0	0
Two friends ...	0	7	0
Amy ...	0	5	0
J. E. Gifford ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Smith ...	1	0	0
Mr. John Ham ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jones ...	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Hobbs ...	1	0	0

*Contributions at stone-laying, July 7:—*

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	200	0	0
A. ...	100	0	0
Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon:—			
Mr. T. H. Olney ...	50	0	0
Pastors C. and T. Spurgeon ...	15	0	0
Mr. E. Frisby ...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Olney ...	2	10	0
Mrs. W. P. Olney ...	2	10	0
Mr. James Hall ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. Thompson ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Cook ...	1	0	0
Received at Tabernacle prayer-meeting ...	0	17	6
Two bricks ...	0	5	0
	£80	5	6
Mr. W. Higgs ...	25	0	0
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	20	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle seat-stewards ...	5	5	0
Mr. H. Mansell ...	1	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. S. Hookey, a thank-offering for 50 years' mercies ...	50	0	0

		s	d.	s	d.			£	s.	d.
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—						Mrs. Buxton		...	...	0 5 0
Mrs. Austin	...	8	3	0		Mrs. Oldfield	...	...	...	0 10 0
Miss Barrow	...	5	5	0		Mrs. Wicketed	...	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Wade	...	3	3	0		Mrs. Scandrett	...	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. H. Witt	...	1	0	0		An Eastbourne friend	...	...	...	0 2 0
Mr. Dorset	...	0	10	0		Mrs. Reeves	...	...	...	0 5 0
Three Brentford friends	...	0	7	6		No name	...	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Holland	...	0	10	0		A Jubilee offering	...	...	...	0 12 0
Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds	...	1	1	0		A friend	...	...	...	5 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Simmons	...	10	0	0		A widow's mite	...	...	...	0 4 0
Mr. R. Sortwell	...	1	1	0		Mr. James Friend	...	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. Hart	...	0	8	0		Mr. Baker	...	...	...	1 1 0
Mrs. Pittard	...	0	5	0		From Worthing	...	...	...	0 10 0
						Pastor J. E. Joynes	...	...	...	0 5 0
J. W. H.	...	26	11	6		Per Pastor W. J. Harris:—				
Lily, May, and Ernie	...	10	0	0		A friend	...	...	0 10 0	
Miss Smalridge	...	0	10	0		Mrs. W. E. Godfrey	...	...	1 1 0	
Mr. and Mrs. C. Thomas	...	25	0	0						1 11 0
Comptess de la Warr, per Mr. C. Thomas	...	10	10	0		Cash given to Mrs. Spurgeon without donors' names	...	...	...	3 16 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	...	2	2	0		Cash given in collecting-plates	...	...	...	7 9 3
Mrs. Phillips	...	1	0	0		Collection after sermon by Pastor A. G. Brown	...	...	...	11 5 0
Miss Mills	...	0	5	0		"In thankfulness for a daughter's safe return from China"	...	...	...	5 0 0
Mr. and Miss Spreadbury	...	10	0	0		Dividend	...	...	...	21 5 4
Mrs. Shaw	...	0	10	0		Miss C. Read	...	...	...	1 0 0
From America	...	0	10	0		Mr. G. E. Hutchins	...	...	...	0 7 6
From Brentford	...	3	0	0		Mrs. Brown	...	...	...	0 10 0
"For Christ's sake"	...	0	5	0		Miss Ware	...	...	...	0 2 0
Mr. Wilson	...	0	10	0		Miss Gilbert	...	...	...	2 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Piper	...	0	10	0		Mrs. Bridges	...	...	...	1 0 0
Friend at Tabernacle	...	0	2	6		Pastor and Mrs. Thorpe	...	...	...	0 3 0
Mrs. Fellowes	...	0	5	0		Charles Lawrence	...	...	...	0 2 6
Miss Skinner	...	0	6	0		F. C. W.	...	...	...	0 2 6
Mrs. Oborn	...	0	5	0		Mrs. Sinclair	...	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. J. Goslin	...	0	10	0		Lisle	...	...	...	0 10 0
Mrs. Allen	...	0	10	0		Miss Cook	...	...	...	5 0 0
Mr. James	...	0	10	0		Mrs. Lees	...	...	...	1 10 0
Mr. Baker	...	1	0	0		Mr. and Mrs. Smith, N.Z.	...	...	...	2 2 0
A widow's mite	...	0	3	6		Mrs. Davis	...	...	...	0 10 0
Rose Watts	...	0	3	0		W. J. H., Willesden	...	...	...	0 5 2
Mr. Barton	...	0	10	0		Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				
Mrs. Dixon	...	0	2	0		Mr. J. Hidson	...	...	0 10 6	
In loving memory	...	0	1	0		Miss Arlet	...	...	0 10 0	
Mr. G. Rogers	...	0	10	0		Mr. T. Cousins	...	...	0 5 0	
Anon.	...	0	2	6		Miss Munday	...	...	0 2 6	
Mrs. Allen	...	0	2	6		Miss Norton	...	...	1 1 0	
A Tabernacle friend	...	1	0	0		Mrs. Sewell	...	...	1 0 0	
Mr. Hobbs	...	1	0	0		In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	...	...	1 15 7	
Mr., Mrs., and Miss Moule	...	1	5	0						5 4 7
Mr. Sawyer	...	1	1	0						£2,046 2 10
A friend	...	0	2	0						
Mrs. Mather	...	0	5	0						
Mrs. Schindler	...	0	5	0						
In loving memory	...	0	2	6						
Pastor and Mrs. G. B. Richardson	...	0	5	0						
A Tabernacle member	...	0	2	0						
						Also promises, £35.				

Mrs. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £5—"Anonymously"—for her Book Fund.

*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bezhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.



# ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

Founded 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

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Trustees and Committee of Management:

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*Vice-Presidents:*

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CHARLES F. ALLISON.  
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*Secretary:*

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

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London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1897.

# THE SPURGEON ORPHAN HOMES.

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## 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 the denominational connection of their friends, 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 charity.
  - 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 endeavour to bring up the children in “**the nurture and admonition of the Lord.**”
  - 8.—Being cast upon “**the Fatherhood of God**”, the children 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 !
- 

## 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,

1896-97.

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TO be able to report the maintenance of the work in full efficiency during another year is a cause for devout thanksgiving; and the President and members of the Board of Management are assured that the subscribers will unite with them in "praising and blessing God." The appeals for the many objects of religion and philanthropy have been so urgent, that we might have had occasion to deplore a serious falling off in the receipts. As will be seen, however, by the balance sheet, the average income required has been exceeded, by the thoughtful liberality of our friends. Instead of announcing a serious deficit, we are thankful to be able to report an income which, after meeting the ordinary and exceptional expenditure for the year, leaves a substantial balance in the hands of the Treasurer. Such abounding mercy calls for resounding songs of praise!

## AMERICAN TOUR.

As our friends have already been informed, by the articles appearing in our Quarterly Magazine, the choir visited the United States, the tour extending over a period of three months from the 24th of September. Only those who have seen America during the protracted campaign of a Presidential election can fully appreciate the difficulties with which Mr. Charlesworth had to contend in fixing engagements, arranging for hospitality and securing the attendances of friends. The late contest was one of unusual severity, involving issues well nigh as serious to the commonwealth as those which led to the civil war. To churches and philanthropic institutions it was a time of great anxiety, and the disturbance to business almost amounted to paralysis. The depression was universal and the mood of the people bordered on despair. But for the sacredness of our cause and the universal esteem for the beloved founder of the Orphanage, all doors would have been closed against us.

We are thankful to report that the Choir, consisting of five adults and sixteen boys, accomplished the journey of about 10,000 miles without an accident to any member of the party; that meetings and services were held attended by about 150,000 persons; that the Choir earned golden opinions by their musical talents, and that our American friends promise a rich harvest if another tour can be arranged when they are free to accord us the welcome our cause deserves.

To the many friends who showed us kindness and who will not forget the Orphanage in their prayers, we desire to express our very sincere and hearty thanks.

It is a cause for thankfulness that we have been able to put the entire Institution in the most perfect sanitary condition possible. The outlay has been considerable, but it was a matter of urgent necessity in view of the responsibility of safeguarding the lives and health of the children committed to our care.

For the long period of 30 years we have never had to report

the loss of either teacher or matron while in the service of the Institution; and it is with tearful regret we have now to record the death of Miss M. Bartlett, one of the esteemed matrons of the Boys' Division.

The death of Mr. James Buswell, a much respected member of our Board of Management, and Deacon of the Church at the Tabernacle, has deprived us of a fellow-helper in the work of the Lord, the memory of whose loyal devotion we shall lovingly cherish.

When it is remembered that a large proportion of our children are not of a robust type, it must awaken grateful surprise that our medical officer has to report the death of only one little girl during the year.

Our resolve is that of the Psalmist, "I will sing of mercy and judgment," and in this we know that we shall have the loving fellowship of our friends, to whom the work of caring for the orphan and the fatherless is regarded as one of the most sacred ministries we are called to exercise.

By the issue to our subscribers of the Quarterly Magazine, "Within our Gates," we have anticipated many items of interest which would otherwise find a place in the Annual Report. As the primary object of the Magazine is "to unite those who love with those who need," we shall be thankful if our subscribers will furnish us with the names and addresses of friends to whom they would like copies to be sent.

#### OUR PROPOSED SEA-SIDE HOME.

The following statement sets forth very clearly the objects of this important branch of the Institution; and we would earnestly commend the proposal to our friends, with the hope of a prompt and generous response to our appeal.

I. A Home and Kinder-garten School for very little children. We believe that if the younger children we receive can be kept at the Sea-side Home for a couple of years, it will prove a great benefit to them for the remainder of their school term—perhaps for life. In many cases early orphanhood implies the inheritance of a feeble constitution; and, unless these children are placed under the most favourable conditions of health, they must inevitably decline; neglect will prove fatal sooner or later.

II. A Sanatorium to which delicate children can be sent from time to time. Every Orphanage has to make some special provision for such cases, and it will be a distinct advantage to our Institution if we can have a Sea-side Home under our direct supervision and control, to which we can occasionally send our more delicate children.

III. A Convalescent Home for children recovering from illness. With a family of nearly 500 orphan children, cases of sickness must occur; and it will be an inestimable boon to have at our command a Convalescent Home where the regulations ordered by our medical officer can be duly carried out.

Anxious as we are to proceed with the work, we have no intention of courting disaster or difficulty by undue haste.

The cost of maintaining the children must, of course, be borne by the Orphanage, wherever they are; but the additional cost of their residence in the Sea-side Home must be met by the revenue of the Special Fund which we hope to raise by the generous gifts of our friends. It will, indeed, be a cause for rejoicing when we are able to announce that the

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS

required for the establishment and maintenance of the Sea-side Home have been received.

The contributions already subscribed or promised, amount to £2,225, and we must express our sincere thanks to the friends who have so greatly cheered us by their practical sympathy and generous help.

If every reader will send a special contribution forthwith, the Sea-side Home will be commenced without delay, and will prove a permanent Memento of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

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## MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Board of Management.

Gentlemen,—

I have the pleasure to submit my Twenty-eighth Annual Report for the year ending 25th March, 1897.

During this period the Metropolis has suffered very considerably from infectious diseases; and we have, I regret to say, had our share of anxiety. One case of scarlet fever, numerous cases of throat affection, scrofulous mischief, and the ailments incidental to childhood, have kept our Infirmary Staff busy, more or less, throughout the year. We lost one child, a delicate girl, by death.

One of our esteemed matrons fell a victim to hepatic and other complications—the only death of an officer I have had to report during my long term of office.

Although we still receive a goodly number of children of a frail and delicate type, I am thankful to report a great improvement in their general health after a term of residence in the Institution. I have not advised the rejection of a single case presented for admission, without being convinced, from careful examination, that the child was unequal to the strain of public school life.

It is with much pleasure I note the opening of a Special Fund for the establishment of a Sea-side Home; and I can only express the hope that the response to the President's appeal will soon justify the commencement of this necessary branch of the Institution.

My thanks are due to the members of our Honorary Consulting Staff for their hearty co-operation in the treatment of special cases, and to the Orphanage Staff for their ready compliance with my wishes in all that concerns the welfare of the children under my care.

Esteeming the honour of my official connection with the Institution, and the confidence of the Board of Managers, which I have enjoyed for 28 years,

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM SOPER.

# NINETEEN HUNDRED & NINETY-THREE ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1897.

## PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades...	475	Soldiers ... ..	10
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	297	Journalists ... ..	10
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen ...	270	Solicitors ... ..	7
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	242	Surgeons and Dentists ...	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	214	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Mariners and Watermen ...	68	Firemen ... ..	4
Farmers and Florists ...	63	Cooks ... ..	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	61	Royal Engineers ... ..	3
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	52	Butlers ... ..	2
Railway Employés ...	46	Auctioneers ... ..	2
Commercial Travellers ...	44	Photographer ... ..	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	25	Bandman ... ..	1
Policemen & Custom House Officers	24	Gas Inspector ... ..	1
Commission Agents ... ..	21	Gentleman ... ..	1
Accountants ... ..	17	Vaccination Officer ... ..	1
Post Office Employés ... ..	15	Exhibition Proprietor ... ..	1
TOTAL... ..		1,993	

## RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	788	Presbyterian ... ..	32	Roman Catholic ... ..	4
Baptist ... ..	538	Brethren ... ..	19	Moravian ... ..	2
Congregational ... ..	197	Bible Christian ... ..	4	Salvation Army ... ..	2
Wesleyan ... ..	158	Society of Friends ... ..	4	Not specified ... ..	245
TOTAL... ..		1,993			

NOTE.—These Tables show the inter-denominational character of the Institution.

## PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham ... ..	11	Hampstead ... ..	5	Pimlico ... ..	8
Barnsbury ... ..	4	Harringay ... ..	1	Plaistow ... ..	1
Battersea ... ..	31	Hatcham ... ..	1	Poplar ... ..	7
Baywater ... ..	8	Haverstock Hill ... ..	4	Rotherhithe ... ..	13
Bermondsey ... ..	107	Highbury ... ..	6	Shadwell ... ..	2
Bethnal Green ... ..	7	Holborn ... ..	10	Shepherd's Bush ... ..	1
Blackheath ... ..	1	Holloway ... ..	23	Shoreditch ... ..	5
Bloomsbury ... ..	2	Homerton ... ..	4	Soho ... ..	7
Borough ... ..	11	Hornsey ... ..	11	Southwark ... ..	37
Bow ... ..	20	Horselydown ... ..	6	Spitalfields ... ..	1
Brixton ... ..	47	Hoxton ... ..	15	Stepney ... ..	6
Bromley ... ..	4	Islington ... ..	40	Strand ... ..	2
Brondesbury ... ..	2	Kennington ... ..	18	Stratford ... ..	10
Camberwell ... ..	62	Kensington ... ..	9	Streatham ... ..	5
Camden Town ... ..	10	Kentish Town ... ..	10	Stockwell ... ..	9
Canonbury ... ..	1	Kilburn ... ..	16	Stoke Newington ... ..	12
Chelsea ... ..	10	Kingsland ... ..	3	St. John's Wood ... ..	2
Clapham ... ..	19	Lambeth ... ..	72	St. Luke's ... ..	3
Clapton ... ..	12	Lewisham ... ..	9	St. Pancras ... ..	7
Clerkenwell ... ..	16	Limehouse ... ..	6	Sydenham ... ..	3
College Park ... ..	1	Marylebone ... ..	23	Tottenham ... ..	11
Dalston ... ..	5	Mill End ... ..	9	Vauxhall ... ..	9
Deptford ... ..	9	Newington ... ..	19	Walworth ... ..	67
Dulwich ... ..	11	New Cross ... ..	17	Wandsworth ... ..	26
Edmonton ... ..	1	Norwood ... ..	20	Westminster ... ..	13
Finsbury ... ..	5	Notting Hill ... ..	13	Whitechapel ... ..	3
Forest Gate ... ..	4	Nunhead ... ..	6	Willesden ... ..	4
Fulham ... ..	5	Old Ford ... ..	1	Wood Green ... ..	6
Hackney ... ..	23	Paddington ... ..	10	LONDON...TOTAL 1,193	
Haggerston ... ..	1	Peckham ... ..	65		
Hammersmith ... ..	6	Pentonville ... ..	5		

<b>Bedfordshire</b> , Bedford	6	<b>Durham</b> , Wolsingham	1	<b>Hampshire</b> ,	
" Loughton Buzzard	1	<b>Essex</b> , Ashdon	1	" Landport	3
" Luton	2	" Barking	1	" Lymington	1
" Tingrith	1	" Boxted	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1
<b>Herts.</b> , Ardington Wick	1	" Braintree	2	" Newport, I.W.	3
" Chioveley	1	" Brentwood	1	" Pokesdown	1
" Childrey	1	" Burnham	1	" Portsmouth	5
" Faringdon	1	" Chelmsford	2	" Portsea	1
" Maidenhead	2	" Chingford	1	" Ryde, I.W.	1
" Newbury	5	" Coggeshall	1	" Romsey	1
" Reading	33	" Colchester	3	" Sandown, I.W.	3
" Slough	2	" Dunmow	1	" Southampton	9
" Uffington	1	" East Ham	2	" Southsea	7
" Wantage	2	" Epping	2	" Totton	1
" Wargrave	1	" Grays	1	" Waterloo	1
" Windsor	1	" Great Bardfield	1	" West Cowes, I.W.	2
" Wokingham	1	" Great Braxted	1	" Winchester	2
<b>Buckinghamshire</b> ,		" Halstead	1	<b>Herefordshire</b> , Kingston	1
" Chesham	1	" Harlow	2	" Ledbury	1
" High Wycombe	1	" Hatfield Heath	1	" Michaelchurch	1
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Ilford	2	<b>Hertfordshire</b> ,	
" Winslow	2	" Leyton	4	" Berkhamstead	1
<b>Cambridgeshire</b> ,		" Leytonstone	8	" Boxmoor	1
" Cambridge	7	" Little Ilford	1	" Codicote	1
" Cottenham	1	" Loughton	1	" Dunstable	1
" Histon	2	" Maldon	9	" Hertford	1
" Landbeach	1	" North Woolwich	2	" Hitchin	1
" Linton	1	" Ongar	1	" Hoddesdon	1
" Newmarket	1	" Paglesham	1	" Redbourne	1
" Soham	1	" Plaistow	1	" St. Albans	2
" Waterbeach	1	" Rayleigh	1	" Ware	1
" Wisbech	2	" Romford	4	<b>Huntingdonshire</b> ,	
<b>Cheshire</b> , Birkenhead	1	" Southend	3	" Fenstanton	1
" Chester	1	" Stanstead	1	" St. Neot's	1
" Hyde	1	" Thorpe-le-Soken	1	<b>Kent</b> , Ashford	4
<b>Cornwall</b> , Falmouth	3	" Upminster	1	" Belvedere	2
" Penzance	3	" Wakes-Colne	1	" Bexley	3
" Porthleven	1	" Walthamstow	12	" Blackheath	2
" St. Columb	1	" Wanstead	1	" Boughton	1
" Truro	2	" West Ham	2	" Broadstairs	1
<b>Derbyshire</b> , Alfreton	1	" Witham	2	" Bromley	4
" Belper	1	" Woodford	4	" Canterbury	1
" Derby	5	<b>Gloucestershire</b> , Bristol	7	" Charlton	3
" Matlock Bath	1	" Cheltenham	3	" Chatham	5
<b>Devonshire</b> , Appledore	1	" Cinderford	1	" Cranbrook	1
" Axminster	1	" Cirencester	2	" Crayford	1
" Bideford	1	" Fairford	2	" Deal	3
" Brixham	3	" Gloucester	2	" Dover	3
" Dartmouth	1	" Nailsworth	1	" Eastchurch	1
" Devonport	3	" Painswick	1	" Eltham	1
" Exeter	2	" Stroud	2	" Erith	1
" Newton Abbot	1	" Tewkesbury	1	" Eynsford	2
" Plymouth	3	" Weirstone	1	" Eythorne	1
" Stoke	1	" Wotton	1	" Folkestone	5
" Torquay	4	<b>Hampshire</b> ,		" Goudhurst	1
<b>Dorsetshire</b> , Poole	3	" Aldershot	1	" Gravesend	4
" Lyme Regis	1	" Bournemouth	6	" Greenwich	14
" Portland	2	" Christchurch	1	" Hollingbourne	1
" Swanage	1	" Fleet	1	" Lee	1
" Weymouth	3	" Fremantle	1	" Maidstone	4
<b>Durham</b> , Darlington	1	" Farnborough	1	" Malling	1
" Durham	1	" Gosport	1	" Margate	8
" Middlesbrough	2	" Hayling Island	1	" New Brompton	8
" South Shields	2	" Headbourne -		" Northfleet	2
" Stockton	4	" Worthy	1	" Orpington	3

<i>Kent</i> , Plumstead ... 8	<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,	<i>Surrey</i> ,
" Ramsgate ... 3	" Northampton ... 2	" Kingston ... 8
" Rochester ... 2	" Oundle ... 3	" Leatherhead ... 1
" Sevenoaks ... 2	" Peterborough ... 2	" Mortlake ... 1
" Sittingbourne ... 4	" Rushdon ... 1	" Norbiton ... 1
" St. Mary Cray ... 1	" Thrapstone ... 2	" Penge ... 5
" Swanscombe ... 1	" Walgrave ... 1	" Putney ... 1
" Tonbridge ... 1	<i>Northumberland</i> ,	" Red Hill ... 1
" Tunbridge Wells ... 4	" Newcastle ... 1	" Reigate ... 1
" West Wickham ... 1	<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,	" Richmond ... 1
" Whitstable ... 5	" Nottingham ... 1	" Surbiton ... 2
" Woolwich ... 1	" Retford ... 1	" Sutton ... 6
" Wrotham ... 1	" Sutton ... 1	" Tooting ... 4
<i>Lancashire</i> ,	" Worksop ... 1	" Wallington ... 1
" Ashton-under-Lyne ... 3	<i>Oxfordshire</i> ,	" Wimbledon ... 2
" Blackpool ... 1	" Banbury ... 2	" Woking ... 2
" Bolton ... 1	" Chinnor ... 1	<i>Sussex</i> ,
" Fleetwood ... 1	" Chipping Norton ... 3	" Brighton ... 12
" Liverpool ... 8	" Kidlington ... 1	" Buxted ... 1
" Manchester ... 4	" New Headington ... 1	" Chichester ... 4
" Morecambe ... 1	" Oxford ... 5	" Faygate ... 1
" Rochdale ... 1	" Thame ... 1	" Hailsham ... 1
<i>Leicestershire</i> ,	" Witney ... 1	" Hastings ... 5
" Leicester ... 1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,	" Horsham ... 2
" Loughborough ... 1	" Uppingham ... 1	" Lewes ... 2
" Lutterworth ... 1	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clan ... 1	" Newhaven ... 1
<i>Lincolnshire</i> ,	" West Felton ... 1	" Portslade ... 1
" Alford ... 1	<i>Somersetshire</i> ,	" St. Leonard's ... 2
" Boston ... 2	" Bath ... 2	" Seaford ... 1
" Grimsby ... 5	" Curry Mallet ... 1	" Worthing ... 1
" Lincoln ... 4	" Taunton ... 3	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,
" Stamford ... 1	" Wellington ... 1	" Birmingham ... 6
<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton ... 4	" Weston ... 1	" Coventry ... 1
" Barnet ... 1	" Yeovil ... 1	" Leamington ... 1
" Brentford ... 2	<i>Staffordshire</i> ,	" Oxhill ... 1
" Chiswick ... 1	" Bilston ... 1	" Quinton ... 1
" Enlilng ... 1	" Barton-on-Trent ... 1	<i>Wiltshire</i> ,
" Edmonton ... 3	" Stourbridge ... 1	" Calne ... 1
" Finchley ... 1	" West Bromwich ... 1	" Chippenham ... 1
" Fulham ... 2	" Wolverhampton ... 1	" Devizes ... 1
" Hampton-Wick ... 1	<i>Suffolk</i> ,	" Downton ... 1
" Harlington ... 1	" Aldborough ... 2	" Pionton Stoke ... 1
" Harrow ... 2	" Bungay ... 1	" Salisbury ... 2
" Hendon ... 2	" Bury St. Edmunds ... 2	" Summerford ... 1
" Honnslow ... 2	" Clare ... 1	" Magna ... 1
" Isleworth ... 3	" Fressingfield ... 1	" Swadlincote ... 1
" Old Hampton ... 1	" Halesworth ... 1	" Swindon ... 2
" Roxeth ... 1	" Ipswich ... 8	" Trowbridge ... 1
" Southall ... 1	" Southwold ... 1	" Warminster ... 1
" Walham Green ... 3	" Stanstead ... 1	" Westbury ... 1
" Whetstone ... 1	" Stowmarket ... 4	" Leigh ... 1
<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,	" Woodbridge ... 1	" Wroughton ... 1
" Abergavenny ... 1	<i>Surrey</i> ,	<i>Worcestershire</i> ,
" Blaenavon ... 1	" Addlestone ... 1	" Cradley ... 1
" Maindee ... 1	" Barnes ... 3	" Evesham ... 1
" Newport ... 7	" Bletchingley ... 1	" Hampton ... 1
<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough ... 1	" Buckland ... 1	<i>Yorkshire</i> ,
" Dereham ... 1	" Catford ... 1	" Bedale ... 1
" Holt ... 1	" Croydon ... 24	" Burley ... 1
" Lynn ... 3	" East Moulsey ... 1	" Leeds ... 2
" Norwich ... 1	" Farnham ... 1	" Sheffield ... 1
" Yarmouth ... 1	" Godalming ... 2	
<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,	" Godstone ... 1	
" Brackley ... 1	" Guildford ... 1	
" Kettering ... 2	" Horley ... 1	

COUNTRY...TOTAL 756



<i>Wales</i> , Aberystwith	1	<i>Wales</i> , Dowlais	1	<i>Wales</i> , Narberth	1
„ Brecon	1	„ Haverfordwest	3	„ Rhyl	1
„ Bridgend	3	„ Hay	1	„ Swansea	3
„ Builth	1	„ Holyhead	1		
„ Cardiff	16	„ Llanbister	1	<b>WALES</b>	<b>TOTAL 39</b>
„ Carnarvon	1	„ Llandudno	1		
„ Olgerran	2	„ Llanelly	1		

<i>Scotland</i> , Dunfermline	1	<i>Scotland</i> , Larbert	1	<i>Ireland</i>	2
		„ Lennoxtown	1		

## ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1897.

### FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Balham	1	Hoxton	1	Paddington	1	Tottenham	1
Bormondsey	3	Islington	1	Peckham	2	Vauxhall	1
Chelsea	1	Kennington	1	Pimlico	1	Walworth	3
Clapham	1	Kilburn	2	Soho	1	Willesden	1
Dalston	1	Lambeth	3	Stoke Newington	1	Wood Green	1
Deptford	1	Marylebone	1	St. Pancras	1		
Forest Gate	2	Norwood	1	St. John's Wood	1	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>39</b>
Hornsey	2	Nunhead	1	Sydenham	1		

### FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Alfreton	1	Great Bardfield	1	Newton Abbot	1	Thorpe-le-Soken	1
Bournemouth	2	Hendon	1	Ongar	1	Tooting	1
Burton-on-Trent	1	Horsham	1	Penge	1	Woodford	1
Brighton	1	Kington	1	Southsea	2	Wellington	1
Croydon	1	Landport	1	St. Albans	1	Walthamstow	1
Chinnor	1	Lincoln	2	St. Mary Cray	1		
Epping	1	Newport, I.W.	1	Sevenoaks	1	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>32</b>
Fleetwood	1	Newport, Mon.	1	Sheffield	1		

FROM WALES:—Cardiff, 2; Bridgend, 1.

### TOTAL ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 74.

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	1,193	Wales	39	Ireland	2
Country	756	Scotland	3		
<b>TOTAL</b>				<b>1,993.</b>	

### SPECIAL NOTES.

The delay in the publication of the report permits the mention of the death of Mr. James Stiff, for many years a Trustee of the Institution. A sketch of our beloved brother, whose loss we lament, will appear in our next Quarterly Magazine as one of an illustrated series of articles on "Partners in Christian Service," copies of which will be sent to our subscribers in due course.

We are also able to announce that, on the nomination of the President, Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon have been unanimously elected Vice-Presidents of the Board of Management.

## TYPICAL CASES RECEIVED DURING THE YEAR.

These are not given with a view to a sensational appeal, but are short, sad stories of real life with which the Committee of selection have to deal in overwhelming numbers.

A. A. S. and R. R. S., Lincoln. Two brothers, sons of a Baptist minister, mother left with five children totally unprovided for, eldest only 11. The boys have found a home in the Testimonial House of the Orphanage. This house was built by members of the Baptist denomination as a testimonial of esteem for C. H. Spurgeon, and whenever the Managers receive a boy whose father was a Baptist minister, he is placed in this house. In many cases the fathers contributed to the buildings, little thinking that in after years their children would find a shelter there.

L. P., Cardiff. One of nine children left without father or mother. The father was killed whilst crossing the railway. He was a leading tradesman of Cardiff but, unfortunately, the money he invested in shipping was lost, and his business, on being realized, was not sufficient to pay creditors more than 12s. in the £.

C. W. D., Walworth. One of six children—ages 10, 8, 5, 3, 2, and 11 months. The death of the father was caused by an assault. He was insured for £100, but this was lost by the mother, who tried to keep a small business, and, alas, as is often the case, failed. A well-known philanthropist writes:—"I have taken the only girl of 5 years. The mother and children are superior to the ordinary poor, but are desperately in need of help. It is one of those cases of quiet, heart-breaking poverty."

J. C., Moreton. One of thirteen children. The mother and father died within a month of each other. The father was a platelayer, and left no provision for his family. He was deacon of the Baptist chapel, at S—, a good man, and respected by all who knew him.

C. T., Walthamstow. One of eleven children. Youngest, twin babies, aged 8 months. No provision whatever, except £40 from clubs. Mother earns 5s. a week by washing and charring. Father was a glass-blower, and a member of the Church of England.

B. A. C., Paddington. One of seven children, eldest 14. The father a tailor. No provision for the family, except a small sum from the Tailors' Institution. Concerning the mother, a well-known minister writes:—"She is utterly broken down in health and quite unfitted for the heavy burden that has fallen upon her."

S. A. L., Bermondsey. One of six children, aged respectively, 9, 8, 4, 3, 2, and 7 months. Father was a boot finisher. Mother and family totally unprovided for. The visitor writes:—"It is, by far, the saddest and most touching case I have ever visited."

A. E. C., Portsmouth. One of eight children, eldest 15. Baby born after father's death. All totally unprovided for. Father belonged to H.M. Navy.

W. S. D., Mill Hill. One of nine children, aged respectively, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 4 months. Father was a farmer, a member of the Church of England. Cause of death, kick from a horse.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL REPORT.

The Annual Meeting was held on February the 3rd, when addresses were given to our band of 46 voluntary Teachers and the members of the Orphanage Staff by the Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., vicar of Christ Church, Brixton; Mr. A. T. Lake, formerly a boy in the Orphanage, and now Superintendent of a Sunday School in North London; and by Charles Waters, Esq., of the Sunday-school Union. Mr. W. J. Evans, Superintendent of the Orphanage Sunday-school, and the Head Master also addressed the meeting, which was one of the most enthusiastic and helpful ever held in connection with the Institution.

The following items of the report are of interest. Prizes awarded to the children were presented to the children by H. Roberts, Esq., M.P., and Mrs. Roberts, who expressed their great pleasure in visiting the Institution.

The examiner appointed by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union assigns the Orphanage Sunday-school the first place for singing.

At the Quarterly Services addresses were given by Rev. J. Grundy, M.A., vicar of St. Stephen's, South Lambeth; by Rev. W. R. Skerry, President of the London Baptist Association; by Rev. J. Felmingham, of Wandsworth; and by Rev. J. H. Weeks, Baptist Missionary from the Upper Congo River. These services are not only helpful to the children; they enable us to maintain fellowship with all Evangelical churches and societies, and thereby to assert the inter-denominational character and claims of the Orphanage.

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### SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, Conducted by the Sunday School Union.

March, 1897.

Results:—Prizes, 15; first-class certificates, 81; second-class certificates, 99. Total, 195.

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### YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, 75.

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### INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Present Membership (including former Scholars), 580.

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### BAND OF HOPE.

Present Membership, 252.

Thirty meetings were held during the year, addressed by the Superintendent, Mr. W. J. Evans, and other friends. Illustrated lectures were delivered by J. Cooper Ashton, Esq., and J. R. Whyberd, Esq. Our Band of Hope Choir succeeded a second time in winning the Challenge Banner in the singing competition arranged by the South-West London Band of Hope Union. Should they be successful next year, they will be entitled to its permanent possession.

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### SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission in North Africa ... ..	1	7	3
Baptist Missionary Society ... ..	4	19	0
Do., for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station, Congo River	10	0	0
Indian Sunday-school Mission ... ..	2	15	9
Continental do. ... ..	1	6	6
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes ... ..	0	18	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work ... ..	21	6	2
	<u>£42</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>8</u>

We are thankful that our boys and girls are interested in these good works, and are so willing to subscribe their pennies towards their funds.

## 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 our former pupils 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 is a student in Cheshunt College, and another is a candidate for admission to the Pastors' College.

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 be 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.

## 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 £731 19s. 8d. 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 £238 6s. 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 £970 5s. 9d. 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 Associations 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. Friends can help the Institution by arranging for meetings to be held in their town or district.

"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 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.

## 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 Festival. We are universal consumers, and can do something with everything sent to us.

(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 do 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, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education :—			
Salaries and Wages ... ..	2,107	17	10
Provisions ... ..	8,732	15	2
Clothing ... ..	1,703	18	4
Laundry ... ..	511	9	8
Fuel, Gas, and Water ... ..	892	17	9
Books and School Requisites ... ..	179	19	7
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses ... ..	288	11	1
Excursions and Travelling ... ..	41	14	6
Situations, Part Outfits, Gratuities, &c. ... ..	34	5	4
Gardening and Sundries ... ..	32	19	5
	9,071	8	3
„ Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c. ... ..	1,104	5	7
„ Repairs and Alterations ... ..	1,077	4	11
„ New Sanitary Works, New Store Room, Covered-way in rear of Boys' houses; Tar-paving Boys' Playground, &c. ... ..	855	10	3
„ Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c. ... ..	615	15	4
„ Poor and General Rates ... ..	178	17	6
	13,503	1	10
„ Transfer to Foundation Fund ... ..	2,000	0	0
„ Balance at Credit March 31st, 1897 ... ..	530	2	0
	16,333	3	10

	£	s.	d.
By Donations and Subscriptions :—			
General (including Services of Song, less expenses) ... ..	4,498	11	9
Boxes and Books ... ..	970	5	9
	5,468	17	8
„ Legacies ... ..	5,403	9	3
„ Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.) ... ..	2,261	9	4
	13,123	16	1
„ Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1896 ... ..	3,209	7	9
	16,333	3	10

Audited and found correct, this 25th day of May, 1897.

JAMES A. SPURGEON, }  
*Treasurer,* } *Trustees.*  
WILLIAM HIGGS,  
JAMES E. PASSMORE,

W. W. BAYNES, }  
Bromley, Kent. } *Auditors.*  
F. WHITTLE,  
Clapham.

FREDERICK G. LADDS, *Secretary.*





THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

O. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 436.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*Should one, requesting it under any circumstances whatever, be re-baptized?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—Yes; under certain circumstances, he should. For instance, there is a brother who came to me only a few weeks ago, and he said to me, "I was baptized, some years since, but I was not a believer then. I am

afraid that, at the time, I did not weigh the question carefully, or give it the serious consideration that it deserves. I was young, and my friends persuaded me to join the church, although I am sure I ought not to have done so. Now that I am converted to God, I feel that the baptism was not valid, and I desire to confess my faith by being baptized after the Scriptural fashion." I said to the good man, "Well, that is a matter which has nothing to do with me, but it has everything to do with you. You feel that you have not been baptized in the true New Testament order, and that it is your duty to be so baptized?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "that is exactly what I do feel." "Mark you," I answered, "it all hinges upon this question,—*Were you a believer when you were immersed?*" "No," said the man, very positively; "I was not. I was a hypocrite; or, if not so bad as that, I was at least self-deceived; but I was not truly converted to God at that time, so I could not make a right and proper profession of faith which I did not possess." I asked him, "Are you now a believer?" and he fully satisfied me as to his saving interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. The former pastor who had baptized him, and the church which he had joined, were informed of the circumstances; and, after his explanation, they also thought that he was not a Christian on the former occasion, and they agreed that he ought to be baptized on profession of his faith, which was accordingly done.

Of course, Scriptural baptism does not consist in the mere immersion of any individual; but in the immersion of a believer, on the profession of his faith, in (or into) the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. We must not omit any one of the conditions laid down by our Lord in the great commission which He gave to His disciples, and through them to His Church "even unto the end of the world" (Matthew xxviii. 19, 20). There was a minister whom I knew very well,—he is dead, and gone to Heaven, now,—but he somehow got into his head the idea that he would baptize his people into the name of Christ. I told him that, if any of them afterwards wished to join with us in church-fellowship, they would have to be properly baptized in the name of the Sacred Trinity. It seems to me highly important to use the full formula on every occasion. I was rather interested, some time ago, in a letter I had from a Church of England clergyman, who had evidently attended several baptismal services at the Tabernacle, and who had taken very particular notice of the words used or omitted by the administrators; and I was not at all sorry to know that we had such a friend anxious to keep us up to the mark in the observance of the ordinance. I wonder whether *he* would have appreciated our kindness if we had watched him while he was sprinkling a baby, and then afterwards had written to him to point out his divergences from the New Testament laws and regulations.

So, you see, brethren, there are circumstances under which re-baptism is desirable, or even necessary; but I should always examine those circumstances with great care. We do not want to deserve the name of Ana-baptists; I have shown you how the clergy of the Church of England have sometimes earned that title. (See "The Question Oak" in *Sword and Trowel*, February, 1897, page 53.)

*Q.—Do you consider that Mutual Improvement Societies, and such-like works among young men, are really useful, and calculated to add to the prosperity of the Church?*

*A.—They may be ; they should be ; THEY ARE NOT.* I have never seen much good come of them. Classes for the instruction of young men, to draw out their talents, and to teach them the Word of God more perfectly ;—of these, you cannot have too many. Some Mutual Improvement Societies appear to be like a certain school of which I have heard ; someone went to visit it, and finding everything in confusion, enquired, "Where are your teachers?" "Oh, sir!" exclaimed the scholars, "we don't have no teachers ; none of us knows nothing at all, and we teaches one another." I am afraid that is often the case with those *Mutual Amusement Societies* which are obliged to get up all manner of entertainments and performances to keep their members interested ; but if some really good efficient teacher could take charge of the young men, and guide and instruct them in true wisdom, these Societies might be, and should be, of the greatest possible good. As they are often conducted, I am sorry to say that, in many cases, they mutually injure, and do not mutually improve those who are connected with them.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—We are often asked to return thanks for safe delivery in childbirth ; will you kindly suggest a convenient form of words for us to use, as it is rather awkward to do so delicate a thing well?*

*A.—I think I should forget it if I were an unmarried man ; or I should weave it into the prayer so as not to attract special notice. "Lord, there are many here who desire to thank Thee for restoration granted to them in times of danger and need." I used to know a minister who was very explicit on such occasions. He would make use of expressions which I should not care to hear from the pulpit, and enter into details of the family life of his congregation, and mention the various occurrences of the week, until his people said that his prayer was more like a penny newspaper. Let that be a warning to you, brethren.*

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What is to be done with those members of the church who never come to the prayer-meetings?*

*A.—If they won't come to the prayer-meetings, you had better take the prayer-meetings to them. I mean this ; if you are settled in the country, just give out that you intend to be in the harvest-field before the men begin work, that you may have a short prayer-meeting with them to seek a blessing on the day's labours. Or say that you will be there at the close of the day, to thank the Lord for His goodness, and to praise Him for all His loving-kindness. You will find that some of those odds and ends of prayer-meetings, those gatherings at unusual times, will be among the best that you have ; and the air will be much purer and sweeter than in your chapels where the windows are hardly ever opened. Anyhow, you must get your people to pray ; and the more prayer-meetings you can have, the better.*

(To be continued.)

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

*"It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them."*—John vi. 17.

AS this text is read, I think I can hear some sorrowful soul say, "That exactly expresses my condition; I am sorely troubled and depressed, I see no light, and the dear Lord, who used to be so near, has withdrawn Himself from me." Shall we talk the matter over, dear reader, and try to find out why you are in the dark, and why Jesus does not come? The first question is, "How came you there?" Did the darkness fall upon you from natural causes, as the night overtook these disciples in the boat? Or, did the Lord *bid* you enter into the cloud? Is your gloom brought about by the deep shadows of bodily infirmity? Or, have you wilfully closed your eyes, and thus shut out the light of Heaven? Give us now Thy wondrous "Search-light," O Spirit of God, that we may see our own true position!

*"It was now dark."* The shades of evening were already falling when the disciples left the shore, so the night *naturally* came upon them before they reached "the other side." We do not read that they were afraid of the darkness, but they had left their Master on the mountain-top, they were lonely and perplexed in His absence, and perhaps they were wondering when and where they should next see Him.

Something like this may be your present experience. It is night in your soul because Jesus is away; your heart mourns for Him, and refuses to be comforted till once again the light of His face is lifted up upon you. Be of good cheer, dear friend, if you are thus longing for Him, the darkness will soon be past, and the day-spring will arise in your heart. He is already on the way to you, walking on the waves of your unrest and sorrow; and it shall be all well with you when He reveals Himself by that sweet word, "It is I, be not afraid."

*"It was now dark."* Sometimes, God sends His children into the dark. The dispensations of darkness, which try the Lord's people, are often His appointment and purpose. An old writer says:—"The uses of darkness are manifold;—to humble us; to convince us of our absolute helplessness; to prove to us our momentary need of Divine sustaining; to make *Christ alone* the ground of our hope, and the object of our boasting, by bringing the soul off from everything else, that it may look only to Him."

What must you do if God is thus dealing with you? You must trust, and not be afraid. "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." His hand will lead you *through* the darkness into the light, and all the more quickly if you constantly tell Him how sorely your heart aches with the longing to see again the sunshine of His love. Be assured that He will not leave you comfortless, He will come to you.

*"It was now dark."* There is a darkness which may easily be traced to *bodily ailments*, and a disordered frame. Depression of spirit is

frequently the outcome of oppression of the flesh. Physical weakness is sometimes the cause of decrease of spiritual power. And then it is that Satan, ever on the alert to vex, if he cannot harm us, takes advantage of our sad condition to insinuate doubts and fears which we should not tolerate when in vigorous health. He is at home in the darkness, and he peoples it with fancies and phantoms which intensify its blackness. Our souls are like frightened children in a dark room, we tremble and are afraid; but *we can cry out*, as they do; and far more surely than "Mother" would run to hush and comfort her little ones, will our blessed Lord hasten at our call to deliver us from our fears, and from "the power of darkness." "Ah, but!" you say, "*Jesus was not come to them.*" No, but *He was coming*; and His presence, whether in darkness or in day, is all the blessedness we crave.

"*It was now dark.*" Another sort of darkness is that which we voluntarily make for ourselves by *wilful blindness*. We shut our eyes, and cover our heads, and then mourn because we can see no light! We ignorantly, or obstinately, hide ourselves in the darkness, when God's noontide of love and pity is all around us. Oh, that I could so write as to entice some poor soul to open its eyes of faith to the sunshine!

I know, by sad experience, just what you suffer, and how the darkness (from whatever cause) drags you down, and crushes you. You do not utterly distrust your Lord, or disbelieve His Word; but there is a change come over you, and you cannot tell why, or what it is. The days of song and gladness are left behind, and you seem to live now almost without feeling; you pray,—as a matter of course, but there is no real drawing nigh to God in it, no fellowship, for *Jesus does not come to you*. You go about your daily duties, and your work for Christ, in a languid, constrained sort of way, which brings no blessing to yourself or to others. It is sometimes a question with you whether you are spiritually alive at all, whether you have been mistaken all along, and are nothing but a shameful hypocrite. And the very saddest and worst part of it all is, that you are *almost content* to go on in this sunless, sleepy, sinful way, and "let things take their chance!"

Ah! this is darkness indeed, a wicked darkness, from which you must fly with wingèd feet. God forbid that you should linger in it another moment, for it is the darkness of the shadow of death; and the longer you remain in it, the blacker will be the gathering night around you. Fly for your life! Jesus is waiting to pardon and restore you. Even as you read these words, the command comes to you, "*Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*"

\* \* \* \*

#### LESSONS FROM THE LAWNS.

The lawns at "Westwood" must have been laid down many years ago. They are growing old, and losing somewhat of their velvety softness and beauty by reason of the many alien growths which have

established themselves amidst the grass, checking its development, and usurping its rightful place. Leaving out the buttercups and daisies, I can count more than a dozen varieties of these weedy interlopers, which have disfigured and partially destroyed the once-beautiful stretches of turf. Sometimes I go out, armed with garden knife and basket, and, spreading beneath me a rug or mat, I lay siege to these enemies, and endeavour to extirpate the shameless tyrants. Alas! when I have expended all my strength, and filled my basket with the remains of the spoilers, I fear no one would know that there was a weed the less!

Notwithstanding this want of success, the occupation has a singular charm for me, and I engage in it whenever I have half-an-hour to spare from my work. It has often soothed a ruffled spirit, calmed an anxious mind, and restored the balance of self-control when disturbed by some passing annoyance. Like the fabled wrestler, Antæus, whose strength was renewed every time he touched the ground, so does this quiet rest on Earth's bosom seem to revive my spirits, and recruit my failing energy. I suppose we all have some pet idiosyncrasy, and I must confess that this of mine is a very curious one; but I find it delightful to be *quite alone* on the greensward, musing on many things, listening to the whisperings of the trees, and the music of the bees and birds, while my knife is busily dislodging the unworthy tenants of my long-enduring lawns; and many a lesson comes home to my heart as I work away at these stubborn weeds, and think, "Oh, if I could but thus pluck up by the roots the sins of heart and life which dishonour the garden of God in my soul!"

Do you not see the analogy of the one thing to the other? Well, I will try to show you how they are related in my own mind. There are the dandelions, for instance. Frequently, they defy all my efforts to displace them, they are so strong; my knife often cuts through the long tap-root, leaving a considerable portion in the earth, which may become the parent of a very large progeny. What an illustration they give of some besetting sin, which has struck its baneful root deep down into our very life, until it seems part and parcel of our existence! Several times we have thought the noxious thing was dead, cut to pieces by the sharp thrusts of our own resolution and self-control; but it has suddenly sprung up again, apparently all the more vigorous for the hacking it had received at our hands. But shall we therefore despair of its ultimate destruction? Nay, we will use the knife again and again; or, rather, cry to God to use it for us, for the evil growths, which resist our efforts to uproot them, cannot exist under the prunings of the Lord. He will break them up; His grace in the heart must drive them out at last, for does not His Word say, "*Sin shall not have dominion over you*"?

Then there is a pretty little weed, with soft, tender leaves, which has a single slender root going straight down into the ground for quite nine or ten inches, sometimes more. So fine and delicate is this string-like rootlet, that great care is required in hauling it up, lest it should snap, and be broken. The entire plant looks so innocent and

sweetly fragile that one asks, "Can this be an evil growth?" Ah, yes! see how its leaves have overspread the turf, and killed every blade of grass beneath them.

Some transgressions are like that. So pretty and plausible, so modest-looking and insinuating,—charming leaves of delusion on the top, but altogether bad within, and anchored deep down in the heart by a strong line of habit, which surprises us by the resistance it makes when, with opened eyes and eager hands, we seek to wrest it from its holdfast. God help us never to leave it growing!

In contrast to this weed, there is a very prolific little pest, with clusters of star-like leaves, which creeps along the surface of the lawn, throwing out innumerable suckers wherewith it chokes the grass, and ultimately destroys its roots. At certain seasons, there is a perfect network of these interlacing stems covering the face of the ground, each one bearing at its extremity a tiny rosette of green leaves, and every joint throwing out fat purple rootlets which suck the moisture from the earth on behalf of this adventurous and encroaching plant.

I liken these to the more open and manifest imperfections and faults which mar our character, and hinder the work of the Holy Spirit in our heart. Unkind thoughts of others, hasty, sharp words, harsh judgments, uncontrolled tempers, an unforgiving spirit,—how all these wicked things intertwine and wreath themselves in and out of our daily life, hindering and checking the sweet influences which our God meant should make us perfect in every good work to do His will! They need *tearing* away from our nature; and when once we have begun, by God's help, to attempt their removal, we shall be startled to see their many ramifications, and how unscrupulously they have spread themselves over the greater part of our existence!

Not many of these little plants are known to me by name, but well do I know their nature; and the trouble they give me in uprooting them is a vivid picture of the labour and sorrow caused by sin in a heart which would fain be rid of it.

There is one other weed of which I must tell you; it has a thick tassel of fibrous roots, which resist removal with wonderful strength and pertinacity, and, when at last forced to loosen its hold, it gives one as much trouble as possible, by bringing with it as large a quantity of "Mother Earth" as it can clasp in its thread-like fingers. Ah, Lord! these make me think of what patience and forbearance Thou hast had with me, when my heart has clung to earth and earthly things, even when, in Thy love and mercy, Thou hast been gently detaching me from them. Do not tire, Lord, of Thy gracious work, but perfect that which concerneth me, for Thy Name's sake!

Here and there I find a thistle (sad emblem of sin's curse), and over these I have no power; they must be left till the sharp scythe cuts them down, or the savage teeth of the lawn-mower drag them into the dust. They remind one of wickedness in high places, of iniquities



unblushing and defiant,—of the tares that are bound up in bundles to be burned.

How soon would the smooth lawn become a rough field without the constant care and labour of the gardener! If he has any pride in it, he does not spare the mowing and the heavy rolling which alone can make it beautiful; nor will our Master refrain His hand from meting out to His dear children those afflictions which shall afterward yield “the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” O my heart, thank God when He comes to cut down thy pride, and pluck up thy evil growths by the roots! It is better for thee to suffer any pain or chastisement at thy Father’s hands, than to be left in thy sins to await His anger as a Judge.

S. S.

## The Pastor’s Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

### “THE PLACE OF PERSPECTION.”\*

“The famous town of Mansoul had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go: and these were made likewise answerable to the walls, to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened or forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate.”

“Eye-gate was the place of perspection.”—Bunyan’s *Holy War*.

MY own particular Eye-gate opened its widest, I can tell you, when Dr. Wilson’s extraordinary book appeared before it. Then began a slow procession to pass under the upraised portcullis of the lashes. First came the yellow cover, which was as the standard-bearer of the company. Here was the evangelist (Dr.



THE COVER.

\* *Eye-gate; or, Native Art in the Evangelization of China*, containing 30 Colour Reproductions of Chinese Paintings. By WILLIAM WILSON, M.B., of the China Inland Mission. Price 2s. (S. W. Partridge & Co., to whom we are indebted for the loan of the three illustrations.)



Wilson, I presume), pointing to some of the pictures in his book just as dear "John Ploughman" points to *his* on the cover of *John Ploughman's Pictures*. I noted also a representation of a native picture-vendor, and the legend on a lantern.

Next in the procession came six pictures illustrating "the Pearl of Parables." At first, I was a little perplexed as to the order in which they marched; but, of course, the Chinese read from right to left. I had to call a halt that I might closely inspect these visitors to Mansoul. I wanted to take in the curious drawing, the brilliant colouring, and the suggestive details. I saw the scales in which the



"HE DIVIDED UNTO THEM HIS LIVING."

younger son's portion was weighed, and the sedan chair in which he departed, and the coolie who carried his luggage. (This part of the parable is illustrated on the next page.) I witnessed the prodigal smoking opium in a gambling den, and sitting disconsolate and ragged beneath a tree with five *such* swine about him. Then for the father's welcome, and the arraying in a robe at least as bright as the one he left in. And what a feast! Father and *mother* (for God is both) at the head of the table,—plates of rice, perhaps, or sweetmeats (instead of the fatted calf), and *chopsticks*!—while three musicians at a side table, with a flute and a zither and a—(no, I must not tell you all, or you will not buy the book,) discourse delightful (?) melody. The elder brother is evidently still "in the field." (An explanation in Chinese and English accompanies each picture.)

"March!" I cried, somewhat reluctantly, to this brigade: and Company No. 2 tramped over the drawbridge. Six striking scenes



"HE TOOK HIS JOURNEY INTO A FAR COUNTRY." (See previous page.)

concerning Noah and the flood! As they filed slowly past, I recognized the patriarch praying, preaching, and ship-building. I saw the trees of the forest transformed into a junk, and the junk turned into a menagerie. The animals are something out of the ordinary, I can assure you. (Fortunately, their names are appended.) One picture is graphically entitled, "All Hope gone," and another, "The Waste of Waters,"—sad scenes these of deluge and death! No. 6 depicts the few saved souls, *i.e.*, eight, worshipping, when the waters have assuaged. That is a *rainbow* in the top right-hand corner!

But the cavalcade must move again. "Quick march!" 1. The man in the Horrible Pit. 2. The Deliverance. 3. Feet set upon the Rock. 4. Walking the Heavenly Road, and singing the songs of Zion. 5. No man liveth to himself. Stay a moment, number five! "The once lonely pilgrim now leads many into the Way of Life, and Heaven seems nearer and the truth becomes dearer as he speaks of it to others" Such is the suggestive comment on a sketch which, despite its quaintness, sends a thrill through the heart.

And what are these? Six more scenes,—this time, of the good Samaritan. The traveller is mounted on a pony. His servant trudges behind with his goods on a pole. When the thieves appear, the faithful (?) henchman disappears, as also does the steed. I can count a dozen wounds on the unfortunate merchant in the third picture, and the priest and Levite are to be seen afar off. In number four, the Samaritan appears, with oil and wine, and *sticking-plaster*. There is something pathetic about the closing scene, for the con-

valescent traveller sits outside the inn, looking eagerly for the return of his true friend,—and lo, in the distance he appears, though I'm afraid the good man cannot see him from where he sits. But perspective is not a strong point with the Chinese.

Last, but not least, is a series entitled, "The Burden of Sin." This is an adaptation, surely, of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. A poor Chinaman struggles with a burden as big as himself: a heathen priest directs him to an idol temple, but his ceremonies and fastings by no means lessen his load. Then a Christian teacher (Is it Dr. Wilson again?) directs him to a golden Door. At that he knocks, the Door opens, the burden falls, and he goes on his way rejoicing, for Christ has made him free.

But there is, besides these miniature cartoons, many a page of deeply-interesting letterpress. Here is a trumpet call to the Church to come to the help of China's millions. Here are facts and figures of great value, and of awful significance. Here is the story of the Hanchong cartoons, and explanatory notes of each scene, together with testimonies from Christian workers who have found them useful. Altogether, this unique work is a most valuable addition to missionary literature, and should certainly find a place on every minister's shelves, and in all missionary libraries.

But though the book is for English Christians, the pictures are for the Chinese. 'Tis well that they are to have pictures of their own; I mean, drawn by their own artists, and embodying their own notions and customs. I can never forget the Bible scenes with which my nursery was hung about, nor the pictures in the big Bible with which my boyhood's Sundays were made bright. But what if they had been Chinese pictures! I fear I should have been so taken up with the peculiarities that the story and its moral would have been forgotten. Our pictures are as strange to the Chinese, I suppose, as theirs are to us. In either case, they are foreign. Speaking of the effect of English pictures on a Chinaman, Dr. Wilson says:—"Architecture, furniture, clothing, utensils, physiognomy, attitude, customs, &c., are all strange to him; and the one picture affords endless objects on which his curiosity can rest, and the mind, which should have been free to take in the thoughts of the speaker, is so engrossed with the accidental features of the picture, as to leave him in absolute ignorance of what the preacher has been speaking about." The remedy has been found in translating Bible scenes into Chinese art. Noah is localized, and the Good Samaritan is celestial-ized; the prodigal wears a pig-tail, and the father looks like a Mandarin.

And how are these cartoons received? With great delight,—as the testimonies prove. And now, thousands of these pictures in the form of tracts are being issued; 125,000 are already in the Flowery Land. The full-sized cartoons are being lithographed on linen, and will soon be in the hands of missionaries and native teachers. Christian friends in England are volunteering to colour these cartoons, and ere long, Eye-gate will be besieged in the name of Immanuel as it has never been before. God grant that "the place of perspection" may speedily yield! Soon may that be fulfilled which is written in the wondrous dream:—"Then said the Prince to the town of Mousoul

again, 'I will draw up My forces before Eye-gate to-morrow, and so will march forwards into the town of Mansoul. I will possess Myself of your castle of Mansoul, and will set My soldiers over you; yea, I will do things in Mansoul that cannot be paralleled in any nation, country, or kingdom under Heaven.'" It is further written:—"To betoken how joyful they were, they strewed the street from Eye-gate to the Castle-gate, the place where the Prince should be." May this also come to pass, and that right early!

### "Seest thou this woman?"

A SERMON, DELIVERED AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, LONG ACRE, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1856, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

*"Seest thou this woman?"*—Luke vii. 44.

OUR Lord was no great favourite with the Pharisees; He was too honest for them; He too often reproved their self-righteousness, and warned them of the impossibility of their being saved by their own good works; therefore, they always disdained His company, and despised Him. But, on this occasion, we find Him in the house of a Pharisee. If I read aright, this man, whose name was Simon, had been a leper, and he was one of the many whom our Saviour had restored, therefore he felt some degree of affection for the Saviour's person, out of gratitude for the marvellous cure which Jesus had wrought upon him; and he therefore invited Jesus Christ to his house, but not, as Matthew the publican did, to a feast which he had made especially in honour of Him. Our Saviour went to the Pharisee's house on this ground, that there was something hopeful in Simon's case. He was at least grateful for the temporal mercy he had received; and though our Saviour would, perhaps, rather have sat down with the publican, He chose not to refuse the invitation of the Pharisee; teaching us that, although we ought to visit the good for our own profit, yet we ought also to visit the hopeful for their profit, and in hope that God may bless the visit to their salvation. However, so ill was the welcome which Jesus received, that Simon even forgot to bring Him the much-needed basin and ewer, from which He might refresh with water His weary feet; he forgot to give also to His cheek the usual kiss of hospitality, betokening His welcome. In fact, Simon treated Jesus most disrespectfully,—in any way but that which the Lord deserved at his hand. But our blessed Master kept His seat at the Pharisee's table; He was not offended, as some of us might have been; teaching us that we ought to be careless of the mere punctilios of life, and that we ought not always to insist on every point of courtesy, and every iota of that which is called "*politeness*." If we can do good thereby, we should not mind rude things, but put up with them, bear with them, and say nothing about them; but by holding our peace, hope that our great end, the end of doing good, will be subserved.

However, what Simon forgot to do, or what he omitted intentionally, was done by a woman. There was one outside the door, who had

more love to Jesus in her heart than there could have been in a thousand hearts such as Simon's. "Seest thou this woman?" She passed by the door, and looked within; she thought she saw her blessed Saviour reclining with His feet towards the door. She looked, and looked again; and when she perceived that it was He and no other, she sped home as quickly as she could, and reached down from the place where she kept it, a choice "alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious," which had never been opened. Her love dictated to her the thought that she would "break the box," and pour the precious ointment upon Him, and that she would "wash His feet with tears," and "wipe them with the hairs of her head." She came running back. Yes, it was, most assuredly, her blessed Lord, and there were His dear feet! But the Pharisee saw "this woman", and he scowled upon her; she scarcely dared come within the portal of the Pharisee's house; but, at last, she made a bold venture, and approached her Lord; and, oh! when she saw the feet of that Man whom she loved so much, her tears began to fall in torrents upon His feet; and seeing she was well washing them with her tears, she undid her glorious tresses (with which, no doubt, she had aforetime entrapped many a soul), and she made a towel of her hair; and she kissed His dear feet again and again, in a very rhapsody of love, scarcely knowing what she did, so lost was she in her affection for the dear Saviour who had been pleased to forgive her all her thousands of sins, and to make her one of His very own.

Simon "saw" that woman; he thought it was an improper act for any woman to kiss the feet of Jesus, but more especially for such a woman to do so; and he thought within himself, "What! that woman? I have known her; she has been one of the worst of all women; yet Jesus lets her kiss His feet. Ah! I would not endure that touch, not I; I would spurn her from mine house. She! she contaminates this room; she stains the very floor of my pure domicile!" He would fain have cried, "Begone, woman, begone this very moment!" But he said within himself, "This man, if He were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him: for she is a sinner." But Jesus knew his thoughts, and turning to him, said, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell Me therefore, which of them will love him most?" Simon, not seeing the drift of the parable, "answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most." "And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet; but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And

He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also? And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." The woman, who doubtless had stood motionless to catch every word her Saviour said, and with tears still coursing down her cheeks, went away blessed.

We are about to do what Jesus exhorted Simon to do, to look at this woman; and as we look at her, we shall see four things in her. First, *Seest thou this woman's sin?* Secondly, *seest thou abounding grace?* Thirdly, *seest thou fervent love produced by abounding grace?* And, fourthly, *seest thou pious works the fruit of fervent love?* And then further, *seest thou abounding sin, more abounding grace, fervent love and good works, all backed up with the remarkable statement, "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her"?* (Matthew xxvi. 13.)

I. First, then, we have before us to-night, THIS WOMAN'S SIN: "Seest thou this woman?"

She was a woman whom the Pharisee would have left on the other side of the street; and as he passed her, he would have cursed her in his heart, and called her, by way of compliment, "Dog," or, if he had been very hard-hearted, something worse than that. He would have wished that the wind from her side of the way should never blow on him, but that he might always be on that side, from which, perhaps, some holy wind might sweep a little blessed piety from him, and haply blow it upon her. When she walked along the street, good men seemed abashed, and looked, and went their way. She had often been reprov'd, she had often been warn'd, doubtless; but still she kept on in the paths of sin and infamy. I cannot tell you whether she had broken her mother's heart, or whether she had brought her father's grey hairs prematurely to the grave. I cannot tell you how many hundreds she had deluded, how many she had snared, and how far she herself had plunged in wickedness. It is enough to say that she was one who merited above many, because of her open sin, that term, "a sinner." Yet our Saviour said to Simon, "Look at this woman! Look at her! Do not be ashamed, she will not hurt you; look at her!" It is not at all times well to look at sin; but, dear friends, I bid you also to look at this woman; for here, "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound," so that the sting of sin is taken away. Look at her, look at her! nay, turn not away, turn thine eye here: "Seest thou this woman?" Come, fix thy gaze upon her for one moment, as she was in all her sin and iniquity; come, look at her! "But why," sayest thou, "why must I look at her, and see her great sin?"

I answer, first, *look at her that you may pity her.* It does us good, sometimes, to see great sin, that we may learn to pity those who have been so far led astray as to indulge in it. Nowadays, we have a lot of mawkish modesty in our churches; ministers must not think of telling the people about the sins that exist all around them. According to common thought, we must not call a man "adulterer" or "fornicator" now; such words are not polite! I say,—Out on such



modesty; it is devil's modesty. If men sin, let us tell them plainly of their deeds; and if they be sinners, let us talk to them plainly of their sins. Many in the present day are so gentlemanly that they think, for them to go after a poor drunkard, and pick him up in the streets, would entail inevitable disgrace upon them. To go out at midnight, and gather the outcasts off the streets, and bring them into the Dormitory, that they may be reclaimed;—oh, we are too great, we are too good for that sort of work! We have such fine ideas of ourselves that we cannot stoop to pick up men, though our Saviour stooped all the way from Heaven to save our souls. I admire what I heard Mr. Gough say once, "We shall never do much good till we go down into the kennel of sin, and run our arms right down into the filth, in order to pull men and women out." I am persuaded that it is not the ordinary style of gentlemanly preaching, nor the ordinary style of gentlemanly acting, that is required; we must go down into the dens and kennels, into the alleys and courts. We must climb the creaking stairs, and enter the dismal garret; we must go after the loathsome, the wicked, and the corrupt. The good need not our sympathies, but the evil demand them. Therefore should we seek the evil most, and go after them, if haply we may be made the means of the salvation of their souls.

I say to thee, dear friend, "Seest thou this woman?" As she flits by thee in the street, pray for her. If thou canst not say anything to her, put up a prayer to God for her. Despise her not in thy heart, but pity her; for fallen though she be, she is a woman yet. Ah! she is such a woman still that, in spite of all her sin, she may one day sing in Paradise, as loudly as John himself, if God shall have mercy on her soul. Therefore, pass her not by with thy lip curled, and with thine eye averted; but pity her, pity her still. Look down on her, not with contempt, but with the eye of compassion. Seek to do what thou canst to raise her, remembering that in the self-same image in which thou wast created, she was created, and, fallen though she be, she is still one of God's creatures, as thou art; therefore thou oughtest to love and seek to save her. There are many persons, whom you would keep clear of on earth, whom you will find in Heaven; and, mayhap, sirs,—God grant it may not be so!—those you despise may be there, and you yourselves cast out; for many a time has it been proved to be true, that the publicans and the harlots enter into the Kingdom of Heaven before the self-righteous, who think themselves so much their superiors. "Seest thou this woman?" Sinner though she be, look on her, that thou mayest pity her.

There is another reason why thou shouldst see "this woman" in all her sin, and not be ashamed to look at her. *Look at her that thou mayest humble thyself before God.* Remember that all that "this woman" is, thou mightest have been. "Nay," sayest thou, "I never could sin as she did; I could never go astray as she has done." What! art thou so proud as to think thine heart good, when the Scripture tells thee that, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" I tell thee, man, if thou hadst been in the same circumstances as hers, and had the same temptations, thou mightest have fallen sooner than she did, and have

gone yet further astray, though haply still thou mightest have been called "respectable". while thou wert the greater sinner of the two. You say, "I never would have sinned like that!" God help you, if that is how you talk! You may have sinned just so ere many days have gone. "Indeed," say you, "I never should sin and go astray as she has done." Beware! "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Consider thyself, "lest thou also be tempted." Even good men and good women have not always kept clear of great sins, take heed that thou boast not thyself too much, lest some sad fall bring thee also down. Oh, sometimes, when I see some of the worst characters in the street, I feel as if I could break my heart with tears of gratitude that God has never let me act as they have done! I have thought, if God had let me alone, and had not touched me by His grace, what a great sinner I should have been! I should have run to the utmost lengths of sin, dived into the very depths of evil, nor should I have stopped at any vice or folly, if God had not stopped me. I feel, if you do not, that I should have been a very king of sinners, if God had let me alone. And, believe me, so would you, if grace had not restrained you, or circumstances had not kept you from open sin. If you had not been guarded by parents, fettered by the bond of grace, as I trust many of you are, you too might have been there, as well as "this woman" on whom you look with scorn. Therefore, I beseech you, humble yourselves before God, and look up, and bless His holy name that He has made you to differ. Remember John Bradford's exclamation; when he looked out of the window, and saw a murderer on the road to Tyburn, he used to say, "There goes John Bradford, but for the grace of God!" And none know what black crimes we might commit, even in the next twenty-four hours, if sovereign mercy did not stop us, or at least if circumstances did not prevent us. Then, "seest thou this woman?" It is a sight of great and aggravated guilt; but look at her carefully; and, looking thus, imitate her not, save in her penitence; but, I beseech thee, humble thyself, and pity her.

II. Secondly, "Seest thou this woman?" SHE IS A TROPHY OF ABUNDING GRACE.

Though this woman was once the worst of sinners, see, she now stands there weeping! Why? Because Jesus Christ has blotted out, as a thick cloud, her transgressions, and, as a cloud, her sins, and now she is one of the trophies of sovereign grace. Of old, when Roman conquerors came home from the wars, they rode in a chariot drawn by milk-white chargers, and had the captive monarchs led in chains before them, while banners taken from the foe, and riches they had obtained from every city they had ransacked, were carried along in triumph. The Romans crowded their house-tops to see the pageant go through the street, and showered down roses on the conquerors as they rode along. Oh! I can tell you of a triumph soon to come, when Christ shall ride through the streets of Heaven, with the spoils of hell's dominion, with sinners whom He has ransomed; with spoils of garments washed in blood, made whiter than driven snow; not with men who are made slaves, but with men emancipated; and among these trophies, in that great day, will be found "this woman" to



whom Christ forgave so much. She will be led along Heaven's golden streets as a special wonder of God's grace, while angels clap their wings, and glorified saints shout "Hallelujah!" because so great a sinner has been snatched from hell, and made an heir of Heaven. Come, then, and look at "this woman," upon whom angels shall one day gaze with wonder and amazement, seeing in her so astounding an instance of sovereign grace and mercy!

*See the sovereignty of grace.* Why was "*this woman*" chosen? There doubtless were many harlots in Jerusalem at that time; but, so far as we know, unto none of them was Jesus sent, save unto one of the worst of them, "*this woman*." Many there were who were good and amiable, but unto none of them did mercy come, but unto "*this woman . . . who was a sinner*." Why was that? Echo answers, "Why?" God only knows why; it was His sovereignty. He gives where He pleases, even to the most undeserving, that it may be seen that it is not of debt or of works, but wholly and entirely of His own rich sovereign grace.

Let me tell you a parable. The angel of mercy one day descended from Heaven, and when he alighted on earth, he walked along the streets. He saw the Pharisee bind on himself his phylactery, and make broad the border of his garments, and the angel hastened by saying, "I have no blessing for him, for he thinks he has no need of mercy." He went a little further, and there was the Rabbi turning over the books, and pondering their pages. He was wise, ay, very wise, for he had the key of knowledge; but he himself would neither enter the Kingdom of Heaven, nor suffer others so to do; and the angel of mercy clapped his wings, and said, "I have not been sent to you, for you know no need of mercy." He went a little further. There was the devotee at his penance, trying to work out a righteousness of his own by torturing his own flesh; and the angel said, "I am not sent to you; for you, it seems, can pardon your own sins by penance, and blot out your own guilt by your own sufferings." Then, as the angel went along, he heard the voice of one who said, "I the chief of sinners am, and I need the mercy of God." He listened; it was in a lonely room upstairs where the pleading voice was heard. There could be no doubt as to the awful trade that woman had carried on; but there she was, kneeling by her bedside; the tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her heart was ready to burst within her. The angel stopped, and listened, and he heard her tell a tale of infamy that almost made his holy mind shudder. He marked her, as she repeated all her grievous offences, and wept before God, and asked for pardon; and the angel paused just for a moment, and looked at her, wondering that God should send him down to her. He thought within himself, "Is this the woman?" and he turned to the roll on which her name was written, and found she was indeed the very one, and he whispered in her ears sweet words of comfort. He, by the Holy Spirit, applied to her some precious promises of the Word, and she rose from her knees, and cried, "I am forgiven! I am forgiven! I'm a miracle of grace!" Stop, angel, stop, ere thou goest, answer me this question, "Why didst thou fly thither? Why didst thou not enter into the palaces of kings, or into the houses of courtiers? Why not stop at full many a merchant's house in that busy street?" The angel answers, "I had no errand

there; I was sent to the chief of sinners, for there was I most required. Those others believed that they did not need mercy, therefore I went not to them; but 'this woman' knew she was a sinner, and sought forgiveness from the Lord, so I came to bring a pardon for her from her Saviour." Beloved, admire the sovereignty of God's grace, that He gives His pardon just where He pleases, entirely irrespective of men. "Have I not a right to do what I will with Mine own?" is the question God always seems to ask. He is ever saying, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion."

See next, *the vast extent of the atonement*, which could wash such a sinner "whiter than snow." She was very sinful, very sinful indeed, yet all her sins were washed out by the Saviour's blood. *We* need the Saviour's blood to wash *our* sins away; and "this woman" did not need any more than that. That which will just suffice for us, sufficed for her, too. Let me picture a scene. There is the "fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." The invitation is given, "O ye sinners, come and wash!" Here comes a man who has, by Divine grace, been led to see his lost estate, but who has been preserved from open immorality; he comes to the fountain,—a pure, spotless character, in the eye of the world; black, however, in his own esteem. He washes, and as he comes out of the fountain, whiter than driven snow, he sings a song of grateful praise, and blesses God. But, lo, here comes another: see, he is blacker than the one who went before; he has committed sins that men have seen. Will the fountain suffice for him, too? See, he plunges in, and comes out as white as the first one. See, there comes another, and he is black from head to foot; he is deeply stained with sin; he is all unholy, unclean, nothing else but sin. Will that blood cleanse *him*? Will that bath suffice for him? Surely it may wash away a part of his guilt, but it cannot wash away all his blackness. Mark, be attentive! Look down, ye angels! That black sinner steps into the bath, he is buried in its flood; he comes up, and oh, I see him! Who is this that cometh up from the washing fair and clean? Who is this that riseth up from the fountain, washed thoroughly from his iniquity, and cleansed from his sin? See, again, there comes "this woman!" She also plunges into the fountain, and she is washed, and made clean. Black she was, yea, black as hell when she went down; but white she is, yea, white as Heaven now she has come up from the cleansing flood. Admire, then, the mighty power of the atoning blood. Instead of disputing about whether the atonement be general or particular, enquire whether it has been applied to *you*. Instead of asking the extent of the atonement, ask whether it has extended to your soul, whether it has washed you, whether you have been baptized into its cleansing stream, and have been made pure. If you have not been cleansed in the fountain of atoning blood, however great that atonement, it avails nothing for you. You are lost, lost, lost, unless the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses you from all sin.

See, once more, "this woman" as an instance of abundant grace, and regard her as a *trophy of the Holy Spirit's power* as well as of the power of redemption. This poor woman was excessively vile, and she, by the Holy Spirit's influence, was made penitent. If there could

step upon this platform some wondrous man, who should tell you that he could work miracles, who should bring before you a piece of adamant, and say, "Adamant, dissolve!" and the adamant should immediately run away in drops, what would you say of that man? If, next, he should present to you a piece of ebony, and by simply saying to it, "Be white!" the ebony should immediately turn to snowy whiteness, what would you say of that man? Would you not say that he possessed powers, mighty and marvellous, beyond those of any other mortal man? Such was the power of the Holy Spirit in this woman's heart. She had doubtless heard of Jesus, yes, and probably she had laughed at Him many a time. What! she turn religionist? What! she wash the feet of Jesus? Ah, no! she scorned any such idea as that. The Pharisee passed by, and sneered at her; was she going to turn penitent to be such a hypocrite as she believed him to be? The Saviour approached, and perhaps she thought He had nothing for her, so she went on her way. I have often wondered how it was that this poor woman came to be converted. George Whitefield has a very curious passage on this subject in one of his sermons, I must refer to it because it is a very singular thought of his. He says that, one day, Jesus was preaching in the Temple, and *he supposes* this woman to have been Mary the sister of Martha. For once, the good man was mistaken, as the name of "this woman" is, for good, and wise, and kind reasons, not known, but Whitefield says: One day, Jesus was preaching in the Temple, and Martha came to hear Him;—a very good, staid sort of woman she was;—and, hearing Jesus, she thought within herself, "If I could get my poor sister Mary to come to hear this preacher, I should not wonder if she would be converted." So Martha went home, and said, "Mary, a man is preaching a sermon in the Temple, do come and listen to Him." "Oh, no!" answered Mary, "I would not go to hear a sermon." Then Martha began to use such winning arts, Whitefield tells you of them, but I dare not. "Ay, do come," she said, "He has such a voice, there is such mellowness in it; never man spake like this Man. There is so much grandeur and nobility about Him; do come and see Him." So poor Mary went off to see and hear this wonderful Man, and she tried to get a glimpse of Him over the heads of the crowd. Presently, this Man fixed his eyes on her, and looked at her specially apart from all the rest of the people, He stretched out His hands, and said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mary started, for she thought, "He knows I am labouring and heavy-laden, too." Then the Preacher went on to tell a story about a prodigal son, who had gone far astray, and wasted his living with harlots. "Ah!" thought Mary, "that is my case; have not I gone far astray?" He told of the loving father receiving and forgiving that prodigal son; and Mary stood, and, as she listened, she wept. So she went to Jesus, and He said that her sins might yet be forgiven, for He was the Son of man who had power on earth to forgive sins; and Mary believed on Jesus, and He sent her on her way rejoicing. This may have been the way "this woman" was converted. That, however, we cannot tell; but certainly it was by the power of the Holy Spirit, and we cannot but admire and adore that mighty power which can

break or dissolve hearts of adamant, and convert the worst of men, and the worst of women, so that they become the very best and brightest of saints.

Just one other remark, and then I will not detain you longer upon this head. It is this: as "this woman" was an instance of sovereign grace, so, *if we are saved, we must all be saved by the same grace that saved her*. If you go to Heaven, you must elbow pick-pockets, and walk side by side with thieves and drunkards; I mean, with persons who were once such: but they are washed, but they are sanctified, but they are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. There is only one road to Heaven for the chimney sweep and for Queen Victoria. There is only one path to glory for the poor and for the rich, for the moral and the immoral. There is but one gate to Paradise, and we must all be saved in the same fashion. "What!" says one, "am I to say the same prayer as this woman? Am I to go down on my knees as humbly as she?" Yes; there is not a girl in your Dormitory, there is not a woman in a Penitentiary, but if she come to God, she must come on the same footing as the best of us; and if we come to Christ, we must come just as she does. She comes with nothing at all, for she has nothing to bring; and we must come with nothing at all, too; we must all alike plead for God's mercy, all alike rely simply on God's grace. If we are not willing to come that way, we must take the consequences; for there is no other way. If we will not have that, we must take the direful alternative of being lost.

### III. Now, thirdly, "Seest thou this woman's" FERVENT LOVE?

Come, lukewarm souls, I have something to show you; I have something to make you marvel! You do not love your Saviour much. You say you do, you make a profession of it; but you do not love Him much. Come, now, I am going to show you a specimen of fervent love. Shall I tell you how "this woman" came to Jesus? She would never have wept for all the scoldings that could have been given to her. Her's was fervent love; but she would never have loved Christ for all the exhortations that might have been bestowed upon her. Her's was fervent love; but she would never have loved Jesus Christ for all the lectures of the most learned Pharisees, or the most intellectual Rabbis. What was it broke this woman's heart, and made her weep in penitence? It was nothing but *love*; and in that word there is a mighty power. There are very few who know how to spell that word so as to use it aright. Some think that, to reform the world, chains and fetters are fine things. Ay, sirs, ye shall use all the iron in the world before ye shall reform it in that manner. Some think that gibbets are noble things to exalt the character of our nation. Ay, they may hang us all, and yet they shall not have bettered us; and they may sweep away one half of this our race, but the other half shall murder just as much for all that. There is little good wrought by harsh means; and if you think you are going to reclaim people by looking surlily at them, you think altogether wrong. I would advise you to try to light a fire with a pail of water, and when you have done that, you are likely to convert a poor wanderer by frowning at her. I have often admired the manner in which some of our divines go to work to convert heretics; it reminds me of the story

of a Quaker, who went to Rome with the firm intention of converting the Pope. When he arrived there, and got audience of his Unholiness, he said to him, "Friend Pope, I have come here to convert thee; and in order to begin aright, I will tell thee thou art sure to be damned, for thy church is Babylon, and thou wilt be lost." The Pope is said to have replied, "Friend, I am much obliged to thee; and I have also to say to thee that, if thou art not out of my dominions in four-and-twenty hours, I will roast thee alive!" That was about the end of the poor Quaker's mission, because he began at the wrong end. He might have had very little success if he had begun at any other end; but he destroyed all hope by beginning as he did. So, no doubt, some of you think you could reclaim some of the worst of characters; do you not? Yet, perhaps, you would make them ten times worse than they are now, and make confusion worse confounded. But our Saviour was loving and kind to this woman, and that broke her heart. One soft word will often break bones more swiftly than a hard blow. He who would stand against a sabre cut, falls before the blow of one word of kindness. Kindness hath the arm of a giant; love is mightier than the sword; ay, more forcible than cannon, or all the armaments of war, are the words of Christian affection and love of humanity. This woman loved because she had been loved; so, I doubt not, we love Jesus Christ, because He first loved us.

Note, further, this woman's love had one particular about it that I wish every one of us had; *it made her very penitent*. I have sometimes heard persons talk so flippantly of loving Christ that I have been disgusted. I do not object, as some do, to those lines beginning, "Dear Jesus," because I read in the Bible of God's dear Son; but I have heard some people say, "dear" "precious" "sweet Lord," in their ordinary conversation, larding all their speech with pious utterances about Jesus which they do not mean, until I have been heartily sick of it all, and I have thought it would be better for them to cry now and then. To weep, instead of talking so much, would be a far better sign and proof of their love. This woman, while she loved her Lord, loved Him with tears, not with words. She did not come canting and whining, and saying "I love Thee, my dear Lord." No, she "stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears." That is the true way of loving Christ. We should always remember that, however familiar our alliance is with Him, there is a very great distinction between a man and Christ; that, however closely we are to approach Him, we are only creatures yet, and it does not become us, as some do, to make ourselves as familiar with Christ as if He were nothing better than we are. If we love Him, our love should be accompanied with penitence, and also with becoming reverence.

Mark, once more, *this woman's love was a very bold love*. She "kissed His feet." It was a bold stroke, after all, to come and kiss Christ's feet before that company. I have no doubt she flitted round about the door for some time, just like some poor robin tapping at the window in winter-time, and then, if you open it, it will fly away, afraid to come into the house. "This woman" saw the Saviour, and oh, how she wanted to come to Him! Oh, if she might but come

behind Him and weep! But it was a bold, bold deed to come in at all; for it was Simon's house, and Simon had no doubt often sneered at her. It was the Pharisee's house, and most likely he would put her out. Besides, kind as Jesus was, she might think that perhaps He would not bear such company as hers, and would bid her at once be gone. Still, she boldly comes. Ah, ye timid Christians, this woman shames you! There is not half the difficulty in your way that there was in this woman's; yet how often you are ashamed of your Saviour! You do not come out and confess Him; you have not joined the church yet. O sirs, let this woman teach you a lesson! See her; she is not ashamed of Jesus. I beseech you, be not ye ashamed of your Lord; yet be not impudent, for she was not; she "stood at His feet behind Him weeping;" not before Him, but behind him. While we own our Lord, let us come behind Him, weeping; showing boldness, but yet evidencing our humility. May we have such love as this!

#### IV. Fourthly, "Seest thou this woman's" GOOD WORKS?

Wherever grace comes, it brings good works after it, if it be true grace. God's love in our hearts will be sure to beget holy works toward Jesus. This woman did *deeds of affection*; but I will not dwell on that, as I have hinted at it before. But she also did *deeds of humility*. Some, if they joined our churches, would not be content to kiss Christ's feet. No; they would want to fill the highest offices; we must make them ministers or deacons, they must be great amongst us. But "this woman" loved her Lord so much that she thought it a great honour to kiss His feet. I have heard of a young man who said that he wanted to serve Christ, but when he went to the Sunday-school, and they gave him a class of very young children, he said, "Oh, I am not going to teach such a class as that!" So he went off. He was not at all like "this woman." It was a very menial employment to wash the feet of Jesus; but she thought herself honoured when she did that. I have read of some good minister, who once said that all good deeds done for Christ were alike in honour. Said he, "If there were two angels in Heaven, and God should send them down to earth, and tell one of them to sweep a street-crossing, and the other to rule an empire, the two would have no choice which to do, so long as they knew they could honour God in whatever they did." So, if you love your Master, you will never be ashamed to do anything for Him. I do not know that you would even scorn the Midnight Mission; you would not even loathe that, though, methinks, that must be the hardest work of all. Though I would not unduly honour man, yet I must honour that man who is not ashamed to pace the streets of London, night after night, to lay hold of the outcast and forlorn, and compel them to come in, to hear the voice of mercy, and be rescued from their sins. "This woman" would not have blushed to do that work if it had been in her power, for she washed the Saviour's feet.

This woman's good works were also *very extravagant works*. She "brought an alabaster box of ointment." Mark says, "an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on His head." She did not wait to take the lid off,

"she brake the box." Why did she not take the lid off? Because she wanted to give all to Christ; so "she brake the box, and poured the ointment on His head." It was extravagant to kiss His feet, and to wash them with her tears, and to "wipe them with the hairs of her head." But, mark you, there is no true love that is not a little extravagant. I never knew true love, even to our fellow-creatures, that was not a little extravagant sometimes; and certainly there can be no true love to God that is not extravagant. "Oh!" says one, "I never do an extravagant thing!" I never said you did, I never thought you did; I daresay you do not, for you have not much love to Jesus Christ. Many think that those are mad who try to serve their Master a little better than others. If we were all such Christians as we ought to be, we should be set down as insane directly; for we should perform such deeds of love to Christ, that even our fellow-members would say, "Surely they must be mad to do such things as these." It is a mercy so to act, sometimes, and let the men of the world think us mad if they like. It is my firm conviction that much of the so-called religion of this age is not worth having. I have seen this religion in some of those who, while they stand up to perform all kinds of offices in the sanctuary, who are even deacons or churchwardens, if they were asked to give to any institution, would look at you as if you were picking their pocket, and start you from their houses. I ask, "How dwelleth the love of God in such men as these?" God's religion would make better men and better women of us all, and more earnest men and more earnest women; and, I trow, it would make us extravagant sometimes, and would make us do extraordinary deeds, which the world would say were nothing but sheer, downright madness. But we should not mind; we should know how to spell *wisdom* where the world would only read *folly*. "This woman" did humble deeds, and she did extravagant ones into the bargain.

I must also say another thing: *this woman did a deed of self-denial*. I do not suppose she was a very rich woman, but she gave the best treasure she had. She gave the ointment which might have been sold for much; she gave to Christ the best thing she had in her house: "an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious." Many boxes, no doubt, had she purchased for her own use in the days of her sin; but now she devotes all to her Lord; and she breaks the alabaster box that she may pour the precious ointment on His head. O dear friends, I do not believe that there is much religion in a man who does not sometimes make sacrifices for his Master, and deny himself! I often admire the self-denial of Mr. John Wesley. When he was asked to send in an account of his plate that it might be taxed, and word was sent to him that a man so well known must have a considerable quantity to pay duty upon, he said he had only one spoon in London, and one in York, and until there should be no more poor left in the land, he did not suppose he should possess a third. That was self-denial in giving to the poor, but many like a cheap gospel and a cheap religion. I was reading in an American work, some time ago, an account of a man saying to one of his neighbours, "You go a ruinous way to work with your religion; I always do it

on the cheap: I don't suppose my religion costs me more than a dollar a year." The other replied, "The Lord have mercy on your stingy soul!" And I thought it was a very fitting response; but some people, if they were to make the comparison, would find that religion does not cost them so much as blacking their shoes. There are many people who pay quite as much for cleaning their door-knocker, and twice as much for cleaning their door-steps, as they expend in giving to the poor and the cause of God. Many spend more on a favourite lap-dog than they would on a poor child, if they met one destitute in the street. In fact, with many, the most trifling thing comes before Christ. If we were to measure your estimate of Jesus Christ by the amount of money you devote to His service, I am afraid some of you would look very badly. But it was not so with "this woman." She loved her Saviour so much that she would give Him all. "Ah!" says one, "I am trying to get rich, and I intend leaving a very handsome sum to various societies when I die." How kind that is, to leave your money when you cannot keep it any longer! Thank you for nothing, sir, for I can answer for one thing, if you could take it with you, we should have little enough of it. Leave some, if you can; but I should like to be my own executor. If I had any money that I wished to give to the Church of Christ, I would make Him my Legatee, and give Him my money; but I would give it with my own hands, and I would do it on the principle of economy, to save the probate and legacy duty.

Now, dear friends, I am going to plead for "this woman." Perhaps you have read in the newspapers, lately, the story of what Henry Ward Beecher did with that poor black woman who was about to be sold down South. He said to her, "Sarah, come here," and she stood up before the congregation. And then he told the people how this poor woman was about to be sold, and related all the horrors of her case. Up rose one gentleman, and said, "I will pay the whole price for her freedom, if no one else will." But when they made the collection, they found there was not only enough money to buy her from slavery, but her little boy also. A good sermon that, with a good practical conclusion. Now, I cannot show you "this woman," but I can picture her to you. Some of you have never seen her; I pray God you never may! Nothing grieves me more, when I return, often late at night, from distant journeys in the country, than to see here and there, the devil's nets spread wide, and poor souls waiting at the corners of the highways, like very spiders, to spring on every unguarded youth who comes that way. Oh! if I could fetch one of these poor creatures here, I would say to her, "Poor fallen woman, wouldst thou renounce thy life?" She would say, "Yes; but I have been to such-and-such an Institution, and they told me they could not take me in, because they had no funds. I went again, and desired to be reformed, but they could not receive me." Say, men and women, shall this woman knock again, and be refused, or will you not to-night give something that will assist to throw wide open the doors? Shall she come and say, "Let me lodge here; I am anxious to be reclaimed; I desire not thus to ruin my body and to destroy my soul, and



to ruin and destroy the bodies and souls of more victims; I desire to walk henceforth in the ways of God, and to be saved;" and shall it have to be said again, "We are grieved, we are sorry; there, take that trifle, it is all we can do for you; we have no room for you, we cannot receive you, because we have no funds"? No! I trust, in God's name, you will not commit such an act of cruelty, if you are able, in the least degree, to help the Institution for which I plead.

"Seest thou this woman?" Say not, "She is an undeserving creature." I warn you that it is a Pharisaic spirit that makes you think so. The more she sins, the more we should labour to reclaim her. Recollect, if you save one such as this woman, how many others you have saved. Consider how many she might have led astray. But once snatch her away from her evil career, and consider how many may be stayed at once from the downward course that surely leads to hell. There she is, poor sinful creature; she is left alone. Perhaps her sin is not so much her own as another's. Certainly, the profit, in ten thousand cases, is to her nothing, but it goes to worse people—oh, that God's earth should bear such wretches on it!—who gain their livelihood from the flesh and blood of such poor mortals as these. "This woman" is willing to be reformed, willing to be reclaimed; ask my friend, the lieutenant, there, whether he has not met scores and hundreds who are willing to come into the Dormitory, but they cannot at all times find room for them, and do all they would for them. Therefore have I come here to plead with you; and if you think I have spoken somewhat too boldly, I ask no forgiveness; my subject demands plain speaking. I could speak in no other way to let you know what I meant. I ask again, have you no pity, no love, no sympathy for poor, lost outcasts? I beseech you, for their mother's sake, now in Heaven; for their father's sake, whose grey hairs are now hurrying to the grave; for the sake of your own sons, who may happen to be entrapped by her; ay! for your own sake, for your eyes are often offended by her; for Christ's sake, who has, I doubt not, bought many such as "this woman" with His blood, and will yet lead them up to Heaven by His Holy Spirit; by what you yourselves owe to your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and by what you have been forgiven yourselves, I beseech you, as much as lieth in you, now assist this Institution. I do not think I am wrong in pleading so hard. If any of you do not think the cause good, then, do not give your money. If you do not think the cause worth giving to, I would not thank you for a doit. But the cause is so good that, had I wealth, I would pour it out, that the work might be well maintained; and I plead from my own heart for this, perhaps more than I have done for many an institution for a long day past. With all my heart, I urge those of you who love their kind, and love the worst, as your Saviour did, now, as God shall enable you, to help these poor creatures; for our friends are helping them, and they want your assistance, and "God loveth a cheerful giver." Amen.

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(This Sermon was the means of two wanderers being received into the Dormitory. A young woman was passing by St. Martin's Hall, in a very desponding state of mind, and in great physical distress:

she saw the service announced, went in and listened with eager earnestness to the preacher; she was much impressed, stayed until the service was over, then made her sad case known, and she was admitted. Her case was a very painful one. One false step had plunged her into the wicked course which was hurrying her down to eternal destruction; but, through grace, she was arrested by this Sermon. The other wanderer was brought into the shelter of the Institution through the instrumentality of an aged Christian who was deeply impressed as she listened to the discourse of the earnest preacher. The text laid hold upon her mind, and she thought how many poor fallen ones she had passed by unheeded. A few days after, she saw a woman in a state of drunkenness; the text rushed into her memory, and she thought, "I do see this woman, and now, what is my duty towards her?" She conducted the wretched outcast woman home, visited her when she was sober, and reasoned with her on her terrible sin and its awful consequences. The aged believer was instrumental in bringing this woman into the safe shelter of the Home. This young woman had been cruelly deceived, and her hopes had been blighted under peculiarly painful circumstances.—T. W. M.)

## Dr. John Owen and Richard Davis.

BY R. SHINDLER.

**R**ICHARD DAVIS, though a Welshman by birth, spent the whole of his public life in England. After receiving a liberal education in the Principality, he went to London, where he rose to some eminence by his literary attainments, for some years filling the office of master of one of the City Schools. He became noted also for his personal piety, as he afterwards became distinguished as a minister of the gospel.

In the early part of his Christian career, while still a young man, he sought advice and instruction from the celebrated Dr. John Owen. The Doctor received him courteously, but put to him this question:—"Young man, pray, after what manner do you think to go to God?"

"Sir," said Mr. Davis, "through the Mediator."

"That is easily said," replied the Doctor; "but I do assure you that it is another thing to go indeed to God through the Mediator than many who use the expression are aware of. I myself preached Christ some years when I had but very little, if any, experimental acquaintance with access to God through Christ, until the Lord was pleased to visit me with sore affliction, whereby I was brought to the mouth of the grave, and under which my soul was oppressed with horror and darkness; but God graciously relieved my spirit in the powerful application of Psalm cxxx. 4: 'But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared;' from which I received special instruction, peace, and comfort in drawing near to God through the Mediator, and preached thereon after my recovery."

These remarks were of great use to Mr. Davis, and he was led by them more clearly into the truth concerning the way of salvation.

It is a good thing when a sinner utterly renounces all mediation—save by Jesus Christ alone,—between himself and the God against whom he has sinned; but it is better when he clearly understands the teaching of Holy Scripture on this subject; at least, on these points:—

(1.) That Jesus Christ is not a Mediator, who, by His sufferings and death, moves God to be pitiful to the guilty sinner, for Jesus Christ was given as a Mediator *because* God pitied lost man, and designed to have mercy upon him. “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.”

(2.) Much less is Christ a Mediator in the sense of making the best of our case for us, and adding His merit to make up for our deficiencies. This would afford no ground of hope for the guilty one. Besides, it is not God's way of peace.

(3.) God's way of peace is this: Jesus Christ, the Mediator, is One who comes between God, as the Representative of law and justice, and guilty, lost man: He undertakes the whole work, acting as the sinner's Substitute. He fulfils the law in all its jots and tittles; He suffers the penalty of man's sin, bearing it *in His own body on the tree*, “*being made a curse for us*,” that *He might redeem us from the curse*. He hath “put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself,” and “made peace through the blood of His cross.”

The way to God is therefore open, and He who by His blood made peace, appears as the sinner's Advocate. The message of the gospel to sinners is, “Be ye reconciled to God, for He hath made Him to be sin (in the sense of a sin-offering) for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.”

This heavenly doctrine Dr. Owen set forth in his most excellent work on Psalm cxxx., a book that has brought light and peace to multitudes. This doctrine Mr. Davis preached with wonderful power and effect, for many years, at Rowell, in Northamptonshire, and throughout that and the adjoining counties. He was the means of establishing a considerable number of Christian congregations, and calling forth many lay-preachers and other workers, some of whom became pastors of churches in different parts of the country. He was much opposed by the worldly-minded clergymen and gentry, and his untiring zeal and methods of work excited the opposition of even some of his own brethren in the ministry. But none of these things moved him.

A certain gentleman once said to him, in an imperious tone, “What business have you to go babbling up and down the country?”

“Sir,” said he, with ready presence of mind, and a countenance betokening a good cause and a good conscience,—“Sir, I was upon the work of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; *do you know Him?*”

The gentleman was silenced, and those who heard the question and answer were amazed. Suppose we put the same question to the reader, concerning the one Mediator, the Lord Jesus Christ,—“*Do you know Him?*” He is worthy of being trusted, loved, and obeyed; and those who believe on Him have everlasting life, and shall never be confounded.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### IX.—ON CONSECRATED GROUND.

THE July sun shone with scorching heat upon the London streets. The time was two o'clock on Saturday; and the locality, the block of narrow lanes running from Old Street into the City Road. The highways and by-ways were filled with crowds of workers leaving the factories. Some had on a bit of finery, and were evidently intent on an outing; but the majority were workers in working attire, hurrying along the main streets with the quick tread and swing peculiar to them, or lingering in the back lanes for purposes all their own.

In one of the unsavoury ways between Old Street and Bunhill Fields, a blind fiddler was playing outside a frowsy little public-house. Quite a crowd of young men and women had collected. Some sat on the opposite kerb, holding up the casket of their intelligence with both hands, their elbows poised upon their knees; others were dancing to the tune. Further on, a harmonium was pitched before another liquor-den, which was full to the doors. A semi-circle of admirers stood around three blotchy-faced musicians. The strain, such as it was, drew pennies from the pockets of the poor. Gaiety under such conditions reminded one of the phosphorescence to be seen on the waters of a river estuary,—illuminated mud!

\* \* \* \*

We turned into Bunhill Row. All this part of London belonged from early times to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and was rented through various periods to the City Corporation. The fields were part of the well-known Fen, and, with the adjacent Moorfields, were waste lands. How different to-day! Gradually the locality became the recreation ground of old London. In the time of the great plague, the timid country people brought their produce as far as Bunhill Fields, and the citizens of the stricken city went forth to buy, sometimes dropping dead of the pestilence while at their marketing. Defoe held that the great plague pit was in this region, and that into it were thrown the bodies for which room could not be found in the city churchyards. People were dying then at the rate of 8,000 to 12,000 a week. But before this date, part of the field had been built upon, for no less a person than John Milton lived in Bunhill Row. Here he died, in 1674, and was buried in St. Giles', Cripplegate. Now, Bunhill Row lies in the very centre of industrial London. All around are factories and warehouses, and in all the streets are the typical workers themselves.

\* \* \* \*

The hurry of the hordes of industry was slackening. In the middle of Bunhill Row, a lanky organ-grinder, in what had once been a snuff-coloured overcoat, turned the handle of his instrument as if he were possessed. Two girls, in faded feathers, danced out the tune on the opposite pavement. When they had finished an artistic movement,

one of them opened a little brass-rimmed purse, ran over, and paid the fee. The old man gave two or three expressive nods, but did not touch his hat.

A little further up, we stood for a few minutes outside a general store. Two sisters came across the road. They were poorly dressed. One was young and bright; the other, older and careworn. They paused near the kerb, unconscious of everything but their own affairs. The elder opened her palm, and, with her fingers, slowly told over the few shillings in her outstretched hand. The younger, more hopeful, was trying, somehow, to put things straight. She, too, had some silver pieces; not many, but she held her hand against the other's, the two hands making a cross. There was a world of pathos in the simple act. The elder still looked sad, but there was the girl's hand with the shillings and coppers close to her own, and a pair of wonderful brown eyes—as true as we have ever seen,—trying to kindle hope in the sister's face. The reluctant one moved forward, and the two girls disappeared into the shop. Not much to write about, perhaps. Not much to some people. Only the struggle of two young lives in great sweltering London. A humble scene upon historic ground.

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We walked across, and entered what Southey once called "The Campo Santo of Nonconformity." Bunhill Fields graveyard must have been woefully neglected for many years, for, though the Corporation has done much, the traces of former bad treatment still remain. A public way runs through the centre. This path is paved with slabs on which can still be traced the words "Family vault." The right and left sides are hemmed in with high buildings, packed with all kinds of merchandise. The head-stones rise on every hand, an exceeding great army. At the time of the closing of the ground, in 1852, more than 120,000 bodies had been interred therein. There are, in this enclosure, names of illustrious dead that will last as long as the English language. Here lie John Bunyan; Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*; John Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University under Cromwell; William Kiffin; Isaac Watts; and Susannah, the mother of the Wesleys. Here also such lights in the Church of their time as Vavasor Powell, Thomas Goodwin, Thankful Owen, Hanserd Knollys, Richard Winter, Matthew Wilks, and Dr. Williams, the founder of the celebrated Library. Many more could be named; but we mention last, yet by no means least, John Gill and John Rippon, predecessors in the pastorate of the church over which C. H. SPURGEON presided for 38 years.

Dr. Rippon was deeply interested in this burial-place of Dissenting worthies. In an old diary, at one time in the possession of the late Sir Charles Reed, an elderly lady entered the following note:—"We had, this day, at dinner with us our worthy minister, Mr. Winter, who was pleased to say he should wish to meet our good friend Matthew Wilks, for conferring and prayer upon matters which greatly concern the peace of our church just at present. After they had talked the affairs over and over, and sought the best directions, we were asked to go over to the Tabernacle to tea, and our pastor, Mr.

Winter, never having seen Dr. Owen's grave, we went into the ground by the Old Royal (now, City) Road. There we found a worthy man known to Mr. Wilks, Mr. Rippon by name, who was laid down upon his side between two graves, and writing out the epitaphs word for word." Dr. Rippon (says the little guide-book sold at the keeper's lodge,) left six vols. of Bunhill Fields' inscriptions, copied in his own handwriting: these are now in the Herald's College Library.

An hour had passed, and we were still in the graveyard, in front of the tomb of Isaac Watts, the sweet psalmist of the modern Church. Where is there to be found a grander hymn than—

"Our God, our help in ages past?"

It was sung, only the other day, by the survivors after the terrible Indian earthquake, as they stood in the open-air amid the ruins of Shillong. But its verses had a wonderfully expressive meaning as our eye wandered over the consecrated ground of Bunhill Fields. Around us lay the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, many of the early Puritan Fathers, the divines and hymn-writers of the 18th century, and a whole host of forgotten worthies. Only here and there were the inscriptions on the head-stones legible. Only when in the front rank of fame had trouble been taken to register afresh,—a few rescued from the oblivion which had overtaken the mass; now and then, as it were, peaks rising above the overwhelming flood. But, though forgotten by man, they are not lost to God. No faithful life—blurred though its epitaph be here,—ever fades from the memory of the Most High. And HE is the same throughout all generations. So, standing by the grave of Isaac Watts, the grandeur of his hymn sounded once more within the soul,—

"A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

"Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home!"

We turned, ere we left, and stood still before John Bunyan's monument. Bunyan died at sixty, on the 31st of August, 1688, only a little over two months before William of Orange unfurled the ever-memorable banner, inscribed, "The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England." Only sixty years, but long enough to be a confessor for the truth, a preacher of righteousness, a dreamer of dreams in which millions have found the realities they hold most dear. It is not how many years we live, but what we put into them, that determines their value. Dear C. H. SPURGEON went home before he was fifty-eight; but he had lived long, for he had lived well.

We had visited the graves of the Puritans, but not the tomb of Puritanism! Personally, we believe that the principles of Milton and Bunyan are still held by vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen. The people of England showed their bent when they took to "John Ploughman" as they had taken to John Bunyan. The Old Faith lives yet, though we would fain see it take a firmer hold, and spread with more swiftly widening sway. Let us be as true to pure and undefiled religion as were the heroes who now "rest from their labours," then we may have a name that shall find a place, however low down, on their illustrious roll.

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### XII.—EVEN MOHAMMEDANS BELIEVE.

THE two great religions of India are Hinduism and Mohammedanism. From among the adherents of the latter, it is supposed there are fewer conversions than from those of the former. Census returns and missionary records do not show this to be the case, but the testimony of many missionaries confirms it. The number gained, however, would seem to indicate that, were more determined effort made by men specially qualified for the work among Mohammedans, more converts might be gathered. Where one sheaf has been reaped, there is probably a waving harvest awaiting the sickle. The Mussulman lives in quite a different world of religious thought from the Hindus who surround him. He uses other religious phraseology, though speaking the same vernacular; performs other religious rites, prays in a foreign tongue, and is dominated in every detail of his religion by different hopes and fears. His sacred book is the Koran, while they have numberless Shastres. A Hindu may become a Mohammedan, but a Mohammedan cannot become a Hindu. All in India who are now believers in the Koran are descendants of those who were once idolaters.

In India, Mohammedanism seems to be more distinctly a religion than in other countries. It has no political power, as it once had: and, having gathered its adherents from a people exceedingly religious, it presents a faith far superior to the low idolatry around. But it is this very superiority that is its bane; for its votaries, like the Pharisees of old, are, on this account, more difficult to reach by the gospel. The Mohammedan holds his religion to be the very flower, fruit, and consummation of Judaism and Christianity. Mohammed was the last and therefore the chief of the prophets; others were preliminary, he is final; others were temporary, he is abiding; others were great, but he is the greatest. Thus panoplied, the Mussulman stands boldly forth, declaring that it is impossible for him to leave the Koran and the prophet, and become a follower of "the Nazarene." The picture of Christ given by Mohammed is such as to prejudice the judgment of all when they hear Him preached. Yet, here and there, we see the scales fall from their eyes; and, like the disciples on the mount, "they see no man any more, save Jesus only." The vision captivates, and they are led in triumph at our Lord's chariot-wheels.

Let me give an account of one such, named Haseinuddin. He was a Munshi, and therefore able to teach something of the Koran to the villagers where he lived. It was in the open-air that he first heard of Christ; and he seems at once to have felt the Divine attraction. Living in an out-of-the-way corner of the country, many miles from Barisal, it is hardly likely that he would have heard the Good News there. After his interest was aroused, Haseinuddin read most or all of Dr. Rouse's excellent series of tracts on the Mohammedan controversy. For some two years, he also visited us, and received much instruction. My colleague, Babu Prio Nath Nath, became his especial friend; and we all looked upon him as a brother. On Christmas-day, 1892, he made a clear and sufficient confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus before the whole church at Barisal. It was with great joy he was received and baptized that very day. Two months later, we visited him in his own home. His little wife had been terribly tried by her neighbours; and, though my wife was the first English lady she had ever seen, she clung to her as a child clings to its mother. She felt she had a sister who could sympathize and understand. The four little ones, too, found a new world of delight in our children, who were with us in the boat. The village is one of the prettiest in lower Bengal. To reach it, we had to row the mission boat up rivers thickly lined with palm trees to the water's edge. The whole of the neighbourhood was aroused; and as we proceeded, numbers of Mohammedans stood on the banks making enquiries about us. No missionary had travelled that route before. Quite a large group had gathered by the time we reached the homestead. The little courtyard of our brother's house was crowded; and Haseinuddin himself gave an excellent account of his new faith. The people listened with real respect as he told them of the questions he had asked of their Mulvi without eliciting any satisfactory answers. "You know, all of you," he said, "that the Koran has no root;" and he proceeded to point out its rootless characteristics. As I looked into the faces of the men who were seated on mats, boxes, bits of sacking, or boards such as Haseinuddin could supply, I felt how far they were from the Kingdom into which he had entered!

Much was done in the way of persecution to force our brother to recant, but it all failed. His eldest son was allured away, never to return; and great temptations were held out to his wife to leave him. It seemed to Mrs. Spurgeon and myself that a family so isolated from all Christian influences was in constant peril. There was no other believing family within a radius of some miles. So we invited them, for a few weeks, to our station at Barisal, where Christian society, Christian worship, and Christian life could be enjoyed by our brother and sister. Pages might be written descriptive of the wonder with which the wife looked at, and gradually yielded to, much of their new environment. But, meantime, the homestead left vacant was in danger. Haseinuddin was compelled to return to look after his property. He was away only a few days; but on his return to Barisal to fetch his family, he found that his wife had died of cholera. He came back to stand by her grave in the Christian burial-ground, and to find his four tiny children motherless. Her end was peace. She had died with Christian hands ministering to her. She was taken away from the



terrible wiles of Satan, the persecution of neighbours, and the troubles of life to her Saviour's presence; but the strong man wept indeed!

His faith was tried so as by fire, and it stood the test. His eldest son, in the meantime, had stolen his little store of money, probably hidden somewhere in the homestead. Later on, his house was burnt down; and, one morning, poison was deftly sprinkled over the rice all the family were to eat. Haseinuddin had just strength enough left to write a few lines urging me to send help at once because all were dying. Two native brethren were soon on their way, and found that our brother, as well as the children, had somewhat recovered. They had discovered the poison soon enough to throw away the food instead of eating the usual quantity. Still, they were very ill and weak. Had they died amid a bigoted population, it would have been sad indeed! Neighbours often cast the details of our brother's calamities in his teeth; but he holds firmly to the faith. Often does he stand up to distribute tracts, or to bear witness in the crowded market-place. Sometimes, in spite, the books are snatched from his hands, and torn up in his presence; and, once, he had to escape by the back door of a friendly Hindu shop-keeper to save himself. Had there been no other conversion from Mohammedanism, this one suffices to prove that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation even to a Mussulman.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLV.—PASTOR J. R. COOPER, LATE OF PORTLAND, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

**JAMES RIDES COOPER** was born in September, 1856, of pious parents. Like many another servant of God, he owes much to the example and training of a truly godly father and mother.

The little lad was sent to a British School, where he made the best use of his advantages. Being fond of study, his own desire was to become a teacher; but his father deeming it wiser to give him a trade, apprenticed him to his eldest brother, a coach-builder.



When about sixteen years of age, he was brought to a joyful acceptance of the Lord Jesus as his personal Saviour; and in process of time, removing to London, he embraced the privilege of sitting under the ministry of that prince of preachers, C. H. SPURGEON. On a certain Thursday, ever-memorable in the history of the young convert, Mr. Spurgeon preached from the text, "Who is on the Lord's side?" This sermon led to the conviction that it was a plain duty to be baptized,

and to be joined in fellowship with the church,—the result being that, on the 27th of May, 1876, Mr. Cooper was baptized, and united to the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

He now began to heed and obey the Divine call to service. On each Lord's-day morning, he taught a class in the Almshouses' Sunday-school, being himself an attendant at Elder Perkins' Bible-class in the afternoon, while Sunday evening found him one of an earnest band of young men, members of the same Bible-class, engaging in Mission work in the New Kent Road.

A severe attack of rheumatic fever necessitated Mr. Cooper's return home. On his recovery, he was led, in the providence of God, to Peterborough, where he enjoyed the advantage of sitting under the ministry of that devoted minister of Christ, Rev. Thos. Barrass. It was during his residence in Peterborough that Mr. Cooper's life-work began to take shape before him. He not only became a teacher in the Sunday-school, but, in company with other young men, established a successful open-air service. God's blessing rested so signally upon the efforts of the young preachers, that they were anxious to extend the sphere of their activity, and, with their pastor's full consent, they conducted services at the branch chapel at Stanground. In this work, young James Cooper was appointed leader, and preached the first sermon from the words, "Where art thou?" Like many another preacher before, and since, he started well, speaking with much freedom, when suddenly, a rush of self-consciousness, or a lack of ideas, brought him to an abrupt pause. The embarrassing silence was at last broken by the preacher exclaiming, "I do not know what to say; but I do love my Saviour, and wish that you loved Him, too."

After some further exercise of his gifts as a local preacher, Mr. Cooper was sent as a supply to Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire, where his preaching was so acceptable and useful, that he was invited to become the pastor. He had, for some time, felt impelled to devote himself to the ministry of the Word, and the call of the church deepened the impression that God was calling him to this service, and after due deliberation and prayer, he accepted the invitation, and entered upon pastoral work in August, 1880, commencing his ministry at Pinchbeck with a sermon from the text, "O Lord, open Thou my lips: and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise." The prayer of his text was answered; the Lord did open his mouth, and many were richly blessed under his earnest and faithful ministry.

The young pastor soon began to feel how slenderly he was equipped for such solemn and responsible work, and to realize his need of proper training for the ministry. This resulted in a successful application to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the Pastors' College. Mr. Cooper left Pinchbeck with the love and best wishes of the people to whom he had ministered for eighteen months, and in January, 1882, entered upon a course of study in the Pastors' College, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of President and tutors, at the same time winning the love and esteem of his fellow-students. While still a student, Mr. Cooper was sent to establish a Baptist Church at Aldershot,—a difficult but important sphere of Christian labour. He threw himself into this enterprise with characteristic

ardour and devotion, and was soon rewarded by seeing a church of thirty-one members formed. The Foresters' Hall, where the services were held, being unsuitable for a permanent work, a fund was started for a chapel; one generous friend gave a valuable corner site; and others, donations to the amount of £200. But it was not the Lord's will that His servant should continue the work so happily commenced at Aldershot; that was to be committed to other hands.

Mr. Spurgeon had been asked by Mr. Gibson, that munificent friend of the Baptists in Tasmania, to select a minister for the vacant church at Perth in that Colony. His choice fell on Mr. Cooper, who had for some time felt specially drawn to missionary or foreign service. The offer was eventually accepted, as well as the condition that the outgoing pastor must marry before leaving for his distant sphere. He was happily united to Miss Bessie Pomeroy, of Aldershot, and, in company with Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, who was returning to his church at Auckland, sailed for the island Colony, where his ministry was much blessed, and where the present writer made his acquaintance,—an acquaintance which ripened into the warmest friendship.

Early in 1887, Mr. Cooper received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Portland, Victoria,—the earliest settlement made in that Colony. He decided to accept the invitation, and in April of the same year commenced his ministry there. Of his work in Portland, the writer can speak from personal knowledge. Ten years of faithful, unremitting labour have been given to church and town, with the result that a weak and poor church has become strong, vigorous, and flourishing, and an old and unsightly chapel has proved too strait for the increasing congregations and work, and has given place to a new and handsome one in the centre of the town. This fine building, with the large and commodious schools, has been entirely paid for; and the church has become one of the most important in the town. Mr. Cooper did not confine his ministrations to the members of his own congregation; but, wherever there was sickness, sorrow, or bereavement, he became a constant visitor; his house-to-house ministry made him the trusted and beloved friend of the townspeople generally, and not a few were won to Christ through his labours in this direction.

Such was the respect and confidence reposed in him, that he was elected a member of the various philanthropic institutions of the town, and President of its Public Library. When it became known that Mr. Cooper intended terminating his pastorate at Portland, and returning with his family to England, the regret was deep and universal; all classes of the community vied with one another in showing their esteem for the retiring pastor. Not only was there a large meeting of Mr. Cooper's own church and congregation, at which deep regret was expressed at his departure, and a handsome presentation made to him, but at a meeting of the inhabitants generally, a public farewell was tendered to him, and an address, bearing testimony to his character and worth as a citizen and his high ability and devotion as a Christian minister, was presented to him, accompanied by a purse of gold. There were also addresses of regretful farewell from his fellow-officers of the Benevolent Asylum, the Public Library, the British and Foreign Bible Society, &c. The universal testimony

at both meetings was that the servant of the Lord would leave behind him a noble, generous, and faithful ten years of service for God and man.

Mr. Cooper's brother-ministers in Victoria feel his loss keenly, for he has endeared himself to them all. They have learned to highly appreciate his qualities as a laborious student, a fervent preacher of the gospel, and a true and steadfast friend. The executive of the Victorian Baptist Union bears high testimony to his ministerial and personal qualities, and commends him to the confidence of the Churches of Great Britain.

Mr. Cooper is now seeking a pastorate in England, and any church needing a pastor, and inviting him, may be sure of obtaining a gentleman of sterling worth, and a minister of high mental and spiritual qualifications.

It is only bare justice to say that Mrs. Cooper is a lady of great sweetness of disposition and true Christian devotion, who has most loyally and ably seconded her husband in all his labours; her gentle sympathy, warm friendliness, and unaffected piety have greatly endeared her to all who have known her, both in Tasmania and Victoria.

ALFRED BIRD.

N.B.—As a guide to the officers of vacant churches, it may be well to mention that Mr. Cooper's address is, Shortwood Villa, Staines, Middlesex.

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## "These Thirty Years."

BY V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

THE history of the Stockwell Orphanage is comprised within the second half of Her Majesty's record reign. "These Thirty Years" have not only witnessed the growth and consolidation of the empire, but the expansion of Christian and benevolent activity which has no parallel in the history of Christendom. "Christianity in action" will be a tempting theme for the pen of the historian when the history of our own times comes to be fully written.

To the devout student of current events, the exclamation, "What hath God wrought!" will not only be the language of a glad surprise, but the expression of a grateful emotion. Had the royal pageant not been exclusively military, the triumphs of art, of science, and of industry, might have been represented on a scale of grandeur worthy of the nation and of the age. The many phases of Christian philanthropy designed to mitigate human misery and to minister to human need would, also, have had a place.

It was left, however, to each separate institution, or locality, to demonstrate the fact that, as a nation, we are not unmindful of our marching orders, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" and the result has awakened universal thanksgiving.

It is a remarkable fact, and one not easily understood by the foreigner, that many of our great philanthropic institutions have arisen and flourished without royal help or patronage. No member of the royal family has ever visited the Stockwell Orphanage; and

yet it is adjudged worthy to rank with the best foundations of "These Thirty Years." It must be said, however, that we have never sought the favour, and that there is every reason to believe the request would have been granted. The sympathy of the royal family for the sufferer, when Mr. Spurgeon was stricken by the illness which proved fatal, found expression in the letters and telegrams sent by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; and, we doubt not, the sympathy, thus expressed, will be graciously extended to the Orphanage, which is such a beautiful memorial of the beloved and honoured Founder, if ever it is sought.

It was in 1867 the work of the Orphanage commenced; and now, in the year 1897, it is a well-appointed home and school for 500 fatherless children, the only qualifications for admission being orphanhood and necessity. And what a charming home it is! Covering an area of nearly four acres in one of the most salubrious suburbs of South London, every inch of it freehold, and all the fittings and furniture of the houses and schools paid for; with a capital fund which now yields upwards of two thousand a year towards its maintenance; and with this record—that the incumbrance of debt has never retarded the work for a moment, the managers of the Institution may justly be proud of the history of "These Thirty Years."

But what of the future? As old friends pass away, will others come forward to take their places on the subscribers' list? We have no fear but that such will be the case. The Lord, whom we seek to serve in this labour of love, will not be unmindful of His covenant; and His promises to the widow and the fatherless are most definite for faith to claim. Let not the reader, however, entertain the specious plea that others will see that the work does not languish for lack of funds. In raising, by voluntary contributions, every year at least ten thousand pounds to maintain the Orphanage in full efficiency, we need the sympathy, the prayers, and the generous help of all our friends whom we seek to reach by this Magazine. The need is constant, and as the expenses have always been met within the month in which they were incurred, the reader will sympathize with our wish and the resolve that, by God's help, the future of the Institution shall be worthy of the best traditions of

"THESE THIRTY YEARS."

## Christians and Mohammedans.

THIS month, we have passed through the (to us) new but apostolic experience of being "taken up." Another missionary and myself were visiting the next coast-town, Monastir by name, so called, 'tis said, from a monastery which once stood there; and after having a good missionary talk in the market, we were marched off to the magistrate, charged with giving away religious books. However, as we had been careful to keep within the law, and had "done nothing worthy of bonds or imprisonment," we were soon let go, and afterwards spent a long and, we trust, not fruitless day in this hard town. As we are not allowed to sell or distribute in the streets or shops, it seems necessary to hire some place of our own (they are very cheap) where we can offer books for sale, and also heal the sick (of

whom there are many). We should rejoice to try this experiment; and, no doubt, if it be the Lord's will, He will give both strength and funds. Our presence in these dark places is a powerful reminder to the unsaved. "Why do you come here? There are no Protestants here," said one, blind to the fact that his own words *supplied* the reason why.

"How many Arabs have you converted now?" asked a neighbouring French doctor. "They are like people sunk at the bottom of a well; and when you have converted an Arab, I will be converted myself." As we parted, he asked me for one of our books. I gladly gave him a Bible; he had not one, neither had he ever read it. If he gets saved himself, he will then know that the Almighty God can save anyone, even Arabs.

Harvesting being over, we are getting more patients. Three mornings a week, two of our rooms are filled, one with men, the other with women, listening to the gospel. Notwithstanding the opposition of some, there are nearly always others who listen with rapt attention. It is so new, so strange, they think, that *Christians* should know or care anything about God and Heaven; and when we try to show that sin is not alone gross open sin, but also secret sin of lustful eye or wicked thought, they seem sometimes to wake, as from a sleep, to feel their utter sinfulness.

Some are not happy in the *present*. This month, a young man showed me great wounds upon his arm and head, where, out of spite, he told me, he had wilfully burnt himself because one day he felt so angry. While, as to the *future*, others say that thoughts of death and judgment often trouble them.

At our evening meetings with those who stay with us, new light shines forth from the Sacred Page. A few nights since, we were reading Christ's words about loving our enemies. Now, a Moslem will not even return the salutation, "Peace upon you," if it be offered him by a Christian. "No!" said my hearers, "it would be *wicked* to say *salam* (peace) to any Christian." Then was it refreshing to my soul to see how even their bigoted hearts bowed before the words of Jesus as I showed the contrast between Islam's narrow hatred and God's boundless love in Jesus Christ. My presence and the shelter they enjoyed were *material* results of that love which even they could not misunderstand.

I was much cheered by the Pastor's good words in this month's Magazine. May the P.C.M.A. circle on till it circles the whole globe with "our own men"!

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## The Hop-pickers' Mission,—A Reminder.

BY the time this note falls beneath the reader's eye, we shall be in the midst of our very interesting work among the hop-pickers in Kent. Upwards of fifty thousand of the poorest people from our towns and cities come into Mid-Kent for the month of September, to help gather in the hop harvest. Here we have a splendid opportunity of taking the gospel to these masses that are not so easily reached in their crowded haunts. It was the recognition of this fact that gave birth to "The Hop-pickers' Mission," thirty-three years ago, in the hands of Mr. Kendon.

The writer joined this Mission in the same year that he was accepted by the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon as one of his evangelists. Always generously inclined to every good work, the dear President at once opened the pages of *The Sword and the Trowel* for the advocacy of this Mission; and thus, year by year, widened our constituency of helpers until, to-day, in place of Mr. Kendon and one City Missionary, we have some sixteen men in the field each September.

At the commencement of the Mission, and for some years, the work was mainly that of visiting the gardens and camps from *one* centre. Now, we have *four* centres of operation; and, as at the first, we work in the gardens and camps; but we also visit the villages around for open-air services each evening; gather the strangers to free teas on Sunday afternoon, in order to have the opportunity of a brief service with them; distribute clothing and boots to the thinly-clad and shoeless; tend with medicine the sick; and, indeed, lay ourselves out to benefit them in every conceivable way. Such varied service cannot be carried on without considerable expense; and as our list of generous helpers is being constantly thinned by death, we feel it needful to plead for others to fill their places, if this beneficent work is to go on; hence this "reminder." It will save trouble if intending donors will kindly note that parcels of tracts, boots, clothing, etc., should be sent per S.E.R., carriage paid, *only* to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden Station; donations to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to the Honorary Assistant Secretary, John Burnham, Fern Bank, Brentford.

J. B.

## 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.

N.B.—It will save trouble, and prevent delay, if all books for review are addressed to the Editor, c/o Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; or sent direct to "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

We are glad to see that there is a new edition of *Alpha and Omega*; or, *God in Human Life*, by Rev. WM. MIDDLETON (Morgan and Scott). We heartily commended this volume of sermons on its first appearance, so need now only mention its price, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

*Over-ruled*, by PANSY (C. H. Kelly), is another of this popular writer's pleasing stories, which will fully maintain her already high reputation.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued three more of the *New Pansy Series*, fourpence nett each,—*Miss Priscilla Hunter*, and other Stories, by PANSY; *Avic: a Story of Imperial Rome*, by ELIZA F. POLLARD; and *Wild Bryonie*; or, *Bonds of Steel and Bands of Love*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL. Doubtless, in this cheap form, they will have a still wider circulation, and will interest the many readers of this kind of religious fiction.

No. 3, in the series of penny pamphlets to which we have previously referred,—*The Conspiracy of Silence Broken*,—is Rev. JOHN PARKER's criticism of *The Essence of Christianity*, by Professor Allan Menzies, and is quite worthy of a place beside its predecessors. Mr. Parker is doing great service to the cause of truth by pointing out the contrast between the "Christianity" of the New Testament and the so-called "essence" of it which finds favour with so many to-day.

*The Report of Christian Endeavour Convention*, held at Liverpool, Whitsuntide, 1897, edited by Rev. W. KNIGHT CHAPLIN, and published by Andrew Melrose, will surely make many who were absent wish they had been there, while to the privileged individuals who were present it must recall many of the striking scenes and sayings at those memorable gatherings. The portraits of many of the principal speakers, with other illustrations, help to make up a cheap, interesting, and instructive shilling-worth of C.E. literature, which all Endeavourers should possess and prize.

*Old Testament Criticism and the Rights of the Unlearned.* By Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Religious Tract Society.

NOTHING could be more timely than the present issue. As a "Present Day Primer" it meets a present need with an amount of precision, logical force, and Scriptural grasp, that leaves little, if ought, to be desired. The "Higher Criticism" is, in these pages, calmly reviewed, and we may also add, ground exceedingly small in the process. After this exposure of the Don Quixote methods of the "Higher Critical" faculty, even simple men may walk at large, indifferent to the pop-gun fire that is directed against their accredited beliefs. Seen at a distance, and according to the scale of pretension, "Higher Criticism" looks portentous; but on a near acquaintance, what appeared to be substance is only gossamer, and the feeling of awe gives way to contempt.

*The Ancient Faith in Modern Light.*

A series of essays. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A NOTABLE volume, in many respects of great value, though uneven, both in character and quality, in its several parts. The modern light here does not, as a whole, try to destroy the ancient faith; but gives it the emphasis and force of the latest scholarship and theological research. We gladly trace a very distinct recoil from the wilder theories in vogue but a little while ago, and a return to the saner treatment of Divine truth upon truly Evangelical lines; but there are exceptions even to this, as there must necessarily be in such a Noah's Ark of contrasted writers. The paper on "The Redemptive Work of the Lord Jesus Christ," by Professor E. Vaughan Pryce, is a very inadequate statement of the vicarious sacrifice and substitutionary work of the Saviour; but, on the other hand, that on "The New Citizenship," by Dr. Parker, is the finest and freshest exposition of Free Church principles and New Testament Nonconformity we have ever seen. This is a book, not for babes, but for full-grown men and women, who "have their senses exercised to discern

both good and evil," and to such it will give stimulus for much thought, though in some cases also for serious questioning.

*Which Bible to Read, — Revised or Authorized.* By FRANK BALLARD. H. R. Allenson.

WRITTEN by a strong partisan of the Revised Version, and in a dogmatic and assured tone far removed from the judicial temper befitting the theme. It would seem that the time has not yet come for a dispassionate review of the respective merits of the two versions; and the issue of such works as this tends to put that time still farther off. Happily, the knowledge of Hebrew and Greek is the monopoly of no clique; and many beside Dean Burgon, Professor Blackie, and Mr. Washington Moon are too well instructed to follow uniformly either the Greek basis of the revision or the English rendering. That better materials for revision exist now than ever before, we readily grant; but we hold that this advantage has been more than neutralized by the insane regard for one or two uncials, and by numerous puerilities, as well as some odious mistranslations. Even Romans i. 18, which is assumed by the author of this shilling booklet to be such a decided improvement, runs counter to Scriptural usage, — the force of *kata* in the verb in question being invariably intensive. We believe strongly in the need of a Revision, but not in the school-boy production which is now in the field.

*An Evangelist's Bible-digging. The Gospel of Matthew.* By HENRY THORNE. Alfred Holness. Price 6d., 9d., and 1s.

THIS is a delightful little book of its kind, abounding in side-lights; and while chiefly a digest of the Gospel of Matthew, shows an appreciative eye, and a power of marshalling facts, which will help to instruct others in the labour and profit of "Bible-digging."

*Is the Bible in Conflict with Science?* A penny pamphlet, to be obtained of the author, J. GRINSTED, Edgeware



Road, Southville, Bristol, and worthy of widespread distribution among working-men and others who may have been misled by Secularist lecturers or literature. The "Testimonies from the Highest Scientific Authorities in the World" add to the value of the author's argument.

*The Personal Ministry of the Son of Man.* By JAMES JEFFREY, M.A. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE idea is to furnish studies in the Saviour's application of His own teaching. Such a theme allows of no monopoly, any more than it does of private interpretation; and while we would congratulate the author on having so well covered the ground, we nevertheless yearn for something more intense, in pungency, grip, and power.

*The Times of Christ.* By L. A. MUIRHEAD, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

AN excellent volume in the valuable series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes." A pithy but absolutely reliable description of our Lord's surroundings. The boiled-down and essenced teaching of many a long encyclopædia article put into terse and compact form. The value of such Handbooks can scarcely be overrated; for busy preachers and hard-driven Sunday-school teachers, they are priceless boons. We warmly welcome the present volume, and put it on our shelves, to remain there for constant reference.

*The Divine Indwelling.* Selections from the Letters of WILLIAM LAW, with an Introduction by Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

A TINY book on a tremendous theme, written by a former-century mystic, and recommended by a modern-day one of the best kind. Law was not all gospel; he mixed human imagining with Divine revelation;—but he was a spiritual giant, and most of us may profitably listen to him, and learn much from him. He felt and prayed his way into truth rather than argued about it, and his method might be followed much more often than it

is to our soul's enriching. This pocket edition at a shilling might help some to ponder his writings who would be repelled by the sight of his larger volumes.

*Plain Talks on Perfection.* By THOMAS CHAMPNESS. "Joyful News" Book Depot, Rochdale.

MR. CHAMPNESS evidently knows how to write for common people, and how to make even difficult subjects interesting and readable. For this work, the author eschews the metaphysics of the question, and aims at practical results on the lines of gradual approachment. While we doubt not the general utility of this method, it is like wading in the shallows in comparison with Wesley's voyagings on Perfection's Sea.

*Gold Chains; or, Finding God by Prayer.* By RUSSELL HENRY. Elliot Stock.

THESE "Gold Chains" are calculated to stir thought in the best connections, and to guide it to the best results. The object is to find the reader by the truth, to bind him when found, and to set him "free indeed" by the gold chains which link him to the living God. Prayer is a simple exercise, but it requires a rich experience to prove its full worth. While small in bulk, this booklet is golden in quality.

*Pardon and Assurance.* By the late Rev. WILLIAM J. PATTON. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

AN admirable book, by an eminent soul-winner, who lived in the light of God's countenance, and who was in his element in dealing with the grand Evangelical themes of Pardon and Assurance. Among the subjects treated are "The Happiness of being a Christian," "Sin," "The Father's Love to Sinners," "Christ's Love to Sinners," &c. While all God's children will find here their portion, the special value of the book concerns the seeking sinner and the doubting Christian. The volume is enriched by a biographical sketch from the pen of the Rev. John McIlveen, B.A., of Belfast.

*The Witness of History to Baptist Principles.* By W. T. WHITLEY. Alexander and Shephard.

AN examination of the foundations and principles of our teaching and practice as Baptists. We are led back to the Scripture times, and the custom of the earliest Christian Church, as showing that the immersion of believers, and believers only, was the teaching of God's Word, and the belief of the early fathers. Only when the Church became corrupt, was the solid basis of God's truth forsaken for the priestly pretence and figment of invented ordinance. Heartily do we wish that this treatise might be found in every family; if read and prayerfully pondered, it would soon compel obedience to the apostolic command, "Repent, and be baptized."

*The Mission of St. Augustine to England, according to the Original Documents, being a Handbook for the Thirteenth Century.* Edited by ARTHUR JAMES MASON, D.D. Cambridge: The University Press.

THIS work, which was undertaken at the instance of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, only serves to show the Romish foundation of the Church of England originally, and the illogical position of those who, despite that fact, believe in the historical continuity of the Anglican communion. That the object contemplated by Gregory, through the agency of this mission, was accomplished, is clear; but what there is here to aid Anglican divines in their recent controversy with Rome, is hard to perceive. The result may be, according to Archbishop Benson's anticipation, the production of "a most precious little book;" but, like Samson's grinding for the Philistines, Anglican toil goes to fill the barns of Rome with corn. For our own part, we wish the day had never dawned which witnessed Augustine's mission to England; and it is a thousand pities that the Protestantism of the Church of England to-day is not such as to strip the bearings of that mission of all significance. Of the careful editing of this work, it is impossible to speak too highly.

*The Prayer-Book Articles and Homilies.* By J. T. TOMLINSON. Elliot Stock.

IF Ritualism in the Church of England could be overcome by facts and arguments as to its unscripturalness and folly, and its lack even of authority in ecclesiastical history, this book would be its triumphant overthrow. Here are gathered together, with great research, proofs innumerable that Sacerdotalism was the battle-ground centuries ago in the Church of England, and her Prayer-Book and Homilies that survive that conflict, but especially the latter, are an utter contradiction of the priestly claims so arrogantly asserted to-day. The whole system now called Anglicanism, is in flat opposition, not merely to the Word of God, but even to the teaching of that same Church of England three hundred years ago. But will this fact have any effect upon the Ritualistic party? We have our fears. The small remnant of true Evangelicals in the Establishment grows every year less and less aggressive, and is fast settling down to a feeling of despair. If this book shall help to hearten them, we shall be devoutly glad, for it is a monument of scholarly enquiry and masterly argument.

*The Village Carpenter and the Way of Salvation.* By AP GWILYM. Robert Banks and Son.

A SIXPENNY pamphlet, written by a Christian sufferer, as a plea with the unconverted to seek the Saviour. It is mainly in the form of dialogue and discussion, into which appropriate passages of Scripture, and quotations from C. H. Spurgeon and other writers, are pretty freely introduced.

*How to Learn to Swim.* By DONALD MORRISON. Sunday School Union.

THIS twopenny manual so plainly describes the art of swimming that those who follow its instructions should have no difficulty in learning. At least, so it looks in the book; when one gets into the water, it is another matter! Many people have the same trouble in learning to swim that Mr. Spurgeon often said he had,—he never could get the last toe off the ground!

*Creed and Conduct.* A series of readings for each week in the year, from Dr. A. MACLAREN. Selected and arranged by Rev. G. COATES. C. H. Kelly and Co.

FEW preachers could afford to have their discourses abbreviated and selected from after this fashion, for it would mean certain injury both to their work and their reputation. But Dr. Maclaren's diamonds can be broken up, and remain diamonds still, all agleam with the beauteous light of truth and its fascinating presentation, however small and fragmentary they may be. This is a book to revel in, and read anywhere. Fresh as a mountain spring, or a brisk sea-breeze, it touches and thrills the soul with life and joys that are Divine. Turn its pages where you will, and there is no barren wilderness of feeble essay-writing anywhere to be seen; but a heavenly and fragrant garden, with the Christ name, and the Christ savour everywhere present. We are devoutly grateful that the brilliant gifts of the greatest living preacher are more than ever laid in tribute at the Saviour's feet. Never was Dr. Maclaren so profoundly Evangelical as now, and never more influential as the moulder of other men's thoughts and teachings. May his life be spared for many, many years to come, to give us such priceless expositions of Bible teaching as fill this little volume! We forgot to say that the portrait in the front of the book is the best we have seen of the author, and is worth quite half the price asked for this very cheap volume.

*Heaven: an Enquiry.* By Rev. J. HUNT COOKE. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

THE subject of the future, glorified life, has always had attractions for devout spirits; but has too often led to mere dreamy speculation, and ungoverned rhapsody. The present volume is a reverent enquiry, as it is modestly entitled; but it is much more. There is evidence of cultured study, much independent thought, devout feeling, a sanity of spirit and controlled imagination, all of which contribute to expound a professedly

difficult theme. The author is not great at bare assertion, but is full of suggestion that provokes to thought, and ultimately greatly enriches the mind. He is saturated with Scripture teaching, and this makes him diffident rather than dogmatic about details of the blessed life. It is enough to grasp principles, and these are practical in their effects on the present life as a preparation for the future. One chapter, on "The Diversity in Glory," is itself worth the price charged for the whole book, and is a fine piece of spiritual dialectic. We trust the volume may have a large reading; it is worth making a note of, as a suitable present for a Christian friend.

*The Gospel of Song.* By Rev. W. C. BULLOCK, M.A. "Home Words" Office.

A LITTLE book urging a potent plea for congregational singing to be made a large part of public worship. The author, a curate in the Church of England, is anxious for Church praise not to be a choir performance, but a people's thanksgiving to God; and we heartily wish him all success in his effort to secure that result. It is a racy, bright argument, that will appeal to many, and should easily command the sixpence asked for it.

*The Approaching Apostasy and the Man of Sin.* By W. W. FEREDAY. Alfred Holness.

THIS twopenny pamphlet is written on the usual Futurist lines; and, like all other works of this order, rests on the usual assumptions. We have to grant that "the Church has no place, as such, in the scheme of prophecy;" also that "the signs of Matt. xxiv. are for the Jews," &c. But, as we are not prepared to grant momentous things without a shadow of proof on the "ipse dixit" of any School of interpretation, our interest in the deductions from assumptions is somewhat remote. Why is it that the Pre-millennial Coming, which is susceptible of clear Scriptural enforcement, should be made to carry a load of notions "which minister questions, rather than godly edifying"?

*Hymns of Tersteegen, and others.*  
Translated by FRANCES BEVAN.  
Second Series. Nisbet and Co.

HYMNS printed in bold type, suitable for the aged and near-sighted. Full of gospel teaching, and praise to Christ for His great redemption. Translated from German Protestant authors, and showing how mighty was the Reformation in that country. Some of the hymns, such as, "All that is white," are lofty poems as well as Evangelical songs. We heartily commend their purchase and perusal.

*Preparing for the Better Land.* By J. C. SMITH. Second edition. With numerous illustrations. Dundee: James Mathew and Co.

Of simple rhyme, there is much in

this book; of poetry, very little. It will doubtless interest the children, and profit their souls, for the gospel is here clearly taught. We question, however, if it is wise, so closely as is done here, to associate conversion with dying, as though death was the next thing to believing in Jesus. Several of the children mentioned in these pages die soon after giving their hearts to Christ. Christianity ought not to be represented as a lugubrious thing, and as a short out to the cemetery. As a rule, children do not desire to die any more than adults; the little ones long to live, for life to them is a delight. We should strive to bring them early to Christ, and teach them to live to be holy and useful; then, with Heaven as their goal, they will live to a noble purpose.

## Notes.

*Special Preliminary Notice.*—We are happy to be able to announce that, during the forthcoming book season, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will (D.V.) publish the first volume of the long-expected STANDARD LIFE of C. H. SPURGEON. It will take the form of an *Autobiography*, for which Mr. Spurgeon had long been preparing the material before he was "called home." There will probably be four large handsome volumes, fully illustrated; but further details will be announced later. We issue this early intimation in order that the many friends who have been waiting and watching for the appearance of the "Life" of Mr. Spurgeon may know that it is shortly to be published. The title-page of the first volume will give some idea of the unique character of the work, so we subjoin a copy of it:—

C. H. SPURGEON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY,  
*Compiled from*  
*His Diary, Letters, and Records,*  
by HIS WIFE,  
and his Private Secretary.  
Vol. I. 1834—1854.

*Another Special Notice.*—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is now away for a much-needed holiday, and his place is being ably filled by the preachers announced last month:—Aug. 22, Pastor Charles Spurgeon; Aug. 29, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.; Sept. 5, Pastor Archibald G. Brown; Sept. 12, and all week-night services and prayer-meetings, Pastor C. B. Sawday. On Lord's-day, Sept. 19, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will (D.V.) again preach at the

Tabernacle, and the following day, Monday, Sept. 20,—his *forty-first birthday*,—he hopes to be in his vestry to receive thank-offerings on behalf of any portion of the Lord's work that may be in need. In 1895, the Pastor's Birthday Fund amounted to £150; last year, it rose to £358 15s.; and it remains to be seen what answer will be given to the "rule of three" sum submitted by the Pastor at the last annual church-meeting,—“If they gave him £358 15s. when he was forty years old, what would they not give him when he was forty-one?” Doubtless, some friends who will not be able to be present will like to help to swell the total by which many will desire to express their heartfelt thanksgiving for another year of peace and prosperity at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. All such contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ask us to mention that a lady has undertaken to pay half the cost of sending the Sermons and *Sword and Trowel* to the twenty-two Hospitals mentioned in the "Notes" of the July Magazine. If any reader is prepared to give the remaining half, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will be glad of an intimation to that effect. We understand that the amount needed for six months is £2 4s.

COLLEGE.—The following students have settled since our last notice:—Mr. A. W. Beau, at Maryhill, Glasgow; Mr. F. T. Passmore, at Carpenter's Road, Stratford; and Mr. P. E. Pepperdene, at Soham, Cambridgeshire.

Mr. J. Blaikie has removed, from Auckland, New Zealand, to Hobart, Tasmania;

Mr. G. T. Edgley, from Barking Road Tabernacle, to Emmanuel Church, Harringay; Mr. J. Spanwick, from Longford, to Weston-by-Weedon; and Mr. B. J. Gibbon is shortly leaving East Street, Southampton, to take the oversight of the important church worshipping at Bloomsbury Chapel, London.

Our brother, George A. Huntley, M.D., expects soon to return to China, to labour as a medical missionary in Han-ang, a large city in the province of Hupeh, containing a population of 200,000, with many thickly-peopled towns and villages around, and with only two missionaries witnessing for Christ. He asks for earnest prayer on behalf of the great work he is undertaking in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The special item of interest to be noted during the past month is the students' reunion at "Westwood" on Wednesday, August 11th, by the kind invitation of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. The general outline of the day's proceedings was similar to the programme of the previous year's gathering, so we need not describe it in detail. On the whole, the day was fine, though some rain fell; and the large company of Trustees, tutors, and students spent a most happy day in the beautiful garden that is so closely associated with tenderest memories of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon. In the morning, the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) welcomed fourteen of the sixteen new students who have entered the College this session, making the present number of students sixty-five. Pastor James Stephens, M.A., gave a brief address, pointing out how College studies might best be utilized as a preparation for the duties of ministerial life. In the evening, a meeting was held on the lawn, when addresses were delivered by the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), the Treasurer (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon), and two of the tutors (Professors Marchant and McCaig). Very hearty thanks were accorded to Mrs. Spurgeon for again allowing the brethren to assemble at "Westwood," and as all gathered around the "Work-room" with which readers of the *Sword and Trowel* are so fully acquainted, a ringing farewell cheer was given for the beloved worker as a parting assurance of the gratitude of the present representatives of "Our Alma Mater."

ORPHANAGE.—Through the kindness of friends, all the orphans who were unable to go away for the holidays were provided for, and thus the Orphanage staff could also take full advantage of the vacation. Heartiest thanks are given to all who helped to entertain the boys and girls.

Mr. Charlesworth asks us to mention that he will be glad to book engagements for the choir in London and district during September and part of October. In the latter month, he hopes to be in Birmingham

with the boys; he will be happy to hear of other places in the Midlands that can be visited while he is in that region. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

In the forthcoming number of *The Orphanage Quarterly*, Mr. Charlesworth continues the report of the orphans' American tour, narrating their experiences "from Boston to Buffalo." Contributions for the proposed Sea-side Home are acknowledged, bringing the total up to £2,314 13s. 11d.; Mrs. M. Cumming has written a brief but loving "In Memoriam" sketch of Mr. James Stiff; and the *Quarterly* concludes with the music of Mr. Sankey's beautiful new hymn, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes."

By the death of *George Palmer, Esq., J.P.*, of Reading, both Orphanage and Colportage lose a generous and hearty friend and helper. Indeed, the present month's lists for the two institutions show that our friend's sympathy with the work was maintained to the close of his life. When the Girls' Orphanage was being built, in 1890, Mr. Palmer was invited to lay the stone of "The Reading House." He did so, and there is therefore a permanent memorial of the great liberality of himself and other Reading friends. We pray that all who are left to mourn his loss may be graciously sustained and comforted.

COLPORTAGE.—It is with sincere thankfulness to our Heavenly Father that we are able to report continued progress in our work. Our friends at Bridgnorth desire to open up a new District, and we trust that the colporteur who will be appointed may be Divinely blessed in his service for the Master, and have the hearty co-operation of all who are interested in the spread of the truth by the distribution of God's Word, and other publications which contain the gospel message.

We are pleased to note that our last quarter's sales are in excess of those at the corresponding period of last year: but our General Fund requires to be considerably increased to cover the deficiencies of certain Districts. As the harvest is now being reaped in many parts, we hope our friends will be able to counterbalance this drawback by sending in generous gifts as thank-offerings for the ingathering of the fruits of the earth. For the last two years and a half, we have been enabled to pay our way as our accounts have come in, and we are very desirous to continue this excellent system.

All communications should be addressed to "Secretary," Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 29, thirteen; at Haddon Hall, July 18, three.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Contribution from Bristol Road Baptist Church, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor R. S. Luttimer	6	10	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	...	...	0 2 6
Part collection at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	6	17	9	Mrs. E. P. Hill	...	...	0 10 0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	12	6	Mrs. Bailey	...	...	0 1 0
Mrs. Beves	0	2	6	Mr. Archibald Stewart, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	...	0 5 0
Collection at Princes Risboro' Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Markham	1	10	0	Mrs. A. Ballantine	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
Mr. Beck	1	0	0	July 18	...	...	4 19 6
Pastor C. A. Dunn	0	5	0	" 25	...	...	22 14 0
Pastor A. Tessier	0	10	0	Aug. 1	...	...	18 8 7
Masters Bert and Norman Wells	1	0	0	" 8	...	...	16 14 2
							62 15 3
							£89 7 6

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Y.P.S.C.E., Thornton Heath, per Miss Harrauld	0	6	9	"For Christ's sake"	...	...	0 5 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle S.S. Missionary Union, per Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0	From young people at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill—			
H. McS.	0	6	0	Per Mrs. Hockey	...	...	0 11 0
An afflicted missionary in India	1	2	0	Per Mrs. Simmons	...	...	0 10 0
"Phil iv. 19"	1	0	0	Per Mr. Baker	...	...	0 6 6
H. A. B.	0	5	0				1 7 6
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0	15	0	Mrs. A. Kerridge	...	...	0 4 0
Mr. Archibald Stewart, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0				£10 16 9

Pastor Thos. Spurgeon desires to acknowledge receipt of £1 from Mr. J. C. Grant, for Famine Fund of Rev. J. G. Potter, Agra, India.

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs Morgan and Scott	6	10	0	R. W. E.	...	...	0 17 6
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	A friend, Bedford	...	...	2 2 0
Mr. T. F. Bomham	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Jones	...	...	2 0 0
M. E. Beckenham	0	5	0	Mrs. Buckmaster, sen.	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Miss M. Vander	0	12	6	Miss Stuchbery	...	...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. F. Hill	0	3	0	Mr. J. Ollington	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. R. E. Bushnell	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	...	...	0 6 0
Stamps, Putney	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. P. Whyte	...	...	0 9 0
Postal order, Loughborough	0	5	0	Mr. S. Moody	...	...	0 3 0
Mr. F. Hallett	0	5	0	The late Mr. G. Palmer, J.P.	...	...	60 0 0
L. M.	5	0	0	Mrs. S. A. Cousins	...	...	0 2 0
Mrs. G. Hearson	1	1	0	E. A. L.	...	...	0 2 0
Scarsbrick Street, Wigan, Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. R. Telford	0	12	0	Mr. Simpkins' Bible-class, Lansdowne Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth	...	...	1 0 0
Mrs. A. Pearce	0	4	0	Mr. T. Eatoek	...	...	0 2 0
Miss Ferguson	0	10	0	Stamps, Norwich	...	...	0 2 0
Collected by Mr. W. H. Reading	1	2	10	Mr. B. Brown	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0	Miss J. Bird	...	...	1 0 0
M. G. B.	5	5	0	Collected by the Misses Holman and Ottaway	...	...	1 9 0
Mr. J. Bell	1	0	0	Rev. G. W. and Mrs. Hills	...	...	2 0 0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	0	0	Mrs. Eldridge	...	...	0 10 0
Bristol Road Baptist Church, Weston-super-Mare, per Mr. A. J. Allbutt	6	10	0	F. J., High Cross	...	...	1 0 0
				Box at Tabernacle gates	...	...	1 5 10

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. Geale ... ..	2	0	10	Mr. H. S. Colman... ..	0	5	0
Miss Thornton, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Willson ... ..	0	5	0
Highgate Road Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. Weight ... ..	1	14	0	Misses Hall and Torey ... ..	0	5	0
A Sermon-reader ... ..	0	2	8	Mrs. Storror ... ..	0	4	0
Mrs. W. H. Blow ... ..	0	10	0	Rev. T. Barrass ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Merry ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. G. Smith ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins ... ..	5	0	0				
The Delmar Charitable Trust, per Mr. H. Verden ... ..	5	5	0	Mrs. H. Lake ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Northampton ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. R. Stallwood ... ..	0	2	0
Miss G. Shaw ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. T. D. Adams ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. P. Hooper ... ..	1	0	0	Fillebrook Junior Christian Endeavour Society ... ..	0	13	0
Mrs. Burgess's Bible-class, Stockwell Orphanage ... ..	0	11	0	Sarah and Lizzie, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Lightbound ... ..	0	4	6	Mrs. Browne ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. Beck ... ..	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton ... ..	0	15	0
Mrs. M. Chillingworth ... ..	0	5	0	Postal order, Glasgow ... ..	0	4	0
Collected by Master O. V. Eveleigh ... ..	0	7	6	A thankoffering ... ..	0	7	6
Mrs. Renshaw ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. T. Steer ... ..	1	0	0
W. J. H., Willesden ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. F. G. Barnes ... ..	0	1	6
F. G. ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Medway ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Champ ... ..	0	1	11
Collected at Flower Service, Bessels Green Baptist and Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Greening... ..	1	16	6	Collected by Mr. W. Dixon ... ..	0	12	6
Mr. W. Graham ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. C. Waters ... ..	1	1	0
A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson ... ..	1	1	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. C. F. Simmons ... ..	1	1	0	Executors of the late Miss Jane Mackenzie ... ..	45	11	9
Mr. R. Graham ... ..	0	5	0	Executor of the late Mrs. Ann Crampin ... ..	10	0	0
Miss Nancy Bryson ... ..	0	2	6	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Major Howard Sprigg ... ..	2	10	0	The late Mr. James Stewart, per Mr. A. Stewart ... ..	5	0	0
Masters Bert and Norman Wells ... ..	1	0	0	Miss L. ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. P. Stewart ... ..	0	6	0	Mrs. H. Parsons ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Fothergill ... ..	0	5	0				
Mrs. Goodman ... ..	0	5	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Collected by Mrs. Tansley—				Princess of Wales' Dinner Fund ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Mellows ... ..	1	1	0	Grafton Square Baptist Sunday-school ... ..	2	16	1
Mr. Colman ... ..	0	10	0				
Mr. Tansley ... ..	0	10	0				
Mr. Hendry ... ..	0	5	0				

£225 14 9

List of presents from July 15th to August 14th, 1897:—PROVISIONS:—80 pecks Strawberries, Mr. A. Vinson; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 66 quarters Bread, Messrs. Henderson and Son; 15 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; a quantity Sweets and Cakes, Mrs. Juggins.

Boys' CLOTHING:—4 Shirts, Miss Robinson.

Girls' CLOTHING:—8 pairs Cuffs, Miss Haward; 13 Articles, Miss Robinson; 7 Articles, Mrs. Des Foyes; 6 pairs Cuffs, L. H.; 2½ yards various Materials, 4 Articles, also 22 Articles Worn Clothing, Mrs. Spooner.

GENERAL:—7 tons 9 cwt. Coals, Mr. R. K. Juniper; 1 box Flowers, children of Bildeston Baptist Church Sunday-school.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1897.

### Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock ... ..	40	0	0	Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell... ..	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. J. H. Blake ... ..	60	0	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney ... ..	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Baptist Association, per Mr. J. Reynolds... ..	10	0	0	Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. Moffat ... ..	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ... ..	10	0	0	Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons ... ..	10	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhinweiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ... ..	11	5	0	Brentford, In Memoriam, per Messrs. Greenwood Brothers ... ..	10	0	0
Great Staughton, per Pastor W. D. Grey ... ..	7	10	0	Bridgnorth, per Mr. G. Lloyd ... ..	22	10	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck... ..	11	5	0	Horsforth, per Mrs. C. E. Bilbrough... ..	11	5	0
Cowling Hill, per Pastor E. R. Lewis... ..	10	0	0	Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ... ..	10	0	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P. ... ..	11	5	0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Thos. White ... ..	1	5	0
				Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney ... ..	10	0	0
				Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ... ..	5	0	0

Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot ... ..	£ s. d. ... 15 0 0	The late Mr. G. Palmer, J.P. ... ..	£ s. d. ... 20 0 0
	£296 5 0	Mr. Wm. Lawrie ... ..	... 0 12 0
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£ s. d.	L. H. ... ..	... 0 5 0
H. A. B. ... ..	... 0 10 0	Mr. S. J. Parker ... ..	... 0 2 6
			£21 10 0

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

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1897.

"A tenth from the Bush" ... ..	£ s. d. ... 1 0 0	For translations of sermons:—	£ s. d.
H. O. N. ... ..	... 0 4 6	A. Z. ... ..	... 1 0 0
Northampton ... ..	... 0 10 0	Miss Dawson (for Kaffir sermons) ...	... 0 5 0
"Grateful" ... ..	... 0 5 0	H. O. N. ... ..	... 0 2 6
Mr. D. Lausma ... ..	... 0 4 0	A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	... 0 2 6
Mr. J. T. Stevenson ... ..	... 2 0 0		£10 13 6
The late Mr. James Stewart, per Mr. Archibald Stewart (for the spread of the gospel) ... ..	... 5 0 0		

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from July 17th to August 14th, 1897.

Amount previously acknowledged ...	£ s. d. ... 2,046 2 10	Corsham ducks ... ..	£ s. d. ... 0 7 0
Mrs. Logan ... ..	... 0 10 0	Mr. D. Lausma ... ..	... 0 8 0
Miss Dawson ... ..	... 0 5 0	For Jesus' sake ... ..	... 0 4 0
Mrs. Walter ... ..	... 2 2 0	Mr. G. Rogers ... ..	... 0 10 0
S. S. Tewkesbury ... ..	... 1 0 0	"Tarrytown" ... ..	... 1 0 0
Miss Cowen ... ..	... 0 5 0	Miss Hall ... ..	... 0 5 6
A. Z. ... ..	... 1 0 0	Miss Halls ... ..	... 0 10 0
A friend, per Mrs. Brigg ... ..	... 1 0 0	Mr. Archibald Stewart ... ..	... 0 5 0
Mrs. Saville ... ..	... 0 5 0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—	
Miss Atkins ... ..	... 1 0 0	Miss Clarke ... ..	... 0 5 0
Pastor H. Eylands Brown ... ..	... 0 10 0	Miss Kelly ... ..	... 0 2 0
"Though I be nothing" ... ..	... 0 2 0	Miss B. Bullock ... ..	... 1 0 0
Mrs. Summers ... ..	... 4 4 0	Tunbridge Wells friend ... ..	... 0 10 0
A friend ... ..	... 0 5 0	Mrs. Mumford ... ..	... 1 0 0
Miss Dransfield ... ..	... 2 2 0	Mrs. Phillips ... ..	... 1 0 0
Mrs. Ellwood ... ..	... 5 0 0	Profit on Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's photo- graphs ... ..	... 2 0 0
Mrs. Campion ... ..	... 0 10 0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	... 0 17 3
Amos and Co., "a basket of summer fruit" ... ..	... 0 10 0		£2,108 16 7
Mr. and Mrs. C. Comber ... ..	... 1 0 0		
Mrs. Higgs ... ..	... 10 0 0		
O. B. ... ..	... 21 0 0		

Also promises, £35.

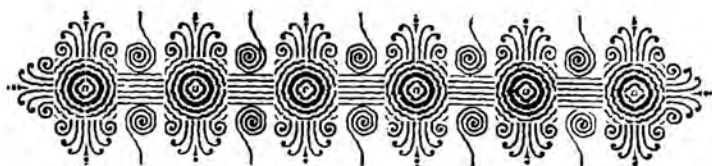
*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.





THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 503.)



TUDENT'S QUESTION.—*What course would be the best to adopt in the case of church-members who have been absent from the Lord's table for a year or longer?*

MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.—After a certain time, in most churches, their names are removed for non-attendance: and that should be the general custom. In the case of some persons,

it would be better to visit them, and ask them why they have not been to the communion. Absence from the Lord's table may be the effect of such very different causes that it is impossible to lay down any universal rule. Some may be bedridden, others may be in a lunatic asylum, some may be sailors at sea, and others travelling in foreign lands. We generally give a certificate for six or twelve months to our friends who go abroad not knowing where they will settle, and then, when they are accepted as members of another church, we ask to be informed of the fact that it may be duly recorded in our books. The pastor must always exercise a certain amount of discretion in the case of absentees, and deal kindly and yet faithfully with each one. Suppose the visiting elder reports:—"That brother has been visited six times, and on each occasion he gave some sort of reason for his absence, and promised that he would attend, but he has not been." Well, in such a case as that, there is really nothing more to be done but to remove his name for non-attendance. In some instances, such a course as that will save us from going into the particulars of a grave scandal which could not do anybody any good if it were brought to light. There are some country churches that have upon their books the names of members of whom all trace has been lost for years; but there is, perhaps, a good old deacon who says, "The names always have been there as long as I can remember, and I don't mean to have them removed while I have the power to prevent it." If he happens to be the deacon of a church of which you are the pastor, you will need to exercise much forbearance, and proceed with great caution; but as soon as you can see a fitting opportunity, you must have those names removed, so that your church-books shall honestly represent the actual membership of the church.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What ought to be done in the case of the secretary of a church who propagates false doctrines? The church recognized his former usefulness, and made him a present; but he was asked to resign both secretaryship and membership of the church.*

*A.—*He should withdraw from the church without being asked if his doctrines are not in accordance with the doctrines of the church. It is he who is in the wrong position, and if he is a man at all I think he will see this himself. At any rate, you cannot let him stop to oppose the truth that is preached in the pulpit, and to act contrary to the doctrines held by the church. These are very tender points, brethren, and they need to be handled very delicately; and we do not want to have to resort to extreme measures till we are absolutely driven to such a course.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Would not a church be warranted in expelling a member who, for twenty years, had disturbed the peace of that church,—such charge, however, being the only one that could be brought against the member?*

*A.—*The church would certainly be warranted in expelling any member who was constantly disturbing the peace of the whole community. If it were, unhappily, my misfortune to have to deal

with such an individual, I think I should wait until he had committed some overt act, of an even worse character than usual, and then I should say to the members, "You have yourselves been witnesses of what this man has done, and you can judge whether his conduct is consistent with his Christian profession." I have known instances where, without any prompting from the pastor, someone in the church has proposed that the quarrelsome member be expelled, and it has been agreed to all but unanimously, so that he could say to the offender, "Well, my brother, you see that the majority of your fellow-members would have it to be so, and there is no help for it." Possibly, such a man may do as much damage to the church outside as he did inside, for when a person is thoroughly cantankerous, there is no telling what he may do. Let the whole matter be dealt with in such a fashion that he shall not be able to make mischief because of any grievance against the church through its action in withdrawing from him. Again I say that such a case as this needs very delicate handling; but, if all other means have been tried, and have failed, then the church is justified in excluding the troubler, and if it must be done, then let it be done.

Perhaps many of you heard my sermon in the Tabernacle, last night,\* concerning Paul being ready to exercise discipline in the Corinthian church; that was the church which the Lord was judging and chastening because of its inconsistent conduct. You remember how Paul wrote: "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." There is a Divine discipline always going on in the church, of which, sometimes, we are not fully aware.

I remember one terrible instance, which occurred many years ago, of a man who often tried to offend and annoy me; but that is not a thing that can be done so easily as some suppose. The man to whom I refer had long attempted it, and failed.

At last, one Sabbath, when he had been peculiarly troublesome, I said to him, "Brother ———, will you come and see me to-morrow morning?" In a very surly tone he replied, "I have got my living to earn, and I can't see you after five o'clock in the morning." "Oh!" I said, "that will suit me very well, and I will be at your service, and have a cup of coffee ready for you to-morrow morning at five o'clock." I was at the door at the appointed time ready to let him in; his temper had led him to walk all those miles out to my house that he might tell me of his latest grievance. It appeared that he had lost £25 for something or other that he had done, he said for the church, but we all felt that it was his own private speculation, and we were not responsible. However, he said that he could not afford to lose such a large amount, so I counted out five £5 notes, and gave them to him. He looked at me, and asked me this question, "Do you give me this money out of any of the church funds?" "No," I answered, "I feel that you cannot afford such a loss, and though it

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\* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 2,285, "Paul the Ready."

is no concern of mine, I willingly give you the money." I noticed a strange look come over his face, but he said very little more, and I prayed with him, and he went away.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, he sent round for my brother to go and see him, and when he returned, he said to me, "Brother, you have killed that man by your kindness; he cannot live much longer. He confessed to me that he had broken up two churches before, and that he had come into the Tabernacle church on purpose to break it up, and especially sought to put you out of temper with him,—which he never could do,—and he said that he was a devil, and not a Christian. I said to him, 'My brother once proposed to have you as an elder of the church.' He said, 'Did he really think so much of me as that?' I answered, 'Yes, but the other elders said that you had such a dreadful temper that there would be no peace in their midst if you were brought in among them.'"

About the middle of the prayer-meeting, a note was passed to me saying that he had cut his throat. I felt his death terribly, and the effect of it upon the people generally was much the same as when Ananias and Sapphira were slain because of their lying unto the Holy Ghost: "Great fear came upon all the church, and upon as many as heard these things." I had often spoken of killing people by kindness, but I never wished to have another instance of it in my own experience.

Brethren, you can very well leave all who trouble you in the hands of God. If you can bear with the meekness of Moses, there is a great fan in the Lord's hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor; in His own time and way He will let it be seen who is in the right, and who is in the wrong. Some brethren of my acquaintance seem to me as if they were ship-breakers; they say to themselves, "This evil thing has got to be cut up," and they spend the rest of their lives in hacking and chopping at that one bit of timber; but what is the good of it? I am not going to pull the house down because I fancy that there is a maggot in one of those beams that support the roof. No, my brother, you must be prepared to bear with the maggots; perhaps there is one in your own head! Much may be done by prayer and patience. "Rome was not built in a day." "New brooms sweep clean," but it is also possible to make birches out of them. Wherefore, let us work on, resolute and determined, and, at the same time, prudent and gentle and Christ-like, remembering that time is on our side, and if not, we have all eternity on our side if we are true servants of the Eternal.

*(To be continued.)*

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

*"My times are in Thy hand."*—Psalm xxxi. 15.

WHY then need I trouble or tremble? That great, loving, powerful hand keeps all the events of my life sealed and secure within its almighty clasp, and only He, my Maker and my Master, can

permit them to pass from His keeping, and be revealed to me one by one, as His will for me. What a compassionate, gracious arrangement! How eminently fitted to fulfil that sweet promise of His Word, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee"! If we fully believed this, we should be absolutely devoid of the care which corrodes and chafes the daily life of so many professing Christians.

"*My times.*" Not one or two important epochs of my history only, but everything that concerns me;—joys that I had not expected,—sorrows that must have crushed me if they could have been anticipated,—sufferings which might have terrified me by their grimness had I looked upon them,—surprises which infinite love had prepared for me,—services of which I could not have imagined myself capable;—all these lay in that mighty hand as the purposes of God's eternal will for me. But, as they have developed gradually and silently, how great has been the love which appeared enwrapping and enfolding each one! Has not the grief been measured, while the gladness has far more abounded? Have not the comforts and consolations exceeded the crosses and complaints? Have not all things been so arranged, and ordered, and undertaken, and worked out on our behalf, that we can but marvel at the goodness and wisdom of God in meting out from that dear hand of His all the "times" that have passed over us?

You agree with me in all this, do you not, dear reader? Then, I pray you, apply it to your present circumstances, however dark or difficult they may be. They have come direct from your Father's hand to you, and they are His dear will . . . . .

So far had I written, in the "Notes" for this month, when, on a sudden, God sent to me a "time" of such severe and prolonged pain, that my pen fell from my fingers, my words and counsels turned their faces inwards, and became a crowd of witnesses rather than a band of exhorters. I hope they have seen *some* quiet submission to the will of God, *some* patience, *some* restful faith in every detail of God's dealing with me; but, alas! it is easier to know what to do than to do it, and far less courageous to point out the foe's hiding-places than to stand the fire of his artillery. I have been brought very low. The gnawing, tearing teeth of pain have fastened themselves upon me, and night and day I have been held fast in their terrible grip.

"Wherefore doth my Lord thus deal with His child?" I asked. I sought to know what lesson He would teach me by this physical suffering, which lays me aside from all my beloved work, which feeds me with "the bread of tears", and gives me "tears to drink in great measure." But no *direct* answer came to my question, and again and again the lesson was "returned" as yet imperfectly learned. Sometimes, all connected thought vanished, and a bewilderment of sorrow took possession of me; yet not one moment did the great Physician leave me; I was in *distress*, but never in *doubt*. Day after day, and night after night, the pain continued; but, often, in my weakness, I remembered what I had been trying to write of before the trial came, and I would whisper, "My times are in Thy hand! My times are in

Thy hand! This is Thy doing, O Lord, so it must be a right 'time', however sad it may seem to me!"

One day, the post brought a strange round parcel, which was carried to my bed-side. "Please open it," I said to my friend. This was more easily said than done, the wrappings were so voluminous. At last, a lengthy scroll, beautifully illuminated, was drawn out; and as it was unrolled, it was seen to bear the simple but significant words,—

God never makes a mistake.

It was as if some sweet far-off echo of God's love had suddenly embodied itself before me. My soul leaped forward to embrace the blessed truth, and found solace and strengthening as from the hands of a ministering angel. How it soothed and comforted me! By how small a thing, sometimes, does God send uplifting to His children, when He has cast them down! By how gentle an anodyne can "He give His beloved sleep"! Now, no weakness, or ignorance, or helplessness, or suffering, can prevent me from rejoicing in the fact that "my times" are in the "hand" of a God who never makes a mistake.

\* \* \* \*

(Happily, before I was taken ill, I had prepared the "Notes" which follow.—S.S.)

I have quite a bundle of nice letters from which I can give interesting extracts. One is from New Zealand, and the writer thanks me for two packets of Sermons and *Sword and Trowel* sent to her monthly, and tells me what she does with them. "I used to be glad," she says, "to get the Sermons for myself; but I have a double pleasure now, first to receive, and then to give. I send one of the packets to China, the other to Melbourne, and it is of these latter I want specially to write. I knew that the friend to whom they are sent greatly valued them, but I did not know till lately to what a grand use he put them. His wife visits the prison every week, and always takes the Sermons with her; they are lent and re-lent in the female wards, and the poor creatures are eagerly anxious for them, and read them constantly. I know you will rejoice at this little bit of good news, and bless God that your beloved husband is even now preaching to the prisoners in Melbourne Jail."

Yes, I am indeed thankful that everywhere, all over the world, open doors are found for the entrance of these precious Sermons, and I pray for strength and means to increase, if possible, the scattering of such blessed and fruitful seed.

The next is a brief note from China, and it says:—"Although I have already written to thank you for *The Soul-Winner*, I must send you another line to tell you how much I have been encouraged by this book. My colleague and I have been reading it during our meals, and have just finished it. How one is roused to more zeal in the Lord's service by dear Mr. Spurgeon's words! The *Sword and Trowel* and

Sermons, which come to me, are always enjoyed, and prove true helps in our work. One thing that much impresses me in Mr. Spurgeon's writings is their simplicity, and yet they are so comprehensive and so practical. Often do I find myself 'adapting' his Sermons for delivery in Chinese. I hope this is not plagiarism? Not a bit of it, dear brother, it is just what *he* would have approved, thanking God that his words could be so useful and so doubly blessed.

A lady missionary in Demerara, to whom Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons are constantly sent, speaks of them thus:—"The arrival of the English mail is one of the events most eagerly looked for in my quiet life; and the Sermons that, through your kindness, come so regularly, are more precious than ever. Please accept my warmest and most sincere thanks for the continued receipt of these; it does indeed seem as if, through them, the dear Pastor still lives amongst us, and still speaks of Him whom he loved and served so well. But, remembering that he is now in God's glorious presence, the mighty utterances are weighted with fresh interest and redoubled power. I feel it a great privilege to receive and pass on such precious portions. Some find their way to New South Wales, some to Belize (British Honduras), and many go to a variety of persons in this Colony. King Solomon, it is said, set Joash over 'the cellars of oil.' It must have been an important post,—though concealed from public view,—this receiving the oil, and overlooking the giving out of supplies; and I think I sometimes must feel as he did, for though not in charge of so large a quantity of lighting and lubricating material, I know these Sermons contain much of the precious oil of the sanctuary, and I esteem it an honourable service to send them forth to work wonders in enlightening dark hearts, and anointing them with 'the oil of gladness.'"

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As these "Notes" from my Work-room are always allowed to be very "personal", I feel that I may introduce two short quotations from some of the letters that fully repay me for all the time and thought I give to the preparation of the monthly Scripture subjects. God's blessing on them is unspeakably precious to me, and it proves that He still often works by the feeblest means in carrying out His purposes of grace.

One correspondent says:—"I must tell you how helpful your 'Notes on a Text' have been to me. Those for this month (August)—Isaiah lvii. 18,—were just what my soul most needed; and though Satan tried to hinder me, I have cast myself upon this blessed word of the Lord, and am trusting Him to fulfil it to me in my daily experience. I cannot tell you what sweet encouragement it brought to me, giving fresh hope that my life may yet show forth the praise and glory of my God. Your words (in July *Sword and Truel*) on '*God is able*,' were very comforting, and I have been resting on the promise with great delight, and finding it very sweet to my soul."

The other letter is from a friend in Scotland, who writes:—"I send a thankoffering to your work, for the great comfort brought to me by

your 'Notes' in *Sword and Trowel* for April last. You seemed to write specially for me. I was just passing through a time of trial which was pressing very heavily on my heart; but after I read your 'Notes', my faith was strengthened, and my burden rolled away. I take in the *Sword and Trowel* every month, and the weekly Sermon, for I think I could not live without them now. May the Lord long spare you to write such words of comfort and consolation to His children who are in deep waters!"

Lord, multiply such gracious tokens of Thy favour, both to writer and readers, for Jesu's dear sake! Amen.

S. S.

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

IRONS IN THE FIRE.

(AN ADDRESS TO THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTEURS,  
DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, MAY 31, 1897.)

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—Did I suit my own convenience and inclination, I should prefer to sit at your feet this afternoon, to listen—not so much to you, though I hold you in high honour and esteem, as to the story which you are by grace enabled to tell of the good hand of our God upon you in your labours for the Master. But in rising to speak to you, I am comforted by the thought that you do not expect from me anything more than a familiar talk,—or may I use the well-worn but expressive word, "chat"?—for, after all, we reach one another's hearts by chatting together about the things of the Kingdom, rather than by the delivery of a set speech or a grand oration. So I shall attempt nothing more than to chat with you familiarly about *our* work for God. I hesitated a moment, for I was about to say "your" work for God, but I prefer to talk about "our" work, for we are partners, though we are not always in the same ship. Just now, at all events, we are in the same ship; and, so far as we are able, we try to be in the same ship with you all the year through, and would share your hardships if we could.

I was glad to hear from the address of one of our brethren, just now, that he has been mistaken for a clock-mender. Had I known that previously to coming to this meeting, I think I might have found a few hints for an address. I do not doubt that our brother is a clock-mender, and that you are like him; at least, your one great aim is not only to oil and clean the machinery of life, and so to help the cottagers and your neighbours to live well and to glorify God in their daily conduct, but you want to get at the mainspring of the matter, and where that is broken, or out of order,—and it is so with all who have not been new-made,—to insert a new mainspring of action, that shall alter the whole course of life, and cause even unruly clocks to keep good time. I thank God that so many of you are engaged in such



a useful business, which, if it be not lucrative to you, is full of glory and praise to God.

To come to my subject,—I suppose that colporteurs, as well as the rest of us, are tempted of the devil. We have been reminded, this afternoon, that our blessed Saviour set going just such a work as we are trying to carry on to-day. May I not say of Him, with all reverence, that He was the first of the long line of colporteurs? What a burden hung about His neck, and on His shoulders! How full of blessings were His hands as He went about doing good! Last night, you will remember, we read about our Lord being led of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil, and of the glorious triumph which He secured for Himself and for us; and we cannot wonder if we too are assailed by the prince of darkness. We must not be surprised if the devil is at us every now and then, and that, when he departs from us, it is only "for a season."

I wonder whether Satan has ever endeavoured to make you fancy that you are too much occupied in work for the Lord, and that if you had a little less to do you could do it better. He is quite capable of speaking in such a fashion as that, trying to take you by guile, insinuating that he is anxious that your work should be well done, and that it would be so if you had less of it to do. You know, brethren, that he was a liar from the beginning, and that he is only seeking to get you to drop that part of your service which works him the most injury. That is the very thing you want to keep on doing, and to add to it, if possible, by increased energy and zeal.

The devil came to your late dear President with some such suggestion as this. Putting it in his own characteristic language, he told us that Satan once said to him, "Spurgeon, you have got too many irons in the fire." How do you think he answered him? Solomon said, "Answer a fool according to his folly;" and my dear father told us that he looked Satan straight in the face, and said, "I've got none in *your* fire, Mr. Devil;" and I verily believe that is the best way to reply to his Satanic majesty when he tempts us to think that we have too many irons in the fire. Let him mind his own business, and leave us to attend to ours. He is not engaged in trying to save souls, but in seeking whom he may devour. He knows nothing, from personal experience, of our high aims, and noble ambitions, and God-given powers; why should he interfere with us? Thank God, we also can say that, however many irons we have in the fire, we have none in the devil's fire!

It is quite true that you are busy men, and that you have a great variety of duties. I recollect being very much interested, at one of your former meetings, as I listened to the stories of several of the colporteurs, which brought out very plainly the pleasing fact that all sorts of duties appertain to your office, and that you are ready for all of them. Well, brethren, have you too many irons in the fire? I am glad to hear you say, "No, no;" but I want to impress upon you the importance of remembering that it all depends upon the quantity of fire. If you have so many duties to see to, so many tasks to perform, such a variety of offices to engage your attention, you cannot heat all those irons at a little flame, you must heap on the

fuel, you must blow up the fire, nay more, the Holy Spirit must be upon you in greater measure if you are to do all these things well. Provided that there be an adequate supply of Holy Ghost power, and zeal begotten by the Spirit of God, you cannot have too many irons in the fire. These God-given duties will bring with them God-given strength to fulfil them, and wisdom and grace withal.

I reserve the deepest of my pity for those who have nothing to do; poor, miserable wretches! Thank God, we are not amongst the unemployed! It may be that some of us have reason to complain that we have more than our fair share of work, and we are quite ready to part with some of it to others who are not doing what they ought, only we feel that, if they are voluntarily lazy, they would probably make a mess of anything that we might give them to do. We do know the joy of resting awhile now and then, and we thank God for little breaks in the time of toil; but even then, we are not happy unless we have something to engage the mind and to fill the heart.

“Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.”

The Lord save all of us from having vacant minds! Our heads will be vacant if our hands are idle and empty, so let them by all means be full of work for Christ, and all the work we do engage in must be for Jesus. It will be impossible to do so much if “for His sake” is not written upon every item of it. What blessed slavery it is to be bound to Christ's service! How joyous the captivity that binds us to His chariot wheels! I have read that some of the barbarians of the olden times actually begged the Romans to enslave them; they saw that Roman slaves were apparently better off than they were in their savage freedom; possibly, after they had lost their liberty, they found that Roman servitude was not so bright as from a distance it appeared. We, too, have asked our blessed Saviour to enslave us, we are glad to be His bond-servants; and if we have any prayer to present to Him about the matter, it is, “Bind the chains still more closely, Lord! Heap the burdens more heavily upon us, for all Thou givest us to do or bear is gladsome toil and happy burden, for Thou Thyself dost help us in the duty.”

What a grand task any sort of service for Christ is! I think that, if I had the opportunity to change my post of service, I should ask to be a colporteur. You smile at that remark; perhaps you fancy that I speak thus because I have never been one, and do not know what it means. But, honestly and solemnly, I cannot think of any gladder task than God has given you. The angels know not how to envy; but, methinks, if it were possible, some of them who are commissioned to perform the highest and the noblest tasks would, at least, find a happy change in doing Colportage work, and going such rounds as you go. I am not sure but that they do; perchance, you have felt the presence of ministering spirits when you have been on your long journeys, and have been disappointed and discouraged at your task. I believe that, for all who labour faithfully for Jesus,—

“There are angels hov'ring round.”

I congratulate you, dear brethren, upon your versatility. It is not often that I use a half-crown word, I never do if a shilling word will express my meaning as well; but there is no simpler word that I know which exactly conveys the same sense as versatility does. You know, of course, that literally it means the power to change with great readiness from one task to another, and it includes the idea of being able to do all these different tasks equally well. At the root of the word is the notion of changeableness and unsteadiness; I do not congratulate you upon being versatile in that sense. We leave that sort of versatility to the weathercocks, and the Down-graders, and the higher critics; but we do rejoice in whatever measure God has given us of adaptability,—that is a still longer word, so I shall have to come back to versatility,—the power to suit ourselves and our service to special occasions and peculiar duties, the power to stand ready for God's call, whatever that may involve. I thank God that so many of you are all-round men, some of you literally so, and all of you actually so, I verily believe,—handy men who can, at a pinch, do whatsoever the Master bids you. You have your *forte*, your special gift and talent, I suppose, in every case; but you stand prepared to hear what God the Lord shall say unto you, and to do your best in obeying His commands; and Gabriel cannot do more than that.

The handiest of all men, so far as I know, are sailors,—except colporteurs, for there are some things colporteurs can do that would nonplus even sailors. Many a time I have been amused at the handiness of the men of the sea; if anything goes wrong with a passenger's parasol, for instance, they can put a “fish” on it, or mend it, not perhaps so well as a professional might do it, but well enough to last for the rest of the voyage. Duties of various kinds come to them as though they were to the manner born, and it is something of that sort of readiness and handiness that we need in our work for the Master. We want to be ready to catch the veriest whisper of our God, to hearken to every call He gives, and then at once to put our hands to every duty, because the Lord has bidden us do this, or that, or the other, and will supply us with all that we need to carry us through the task.

I suppose that the first of your duties, the first in order, is that of *selling books*. Your very name signifies something of that sort; you are “the man with the pack on his back,” for the word “colporteur” indicates the carrying of a burden slung round the neck or across the shoulders. Your duties require you to cultivate, first of all, business aptitude. People say that parsons and ministers have no idea of business, and I am afraid that is true of a great many of them; possibly, in some cases, it is scarcely their fault, as they have not had the opportunity and advantage of obtaining a business training. If I had my way, every man should be so trained before he entered the ministry; and you colporteurs, in howsoever humble a way, have been broken in to business habits. You who have learned something of how the world conducts its commerce are to be congratulated, and you need to bring to the service in which you are engaged the business skill you have acquired.

After all, I am afraid I should make a very poor colporteur; I don't know whether the officials here would employ me in that capacity. If they did engage me, I very much fear that, when I received my stock of books from the Tabernacle, I should not be able to dispose of them. I do not at all know how to make people buy what they don't want to buy,—a practice which I thoroughly disapprove of in most instances, but which is quite right in your case, for you are seeking to sell to the people books and periodicals, not merely that you may scoop up their money, but that they may get good from what they read. I am not sure that you do always find persons anxious to buy your books. Perhaps, if you were selling trifles, and trinkets, and ribbons, and laces, in which the female heart doth so greatly rejoice, you would not find it so difficult to dispose of your wares; but you would soon learn that the purchasers, whether they were male or female, would want the best article at the lowest possible cost, and would be on the look-out for bargains, for this also lies in the heart of the most of us. I wish the people would look out for bargains in literature; I mean, I wish they would reckon that book to be the best value which will most enrich the heart and feed the soul. There are, alas! still left some foolish folk who judge the book by the cover, but you, brethren, are able to sing the praises of the contents; and though you cannot force your wares upon unwilling customers, you have both to plead with them and to pray to God that they may be induced to put themselves in possession of that which will be for the upbuilding of character, the enlightenment of the eyes, and the comfort of the heart. The Lord give you true wisdom in this matter, and make you good salesmen in the very best sense of that term, that the greater praise and glory may come to Him!

*You work amongst the children*, I expect. Use every opportunity for reaching young hearts. You know, even better than I do, how plastic—comparatively speaking—they are, and how important it is to impress good thoughts and holy things upon them in their youth. Just as we stamp the wax while it is melted, and roll the gravel while it is still soft after the thunder-shower, so let the children come beneath the welcome pressure of God's truth while they are still children. But for this work great tact is required; there is no need to talk childish nonsense even to the little ones, we want to put the truth in such simple language that they can understand it, but always to make sure that it is the truth we are telling them.

You are engaged, I hope, more or less in *temperance work*. We do believe that everything which harms the mind and the body ought to be resolutely fought against; and, as to the drink itself, we are all fully persuaded—are we not?—that, as we have opportunity, we must by word, by precept, and by example, discourage the unholy traffic. The Lord give you good success in that department of your service as well as in all the others!

Your duty often sends you to *the sick chamber and house of mourning*. You need great wisdom in performing the duty that appertains to the office of comforter. A happy face will cause happiness wherever it goes. If, as was said of Keble, your face is like an illuminated clock, you will shed light and blessing even as you enter the home.

I read, the other day, that there are two sorts of faces,—tea-pot faces, and coffee-pot faces. Well, we are not, as a rule, responsible for the shape of our faces, and yet there is a sense in which, by reason of a cheerful spirit, and a praiseful heart, we can transform faces that are naturally long into bright and smiling ones, which by their very presence will help to banish grief.

Consolation is always acceptable, and I think you will be pretty safe in carrying it to every home and to almost every person. My dear father used to say that you are always safe in birching a boy, for he either has deserved it, or does deserve it, or will deserve it. I am glad to say that was one of the very few things that he preached but did not practise; still, I think he believed it with all his heart. There are exceptions to every rule, and his two boys were the exceptions to that particular rule; but you, brethren, are quite safe in administering consolation to most of the people you meet, for they either have needed it, or do need it, or will presently need it. So, speak a word of cheer wherever you go. As a vessel, sailing through the tropic seas, leaves a phosphorescent wake behind it, so let it be said of you that, wherever you have been, you have made the place and the people all the brighter for your visit.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to comfort a sorrow-stricken heart, even though you may fully intend to do so. It was a well-intentioned elephant of which I have read, which found a forsaken nest of eggs, and deploring the fact that they were left to such an untimely end, said, "I will sit on them myself." So, with the best of intentions, the elephant spoiled all prospects of a brood; and there are some who have that elephantine method of comforting people, but hearts that are stricken are as fragile as eggs, and you must be careful how you handle them. Only grace Divine can enable you to speak the right word in the right way, and to drop the tear or heave the sigh that soothes sorrowful spirits. "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." This gift comes from God: we have it not by nature, though there are some dispositions that naturally lend themselves to this consoling work, yet even they need to be better fitted for the task by the grace of God. So, brethren,—

"Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,  
And speak that name in all its living power."

I have heard of a certain king, whose reverses reduced him at last to such extremities that he wrote from his prison-house to a friend, asking that he would, in his mercy, bring him these three articles,—a sponge, a loaf, and a harp,—a sponge that he might wipe away his tears, a loaf that he might satisfy the cravings of his hunger, and a harp that he might at least attempt by its sweet strains to drive away the melancholy which was eating away his life. Brethren, take to sorrowing hearts the sponge, tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save, tell them of Him who was sent to heal the broken-hearted; give them also the loaf,—the Bread that came down from Heaven; and better than handing to them a harp is for you to sing to them of Jesu's matchless mercy and of His dying love.

Perhaps, among the other irons in your fire is the responsible task of *defending the faith*. The days when such defence is necessary have not gone by yet. In the villages, as well as in the cities and towns of our land, brave men and true are needed to stand up for Jesus, to display the banner of the Cross, to repeat the war-cry of "The blood!" and to speak so well of the Bible that men shall understand that we at least believe in its absolute and infallible inspiration. Really, brethren, I think we shall soon begin to be grateful—if we are not so already,—to those who are trying to do mischief to the cause of truth, and seeking to overthrow the foundations of our confidence. They themselves, with God's blessing, will presently see how vain is the task they are attempting; and, meanwhile, it is beginning to dawn upon the minds of some that all these efforts are going for very little, that they have to unsay what they said a month or two ago, and to undo what they did a few days back. I expect you know the story of the Irishman who was building a wall broader than it was high; it was six feet broad, but only four feet high. His neighbours laughed at him, and asked why he built it that way. "Why!" said Patrick, "I have built it so that, if it is ever overturned, it will be higher than ever." Now, the truth of God, which we love and hold, is not broader than it is high, for it is built four-square; but let men turn it over, and over, and over again, and it still remains as high and as firm as ever.

The other day, in London, some men of the telegraphic department were engaged in attending to the wires connected with the telephone. One of these men had climbed the pole, heavily laden with these wires;—I think the task they had in hand was to transfer the wires to another stand that they were erecting, and the old pole was temporarily secured meanwhile. As the man stood in that precarious and perilous position, looking down from that great height, he saw one of the workmen below loosing a stay which held the pole on which he was, so he called out with awful emphasis, "Don't let go that stay!" But he was too late; the man had undone the rope or wire, and down came the pole with a terrible crash, bringing the poor fellow with it, and burying in its ruins some others who were standing by. And when I find men playing fast and loose with the truth we have loved, I also cry out, "Don't loose that stay!" We have built our hopes on that truth, and our comfort is that they cannot loose it, it remains firm and strong; but alas for those for whom it is loosed, since they have given up their belief in its cardinal doctrines, on which our hearts have lived, and on which we hope to rest when we come to die.

In conclusion, dear brethren, let me remind you that one of the chief of your duties is that of *conducting services, preaching the Word, and seeking to be the means of winning souls*. I have put it last, not because it is least, but because it is the most important of all. I should very much like to attend some of the services which you conduct, I should indeed; I should like to return the compliment that some of you so kindly paid me yesterday, when you said that you found the services at the Tabernacle a help, or a treat, or something of that sort. One thing that I know about your meetings is to the credit of them and of you, they have not the stiffness and formality that too

often obtain in the services conducted by "the cloth" and the clergy. What a mercy that is! I wish we also could be rid of it altogether. I do not see any one of you with the all-round dog-collar which some ministers affect, I do not think I should mistake any one of you for a parson; and in my opinion you are to be congratulated that you are in your outward appearance so much like the people among whom you labour. We do not or should not need anything to distinguish us from our fellow-men except it be our holy life and gracious example. I trust that you, brethren, have not begun to imitate the parsonic voice in preaching; if you have, I would say what Mr. Punch said about another matter, "Don't." Speak in your natural tone of voice by all manner of means; improve that tone of voice if you can, let it not be unnecessarily gruff or rough; but I had rather have it so than have you try to copy the mellifluous accents of an intoning parson, or anything whatever of that sort.

I do hope you will always have something to say when you go to conduct a service anywhere. It is dreadful to have to listen to nothing; it is almost as bad as to have to do nothing, and that is, at least to some of us, terribly hard work. It has been well said that "every sermon should have Heaven for its father, and earth for its mother." I think the meaning of that parable is just this, that the power of the Spirit should be in it, that Heavenly truth should be the subject-matter of it, and that you yourselves should be in it, too, in human sympathy and love, that your own experience should be told in it, and that you should reach the hearts of others by the outpouring of your own heart, that heart being first filled up with Divine treasure, and so the sermon becomes born both of Heaven and of earth.

Let the Lord Jesus be always the central theme of all your preaching. I was glad to see my dear helper, Mr. Sawday, come in just now. Only last Wednesday, I heard the testimony of a dear lad who told me that he was brought to God definitely by the word my dear friend spoke to the spectators at a recent communion service, when he quoted those words of the late dear Pastor, which have been embossed on cards which you have probably seen and sold,—

"SALVATION IS EVERYTHING FOR NOTHING."

The youth said to me, "When I heard Mr. Sawday say that, it was like a revelation to me; and I said to myself, 'If it is so, I will have it,' and I trusted Christ, and got it." "Salvation is everything for nothing." Go with that message to the needy sons of men; tell them that "the blood of Jesus pays for everything," and that the Holy Spirit sanctifies all who put themselves into His hands.

Well, now, if you have all these irons in the fire, you will need to keep the fire burning, will you not? May the Lord Himself see to the stoking of it, and bring you fuel enough and to spare! And if I, by any word I have spoken, have helped to poke the fire up a bit, let the praise be given to God alone.

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## “ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XLVI.—PASTOR EDWARD LAST, OF CAMBRIDGE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, GLASGOW.



IT is always interesting to get right away to the fountain-head out of which a stream flows, and to trace it on its course, as it grows and expands and broadens, and especially when the stream is one which does much to freshen and fertilize the region it traverses. Quite as interesting is it also to trace, from *its* spring, a life which has been useful and quickening to others, in the best and truest sense. That this has been the character of the life

outlined in this and the following pages, the many, whom PASTOR EDWARD LAST has been the means of alluring to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, convincingly testify.

Commencing at the beginning of that life which is life indeed, not the least striking proof of the inspiring truth, “The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working,” (R.V.) is the subject of our present sketch. Edward Last’s father was a Baptist of the old school, and one who so thoroughly gave himself to prayer on behalf of his son that, in those early days, the lad would frequently go to sleep with his head under the clothes, and his fingers in his ears, in order that he might not hear the soul-pleas and petitions that were winged to the throne for his conversion, and heart-surrender. But the supplication of faith, and especially that of a saintly parent, must ever prevail; and the father at length rejoiced in seeing his son rising up to serve God.

Our friend, who was born at Chelmsford, in Essex, was converted at the age of fifteen, and, four years later, on profession of his faith in Christ, was baptized at Burnham, in the same county, by Pastor C. D. Gooding. While at Chelmsford, Brother Last was much strengthened, both in life and character, through attendance at a Bible-class, conducted by Mr. H. Ford, which proved a source of untold blessing to scores of young men of that period, several of whom are to-day in the ministry.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. Last began to make his early attempts at preaching; and the memories which surround his first sermon, preached as it was in a venerable blacksmith’s shop, are not likely to fade from his recollection. The friend, who drove him out to the humble smithy, stipulated that he should use no notes. This arrangement so agitated the young preacher that, tremulous lest he should quickly run dry if he took a common text, he decided on selecting a New Testament character, and fixed at once on blind Bartimæus.



Seventy people (the number present) was a great audience to confront the youthful speaker in his first effort; but the good friend, who took care that no notes should be used, evidently observing his embarrassment, announced the hymn,—

"Now just a word for Jesus;"

and with the last verse ringing in his ears,—

"Now just a word for Jesus;  
And if your faith be dim,  
Arise in all your weakness,  
And leave the rest to Him;"—

Mr. Last stood up, and out of the fulness of a full heart, witnessed for Him who had redeemed him from death; and, to his own relief and comfort, found that he actually got through without breaking down. That stage being reached, a point was turned in his career, from which it afterwards proved that he was to press forward to fresh fields of usefulness; for, from this period, he continued to testify, as the Holy Spirit gave him utterance, in various cottages, and mission-stations connected with different denominations.

Soon after his baptism, the course of events was so ordered as to effect his removal to Braintree, where, actively engaged in work as a member of the Baptist Church then under the care of Pastor J. C. Foster, came the beckoning of the Divine hand into those paths which have led up to the definite service of the Christian ministry. It was here, and at this juncture, that a deep desire took possession of our brother to dedicate the whole of his life to pastoral work. Fearing, however, lest the desire itself might be merely a passing fancy, he resolved to mention it to no one, but to put it to the test by working away for twelve months as he was then doing, hoping, at the end of that period, to be better able to judge of its superficiality or genuineness by the grip, strong or weak, it might still have upon him. But, in the interval, matters came to a crisis by the opening up of good business prospects in another town, on account of which he was led to disclose to his pastor all that had been on his heart.

"I have long been thinking of you in this very connection; but did not wish to put the idea into your head, until I was first assured that it was in your heart," was the clear and decided response which the disclosure immediately elicited; and the ultimate issue of the conference which ensued between the young eager Christian worker and his minister, was an application for admission to the Pastors' College. A further time of testing was the lot of the ardent applicant, for at first he met with a refusal because so many other candidates were waiting. Disappointment could not, however, crush a longing that had fired his whole soul; and, more especially, as the longing proved to be directly begotten of God. At length, in response to a second appeal, the gracious and now glorified President wrote to him the heart-cheering words, "Come in."

Having put his hand to the plough, our friend looked not back: for, commencing his first session as a student within the walls of the Pastors' College, in January, 1885, with such a will did he give

himself to work and study that, while shirking no lesson or task of the class-room which would help to equip him for his life-calling, he yet found time during his curriculum to take charge of a then College preaching-station at Theydon Bois. Here he baptized the first of those who now form the Baptist Church in that part of Epping Forest, and he had the joy of seeing the work of the Lord greatly prosper under his care.

As his student's course began to draw to its close, and when he had been nearly three years in College, one day, towards the end of the year 1887, the late genial and scholarly Principal Gracey asked him if he would go to Kelso, Scotland, and assist for six months the pastor of the Baptist Church there, who was then ill. With characteristic promptitude, he decided to go; and leaving England, he arrived in Kelso in the beginning of December of that same year. Here he did much effective work in the surrounding country district, in the form of cottage, farm, and open-air meetings, with the result that, in such numbers did the people from the country flock up to the town church, that the Sabbath-evening service was usually crowded, some coming a distance of five miles to be present. Indeed, Mr. Last had not been long in Kelso when very manifest signs were evinced of the commencement of a deep and genuine work of grace, and many were led there and then to decision for Christ.

During this period of six months, Mr. Steel, the pastor, passed to his reward; and, at its close, the church gave to Mr. Last a hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate, which he accepted. The tide of blessing, which had begun to flow, instead of receding, rose higher and higher; during the first year, forty-two members were added to the church by baptism. After three years' very happy work, in response to a call from another church, our friend left the banks of the Tweed, to labour in the town of Dumbarton, on the banks of the Clyde.

While in Dumbarton, however, other eyes were upon him; and soon an invitation was placed in his hands from Cambridge Street Baptist Church, Glasgow. Feeling that he was being unerringly, because Divinely led, he responded to the invitation, and became a pastor in Glasgow in May, 1891. For some time previously, the church in Cambridge Street had been in a somewhat low condition, but it was much helped by the efforts of Mr. J. C. Graham, the then treasurer of the Baptist Union of Scotland, who for two and a half years acted as Honorary Pastor. When Brother Last took up the work, the membership stood at about 80; the cause was crippled by a debt of over £1,500, while it was dependent for financial support on the kindly assistance of the Scottish Baptist Union.

During our friend's ministry, the membership has grown from 80 to nearly 500, the debt has been reduced from £1,500 to £1,000, the expenses of the renovation of the chapel, which has been effected in the interval, have been completely met, while the church is now entirely self-supporting. The actual number baptized during the period is 335, and the total of those added to the fellowship of the church, 539, many of those baptized having been brought to a knowledge of the truth at the different meetings connected with the church. The Sabbath-school has grown, until it now numbers nearly 400, the Pastor's Sunday

afternoon Bible-class has a membership of over 80, while the Y.P.S.C.E., formed more than four years ago, is one of the largest in connection with any church in Scotland, and the good it has effected is simply incalculable.

A source of great stimulus and strength to our friend has been a band of young men who, with God-touched hearts, have gathered around him, and at open-air meetings, held twice a week all the year round, have done valiant service for the King. The open-air work, as an evangelistic agency, has brought unmeasured and lasting blessing to many.

As we learn from the subject of the sketch himself that scarcely a week has gone by without some case of conversion, certain of the cases dealt with being most remarkable in their character, some may ask the question, "Wherein lies the secret of such God-honoured service?" To which we can best reply in words which come direct from Brother Last's own pen:—"The secret of the blessing seems to be, plain, pointed preaching of the old gospel, much prayer, strong expectation, personal dealing, and keeping clear from all entertainments and worldly methods." We also learn from our friend that "the prospect for the future is most promising; the attendance, the result in conversions, the additions to the church, the heartiness, the prayerfulness, and the unity of the members never were better." The one outstanding hindrance seems to be a lack of room. "We would think," says Mr. Last, "of going in for a new building, if we had not the old debt to wipe off."

Outside of his own pastoral duties, our friend is a member of the Executive of the Scottish National Y.P.S.C.E. Union, takes an active part in Christian Endeavour work generally, and has spoken at many of the anniversary meetings of the different Branch Societies throughout Scotland. He is an Honorary Vice-President of the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A., and as a recently-elected director of the Glasgow Evangelistic Association, takes his share in the work of the different meetings connected therewith. Some months ago, he received a "call" to a Baptist Church in England, but elected to remain in the sphere where he has been so much and so graciously used in the salvation of souls, and the edification of the saints.

Mrs. Last, who is a native of Scotland, is an invaluable help to her husband. She is the charm of his home-life, enjoys the love and esteem of the members of the church, and being endowed with the gift of song, brightens many a meeting with her sweet gospel singing. May they long be spared together to strengthen each other's hands in every useful form of Christian effort!

"We greatly need preachers for the people," wrote Professor W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, some time ago. "A preacher to the people needs to be clear in his views, homely in his style, full of illustration, direct and courageous in his application, rich in brotherly sympathy, and very warm and vigorous in his delivery. I believe" (continues the Professor) "that if only every tenth student that passes through our hands were a man of this stamp, we should soon see a change on the face of society."

That to most if not all of the features thus specified, our friend is

no stranger, those who best know both him and his work can without hesitancy witness. That the debt which still cripples his efforts may soon be a thing of the past, and that, freed from this encumbrance, he may long be spared to the Lord's work in Scotland, will, I feel sure, be the heartfelt prayer of all who delight in the words of the prophet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good."

WILLIAM RUTHVEN.

## A Spiritual "Enquire Within upon Everything."

BY J. DINNEN GILMORE, CORK.

**M**ORE than twenty years ago, the late Rev. John White, of Belfast, published a volume entitled, *The Old Book Tested*. It deserves to be republished, and widely circulated. The truths so clearly expressed, so forcibly written, were never more necessary than they are to-day. To Mr. White, I am largely indebted for the thoughts which follow.

My faith in "the Volume of my Father's grace" has been justified and confirmed *by finding it just the revelation that I need*. Man is a reasoning, enquiring being, to whom knowledge is a necessity. There are questions which he must ask, and which he has asked, in all ages and countries. "If there is a God, what is He? Is He a being of absolute power, of unrelenting cruelty, or is He a God of kindness and of love? What does He think of me? Does He hate or love me? Will He destroy or save me? Must I tremble before His power, or may I trust in His mercy? How came this vast system of things into existence? Who made it? Who supports it? Who orders and directs it? What am I? Who made me? Who cares for me? What is to be my destiny? What is my duty? Is there a Saviour who can deliver me from sin and misery, and give me peace and happiness?"

These questions, and a thousand more, in some form or other, have engaged the attention of mankind everywhere. Apart from the Word of God, they have never been answered. The wisest utterances of Greek and Latin philosophers are but dim stars in a murky sky, compared with the clear shining light from this Book of books. The theories of the prophets of infidelity are as contradictory as they are various, agreeing only in their hostility to this Book, and their endeavour to make men doubt and disown it; yet they can give us nothing in its place. If they could, they would drive us from a safe and quiet harbour, and send us adrift upon a sea of doubt, without chart or compass, not caring whether we sink or swim in mid-ocean, or perish on the rocks. How grandly the Scriptures tower above all their utterances! How immeasurably greater are the oracles of God than all who oppose them! In our perplexity, we turn to the Word, and find it a spiritual "Enquire Within upon Everything." Clearly, simply, beautifully, and profoundly, it answers our enquiries, and settles all our hard questions. Very fully does it supply all our mental and moral necessities; with

fullest satisfaction, it accounts for the existence of the visible by the revelation of the invisible.

Looking around, I see a vast and glorious system, a world of beauty, of order, and of light, mountains and vales, flowing rivers and murmuring streams. Looking above, there are innumerable shining wonders; suns pouring light on systems; planets revolving in their orbits; fixed stars, like sentinels always at their post. I ask, "Who made them all? Who called out and marshalled their brilliant host? By whose power are they sustained? Who made the earth with its myriads of living creatures, all cared for and fed? Who formed this globe? Who made all these things? By what bounty are they fed?" Ask the oracles of infidelity, and what a jargon we hear! One cries, "chance"; another, "development"; another, "evolution"; and still another, "they were neither created nor made; matter is eternal."

Disappointed and perplexed, I turn from them all to my Bible; I repeat my enquiries; how simple, how sublime its answer! "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thine hands." "The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land." "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season." The great astronomer, Kirchner, had a friend who denied the existence of God. One day, he called on the astronomer, when he saw, in one corner of his room, a very beautiful celestial globe, and enquired whose it was, and who made it. "It is not mine," said Kirchner, "and I do not think anybody made it. It must have come there by chance, and of its own accord." "Ridiculous!" said his friend, "what is the use of such a reply?" "Why!" rejoined he, "you cannot believe that this little imperfect piece of workmanship sprang into existence of itself; how, then, can you imagine that the glorious heavens, which this merely represents, could have sprung into being of their own accord?" The arrow entered his heart, and he became a servant of that God whose existence he had denied.

I ask again, "Whence did I come? Who made me? Who formed this body, so fearfully and wonderfully made? Who kindled up this spirit, with its capacities and powers? To whom am I accountable? Who shall save me?" Bewildered by the guesses of scepticism, saddened by the theories of its prophets, and perplexed as I hear them gravely inform me that I have been developed from an oyster, I turn to my Bible, and again it answers: "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." It informs me that God is "the Father of all flesh," that He "made of one blood all men to dwell upon the earth." It tells me of a Divine Father who loves me, of a living Saviour who redeemed me, of a Holy Spirit who enlightens, comforts, and sanctifies me; of a future life of blessedness, as the end of a life of faith and obedience; it shows me the way of salvation, and points out the path of duty. In a word, the Bible seems to be the law of my own being out-written. It meets every difficulty, it throws light on every mystery, it supplies every want, it leaves nothing to be desired.

Yes, I believe in the Word of God ; I cannot help believing in it. I believe in it up to the very hilt, from cover to cover. The question of its inspiration has been settled, once for all, by an appeal to the words of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself upon the subject. Its inspiration by the Holy Ghost is repeatedly affirmed by Him ; so much so, that He quotes the words of David as being what David said by the Holy Ghost ; and as to its authority and infallibility, such words as "the Scripture must be fulfilled," "the Scripture cannot be broken," show what His thoughts on this matter were. The canon of the Old Testament was the same in His time as that which we now possess, and, recognizing Christ as my Master and Lord, I have no ambition to have it said of me, in this or anything else, "the disciple is above his Lord." I therefore very thankfully bow to His teaching on a subject upon which, I am satisfied, He knew infinitely more than any critic, however scholarly or deeply learned.

"Last eve, I paused beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime ;  
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had ?" said I,  
'To wear and batter all these hammers so ?'  
'Just one,' said he ; then said, with twinkling eye,  
'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

"And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word,  
For ages, sceptic blows have beat upon ;  
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,  
The anvil is unarmed,—the hammers gone."

## Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 169.)

### XCV.—GOD, THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.

*"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."*—James i. 17.

James is contending against the infamous supposition that God can be the Author of evil, and in this verse a secret yet mighty argument is couched, for if God be the Author of good, and that immutably, He cannot be the cause of sin. We shall observe that—

I. ALL GOOD THINGS ARE FROM ABOVE, i.e., from Heaven, from God.

There they are designed by Jesus, the Prince of Heaven, purchased by the Spirit, given by the Father. All gifts from God are good ; so that, if a thing be not good, it came not from above, but from beneath.

They "come." They come in due measure, at the best season, to the right place.

This should keep us from self-glory, and from vaunting over inferiors or envying superiors, and should lead us to gratitude.

## II. ALL THINGS FROM ABOVE ARE GIFTS.

Even if sinless, man could not deserve anything of God; the word is misapplied when used between a Creator and a creature. Much less now, when man is a sinner, can he merit anything. True, in doing good, we are rewarded, and Heaven is called a reward, but it is a reward of grace, not of merit.

These good things were dearly purchased, yet they are freely given; they are not given to us as servants, but as sons; they are not wages, but gifts.

## III. SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS ARE THE BEST OF BLESSINGS.

They are here called "good" and "perfect." They are necessary to make us first good, then perfect. This passage does not mean temporal and spiritual gifts, as some think, but spiritual things in their different degrees. They are very good, because—

1. Only given to peculiar favourites of Heaven.
2. They are for our nobler part.
3. They are eternal.
4. They never clog and weary.

IV. GOD IS "THE FATHER OF LIGHTS," since He is the most resplendent of all lights, and the only source of light. Light is used to express—

1. His essence and being, a simple, yet sublime emblem.
2. His glory, it is pure unsullied light.
3. His nature, wisdom, holiness, happiness.

All being, honour, wisdom, holiness, happiness, is of Him.

This should lead us to fly to God, and no more to abide His absence than the sun's departure. We should seek to walk like our Father.

This passage tells us why wicked men hate God.

## V. GOD IS UNCHANGEABLE

The apostle used an astronomical term to teach that in God there is no parallax, declination, or eclipse,—no rising or setting, as with the sun. This is true of all His attributes,—holiness, mercy, love, justice.

Toward His saints, there is no change in God; let us, then, learn not to change so much toward Him, but ask God to make us steadfast and unmovable, and to lead us to trust in Him as immutable.

## XCVI.—THE RENDING OF THE VEIL.

*"And the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom."*—Mark xv. 38.

The veil was a partition betwixt the holy place and the most holy. It was to keep from the eyes of the worshippers the things most sacred, when the high priest went in thither to accomplish the service of God. It is described in Exodus xxvi. 31—33, and mentioned in Leviticus xvi. 2, and 2 Chronicles iii. 14. It was made of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine twined linen, embroidered with figures of cherubim, "to show," says Bunyan, "that, as the angels are with us here, and wait upon us all the days of our pilgrimage in this world, so, when we die, they stand ready, even at the veil,—at the door of Heaven,—to come, when bidden, to fetch us and carry us away into Abraham's bosom."

The veil was a very thick piece of tapestry,—a hand-breadth is said by one of the Rabbis to have been its thickness,—of immense length, even 40 cubits, the breadth being 20 cubits. This great and gorgeous curtain was rent in sunder from the top to the bottom, “in the midst” (as Luke adds), just when Jesus died. Because—

I. OF THE DEATH OF SUCH AN ONE AS JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD.

1. It was a solemn act of mourning for His death, and of horror at the blasphemous wickedness of the murder. The temple, the sun, the earth, the rocks, supplied mourners for Christ's funeral.

2. It was rent, too, as an instance of His majesty even when in misery; the dying God-man did what living man could not do.

3. The veil of the temple was the barrier to the most holy place; and until rent, none could even look within. So, unless Christ had died, none could have entered Heaven, or found the way of life.

II. AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOSAIC SYSTEM DIED.

1. This rending of so conspicuous an object as the veil of the temple was an excellent representation of the passing away of the whole Mosaic economy. Being the time of sacrifice, the priest was at that moment standing by the brazen altar, which was situated near the veil; and as the day was a high one, probably Caiaphas was then sacrificing. This rending of the veil would, therefore, be a very conspicuous transaction.

2. It showed that God at that moment had withdrawn His presence from the holy of holies, that it was no longer sacred; God had now no peculiar place for dwelling in on the earth.

3. The Jewish nation had, as it were, been God's *sanctum sanctorum*, but the rent veil threw down the partition, and gave the Gentiles communion with them. “He hath made both one.”

III. THE BIRTH OF THE GOSPEL TOOK PLACE AT THAT INSTANT. The rending of the veil just at its birth was prophetic—

1. Of the fuller revelation of Heavenly mysteries; the things hidden are now laid open. The law was a system of mysteries and shadows; the gospel is one of revelation and light.

2. Of the access with boldness which the sons of God now enjoy. Then, only the high priest, once a year, could enter; now, all believers are kings and priests unto God, and may at all times enter into the presence of God.

3. Of the sweet union between the saint and his God; there is now no separation, we are one with Him.

4. Of the reception saints now receive when they die; they can enter Heaven at once, for the veil is rent.

IV. FROM THAT TIME THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM WAS CERTAIN.

This rending of the veil was a sort of prophecy of it.

1. No privileges, ordinances, or mere knowledge will save men; the temple is no bulwark, God rends its veil.

2. Judgment begins at the house of God, yea, and in the very centre of the house. “If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?”

3. God pays wrath at first by small instalments. First, the veil is rent; then, the temple itself is destroyed. Even now, the ungodly man has some foretaste of future destruction.



(1.) Poor sinner, there is no veil between thee and thy God; it is rent from the top to the bottom, it is not merely a small hole torn in it, it is rent right away; so now nothing obstructs thee from coming to God by Jesus Christ.

(2.) Christian, go boldly to thy God. Live in communion with Him, have a good hope of entering Heaven through the rent veil.

#### XCVII.—THE TRANQUILLITY, SECURITY, AND SUPPLIES AFFORDED TO THE GOSPEL CHURCH.

*"Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious LORD will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."*—Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

This prophecy immediately referred to the state of Jerusalem, when she should be delivered from Sennacherib; but, doubtless, with fuller meaning it relates to the privileges of the Church of Christ in gospel times.

##### I. THE PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY OF THE CHURCH.

This shall result from—

1. The character of her Governor.
2. The temper of her inhabitants.
3. The strength of her fortifications.
4. The subjugation of her enemies. She shall be a "habitation", not merely a lodging-house.

##### II. HER PERMANENCY AND SECURITY.

She is a tabernacle, for, like it, she is—

1. Of Heavenly origin.
2. Her artificers are Divinely inspired.
3. In her, God's glory rests.

She is not, however, a frail tent, and she cannot be moved like the old tabernacle in the wilderness.

The "stakes" and "cords" are the ordinances and promises of God, which change not.

##### III. THE NATURE OF HER SUPPLIES.

Herein the old Jerusalem is excelled, for she had no river.

1. Our supplies are Divine: "the glorious Lord."
2. " " " abundant: "broad rivers and streams."
3. " " " inexhaustible. Rills may fail, rivers shall not.
4. " " " ever near: "There," always at hand.
5. " " " unmolested: "no galley with oars," etc.

Let this subject—

1. Induce gratitude that we live now, rather than in persecuting, troublous times.

2. Inspire confidence; the Church of Christ is secure against all adversaries.

3. Excite expectation. Who knows how broad the rivers and streams of grace shall be?

## XCVIII.—THE INVITATION OF MOSES TO HOBAB.

*"And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses' father in law, We are journeying unto the place of which the LORD said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the LORD hath spoken good concerning Israel."*—Numbers x. 29.

It seems tolerably clear that Raguel, or Reuel, or Jethro (three names for one individual) was Moses' father-in-law, and that Hobab was his brother-in-law. Moses gives him this invitation, in which—

I. HE REMINDS HIM OF THE OCCUPATION HE MUST FOLLOW IF HE BECAME ONE WITH ISRAEL: "We are journeying."

1. You may not now make present things your object.
2. You must not count on ease; you must toil; you must be subject to many inconveniences.
3. You are never to be satisfied with the progress you have made; your motto must ever be, "Onward."

Moses must also have told Hobab that the journey they were taking was a singular one, for it was—

- (i.) Undertaken by Divine command.
- (ii.) Continued under Divine guidance.
- (iii.) Marked by God's miraculous and gracious care.

Thus shall your journey be if you will come with us.

II. HE INFORMS HIM OF THE GREAT OBJECT ISRAEL HAD IN VIEW:

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."

No less an object than Heaven itself is desired—

1. As the end of a toilsome and dangerous journey.
2. As a country amply stored with provision.
3. As the land promised. It includes a kingdom (Luke xii. 32), a throne (Rev. iii. 21), a crown (2 Tim. iv. 8), eternal life (1 John ii. 25).
4. As the free gift of God, not as a debt.

III. HE THEN GIVES HIM THE INVITATION: "Come thou with us."

1. Piety prompted Moses to desire his brother-in-law's company.
2. Benevolence also moved him to give the invitation.
3. Gratitude for kindness shown to him in the wilderness led him to give the invitation.
4. It was to his own interest, for Hobab knew the wilderness.

How useful many might be to us if they would come with us! We want men first to give themselves to Christ, and then to give themselves openly to His Church.

IV. HE SUPPORTS HIS REQUEST WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT GOD HAD SPOKEN GOOD CONCERNING ISRAEL.

1. God has promised to point out a good way for them to travel.
2. He has promised to find succour for them at all times.
3. He has declared them absolutely secure.
4. He has said glorious things concerning Heaven.

How happy, how honourable, how safe a thing it is to be a Christian! The Church desires men's salvation; and God Himself is not willing that any should perish.

(To be continued.)

## The Church's Banner.

(An original hymn, recited by the composer, in Eastgate Baptist Chapel, Lewes, at the close of a sermon upon Psalm lx. 4: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.")

**B**APTIZED Heaven-born Church of Jesus,  
 Spread your banner's ample fold;  
 Show the world its glorious blazon,  
 Words of men inspired of old.  
 "Not by might of earthly monarch,  
 Not by power of human word;  
 But by My all-quickening Spirit,  
 Saith, of hosts, the glorious Lord "

We are children of the Father,  
 Not of blood of ancient race;  
 Not of will of priest or ruler,  
 But by call of sovereign grace.  
 Ours a noble, ancient standard,  
 Borne by many a faithful hand  
 From the dungeon to the scaffold,  
 Over many a hostile land.

Long ago, the Captain gave it,  
 When the "first love" had decayed;  
 Gave, to lowly standard-bearers,  
 Whose undaunted faith displayed  
 Far and wide its saving message,  
 And His chosen rallied round,  
 Bore it high in bitter conflict;  
 Still it waves above the ground.

And the truth has won acceptance  
 Where obedience is denied;  
 And some own its power and virtue  
 Who refuse to take its side.  
 Shall we now, for fear or favour,  
 Let the glorious banner drag?  
 Ah! they prate of "peace and concord,"  
 What they mean is, "*Furl your flag.*"

Brothers, sisters, Jesus gave it;  
 Rally round it, firmer stand;  
 Followers of His great example,  
 Faithful to His high command.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," ETC., ETC.

### X.—WHAT THE CHIMES SAY.

WE are standing on rising ground, and there is borne in upon us, by the summer's breeze, the sound of "a carillon of bells" from the tower of the great Abbey of St. Albans. Now sinking, and yet again swelling, as the zephyrs come and go, we make out the music of the tune "Hanover." This tune has always been associated in our mind with John Newton's heart-healing hymn, "Begone unbelief," and we find ourselves humming, as a more sustained stave than the rest reaches us,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

How many heart-aches of the days long ago have been soothed and smoothed by these very chimes! In sensitive childhood we heard them, and were moved to tears by the pathos of "Home, sweet Home." With charming appropriateness this carol closed the week. Many must have been the varying emotions of the toiling thousands within the radius of the ring of the chime, as the sweet notes, inseparable from the beautiful ballad, floated to them on the night air. "Listen," our mother would say, as the door stood open, on a Saturday evening in summer, at the hour of six,—"the chimes are playing 'Home sweet Home,' your father will soon be here." More than once, when it was dark, we have stood close up to the ancient walls, and listened to the great organ within. Long would we linger, thinking how strangely solemn the great church must look with the one little light to magnify the shadows. It was always a time rich with fancies when the music came to us, now near as a rising tide, then far off like the moan of the wind round the hill. Then we would be startled from our reverie by the deep tones of the clock striking nine, and the chimes would add a note of admiration to the hour with a moral from Mozart, "Life let us cherish."

But there came a time when youthful hearts in the old town were moved by the Saviour's love, and when reason, enlightened by the Spirit of God, could intelligently appreciate the ever-thrilling story of Calvary. To such listeners, the chimes could furnish, out of their repertory, more than one processional hymn, so that, when the carillon in the belfry took up the strain of time to the march of "Mariner's," the young disciple had words ready, and could sing as he walked,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

On Lord's-day morning, too, as he went forth to worship, his "song of degrees" could be set to "Hanover," and he could cry,—

"Oh worship the King,  
All glorious above."

Ah, chimes of childhood, as again we hear the once-familiar sound, ye touch with your music the chords of memory so that they vibrate

with recollections of the days of old! Your notes reach us now after many years of toil, struggle, defeat, and, perhaps, victory. Yes, we can gather in your music, doubling the semibreve as it goes by, and weave for it "a psalm of life," and it shall be this,—

"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!"

\* \* \* \*

As we stand upon the hillside, we think of the heroes who, in the past, on yonder ridge where the Abbey rises, suffered death for conscience' sake. The whole scene is historic. Beneath us, through the fields, ran the old Roman road of Watling Street. On this very hill, Cassivelaunus defended his British stronghold against the invaders. Here, after the Roman conquest, grew up a stately city, and these silent green fields were then the busy haunts of men. The temple, the palace, the amphitheatre,—all were here. Where now the grass grows, and tall trees that have seen centuries of seasons, flourish, the legions of Rome once marched, and men came through the gates who may have heard the apostle Paul. Generations went by, and still the stately city stood. The gods of the heathen were worshipped, men traded, loved, and hated within its massive walls. The blood of the gladiator dyed the sand of the arena, and, oblivious of the tragedy of life, youth played at knuckle-bones on marble steps. Here, too, were disciples of the despised Nazarene; and from one of its gates, in the reign of Diocletian, a Christian was led forth to die for the faith. Albanus had received the gospel while on the Continent. He came home to Verulamium to confess it. Sheltering a deacon of the church who had fled from persecution, Albanus himself became suspected. When taxed with the offence, he declared that he, too, was a Christian. As no threats could move him, he was at once condemned. Over the stream in the valley they took him, and on the opposite hill his blood was shed.

No church crowned the ridge then. The martyr's memorials were the turf, soaked with his blood, held for a sacred spot as time went on; and, what was more to the purpose, the tradition of his constancy handed down through many generations. He went to his death firm in his loyalty to that Saviour, whose redeeming grace those who came long after would set in words to the music of the chimes.

\* \* \* \*

The centuries in their march left their mark on both hill and dale. The Roman city disappeared. The gods were gone, but so also was primitive Christianity, and the Papacy reigned in its stead. In the times of the kings of the Norman Conquest, the massive tower of the Abbey rose over the spot where the Roman martyr had suffered. The Norman church was built of tiles and stones gathered from the ruins of the Roman city. To what strange uses may these remains from the city of the Cæsars have been applied!

Let us think of what happened in the year 1381. An English town

had grown up around the monastery; but the monks held all the land for miles, and ruled the people with a rod of iron. The peasants groaned in bitter poverty, being held in bondage by both baron and priest. The dignitaries of the church were scandalously rich; the parish priests miserably poor. The church had no influence over the sins of the age, for vice reigned in the cloister, and lay concealed under the friar's frock. The wicked were not made "to blush at the chaste voice of the church." The earliest of the Reformers called the leading ecclesiastics "the brokers of the sinful city of Rome." For fifteen years, Wycliffe had inveighed against abuses. In 1381, he began his memorable crusade against the doctrines of the Papacy. Dropping "the syllogistic Latin", he appealed to the people in their own tongue, and for the first time in England there was a current religious literature. His followers multiplied. But the people had been shorn sheep for so long, they had nothing, and they knew nothing. When they rose, they rose wildly, only to be hurled back into darkness by the combined forces of Church and State. The insurrection of the peasants was charged at Wycliffe's door. Then it came to pass that to be a "Lollard" was to be a hunted man.

The countryside around the Great Abbey, whose chimes we heard just now, abounded in sympathisers with the new movement. No people had suffered more from rapacity than those who had the misfortune to dwell within the *liberties* (!) of the Abbots of St. Alban. All cloth must need be "fulled" at the Abbey mills, and a toll paid to the monastery. It was the same with grain; the only mill allowed was that of the monks. The querns of the people were seized, and, as a sign to the serfs, were put down as paving-stones in one of the cloisters of the Abbey. John Ball, a Lollard priest, was among the leaders of the peasants; and William Grindecobbe, who had been brought up in the Abbey, was tribune of the townsmen of St. Albans. He led them to the monastery, where they entered the room paved with their own mill-stones. These they tore up, and Grindecobbe broke them into small pieces, "giving a piece to each person in the crowd, as the blessed bread is wont to be broken and distributed in church on Sundays."

But the peasant patriots had dared to rise against their lords, and their Lollard leaders had offended implacable Rome, so the monopolists in Church and State combined to put them down. Thus it came to pass that, at the end of the summer of 1381, John Ball, William Grindecobbe, and fourteen others were arrested, and tried at St. Albans. Ball was hanged in the fields near the Abbey. His body was divided, and sent as a sign of terror to the four quarters of the realm. Grindecobbe was offered a reprieve on condition that his followers restored the charters they had wrung from the monks. Green, in his splendid history, gives the patriot's reply:—"If I die," said he, "I shall die for the cause of the freedom we have won, counting myself happy to end my life by such a martyrdom. Do you to-day as ye would have done had I been killed yesterday." On an August evening, this Hampden of the Middle Ages, with his fourteen companions, went to the gallows in the meadows east of the great church, whose chimes now play, "Home, sweet Home." After hanging three days, the neighbours

buried the bodies of their friends. This so incensed the proud prelate who ruled at the Abbey that he procured a mandate from the king ordering the inhabitants to re-hang their fellow-citizens in chains of their own procuring, and that they were there to hang till not a bone was left of them. Authorities differ as to whether the townsmen obeyed this abominable command. Reading Mr. Urwick's account, one would think they did; but a later writer says that neither bribes nor threats could force them to do it, so that the king's officers were obliged to undertake the gruesome task themselves. We can endorse Mr. Urwick's verdict when he says, "Satanic ingenuity could no further go." Yet, with fierce eye, and bloody hand, this Jezebel of a church held sway for more than 160 years longer.

But it was in this year 1381 that the first great blow was struck; and though the early Reformers were hunted to the death, they left an imperishable heritage, for "one great faith gradually evolved itself, a faith in the sole authority of the Bible as a source of religious truth."

There is this to be added as a moral for the men of to-day. Romanism never changes. The power of the priest has ever been inimical to human liberty. Given political power, and Rome, to be true to herself, *must* establish a despotism.

\* \* \* \*

Let us hold you as fast as "the Ancient Mariner" did the wedding guest, just for one scene more.

Listen to the lay of the chimes. Over the quiet city, over the peaceful meadows where Grindecobbe once swung in chains, fall the sweet notes of "The Blue Bells of Scotland,"—

"And it's oh, in my heart,  
And I wish him safe at home!"

There were wives in the 16th century who could have summed up their anxieties in such words as these.

About a hundred yards from the great west door of the Abbey, there is a spot railed in among many graves. It is the site of another tragedy associated with the past history of the dominant church.

Let us dream through more than three hundred years, and wake up in the England of the Tudors. Queen Mary is on the throne, and Bonner is Bishop of London. Let the year be 1555, for there stood then, at the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, in the City of London, a cook's shop, kept by one George Tankerfield. He had married a sister of an ardent Bible-student, Robert Smith by name; and these two men were wont to study the Scriptures together in a little room at the back of Tankerfield's shop. (Should you, kind reader, at any time pass the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane, give a thought as to what once took place there.)

From conviction to confession is ever the way of true conversion, and thus it was with George Tankerfield. He told his friends that God, in His mercy, had opened his mind, and that the truth was dearer to him than life itself. He was soon put to the proof. Neither the Scriptures nor Scripture-readers were in favour with the resuscitated

Romanists; so, before long, Tankerfield and Smith found themselves in Newgate. You will find the story of their arrest in the pages of Foxe. These true Bible Christians were brought before Bonner. It was springtime, when men's hearts begin to revive after the long winter, when these confessors answered for their lives. Bonner was playful. "Lo! my Lord Mayor," said he, "this is Master Speaker" (pointing to Tankerfield), "and this" (singling out Smith) "is Master Controller." Tankerfield reasoned too well to suit the bishop, who cut him short with an oath, "By my troth, Master Speaker, ye shall preach at a stake!"

The scene is shifted to St. Albans. The bishop was wont to overawe the townsfolk of his diocese by sending his "heretics" to be burned among them. Tankerfield was despatched to the spot where the mighty Norman tower looks down on the relics of Verulamium, on the prison of the monks. It was from this tower we heard the chimes ring to the tune "Hanover." Newton's hymn was in the centuries unborn, but the truth that it embodied sustained many of the martyrs of those Marian days. They considered "Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself."

"How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?"

Such reflections, no doubt, supported Tankerfield. The sheriffs left him at an inn while they went to a wedding breakfast! When his hour was well-nigh come, while yet the officers of the law tarried at their feast, Tankerfield asked for a cup of wine and a loaf, that he might remember his dying Lord; and since there was none to minister to him, he was his own celebrant.

But, at last, the wedding guests permit the sheriffs to leave, for is there not a man to be done to death for heresy before sundown? "Another cup of wine, Master Sheriff, before you go! Here's health to the happy pair! And yet once more! Long live the Queen and His Holiness the Pope!" You have celebrated your communion, Master Sheriff; and George Tankerfield has celebrated his!

Let us adjourn. The afternoon has come. Few die naturally at that time of the day. So is it also an untoward time for murder. But the nearer the church, the better the deed! Then, take the "heretic" within sight of the great west door. There let the martyr be bound. There let the priests wave the crucifix, knowing nothing of the Christ. There let the mayor revile. There let the torch be applied. And there see a knight step from the crowd, stretch his arm over the flames, and grasp the hand of the confessor, as he whispers, "Good brother, be strong in Christ." Listen, and you may catch the dying man's last words, "O sir, I thank you! I am so, thank God!"

The sun is setting in a sea of fire. The great west window of the Abbey flushes crimson. The whole front is the colour of blood, while the foreground is transfigured with light, and in the centre is a heap of ashes guarded by the sheriffs' officers. Shall we go ere the mocking chimes break up our reverie,—*"And it's oh, in my heart?"*



You know the rest. But the carillon in the tower plays "Home, sweet Home," at the week end! How beautiful it would be, just now, to hear "Mariner's!" We could softly sing, could we not—

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me,  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy?"

Let us meet in the morning. It will be the Lord's-day; and, if you stand just here, where you can overlook the place of martyrdom, you will feel a thrill as the gospel call comes to you with the clash of the chimes,—

"Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;  
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all."

## Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

### XIII.—SACRIFICIAL RITES.

INDIA is a land of almost endless rites and many sacrifices. Blood flows constantly on her altars. In village and in city the priests are ever busy, and many are the devotees who bring the dumb animals to the sacrificial post before the temple. Rules and laws regarding these sacrifices are well-nigh innumerable. A short while ago, *The Indian Mirror* printed the following paragraph:—"Each animal has to be beheaded at a single stroke. Failure is a bad omen; and should it occur, special expiatory offerings have to be made to avert the wrath of the deity. In households where fruits and sugar-cane are offered instead of goats or buffaloes, the same care has to be taken to sever at one stroke; and, in case of failure, the same alarm is felt. On the occasion of the Durga Puja in the Rajbari at Burdwan, a ripe cocoa-nut has to be sacrificed. That the fruit may be cut in twain by a single stroke, exactly at the middle, which is marked by a scarlet thread, a man is appointed to practise all the year. He is paid a monthly fee, and supplied with a large number of cocoa-nuts upon which to learn the art throughout the year. And so great is the anxiety of the Maharajahs at the critical moment, that they tremble and pray with joined hands that all may be a success."

The human heart everywhere confesses the need of sacrifice. The idea is Divinely implanted, and had its origin above; but the essential teaching embedded in the universal practice has been terribly perverted. It reminds one of the polluted Ganges as it falls into the Bay of Bengal. Issuing from a glacier in the Himalayas, 13,672 feet above the level of the sea, it flows at once in a broad, rapid, clear stream towards the plains. At its source, its waters are as pure as the snow and ice at that great altitude; but soon, earth mingles with the rushing river, and the discoloured stream in the deltaic plains is

a great contrast to the glacial spring. Thus the sacrificial rites of the heathen are expressed in the varied vernaculars of India in words that have been polluted by use in the vilest idolatrous customs. To use them in a Christian sense, they have to be purified, and filled with Scriptural ideas. Unless this is done, the heathen crowd may erroneously imagine that the missionary confirms and teaches their false ideas of sacrifice and worship.

In Bengal, buffaloes and goats are constantly offered to Kali, Durga, and other supposed deities. Before their temples, a sacrificial post is fixed in the ground, with a place cut out at the top large enough to receive the neck of the victim. A wooden pin is run through above to hold the struggling creature firmly in position while the deadly blow is given. The severed head is placed before the blood-thirsty idol, and the blood caught in a brass basin. There is no confession of sin, no cry for pardon, no desire for cleansing. Such ideas do not prompt to the act of sacrifice. It is either to appease the goddess, so that some calamity may be avoided; or an acknowledgment that such a boon has been granted, or a desire for success in some foul deed, or a longing to add somewhat to an accumulated merit, that leads to such offerings. Hinduism is a religion without a morality, and therefore without repentance or conviction of sin. It is indeed futile to try to discover, in its unholy rites and phrases, anything analogous to the glorious truths of the gospel. Better is it for us to try to lead its devotees to the Fountain-head of Scripture, and point them to the pure stream of God's truth as it flows direct from His heart to men. "The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world," is the only sacrifice that must be preached to the people. "He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

It is a mistake to suppose that heathen rites and sacrifices are as typical of truth as were those of the Old Testament. This would be to give them a Divine sanction, and lead us to suppose that, like the Aaronic priesthood, Brahmans also had Divine authority for their ritual; but this would be to blunder terribly, and to place Hinduism upon the same level as Judaism. "The law" had at least "a shadow of good things to come, though not the very image of the things," and heathen ceremonies and sacrifices are, at their best, but the shadow of those shadows; and how dark the gloom thus cast is, only those can realize who try to penetrate it, and search for the substance. How weird are those rites performed amid the encircling gloom of the temples of the heathen! Let us hear what the great apostle of the Gentiles said when his spirit was stirred within him as he saw Athens full of idols, and realized the effect of idolatry on the human heart, the human conscience, and human society. "But I say," Paul writes, "that the things which the Gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." That sets the whole question at rest, for the heathen world to-day is exactly what it was in apostolic times.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

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## “Call me ‘Father,’ John; and Don’t Mind Them.”

IN a Yorkshire home there were left without a mother’s care three lads and one lass. The mother had died of a lingering disease; and, during her illness, she had often spoken to her daughter about her youngest son, John. For him, it seemed, the whole of her ebbing life was spent. No sooner was the funeral over, than John began to be a trouble to his father and brothers and sister. The two brothers were rough with him, and the only soothing words he heard came from his sister; she hid his faults, and he told her his sorrows.

John’s father was a decent sort of man, who now and then went to a chapel; but he was a stranger to the reality of religion until his children had grown up to think for themselves. The daughter felt her importance, for she had to manage the whole of the family affairs. They lived not a great way from Briggate, Leeds; and John, to his shame, frequented a notorious public-house, where the roughest of the rough assembled. Our readers can imagine the division in this motherless home,—the youngest son a miserable sot, not too often at work, and far too often helped home when he had become the publican’s “finished article.”

Wishing to be away from all restraint, John set off, with his small stock of clothes, in search of work at Bradford. He found a place as bricklayer’s labourer, and with boon companions wasted his evenings, spending his wages, and ruining his constitution. It was some months before he thought of going home; but, at length, he felt that, somehow or other, he must get to Leeds. He was in a sorry plight,—his clothes were ragged, his face was on fire through the drink, his gait was slovenly, and though only twenty-one years of age, he looked just like an old fellow turned out of a casual ward.

He reached Leeds, approached his old home, saw his sister at the window, saw a smart young gentleman raise his hat to her, and saw his well-dressed brothers enter the house; then he shuffled past, feeling alternately the rising of shame, envy, and anger. Of course, he blamed his “luck”, his father, and his companions; but he never thought of blaming himself.

Under the influence of drink, he ventured to go to the house one evening; there was a little party, and he so upset them that unkind words were spoken about “not knowing that a drunkard came there.” Poor John again departed, and away he walked till he reached Bradford once more. Lower and lower he sank, till he was almost “past feeling.” For a few weeks, bitter feelings took possession of him; but thinking that he had had enough of such a rough life, he resolved that he would, if possible, live at home again. Little did he know what he would have to face, nor how his feelings would be crushed.

John shall now tell his own story:—“I paid my drink score on Saturday night, and then I had only a few pence left; but I had paid for my lodgings, and told my landlady that I should leave for Leeds in the morning. I was not well, my spirits were low, and I felt more than half inclined to commit suicide; the only thing that kept me from

doing so was the thought that, after a while, I might pick myself up. I reached Leeds on the Sunday morning, just as the public-houses were opening at noon: and feeling dreadfully faint, went into one to have a drink. I felt revived, but I was too much revived; for the 'don't care' spirit took possession of me, and I thought, 'I'll go home; I'm as good as anyone there.' Home I went, knocked at the door, and presently my father came, and let me in. He looked pale, and simply said, 'John, lad, come in.' I took off my shabby old cap, put it into my coat pocket, and made my way to the large kitchen, for I was dreadfully cold. Presently I heard voices, and almost without thinking of my actions, I went into the dining-room. There I saw my two brothers and my sister with my father; and if ever I felt ashamed of myself, it was just then. It was not long before my father said, 'John, we have been talking about thee; we have been sadly tried about thee, and friends have advised me to forbid thee to come to the house. They say that thou art a disgrace to us, and now that thou art here, I will ask thy brothers and thy sister what they think of it.'

"What dost thee say about John?" said my father, turning to my eldest brother. "I say, turn him out, he is a disgrace to us; that is all I have to say about it." "Well, what dost thou say?" said my father to my second brother. "I say the same as our Tom; and when I look at the rascal there, I feel as though I could put him out myself," he answered. I rose, I felt madness mastering me; but I managed to keep a little of my anger down, but I felt like one beside himself. Turning to my sister, my father said, 'What shall we do with John?' I looked up; I saw my mother's eyes in my sister's face, I remembered what my mother had said to her. I thought, 'Sis. will be right with me;' but I was disappointed, for, with a pettish air, she said, 'I feel sure we ought not to let John come home, for no decent young people will speak to me if we let him be here; tell him to go away.'

"I was dumb; all were against me, and I felt as though I could rush from the house in a frenzy. After a moment's pause, my father rose, and coming across the room, took me by the hand, and said, 'John, dost thee hear what these say? They say, "Turn him out," but thou hast never called one of them "*Father*." Call me "*father*," John; and don't mind them. Come home, but be a good lad, John.'

"I broke down, I sobbed, my father's kindness had conquered me. I just stammered out, 'I will, father,' and then I sobbed, and my brothers and my sister sobbed, too, and we all wept together. From that day I became a new man. I gave my heart to my Heavenly Father soon after, and joined a Christian Church. I have preached the gospel in many towns in Yorkshire, and when I want to tell the simple story of God's love, I just tell the story I have told you."

This is just God's plan of welcoming the unworthy; see Jeremiah iii. 19: "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage? . . . And I said, Thou shalt call Me, *my Father*; and shalt not turn away from Me."

Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

## The Child's Request.

BY PASTOR ISAAC NEAR, DESBOROUGH.

CYCLING towards my home, one evening recently, I passed a number of little children on the road some distance from the town. The young folk knew me better than I recognized them in the twilight, and one of them, calling me by name, said,—

“ASK THE LORD TO TAKE US SAFE HOME.”

As I rode along, that request rang in my soul till, not only one, but many voices seemed to present the prayer. While I thought thereon, I wished that this entreaty might be heard by all who bear the name of Christ. The children are away from home, many dangers lie between them and “Home, sweet Home,” evil lurks on every side.

“Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,”

are preparing to capture childhood; the safety of the young is menaced by foes numerous, subtle, and cruel. The little ones need Divine protection, and they plead with us to plead for them; they desire and deserve our prayers. It is home, the abode of love, of peace, of comfort, of safety, that they want to reach.

As Christians, shall we not respond to this child's request? Shall we not lovingly remember the young in our supplications? This little one unconsciously voices the need of universal childhood,—its felt weakness, its dependence upon the Lord. What a revelation of the thoughts of the child-heart was made in this request! It is evident that children believe that Christians are men of prayer, that they have influence with God, that prayer is effectual, and that by our intercession they may obtain the Divine blessing.

What an incentive this should be to us to plead earnestly at the throne of grace on their behalf; and not only to pray, but to labour, and to live, so as to bring them to Christ, and to lead them in the homeward, Heavenward way! We may be encouraged thus to pray for their safe home-bringing by remembering Christ's sympathy with child-life. The disciples were out of touch with childhood when they sought to keep back those who brought their little ones to the Saviour; but the Lord of life and glory was ever loving and tender to the children who thronged around Him. There was an affinity between His spirit and the child-spirit; the trustfulness of the little ones appealed to His heart, He welcomed them to His presence, folded them in His arms, pressed them to His bosom, and pronounced upon them one of His choicest benedictions. The Christ of God fondling little children, must have been, to His angelic attendants, one of the most interesting incidents of His earthly life. How the angels must have gazed upon that scene, and admired His loving condescension, as “He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them”!

Prayer directed to Him, on behalf of the young, will touch sympathetic chords in Heaven, and cause His glorified nature to

respond, and send forth streams of sacred influence that shall renew their hearts, beautify their characters, and ennoble their lives. By His Spirit, He will shield them amid the world's temptations and dangers, sustain them in the midst of earth's conflicts and sorrows, and take them—

"SAFE HOME AT LAST."

## "Behold, He Cometh!"

LO! He comes! the King of Zion,  
 Crowned with power, and robed in light,  
 Gates of brass, and bars of iron,  
 Yield to His resistless might;  
 And His coming,  
 Puts the hosts of hell to flight.

Lo! He comes! the hills before Him  
 Part asunder in dismay,  
 Saint and seraphim adore Him,  
 Riding down the shining way;  
 And, with gladness,  
 Hail the long-expected day.

Lo! He comes! the clouds, unfolding,  
 Show His awful majesty,  
 And, His dread approach beholding,  
 They that pierced Him turn to flee,  
 While His chosen  
 Shout with joy their Lord to see.

Lo! He comes! who once, in meekness,  
 Silent stood at Pilate's bar;  
 Now, no longer veiled in weakness,  
 See His glories stream afar,  
 And proclaim Him  
 As "the bright and morning Star."

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

## The Sultan and the Water-melon.

MOSLEMS seem to know no equals, for, unless they feel that you are their master, they at once begin to play the master over you. Accordingly, the Sultan of Turkey is reported here as saying, "Christians are a water-melon, and I am the knife to cut it up." One speaks of him as *rub es serrere* (the little god), and another declaims against "that wicked injustice of the Christians, which seeks to wrest Thessaly from the victorious believers." Such a mental state does not incline to a patient hearing of the gospel; but, happily, we meet with open as well as closed hearts, and generally avoiding worldly subjects, keep to higher things,

according to their own proverb, "He who rides the camel need not fear the dogs."

Their warped way of looking at things is constantly coming up; for example, a man argued that it would be wicked for him to abstain from *all* sin, "because," said he, "one of God's names and attributes is the Judge, and if there were no sin there could be no Judge, so our sin is necessary that God's character may be completed."

I have read that, were every copy of the four Gospels destroyed, the works of the early Christians are so rich in quotations from them that from their writings alone the Gospels could be wholly reproduced; and Moslems, without the Gospels, which they cannot or will not read, sorely need them to be reproduced in the works of us, the later Christians; for how else can these millions be evangelized?

What *can* be done, was lately shown by an English Christian who, afflicted with total deafness, came to winter in North Africa. He became a diligent tract-distributor, sowing broadcast the precious seed; nor was his deafness always a disadvantage, as when he had given a Gospel to a Romish priest, he could apologize that his infirmity quite prevented him from hearing the other's excited words. Might not many another disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ follow the example of the storks, and winter in North Africa, to the advantage of their own health, and perhaps, to the everlasting benefit of others? I suppose neither work nor workers would suffer much if we all had the spirit of a young missionary, who died lately in the Soudan. At his baptism, he went back to fetch something which he had forgotten, and on returning said, "I want my *purse* to be baptized, too."

Our numbers for August are 237 visits received, and 271 nights' lodging given. We have planted and watered the good seed; may the Lord give the increase, and that abundantly!

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

## 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 and Love.* A Series of Sermons preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON. Arthur H. Stockwell and Co. Price 2s. 6d. nett.

THOSE who heard these sermons preached were glad to be able afterwards to read them, and many will be thankful to have them in this neatly-bound volume for preservation and reference, and also as gifts to friends. Possibly, all our readers are not yet aware that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's discourses are issued week by week by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell and Co., 17, Paternoster Row. This collection of twenty of them, revised by the preacher, will give a good idea of the ministry that is still so successfully maintained in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and will, we trust, move many to remember in prayer the one

who occupies so high and responsible a position. Among the score of sermons included in this volume are three very memorable ones,—those delivered at the opening of Bexhill School-chapel, on the fifth anniversary of the "home-going" of the preacher's beloved father, and on the occasion of the celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. There ought to be a ready sale for *Light and Love*, and then, no doubt, the publishers would speedily follow it with a second series, which is sure to be desired by many who read this first one.

*The Publication of the Kingdom of God.* By JAMES VAN SOMMER. Partridge and Co.

A VERY suggestive pamphlet on a most important topic.

*Strategic Points in the World's Conquest.*

By JOHN R. MOTT. Nisbet and Co.

THE Student Volunteer Movement, which is perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with missionary work in this generation, and which we are still glad to recognize as a *movement*, has been most happy in securing the services of such a man as the author of this treatise. Mr. Mott has a mind as imperial as his spirit is ardently loyal to our Lord, and he seems to have been singularly used in stirring up interest amongst the students of all the lands which he has visited as outlined in this sketch, and which include nearly all the civilized countries of the world. There is a modesty and restraint in the narration which wins upon the reader: much is told us of the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in Colleges and Universities, but we feel that there is much more in the background unrevealed. As a handy and reliable review, from a central standpoint, of the present position of missionary devotion among educated classes, this volume is invaluable.

*Rambles in Central China.* By W. A.

CORNABY. Charles H. Kelly.

CHATTY descriptions of travels in "the flowery land," and of some of the missionary labours of the Wesleyans there. The kind of book to rouse the interest of the young in the evangelization of the world, and therefore to be placed in the home and school library. Admirable pictures help to increase the attractions of a charmingly-written volume.

*Sowing and Reaping.* By Rev. GRIFFITH JOHN, D.D. Snow and Co.

NOTHING in modern missions is more cheering than the record supplied in this sixpenny booklet. Dr. Griffith John cleaves to his work, and adheres to the missionary plough, without any thought of looking back. His diligent sowing and gracious reaping leave no room for the enquiry, "Where is the God of the apostles?" We heartily commend these letters from the pen of a modern apostle of Pauline spirit and devotion.

*Christian Life in Germany, as seen in the State and the Church.* By EDWARD F. WILLIAMS, D.D. T. and T. Clark.

AN excellent book, written with much discrimination, and well covering the ground. Perhaps, in no part of the world, is the theatre of religious conflict more important than in Germany. By the varying fortunes of the campaign there, England and America are directly affected; indeed, one might say, what the moon is to the tides, that Germany is to the trend of philosophical and religious thought in all lands. We commend this work both on the ground of its edifying fulness of matter and also its judicial temper. It is a book to read, for it is such reading that makes "the full man."

*Richard Weaver's Life Story.* By Rev. J. PATERSON, M.A., B.D. Morgan and Scott.

IN these days of multiplied evangelistic activity, it is almost impossible for us to realize the sensation which the advent of Richard Weaver made in the early sixties. His was, perhaps, the most remarkable English figure in connection with the great Revival which swept from America, across Ireland, hither; and his labours largely prepared the way for many of the works, even greater than his own, which have followed. But he has the honour of a pioneer. When a religious meeting outside the bounds of a religious meeting-place was a novelty (though C. H. Spurgeon had already broken through that conventionality), and when the preaching of the gospel was almost entirely left to ordained ministers, the Voice from the Coal-Pit—stentorian and eloquent, untutored, musical, original, direct,—fell on the ears of the multitude as a new call from God; and, in response, great crowds gathered wherever the evangelist appeared, and many of the most debased and some of the most exalted were brought face to face with Jesus Christ.

The history of this movement, and the events of this life, are presented in the volume before us in a very



striking way. The book is largely autobiographical; but Mr. Paterson shows commendable skill in his selection, as well as in his more direct authorship. He has the qualification of deep admiration of his hero, and the vision granted to love is his. It was a chequered course which he undertook to delineate; and when we have mastered its incidents, we may learn the lesson that God is still the Sovereign Worker. He can take up the lowliest to use them for His purpose, and He can dispense with the most popular when He sees fit; but in the light of the glory of His face every true servant shall be recompensed. An hour before his death, Weaver sent a telegram to a friend:—"Just going home shouting 'Victory.'" This volume is a goodly record and memorial of the warfare and the conquest, and in contents and style leaves nothing to be desired.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have added to their series of Popular Biographies another welcome volume,—*Captain Allen Gardiner, Sailor and Saint*, by JESSE PAGE. The author is happy to have had access to information concerning his hero's experiences in Africa, which are less generally known than the incidents connected with his self-sacrificing labours in Patagonia. This is a book that should be in every Sunday-school library.

*Enlisted; or, My Story.* By ELISE SANDES. Partridge and Co.

A MODEST record of a great gospel work done among soldiers, mainly in Ireland. These "sons of the Empire," who are exposed to so much temptation by their very calling, are susceptible of religious influences when recommended by holy and devoted men and women; and this is the kind of work which Miss Sandes has attempted and recorded here. The endeavour to shield from drink and vice the youths who have taken the Queen's shilling, and wear her uniform, is often very difficult; but its rewards, when successful, are truly wondrous. Read the story, and you will be prompted to help the work.

*The Writings of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland.* By Rev. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS work has now reached its third edition, and is considerably enlarged. It is worthy of a still wider diffusion, being a link with the past that was difficult to recover, involving a labour not unlike that of the restoration of a noble old edifice that had all but crumbled into dust. The record is one of exceptional interest, and gives a wonderfully vivid view of a man who, if he had not all the light of an apostle, had at least an apostle's fire, courage, and faith.

*The Bright Blue Sky Hymn Book, for Sunday-schools and other meetings.* By ALBERT MIDLANE. Belfast: the Northern Publishing Office. London: W. G. Wheeler, 17, Paternoster Row.

HYMN-WRITING is Mr. Midlane's special vocation, and he excels therein. Those who are familiar with "Our Own Hymn Book," will not be strangers to Mr. Midlane's hymns, and he has written several new ones for the forthcoming Supplement. The book before us takes its title from the first hymn, beginning—

"There's a Friend for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky,"—

a hymn which recent prize-competitions have proved to be the most popular and best-esteemed of children's hymns in English-speaking countries. These hymns are all true to the eternal verities of the everlasting gospel, and are adapted to well-known melodies. At the same time, there is a general suitability to the various conditions of child-life, without, as a rule, putting the language of deep Christian experience into the lips of the average children of our Sunday-schools. The hymns are all original, though in some of them Mr. Midlane has adopted ideas and phraseology from other hymns. The collection supplies a long-felt want, and the prices at which it is issued,—from 1d. to 2s.,—bring it within the reach of all.

"Another book by the author of '*Probable Sons*'—then I must get it at once!" Do so, kind reader, and you will not regret it if you wish to follow the adventures of a young lady who found opportunities for usefulness in what seemed at first an unlikely place, —*On the Edge of a Moor*. That is the title of the book, it is published by the Religious Tract Society, it is illustrated, elegantly bound, and its price is three shillings.

The same publishers have just issued three works of the kind that we always commend to our young story-reading friends, that is, historical tales which convey a correct idea of the manners and customs of the people described by the author, and of the circumstances under which they lived. The first is a handsomely-bound, well-illustrated, six-shilling volume, entitled, *Doctor Adrian*, by D. ALCOCK, in which the fascinating writer of *The Spanish Brothers* and *The Czar* has graphically portrayed the terrible conflict between Holland and Spain in the sixteenth century. Next comes *Steadfast and True*, by L. C. SILKE, a half-crown illustrated book which tells again the sad and thrilling story of France's mad persecution of the Huguenots, for which that unhappy country is paying the penalty even to this day. The third book, which is published at 2s.,—*In the Hollow of His Hand*, by HESBA STRETTON,—contains a present-day story, for it narrates the trials endured for the name of Christ by a company of Stundists, the Russian Christians who are so closely allied to Baptists, while holding also some of the tenets of the Quakers. All these volumes will make welcome Christmas presents.

Another two-shilling book from the Religious Tract Society, which should have been noticed earlier,—*Not Peace, but a Sword*, by Archdeacon G. ROBERT WYNN, D.D.,—depicts, under the form of a tale, the trouble that befell a poor girl who, for the truth's sake, left the Church of Rome. There is also the brighter side of the story, showing what the gospel can do in priest-ridden Ireland.

*Ladyboy's Story, and other Temperance Sketches*. By HELEN BRISTON. Robert Culley.

JUST the kind of sketches to encourage the young to abstain from intoxicating drink, and to embolden them to wage determined war against the great evil of intemperance. The cost of the whole is only sixpence.

*The White Mouse, and other Stories*. By W. J. FORSTER. R. Culley.

A BOOK that will both delight and instruct the little ones. The "other stories" are far enough removed from mice, either white or brown; referring, as they do among other things, to the Bible, the Catacombs, and the sun. Parents will do well to make a note of this eightpenny book, as Christmas is coming, and the children will be on the look-out for presents.

*Golden Deeds Told Anew*. By ANNIE CRAIG. Robert Culley.

A CAPITAL book for either boys or girls. It is well that such deeds as these should be retold again and again; and being golden, their glory will not fade.

*Little Parables for Little Folks*. By EDITH E. RHODES. Robert Culley.

THERE is a charming naturalness about these "parables", even as there is about the "little folks" for whom they are written. They illustrate passages of Scripture, as well as the various seasons of the year. This will make an excellent reward book for Sunday-schools, as indeed will the other children's books from our Wesleyan Methodist friends, which we have had great pleasure in reviewing.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, we have also received four admirable booklets,—*Old Testament Stories*, *First Days of Christianity as told in the Acts of the Apostles*, *An Outline of the Life of St. Paul*, and *The Gates of Zion*, the last-named being selections from the Book of Psalms, metrically arranged. All consist of Scripture portions. The more of such books the better.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have published, at a shilling, "The Herald of Meroy" Annual under the title of *Happy Hearts, and other Readings*. With clear statements of the gospel on every page, with a large number of appropriate illustrations, and the whole bound in handsome covers, this volume is truly described as "an acceptable gift-book for old and young."

From the Onward Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, we have received the new volume of the *Onward Reciter*. Beginning its second quarter of a century, this Annual is as bright and vigorous as ever, just as we should expect a Temperance and Band of Hope publication to be. There is evidently no lack of poetry or prose in denunciation of the drink traffic and in advocacy of the good cause of total abstinence. The book can also be obtained of Messrs. Partridge and Co.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us four brightly-bound volumes of pictures and stories,—*Frolic and Fun*, by UNCLE JACK, and *Merry Playmates*, by C. D. M., 1s. each; and *Happy and Gay, and Pleasures and Joys for Girls and Boys*, by D. J. D., 1s. 6d. each. All are admirable, and we think any one of our juvenile friends would say, "How happy could I be with either!"

The same publishers have also issued three volumes of a similar character at 6d. each,—*After School*, *Doggie's Doings and Pussy's Wcoings*, and *Sweet Stories re-told*. All are

good, but the last is the best, for it is a Bible picture-book, and gives, in language suited to children, several familiar Scripture narratives.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have reprinted, in a cheap form,—3s. 6d. each,—*The World of Anecdote*, and *The World of Moral and Religious Anecdote*, by EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. They are remarkable collections of all manner of stories, similes, incidents, and illustrations; and not a few of them, if taken in at all, must be accompanied by several grains of salt. It would have been a pity to let Mr. Hood's labours in this direction be lost, and many of the anecdotes will be new to the young preachers and speakers of the present generation, though they must not be surprised to learn that their fathers knew them and used them long ago, and that their older hearers have listened to them at least once before!

*More Words of Faith, Hope, and Love.*

By the late JOHN DICKIE. Partridge and Co.

THE late beloved Editor of the *Sword and Trowel* warmly appreciated the first series of these extracts from the letters of this man of God. He said, "To me, they have been a drink of the brook by the way;" and in our minor judgment, the second series is quite equal to the first. They are not brilliant, but they are full of deep, experimental knowledge of truth, and of the living Lord. All the pages have the fragrance of the "myrrh, and aloes, and cassia" of the King's Palace; and saints who love Him much will delight to linger here.

## Notes.

*C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*.—In addition to the information given last month concerning THE STANDARD "LIFE" of MR. SPURGEON, we may mention that the four volumes are to be published at 10s. 6d. each; but in order to bring the work within the reach of all lovers of Mr. Spurgeon, it has been arranged to issue it also in monthly shilling parts. Both volumes and parts can be obtained through all booksellers, or of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London. Orders should be given as early as possible by all

who desire to secure copies of the first edition.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ask us to call our readers' special attention to the fact that they have decided to present the first shilling part of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* to each purchaser of the *Sword and Trowel* for January, 1898, which will (n.v.) be ready on December 15th. The price of that one number of the Magazine will be sixpence. We anticipate for the January *Sword and Trowel* an unprecedented sale. To avoid disappointment, orders should be given at once to

booksellers, colporteurs, or to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, who will send the Magazine and Part I. of the Autobiography post free to any address at home or abroad for 8s.6d.

"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."—Many friends have expressed their great interest in the questions and answers published for several months past under the above title: and the editors of various papers, both at home and abroad, by reprinting copious extracts from our pages, have shown their appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon's wise and witty impromptu replies to the students' enquiries. We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following letter, recently received, as it conveys the sentiments which many others of our readers have felt and written:—

"Allow me to say that I appreciate much the idea of 'The Question Oak' month by month in the Magazine. Doubtless, many have experienced the same joy in hearing the Prince of Preachers' wisdom in dealing with some of the knotty questions which constantly come before the Lord's workers. Distributing such rich productions of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon as appear from time to time, must increase the value of the *Sword and Trowel*, as well as still continue the extraordinary ministry of such an extraordinary man. From help I got this month, I was compelled to acknowledge my indebtedness, and trust that the 'Oak' questions and answers will appear for a long, long time. Circumstances prevent me from ever having the privileges that some have had through the Pastors' College and the Book Fund, but as a servant of Jesus Christ I owe much to C. H. Spurgeon and the *Sword and Trowel*.

"Yours faithfully,  
" " "

At the College re-union at "Westwood," on August 11, the President, Vice-President, tutors, students, and a few other friends, were photographed in a group in front of "The Question Oak," by Mr. R. E. Kemp, of Lewisham, to whom we have been indebted on previous occasions for similar kind help. The likenesses are admirable, and the photograph is being enlarged for reproduction as the central illustration of *John Ploughman's Almanack* for 1898.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon had a right royal reception on his return to the Tabernacle after his holiday in Scotland and Surrey. On *Lord's-day morning, September 19*, there was a very large congregation, and at night the great building was crowded as in the glorious days of the never-to-be-forgotten past. The preacher was evidently overpowered with the enthusiastic welcome back to his pulpit, and for that very reason there was an additional impressiveness throughout both services. He expressed the prevailing sentiment at the prayer-meeting,

the following evening, when he said:—"I had, before me, 'WELCOME' written on the five thousand faces that were gathered in this place, and it did seem to me that never before had there been so spontaneous, and hearty, and unanimous a desire to make the Pastor know that the Church was glad to see him home again, greatly as all had been profited by the beloved brethren who had ministered so acceptably in his absence. I thank you with all my heart for the welcome that you *looked* yesterday, and for the very *practical* welcome that you have handed to me to-day." This reference was to the thank-offerings for the Lord's work which had been brought to the Pastor in celebration of his forty-first birthday. Including the gifts of friends unable to be present, the total up to 7.45 p.m. was £407 7s., a considerable increase upon the full sum (£358 15s.) contributed last year. After the prayer-meeting, the stream of donors began to flow again, and up to the time of our going to press there had been received £468, and, doubtless, there will be further additions to that most generous amount from people who are continually giving liberally to the many portions of Christian service, at home and abroad, in which they are interested. With such a happy condition of affairs at the Tabernacle, it was but natural that the prayer-meeting should be to a large extent a praise-meeting, and that the Pastor's address should be characterized, first, by devout thanksgiving to God, and next, by heartfelt gratitude to the loving flock committed to his charge. There could hardly have been a more appropriate commencement for the autumn and winter campaign in the place which enshrines so many hallowed memories of the ever-beloved, glorified Pastor, C. H. SPURGEON.

At South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, Pastor Charles Spurgeon's friends also took advantage of his forty-first birthday to present to him a substantial token of their continued love and esteem.

We have received the fifty-seventh Annual Report of THE BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY, 19, FURNIVAL STREET, E.C., and the sixty-sixth Annual Report of THE TRINITARIAN BIBLE SOCIETY, 25, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C. Both Societies endeavour to circulate the pure Word of God, and therefore deserve the sympathy and support of all lovers of the inspired Scriptures; but the Bible Translation Society appeals specially to Baptists, as the principle laid down at its formation is "that, in all cases, the words relating to the ordinance of baptism shall be *translated*, and not *transferred*." One would have thought that such a principle as this would be beyond all controversy, but it is not so now any more than it was at the formation of the Society in New Park Street Chapel on March 24, 1840.

On *Wednesday evening, September 1*, the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its usual monthly meeting, in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, which, notwithstanding the very wet night, was quite full. Had it been fine, the number present would doubtless have been so large that the gathering must have been held in the Tabernacle. The attraction was Mr. Henry Thorne, who gave his popular lecture, "From the stage to the Cross," in which he told his own life story with much pathos and thrilling effect. At the close of the meeting, 17 persons signed the pledge.

On *Wednesday evening, October 6*, the Society will (D.V.) hold its first annual meeting in the Tabernacle, with Pastor Thomas Spurgeon in the chair, and having as speakers C. E. Tritton, Esq., M.P., and Pastors J. Wilson (Woolwich), W. Stott (Battersea), and C. B. Sawday. The Stockwell Orphanage choir and handbell ringers will also take part in the meeting, which is to commence at 7 o'clock, and to be preceded by a public tea at 5.30. Abstainers and non-abstainers are cordially invited to be present.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Chambers has removed from Shoreham, Sussex, to New Romney and Lydd, Kent; and Mr. E. G. Lovell is going, from Blockley-in-the-Marsh, to Chipping Norton. Mr. John Field, late of East Street, Walworth, has gone to Kissingbury, Northamptonshire.

ORPHANAGE.—The next *collectors' meeting* will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage on *Tuesday evening, November 9*, when Joseph Bens.n, Esq., the honorary pastor of the Belle Isle Mission, is expected to preside, and Mr. Devant, of the Egyptian Hall, has promised to give a very special exhibition of moving photographs. Collecting cards and boxes can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—Beyond reporting that we are still "pegging away" at our increasing labours as the busy Christmastide ap-

proaches, we have little of a special character to say this month. The following extract from our Cheddar Quarterly Report will give a fair idea of the literature bought by the people, and of the efforts of our brethren to sell the best of books. Our colporteur in that District, who has seen over twenty years' service, says:—"Sales have been good, the Jubilee publications having helped us on all through the summer. Lives of Queen Victoria, especially Part-ridge's, Shaw's, and the Religious Tract Society's editions, have sold well, 218 copies, varying from 1d. to 3s. 6d., having been disposed of. At the Jubilee ten years ago, I sold about £10 worth; but this year, over £20, apart from monthly numbers. I have been *trying* to sell the Jubilee Bibles, but as yet have only met with *small success*, as I am sorry to say some people seem to value God's Word as little as they do waste paper. It takes a good bit of tact, push, and coaxing to sell or take an order for a Bible or New Testament. I see now, more and more, the need of keeping the Scriptures to the *front*, because they are the Word of Life. Ritualism and careless indifference are constantly on the increase, and there is, therefore, all the more need for greater faith, courage, and perseverance."

This earnest labourer and all the other colporteurs will be grateful for our continued supplications to our prayer-answering God, who alone can soften hard hearts, and fulfil His never-failing promise that His Word shall not return unto Him void.

Mention was made last month that the Master's call had come to one of our most generous helpers, *George Palmer, Esq., J.P.*, of Reading. Since it was the Lord's will, it must be right. May He, in His own good time and way, raise up a similar liberal friend, so that our finances, which are just now very low, may not continue to suffer!

All communications should be addressed, "Secretary," Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.
Miss Bidewell ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	1	1	0
A member ... ..	0	16	0
Collection at St. Paul's Church, Skegness, per Pastor G. Goodchild ...	1	17	6
Mr. G. Harris ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. James Batty ... ..	5	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beecly ... ..	0	2	6
Collection at Salters' Hall Baptist Chapel, Islington ... ..	2	8	3
Pastor H. K. Kempton ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Claremont Baptist Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole ... ..	3	1	4
Mr. T. Medley ... ..	2	2	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Aug. 15 ... ..	22	14	0
" 22 ... ..	6	13	5
" 29 ... ..	30	17	1
Sept. 5 ... ..	28	0	9
" 12 ... ..	25	2	9
	113	8	9
	£133	18	4

# Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Barnes ... ..	0	6	0	"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H.			
H. Mes. ... ..	0	6	0	Spurgeon ... ..	0	5	0
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mrs. Ralls ... ..	6	3	6				
					£7	0	6

## The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 16th to September 15th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. P. Mackinnon ... ..	10	0	0	"Bessie" ... ..	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scotland ... ..	0	6	0	Woolwich Tabernacle Sunday-school,			
Miss M. E. Jenkins ... ..	1	0	0	per Mr. J. Reeves ... ..	2	10	0
Mrs. A. Curtis ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. Neil McVicar ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Chas. Walter ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. James Wilson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0	3	0	Collected by the Misses Crumpton ...	3	15	0
Mrs. Beves ... ..	0	2	6	Miss Chippendale ... ..	50	0	0
Miss Cousin ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. G. Jones ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Smith ... ..	1	10	0	Mr. W. T. Crew ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Anderson ... ..	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. E. J. Gorrings ...	1	12	3
M. Keith ... ..	0	1	6	Thankful, Dursley ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis ... ..	3	0	0	Mr. E. Sparrow ... ..	1	0	0
Harry ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. James Frame ... ..	1	0	0
St. John's Green Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. R. Wigley ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. Caine ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. F. Flanders ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. P. E. Chapman ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. H. Bell ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. T. Heaton ... ..	0	10	6
Miss E. Randall ... ..	0	1	0	A country minister ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Sleigh ... ..	0	7	6	Mr. C. Hooper ... ..	0	7	6
Mrs. Banbury ... ..	1	0	0	Miss A. Mackereth ... ..	0	2	0
Postal order, Whitstable ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Graham ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. F. Gear ... ..	0	10	0	Messrs. Alexander and Wood ...	2	0	0
Stamps, Crewe ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. R. Johnstone ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. O. Barfoot ... ..	0	2	0	Mrs. I. Maden ... ..	0	10	0
S. M. P. ... ..	0	3	0	M ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Benjamin Nicholson, J.P. ... ..	1	1	0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
Mr. W. Mings ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Leonard Sutton ... ..	3	3	0
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	3	0	6	Mr. J. H. Fuller ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. H. Imbusch ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Herbert Sutton ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Sadler and Miss N. Sadler ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Deane ... ..	0	2	6
Tabernacle office box ... ..	1	2	6	Mrs. Cox ... ..	0	2	6
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	0	3	0	Mrs. J. Davis ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Colten ... ..	0	2	0				
W. J. H. Willesden ... ..	0	1	0	A. W. F. Llanidloes ... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, West Bromwich ... ..	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Robertson ...	0	6	5
Mrs. Waller ... ..	0	1	0	Mr. L. Horner ... ..	1	0	0
Miss J. Pearce ... ..	0	2	6	J. I. Cairns ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Bartlett ... ..	0	10	0	Miss J. Jordan ... ..	0	10	6
Mr and Mrs. Cattell ... ..	2	2	0	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	1	0	0	Part of the Lord's tenth ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Baglan ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. Clark ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Read ... ..	3	0	0				
Mrs. J. French ... ..	0	2	6	G. D., Ashton-under-Lyne ... ..	0	2	6
Rosemeath ... ..	5	0	0	Lymington Baptist Chapel, per Mr. T. Medley ... ..	2	6	0
Mrs. C. Evans ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. W. D. Crowhurst ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Bennett ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. Penny ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. J. Haddow ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Windmill ... ..	0	10	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
J. B. C. ... ..	1	0	0	Miss C. Dumas ... ..	0	10	0
Lord and Messrs. de Rothschild ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Mary Ewart ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. R. J. Mulvey ... ..	0	10	0				
Mrs. K. Wells ... ..	0	4	8	Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Carveley ... ..	0	12	0	Orphan Boys' collecting cards, per list	62	1	0
Mr. C. Smithers, per Mr. Cockerell ...	1	1	0	Orphan Girls' collecting cards, per list	45	3	5
Mr. W. Baldock ... ..	1	1	0				
Mrs. E. Angus ... ..	0	10	0				
Collected by Miss L. Samuel ... ..	0	4	0				

£293 4 3

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Ashby, H., 8s; Allnatt, W. A., 3s; Baker, G. A., 7s; Broom, B., 4s 6d; Bux, J., 2s; Barton, C., 2s 5d; Blakeley, F., 10s 6d; Bristow, S., 5s 1d; Boggis, A. H., 4s; Butler, L., 1s 9d; Balderston, L., 9s; Burrough, D., 6s; Bradstreet, H., 5s; Baggsley, J., 10s 8d; Burton, A., 1s 6d; Butcher, F., 18s 2d; Beauchamp, J., 1s 6d; Barnard, P., 8s 1d; Barnet, R., 3s;

Ningham, A. 8s; Bradley, F., 9s 1d; Beard, B., 9s 6d; Clapson, A., 2s 6d; Cooper, B., 3s 9d; Cross, W., 1s 10d; Coppin, G., 5s; Coppin, G., 6d; Cowley, C., 10s 2d; Cole, J. L., £1 14s; Cracknell, E., 4s 6d; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Challis, F., 6d; Channer, B., 6s 6d; Collingwood, F., 12s; Clark, S., 1s 9d; Davis, T., 8d; Davis, A., 1s; Dawson, S., 3s; Davis, W., 1s 3d; Daniels, M., 15s; Doel, B., £1 1s; Durrant, H., £1 1s; Dyke, W. S., 1s; Davies, J., 9s; Everitt, E. L., 1s; Elkins, S., 6s 2d; Edwards, J., 2s 6d; French, S., 5s 11d; Fothergill, H., 2s 6d; Farrow, H., 2s 2d; Field, R. E., 15s 3d; Goodwin, W., 6s 4d; Garton, F., 7s; Gallop, C., 8s 8d; Grundy, T., 9s 6d; Haddock, B., £1 1s; Hewitt, Wm., 4s; Harris, F., 5s 6d; Halsall, J., 10s; Hunt, E., 9s 2d; Haselden, Wm., 4s 3d; Heritage, W., 4s 3d; Hopwood, R., 8s 6d; Hockley, F., 6s; Hampton, J., 1s; Johns, J., 11s 5d; Jones, G., 3s 6d; Johnson, C., 1s 6d; Jones, D., 2s 3d; Kirby, M., 11s; Kirkpatrick, W., 14s 6d; King, F., 5s 6d; Kingshott, A., £1 1s; Kay, H., 2s 10d; Latter, J., 3s; Laslett, A. S., 8s 6d; Leigh, A., 3s 2d; Levi, V., 4s 6d; Leak, A., 1s 4d; Lucas, R., 1s 6d; Lee, L., 5s; Locke, S., 9s; Martin, C., 14s; Mathias, R., 4s; Maddler, F., 6s 4d; Mann, J., £1 1s; McMechan, O., 3s 3d; Milligan, J., £1 1s; Meredith, J., 13s 6d; Newton, F., 4d; Nonkes, G., 5s; Newton, G., 10s; Newbery, J., £1 1s; Newton, H. B., £1 1s 4d; Nobbs, W. H., £1 1s; Noble, A., 10s; Ollett, A., 9s; Prichard, D., 1s; Preston, V., 10s 6d; Price, G., 4s 6d; Pile, C., 4s; Page, J., 16s; Polley, J., 1s; Pepler, L., 11s 6d; Platt, A., 1s 6d; Pearce, L., 7s; Pearce, T., 7s; Pottle, J., 6s; Pullen, F. C., 1s 6d; Rawlinson, E., 5s; Rickwood, S., 8s 7d; Redmill, G., 10d; Robins, A., 12s; Ryland, A., 4s 6d; Rogers, H., 9s; Rodwell, B., 10s 6d; Smith, W. A., £1 1s; Shorten, B., 2s 6d; Shurley, E. W., 18s; Stark, C., 10s 6d; Shaw, Wm., 1s 4d; Sankey, P., 6s 6d; Steere, P., 1s 8d; Simmonds, G., 10s; Sims, E., 2s 6d; Scannard, W., 10s; Swan, A., 12s; Smith, A., 11s 8d; Seward, P., £2 15s 6d; Slade, B., 14s 1d; Smith, S., 2s 6d; Sheppard, G., 2s 9d; Sheath, F., 6s; Saville, A., 2s 1d; Saville, R., 2s 1d; Taylor, W. A., 6s 5d; Trinder, G., 3s 6d; Terry, G., 6s 11d; Tipper, A., 4s; Tansley, H., 16s; Varney, A., 6s 6d; Voysey, E., 10s; Veats, S., 3s; Viney, P., 2s; Wakeling, H., 1s; Williams, T., 3s 6d; Witney, T., 10s 6d; Warmington, S., 8s 2d; Warburton, C., 1s; Wright, C., 8s; Whatmough, C., 7s 8d; Woods, W., 5s 4d; Willmore, H., 1s 5d; Wickens, G., 2s 6d; Watson, J., £1; Whitney, N., 17s; Wilmott, J., 2s; Walker, T., 3s 4d; Wallis, B., 4s 1d; Weston, H., 5s; Wright, H. W., 6s; Wild, C. E., 17s; Williamson, A., 6s 3d; White, F., 4s; Warner, T., 2s; York, C., 1s; Yerbury, H., 3s. Total, £82 10s.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards*:—Ayling, A., 6s; Ashbourne, E., 3s; Ayres, E., 3s; Barnes, A., 3s; Birch, A., 6s; Brooking, F., 14s 6d; Benthall, B., 1s 6d; Buhicrosan, U., 1s 6d; Barton, E., 6s; Bishop, A., 5s 3d; Blundell, F., 3s 5d; Brinsdon, A., 4s 3d; Burroughs, E., 10s 5d; Baker, G., 7s; Brookes, L., 3s; Brown, L., 2s; Corke, H., 6s 3d; Cory, C., 6s; Colquhoun, L., 1s 11d; Cobb, L., 6s; Church, D., 2s 6d; Court, A., 4s; Crispin, M., 12s; Civil, J., 10s 9d; Choat, R., £1 1s; Creeese, S., £1 1s; Collins, L., 6d; Coombs, E., 1s 2d; Crawford, R., 10s; Court, B., 2s; Coombs, I., 4s 2d; Cracknell, H., 4s 5d; Clutterbuck, A., 4s; Cole, E., 6s 6d; Clark, M., 6s; Day, N., 2s 6d; Davidson, A., 2s 6d; Dollittle, M., 6d; Davies, G., 6s 6d; Day, M., 2s 6d; Day, M., 1s; Dault, H., 2s; Dixon, C., 3s; Dines, E., 18s; Dew, E., 10s; Durham, L., 6s; Dunslow, R., 1s; Ensom, E., 6s 9d; Ebdon, M., 8s 7d; Ellis, E., 8s; Elliott, A., 8s 3d; Fernley, O., 2s 6d; Field, A., 3s; Fielding, B., 3s; Fleetwood, B., 3s; Frances, K., 2s 9d; Field, M., 1s; Figgins, E., 5s; Friend, M., £1 1s; Green, F., 6s; Gibson, B., 8s 8d; Gater, E., 12s; Geldart, C., 2s 6d; Gouyn, E., 2s 9d; Gouyn, A., 2s 9d; Grove, C., 4s; Gearing, B., 3s; Gree, L., 2s; Gurteen, E., 5s; Hall, F., 3s; Hull, A., 1s; Hobson, B., 3s; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Harper, A., 1s 10d; Horwood, S., 3d; Holland, A., 2s; Hodson, F., 2s 8d; Hussey, V., 3s 1d; Hollins, L., 1s; King, E., 6s 3d; Knotts, A., 7s 8d; Kimber, R., 2s; Lacey, M., 2s; Lamb, M., 6s 6d; Lamb, R., 5s 2d; Lwrrnce, C., 4s; Martin, N., 9s; McDonald, A., 6s 6d; Marjoram, E., 1s 6d; Marlow, B., 4s; McCarty, L., 8s 5d; Mason, M., 6s 7d; Munday, J., 3s; Moorcraft, R., 2s 8d; Myers, K., 2s 2d; Mountfield, G., 11s 3d; Mayell, B., 2s 1d; Mitchell, K., 3s 4d; Mudge, M., 3s 6d; Muge, B., 8s 7d; Milligan, E., £1 1s; Marfeet, E., 2s; Mott, B., 14s 10d; Millett, M., 7s 7d; Nichols, M., 6s; Nutt, M., 6s 3d; Norris, E., £1 1s; Page, M., 3s; Plumley, W., 15s; Platt, O., 1s 6d; Petty, V., 5s; Peake, C., 4s; Puplet, M., 9d; Page, E., 2s 7d; Ruffel, A., 10s; Reis, E., 1s; Rogers, C., 2s 10d; Ross, L., 13s; Rose, E. N., 10s 7d; Robinson, E., 3s; Still, M., 3s 3d; Sadler, M., 2s; Sidders, L., 4s; Smith, L., 4s 6d; Spencer, G., 6d; Senyard, E., 6s; Smith, C., 6s; Stickland, F., 1s 9d; Suffell, M., 2s 9d; Spurgin, G., 2s; Smart, E., 2s 7d; Sellers, C., 2s 3d; Sands, M., 1s; Scott, K., 6s; Saltmarsh, E., 6s 3d; Smith, A., 8s; Sandy, E., 2s 6d; Turner, L., 4s; Tutt, M., £1 1s; Tozer, W., £1 1s; Upton, S., 6s 9d; Woolley, A., 1s 7d; Weston, A., 1s; Wicks, R., 4s; Witting, J., 9s; Wiffin, R., 6s; Wetton, D., 5s 1d; Wetton, L., 6s 11d; Wallace, E., 2s; Williamson, R., 4s 7d; White, M., 6s; Winfield, L., 8s 6d; Wilson, A., 6s 6d; Wilkins, E., 2s 4d; Woodward, M., 1s 6d; Williams, L., 16s; Wallis, E., 5s 3d; Weeks, M., 5s; Widdeson, M., 10s; Williams, L., 3s; Worsley, F., 6s. Total, £45 8s 5d.

*List of presents from August 15th to September 14th, 1897*:—PROVISIONS:—1 cwt. Nucoline, The Nucoline Company, Ltd.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Fother; 2 sacks flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff.

Boys' CLOTHING:—4 Garments, Miss A. Lefevre; 1 Boy's Jacket, Mrs. Heale; 30 Articles, Mrs. M. Graham.

Girls' CLOTHING:—32 yards Flannel, 50 yards Print Cotton, 93 yards Dress Material, Mr. J. Pentelow, sen.; 14 Articles, Miss M. Johnson; 7 Articles, Mrs. Goodwin; 10 Articles, Miss A. Lefevre; 2 Jackets, Mrs. Heale; 12 Articles, Mrs. M. Graham.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Mr. Boxall; 1 Drawing-book and a few Scraps, Mrs. M. Graham.

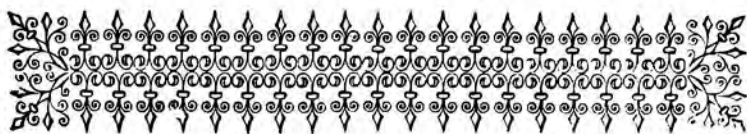
## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1897.*

District Subscriptions:—				£	s.	d.					£	s.	d.
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	...	...	...	7	10	0	Tewkesbury, per Pastor W. Davies	...	...	...	5	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per Mr. E. S.	...	...	...	20	0	0	Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	...	...	...	11	5	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. F. Durant	...	...	...	10	0	0	Chard, per Mr. Thomas Penny	...	...	...	11	5	0

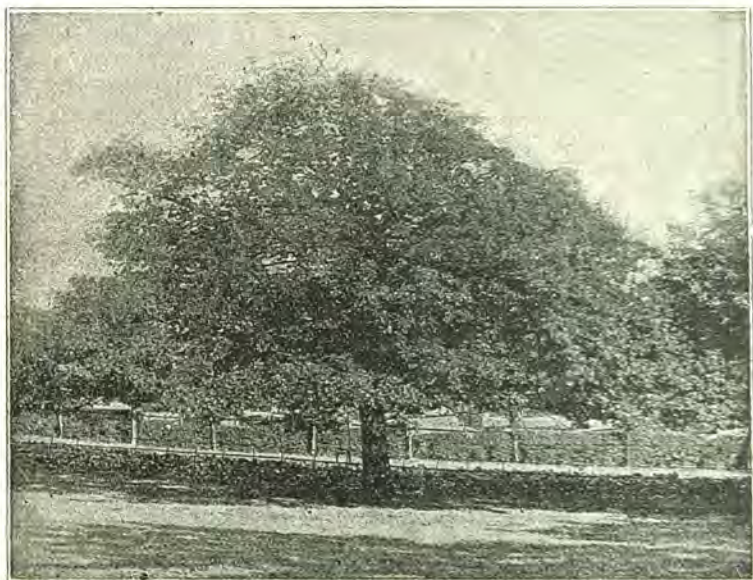






THE  
Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER. 1897.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

O. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from page 552.)



**STUDENT'S QUESTION.**—*What is the best way to read a book, so as to get the most good out of it?*

**MR. SPURGEON'S ANSWER.**—You must read very much as you find that you can. Probably, no two persons read in exactly the same fashion. If you are to derive much benefit from a book, you must bring much to it. Try to get a grip of

the work as a whole ; read the preface and table of contents, that you may get a clear idea of the author's intent in writing it. Some books will pay for reading and re-reading almost indefinitely. I have certainly read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* a hundred times. Above all books, brethren, mind that you read the Bible, so as to be familiar with its facts, and, best of all, to be thoroughly acquainted with its Author.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—Should novel-reading be indulged in by ministers?*

*A.—*That depends upon what you mean by a novel. *The Pilgrim's Progress* and many of the best books we have are novels, in the sense that they are not actual records of facts, though they are absolutely true to Christian experience. Then, again, there are such works as Sir Walter Scott's ; many of them are founded on fact, and are well worth reading as a picture of the people and places he so well describes, as well as for the style of his writing. Their worth lies largely in their historical truth. Some of Charles Dickens' works are worth reading, although he has given gross caricatures of the religious life of his times. The adventures of Mr. Pickwick are always amusing. Then there are the religious novels for children of the present day, such as *Jessica's First Prayer*, which I regard quite as a classic in its own special line. As for the general run of novels now being issued in such shoals, you will probably be wise to leave them alone ; few of them would be likely to do you any good, and many of them are morally tainted, or worse.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What would you specially advise us to read while we are in College?*

*A.—*While you are busily engaged at your studies, if you have any leisure, it might be profitably employed on something of a rather lighter character than the theological and classical works to which the most of your time must be devoted. What the particular line of reading should be, each man must decide for himself, according to the bent of his own mind. For this kind of mental relaxation,—that change of work which is as good as play,—I have, greatly to my own profiting, taken up various portions of Natural History, or the different sciences, such as Astronomy or Botany. I have found many fresh illustrations while reading such works. I always like to have a few good biographies handy, so that I can turn to the record of what the Lord has enabled His servants to do in the past.

\* \* \* \*

*Q.—What is your opinion of the tendency of the day to Christian Socialism?*

*A.—*I don't think much of it ; in fact, I scarcely know what they mean by "Christian Socialism." I believe that, the more closely we follow the principles and practices of our Lord and His apostles, the more nearly shall we approximate to the ideal Christian state. The tendency of the Socialism of the present day is very dangerous to the whole fabric of society, and I am not sure that Christian Socialism will do much to cure that evil.

*Q.—Should a church take any action with regard to a man who is in debt, and who is unable to pay his creditors?*

*A.*—It must depend a good deal upon the circumstances of the case. There may be a sudden fall in prices in certain markets, and a man who was perfectly solvent may become bankrupt through no fault of his own; or he may be ruined by the wrong-doing of others. Let the minister see the person in question, and ascertain the cause of his indebtedness, and also find out if he is still living beyond his means; it may be that a little timely advice and assistance may save a good man from drifting on to the rocks. The apostolic rule specially applies to Christians, and Christian ministers, "Owe no man anything." I wish they would all conform to that rule; it would save them, and others, too, from much anxiety and trouble.

\* \* \* \*

(One of the former students of the Pastors' College has kindly supplied us with the above series of Questions and Answers under "The Question Oak" at "Westwood," on June 14th, 1889. We shall be very glad if other brethren can furnish us with similar records of those never-to-be-forgotten days, or of the catechisings of the beloved President by the students in the College class-room.—*Ed.*)

### *Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.*

*"My groaning is not hid from Thee."*—Psalm xxxviii. 9.

ONE of the strongest and sweetest consolations God gives to His sick and afflicted ones, is the assurance that He not only "knows their sorrows," and tenderly sympathizes with them in their griefs, but that the appointment of the trial proceeds from Him, and that its whole course and continuance are watched by Him with infinite love and care. As a physician keeps his finger on a suffering patient's pulse, that he may know just the limit to which pain may be safely endured, so doth our God hold our right hand while we are passing through the furnaces of trial which lie on our road to Heaven, that He may support us through them, and bring us forth in due time to praise Him for His comforting and sustaining grace.

The text I have taken for my "Notes" this month, came as a precious cordial to my fainting spirit as I lately lay upon a bed of languishing. Awaking at a very early hour, one morning, during my recent illness, I found myself in an extremity of bodily pain and anguish. I tried to pray, but connected thought was an impossibility; groans and tears were the only expression I could give to my suffering, and even these were subdued and hushed lest the sleeping household should be disturbed. Then, some blessed, Heavenly ministrant whispered the sweet message to my soul, "Thy God knows all about thee, He sees thy grief, He hears thy groans, *there is a telephone from thy lips to His heart,* and every sigh is recorded there. No darkness, no distance, no dividing distress of any kind can separate from His constant care. He would spare thee every one of these sore pains, were it not that

He sees they are working for thee some ultimate blessing. Yield thyself absolutely to His will and appointment, and thou wilt find peace even in pain."

So I praised Him with sighs, and in silence; and I felt that the tears which ran down my cheeks were all "put into His bottle," for He came very near to me, and "as one whom his mother comforteth," so did He comfort me. He did not then remove my pain, but He so strengthened me to endure it, and to rest patiently in Him, that I look back on those hours with joy, as a season of hallowed communion with my God.

To all the Lord's sorrowful and afflicted ones, whether their groans be on account of sin, or sickness, or insensibility of heart, I pray that my experience may be an encouragement. Do remember, dear friend, that the God you love, the Master you serve, is *never* indifferent to your grief, or unwilling to hear your cry.

"He takes the meaning of our tears,  
The language of our groans."

David said truly, "Thou hast *considered* my trouble," and David's God is your God, with the added blessedness of the revelation of Jesus Christ the Saviour, whose Divine compassion is as infinite as His power. In time of trouble, the soul is greatly helped by cherishing great thoughts of God; they are sure to induce great longings after Him, great faith in Him, and great love towards Him; and thus, being filled with His fulness, we soar above and beyond all the earthly distractions and disturbances which surround us, and seek to cast us down.

Pain, whether bodily, mental, or spiritual, is always unwelcome, and at first sight wears an aspect which alarms and discomforts us; but it is often an angel in disguise, and many a time we have found that, underneath its terrible exterior, there are hidden the tender smiles of God's love, the gentle discipline of His teaching, and the sweet pity of His marvellous forbearance.

\* \* \* \*

Very gratefully do I record the goodness of the Lord in restoring to me somewhat of my usual health and strength, and gladly shall I use them again in His service. I give Him thanks for enabling me to trust Him fully, even when His hand was smiting me; but now that the same hand is turned to heal the wounds which His love saw were necessary, I bless Him with "a new song in my mouth." Oh, that He may always work His own will and pleasure in me, so that, in sickness or health, in grief or in gladness, in distress or delight, I may ever be able to say from my heart, "He hath done all things well"!

Most comforting letters have come to me during my illness. So many friends have shown their sympathy by telling of the joy and benefit they have derived from the little book, *A Carillon of Bells*, that my heart has had a full feast of satisfaction in this token of blessing from the Lord. I hear that the first edition of 3,000 is exhausted, and that a second is now published. This was such good

news to me that it must have helped to make me better. Will my dear readers remember the little volume as a suitable gift for the coming Christmas, so that I may rejoice in the prompt circulation of the new edition? I had it in my mind to bring out a companion volume this year, but I am so much engaged on the other and more important work of my beloved's *Autobiography*, that my own small book must wait awhile. It will make its appearance at the right time, I hope, and be received as graciously as was its predecessor.

\* \* \* \*

I have very bad news to tell about my Book Fund. I can hardly realize the fact myself; but it is a fact that its resources are utterly exhausted, and that, unless the Lord soon sends me some more money, I shall have to refuse the applications for books which still come flowing in from poor ministers. I cannot think that He would have me give up this work for His needy servants; yet, if He withholds the means, I cannot carry it on.

If I had not the financial responsibility of Bexhill Chapel resting on me, I could meet this unexpected deficiency with ease and pleasure, for all that I have is the Lord's, and He knows I desire to use all His gifts to His glory. But the Book Fund needs constant inflowings, since its outgoings are large and generous; and I am not in a position to compass both these objects, in addition to the many other claims which are constantly clamouring for attention and assistance.

You see, dear friends, my experience has been like that described by an old writer,—

“The Christian man is seldom long at ease,  
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize;”—

only I feel so sure that the Lord will deliver me from this “strait place”, that I will not let myself be *troubled* about it. I have taken my seat in “Expectation Corner,” and am quietly waiting for the waggon-loads of supplies which *must* be already on the road, only I am continually presenting the petition, “Dear Lord, send quickly, and cheer Thy waiting servant's heart!”

The following letter, received to-day, is but one of scores of similarly thankful epistles. How could I bear to discontinue gifts which are so necessary and so important to a poor minister of Jesus Christ? My correspondent says:—

“Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—How can I express my thanks to you for the magnificent gift of books to hand to-day? On bended knee have I blessed the Lord for His love and kindness through you. My heart is full, and it fails to express its thankfulness. My most sanguine dreams were surpassed when the valuable parcel of books was unpacked and spread out before me. My desire is that the prayer, expressed in your little note of tender sympathy, may be abundantly answered. At our week-night meeting, we are studying the Psalms, so you will understand how highly I appreciate the gift of *The Treasury*,—that invaluable help, and one *long* wished for! Again I beg you to accept my best thanks for every book sent. Suffer me also to express the hope that the Lord Himself may reward you abundantly for thus

equipping another of His ambassadors for such important work. His grace be with you,—is the earnest prayer of—

“Yours gratefully, ——.”

\* \* \* \*

The work at Bexhill, so very dear to my heart, is still receiving the blessing of the Lord. The pastor preaches the gospel in its fulness and freeness,—a full Christ for empty sinners,—peace and pardon through the precious blood; and where Christ is thus lifted up, souls are drawn to Him, and Heaven and earth are glad.

It is arranged that the large Chapel shall progress *slowly* through the winter months. “Safe and sound,” is to be the builder’s aim, so that there may be no future “settlements.” If he gets the roof on before bad weather comes, that will be quite satisfactory. I find it will cost fully *four thousand pounds*, so solid and substantial and beautiful will it be;—a worthy memorial of “the prince of preachers,” and an offering from grateful hearts to the King of kings for His worship and service for ever. A glance at the list of contributions acknowledged in this month’s Magazine will show that up to October 14, I had received £2,238 18s. 7d. towards the £4,000 required.

\* \* \* \*

A delightful testimony to the usefulness and worth of this dear old Magazine comes just in time to furnish me with a concluding “Note” for this month, and I give it place with much joy. A missionary in New Zealand says:—“I thank you heartily for your kindness in sending me so regularly the *Sword and Trowel*, with its hallowed reminiscences, and its very helpful articles. They are so rich in Christly teaching, so deeply interesting with their varied record of faithful testimony, arduous service, blessed success, and abounding joy, that I always hail their coming with a thrill of satisfaction. Among the many great things for God and man which dear Mr. Spurgeon did, not the least was the establishing of *The Sword and the Trowel*. After reading the copies you give me, I send them on, hundreds of miles, to one and another, getting them sent on still further, where isolated lovers of truth are scattered, with few facilities of worship, reading, or Christian intercourse. But, to me, the crowning wonder is, the constant stream of those inspiring and soul-saving Sermons which flows on so abundantly to bless men, and lead them to Christ, so long after the sweet voice which preached them hath passed into silence,—so far as earth is concerned. Verily, ‘his works do follow him’ !”

S. S.

## A Growing Hallelujah !

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

WHILE staying, recently, at Bexhill-on-Sea, a friend (both in name and in nature) said to me, “I should like to take you over to Gardner Street, to see a house that has PRAISE THE LORD growing on the front of it.” Accordingly, accompanied by the good

pastor of Boulah Baptist Chapel, and some of his flock, I enjoyed a delightful drive through that very picturesque part of Sussex, until we reached Gardner Street, Hurstmonceux, and there saw the farmhouse, which a friend of Mr. Hockey's afterwards kindly photographed for the benefit of our readers.



It appears that a former occupant of the house trained the creeper into the shape it still retains, as a testimony of his gratitude to God for the many mercies bestowed upon him, and, possibly, also as an incentive to all passers-by to "praise the Lord" for His goodness to them. At all events, it seemed to us, as we gazed upon this GROWING HALLELUJAH, that it must have a double meaning,—first, as an *exclamation of thanksgiving* on the part of those who planted, and those who still care for it; and, secondly, as an *invitation* to others to join in the continual ascription of praise to the Most High.

Certainly, all who have lived in the house that possesses this unusual external adornment, and all who have seen it, have had cause to praise the Lord; while those of them who are the subjects of His saving grace, will have reason, throughout eternity, to laud and magnify His holy Name. The writer of the hundred-and-seventh Psalm four times repeats the refrain, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Yet he begins, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy." Whoever omits or refuses to praise the Lord, His redeemed ones must bless Him even here, as they will do for ever and ever.—*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1898.*



## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLVII.—PASTOR B. J. GIBBON, OF BLOOMSBURY CHAPEL, LONDON.



**H**AD this sketch been written a few weeks ago, it would have been headed, "PASTOR B. J. GIBBON, of East Street Baptist Chapel, Southampton," for it was only on October 3rd that our friend commenced his ministry in the well-known and historic chapel at Bloomsbury, in succession to the Rev. James Baillie, now of Cardiff.

Mr. Gibbon was born in Plymouth, on June 20th, 1871. He is of pure Welsh descent, and is a worthy son of most worthy

Christian parents. It was, however, in the Isle of Wight, that beautiful garden of England, that Mr. Gibbon's early life was spent.

Like many others, our brother cannot tell when he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, although he distinctly remembers a time of great misery, followed slowly and gradually by the light. This was when he was about eleven; and at the age of twelve, on the last Sabbath in 1883, he was baptized at Castlehold Baptist Chapel, Newport, Isle of Wight, by Pastor William Glanville, who had previously been a student in the Pastors' College. Home influences, and the manifest earnestness rather than the clear instruction of a Sunday-school teacher, helped, under God, in leading our brother thus early to decide for Christ, confess Him in baptism, and join the visible church.

In 1885, the family removed to Sandown, and were transferred to the Baptist cause there, our friend shortly afterwards preaching his first sermon in a primitive village in the Parkhurst Forest, when he was only fifteen years of age. For some time, he was Sunday-school superintendent at Sandown; and when Pastor E. H. Brown, now of Twickenham, settled there, he was already a useful local preacher. Of Mr. Gibbon, at this period, Mr. Brown says:—"When I went to the Baptist Chapel, Sandown, in December, 1887, he, though but sixteen years of age, was a member of the church, and devoting his Sundays as a local preacher in the villages all over the island, generally travelling to them on his high bicycle. Whenever I went out preaching in the island, in all parts I heard him spoken of as one of their most acceptable supplies."

Evidently called of God to the work of the Christian ministry, application was made for admission to the Pastors' College, and in 1889 Mr. Gibbon left the Isle of Wight to enter upon his training at "Our Alma Mater." His parents and sisters are still members of the Sandown Baptist Church, his worthy father being



deacon and treasurer. The College career nearly came to a tragic end on the opening day, by an accidental blow on the forehead from a badly-aimed quoit at "Westwood." Our brother has since then learned a better way of getting hard facts into his head, and the blow certainly has not impaired his memory, which is singularly good.

Mr. Gibbon was a diligent student; for some time during his two-and-a-half years' course he was one of the apostolic brethren, and for the last year he was students' secretary. In this capacity he wrote, on behalf of the men, a letter of sympathy to our late President just before his last departure for Mentone, receiving in reply a cordial message in Mr. Spurgeon's own handwriting, which proved to be the last that our beloved Leader ever wrote to his students. The letter will appear in full in Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography*.

Shortly after our brother entered College, his pastor, Rev. E. H. Brown, returned to his former charge at Twickenham, and having two chapels to supply, he frequently had the co-operation of Mr. Gibbon, whose preaching was greatly appreciated by both congregations, as also at Teddington, where the church was then without a pastor. This church, together with three others, approached him with a view to the pastorate, but of these, the claims of the East Street Baptist Church, Southampton, proved to be the strongest, and there he settled in January, 1892, when still six months on the youthful side of twenty-one.

Our good friend's ministry in "the Liverpool of the South" has thus extended to five years and three-quarters, during which time a good and prosperous work has been carried on. He came to the cause when it was by no means strong, and when the drift of the resident population to the suburbs made the work growingly difficult. God's blessing, however, rested on the young pastor. During his ministry in Southampton, 174 have been added to the church-roll, about half being by baptism, and half by transfer. The membership to-day is 205, as against 101 in 1892; the organization and usefulness of the church have correspondingly developed, and considerable improvements in the church-buildings have been carried out.

Recognizing from the very first the importance of the glorious mission of preaching the gospel, Mr. Gibbon diligently and resolutely applied himself to study, and concentrated his strength on pulpit work. In this he has been singularly successful, for he has had the joy of gathering round him a growing and appreciative audience, and has been cheered in knowing that his testimony has been Divinely owned to the salvation of sinners, and to the upbuilding and comforting of God's people. In preaching, Mr. Gibbon's manner is somewhat deliberate, although, as he proceeds, the presence of the Welsh fire is clearly discernible, and the eloquence of the heart gives force to his sermons, which are delivered without any reference to notes or manuscript. Simplicity, directness, and earnestness, are three marked features of his preaching and platform speaking.

Mr. Gibbon early won the respect and love of his people, and this was maintained, or rather increased throughout his ministry, and was evidenced in a most striking way at his recent farewell meeting, when hearty and unanimous testimony was borne to his high Christian

character, and to the good work which, in God's hands, he had been enabled to accomplish.

One of the first things our brother did in settling at Southampton was to form a Y.P.S.C.E.,—the first in the town,—and since then he has introduced the Society into many other churches. At the beginning of this year, a Junior Society was organized, and the Endeavourers at East Street now number 120. These Societies have proved a means of great blessing, and, through them, the Pastor's usefulness among the young people has been considerably increased. Another branch of service more recently formed is the P.S.A. This important work was born in prayer, and has amply justified its existence. The membership numbers about 400 men; and an average attendance of nearly 300 is maintained.

With Mr. Gibbon's departure to London, the Southampton Evangelical Nonconformist Council loses its President. This fact sufficiently suggests that he is a strong Free Churchman; and such are needed to-day, for, to quote our brother's own words:—"The root of the whole matter, and the bottom of our objection to both Anglicanism and Romanism is, that each is an organized attempt, more elaborate in one case than the other, but increasingly so in the other, to substitute the Church for Jesus Christ. 'A man's foes' prophesied the Saviour, 'shall be they of his own household.' Alas! He Himself has most startlingly verified the prediction. His Church, His Bride, is put in His own place. But we will not consent to it; no, not for an hour. The sacred word *Church* has no power to move us, when it is used in the place of the more sacred word *Christ*. *That* word thrills us to the centre, and moves our hearts to love, and our eyes to tears. Take away your Church, and give us Christ! He is 'the Chiefest among ten thousand,' and 'the Altogether Lovely.'

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find."

"Christ first, the Church next,—that is such a conception of the Church as is not inconsistent with the Master's pre-eminence;—such is the true order."

As a preacher in neighbouring pulpits, and as a speaker on the public platform, Mr. Gibbon is always acceptable, and many a cause in Hampshire has felt the inspiration of his kindly presence and bracing words.

An interesting sequel to the Newport days occurred last spring, when the annual meetings of the Southern Baptist Association were held there, and Mr. Gibbon preached the Association sermon in the chapel where he was baptized. A message of real help was given, and as the congregation was dispersing, one of the church-officers remarked enthusiastically to a visitor, "What do you think of that from one of our own boys?"

For some time, in addition to his many other duties, the pastor of East Street edited a magazine for circulation especially among his own people. To this he gave the title of *Rays of Light*, and from its pages the true light shone. One quotation from a sermon on baptism will show that our brother has not been led astray by the vague and

erroneous teaching concerning our distinctive principles which is so common nowadays:—"This ordinance belongs to the Christian alone. It is a common mistake to suppose that baptism marks a birth. A child is born into the world; let him be baptized! Nay; it is the mark of the *new* birth. A Christian man, some time ago, came across an old black-letter Bible, published in the year 1579, and found on the fly-leaf this quaint inscription:—"I, Samson Larke, was born the 20 and sprinkled the 27 day of August, 1620. I was new-borne in the year of our Lord 1640, and Baptized upon the profession of my faith in Christ in the year 1646, and 12 mo. of that yeere.' That man had read the Scriptures. He knew that the rite he underwent as a seven-days' infant was not Christian Baptism, and so, after being 'new-born,' as he terms it, he went through another ordinance. That marked the fact of his entrance upon a new life. That was baptism according to the New Testament. . . . Brethren, I do not speak for the mere sake of denouncing another theory. I speak from profound conviction when I say that the system which subjects a man in his infancy to a rite called baptism, and teaches him ever afterwards that he was then made 'a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven,' is productive of enormous evil. The Book teaches us that we are 'the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.' That is the only way."

Two years ago, Mr. Gibbon was married to a daughter of the Rev. J. P. Williams, of Elm Grove Baptist Church, Southsea. Mrs. Gibbon has been a true helpmeet to her husband. She has taken the oversight of the Junior Christian Endeavour, acted as Secretary for the Southampton Auxiliary of the Baptist Zenana Missionary Society, and in many other ways proved herself to be a consecrated and gifted Christian worker, specially fitted for the important sphere she has now to fill.

The call which recently came from Bloomsbury occasioned much heart-searching. Mr. Gibbon and his people were working happily and prosperously in Southampton; they were very loth to part with him, and the responsibilities of so great a work as that at Bloomsbury made him hesitate; yet the hand of God was discerned, and eventually both pastor and people at East Street accepted the call as from above.

The ministry in the South has therefore closed, though its influence will long abide; and amidst many cheering signs the new Pastor of Bloomsbury Chapel has commenced his work. Our brother has a message. He has proved its power; and, in simple dependence on the God of his fathers, he has gone to the great city to preach the grand old story of Jesus, once crucified, and now alive for evermore. To spend and be spent for Christ, is his supreme aim; and prayer is earnestly sought on his behalf that, amidst the stress and strain of London life, he may be upheld by the arms of the mighty God of Jacob, and be enabled so to live and preach Christ that many shall, through his ministry, be turned unto righteousness. God bless Bloomsbury, and our beloved brother who is now the Pastor of the Church there!

E. R. PULLEN.

# The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

## "THE HEAVENLY VISION."

(SERMON PREACHED AT THE CLOSE OF THE TENTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, MAY 7TH, 1897).

*"And the LORD answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."*—Habakkuk ii. 2.

AFTER preaching in a certain place, some years ago, I was accosted by a candid friend, who asked me if I knew what a mistake I had made during the service. I answered, "I do not know to which one you refer." He thereupon informed me that I had been guilty of misquoting the Word of God; and I confess that I felt sad at heart that I should have, even unwittingly, fallen into so grave an error. "Tell me my mistake," said I. He answered, "You were quoting, I think in your prayer, that verse in which we are instructed that the vision should be so plainly written that he that runs may read it." "Did I?" said I. "Yes," he replied. "Well, then," I answered, "we had better look the passage up." I found that he had not a Bible with him;—that was a bad sign,—and when I handed him mine, he did not know where to find the quotation. So I helped him out of his difficulty, and turned to the Book from which we have read; but, having found the place, I passed the Bible back to him, and he read in my hearing, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it." "Why!" he said, "you were right, after all." "I am glad to hear that," I answered, and then I thought I would improve the occasion by trying to impress upon his mind the text, as it really reads and runs, by asking him if he had never heard the story of the man who, approaching the house of his friend, was surprised to see for the first time written up in somewhat large characters the warning notice,—BEWARE OF THE DOG! Said he to his friend, "I suppose you have written it so plainly that he that runs may read." "No," answered the friend, "I have not; I have written it so plainly that he that reads may run."

So you see, brethren, that this is one of the misquoted texts of Scripture, and I need hardly add that, being misquoted, it is by no means improved. God's Word, like everything else that God has made, is best left as it is. Let us quote with absolute correctness if that be possible, and let us love the very letter of the Word just as God has given it to us.

In the verse before us, we have *writing*, . . . . *reading*, . . . . *running*. That is the proper order; but before any one of these must come *watching*, for just as certainly as men cannot read what we have not written, so certainly we cannot write what we have not heard, and seen, and felt.

1. First, then, as to the WATCHING: "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me."

*God's revelation comes only to those who are on the look out for it.* Some there are who go through this beautiful world without eyes, or at least with the eyes they have either quite closed, or half shut. "The wise man's eyes are in his head;" but the eyes of the spiritual man are in his heart. He perceives all things that God in grace unfolds to him. You will not know God's will unless you want to; you will not hear God's voice unless you sit silent before Him. You must get into the right place, you must go up into the observatory, and look through the telescope if you are to see God's shining spheres. With unveiled face, we must look on Him who shows Himself to believers. We must get into the right attitude to know the things of God, and we must get up to the right altitude as well; we must stand upon our watch-tower before we even dream of writing what we expect the people to read.

*There may be long delay before the vision is vouchsafed.* Therefore, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower." I will climb its stairs, prepared to wait for the tarrying vision. It is well worth waiting for. At a political meeting, some have taken their seats six hours before the proceedings were advertised to commence, and have counted it well worth the waiting if Mr. Gladstone was going to speak. How long, think you, will some be seated before the Queen's Jubilee procession goes by? But they will feel well repaid if they get so much as a look at Her Gracious Majesty, and if she nods at them as she passes,—and many persons believe that royalty does smile specially on *them* as it goes by,—they will readily forget the weary waiting hours. If some people are prepared to sit around a table in the dark for hours together for supposed spirits to rap out their nonsense, shall not we gladly wait until the Lord lifts all veils, and makes that plain which is mysterious, and causes the darkness to burst into the full-orbed vision of the Holy One?

Yet, though we are content to wait patiently the Lord's time, we wait *with holy expectancy and with a definite purpose*: "I will watch to see what He will say unto me." It is the man who thus expects to hear God's voice, and to see what He is prepared to reveal, who presently exclaims, "And the Lord answered me." Yes, the Lord will in due time reply to those who thus reverently and believingly seek His face.

Why is the prophet so eager about this matter? I think, because he is anxious to be speaking to the people, and communicating with those for whom he has been set as a watchman. "I will look forth to see what He will say unto me,"—the marginal reading of the Revised Version is, "I will look forth to see what He will say *by me*." What He says unto us is that which He would say by us; we have to pass the message on to others. That is why our eyes are to be opened at their widest, that is why our hearts must be expanded to their utmost, that we may be able to receive what the Lord means to reveal to others by us. O brethren, the vision must be seen before it can be shown! John the Baptist, *seeing Jesus*, said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." The women who bore the glad tidings of His rising from the dead, exclaimed, "We have *seen* the Lord;" and we preach that which we have seen, and felt, and

handled, of the good Word of life. Oh, that, like the beloved disciple, we may hear a voice from Heaven saying, "Write," for we are God's amanuenses, and write at His dictation! Oh, how necessary it is to see His face before we attempt to describe it! We shall find it hard enough to tell of His loveliness and grace even when we have feasted eyes and heart on Him for many a year, for

"Living tongues are dumb at best,  
We must die to speak of Christ."

Alas! for those who try to speak of Him without having first beheld Him! Alas! for those who think to preach the gospel who have not first perceived it, and received it, and believed it!

And, brethren, *we must wait until the vision is completed*. God sometimes gives us dissolving views, and we must not imagine, when the scene grows blurred and dim, that all He has to show us is past and gone. Wait a little longer, till this view merges into the next, and the dimness of the last one brightens into the new beauty of the later revelation. Look ye steadfastly even upon that part of the vision which dazzles and perhaps pains your eyes. Never dream of turning a blind eye towards any part of the Word of God; but look out from Genesis to Revelation to hear what God the Lord will speak. Brethren, are we watching? "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." Surely, those days are already upon us of which the prophet Joel spake, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions," if we will only climb the watch-tower, and look away to Jesus.

II. Secondly, WRITING, for we are to "write the vision."

May I take this word very literally, for I am not quite sure that we, as ministers, have fully realized yet that we can wield a deal of influence by our correspondence? Oh, that in every letter we write there might be some word for Jesus, some sweet reference to our Master! The correspondence of Christian people needs revision. Not long ago, I received a letter in a rather bulky envelope, for there were several enclosures, the remarkable part of the matter being that, on the outside of the envelope were written these words, "There is nothing of value inside this envelope." Not many of my correspondents are as frank as that; but I am afraid that some of our own letters might be thus inscribed. O brethren, see that something of real value, something that is likely to do good because it is itself good, is enclosed in every letter that goes to the post from you! I have hung above my study table, where I write my letters, this addition to Miss Havergal's beautiful consecration hymn,—

Take my pen, and let it send  
A word in season to a friend.

But it is concerning preaching that I am specially to speak. With the psalmist, each one of us would fain say, "My tongue is the pen of a ready writer." What, then, are we to write,—or rather, to speak? What is to be *our subject*? "Write the vision." That, and nothing more; that, and nothing less. God's revelation as we have seen it with eyes opened by the touch of the Holy Ghost;—not our impressions merely, certainly not our surmisings;—but, as far as it is possible to

mortal men, the thing itself, the word and will and view and vision of Almighty God.

And it is best to write it as soon as possible after we have seen it. Many of the thoughts we have at midnight are gone ere daybreak ; it may be as well that some of them have sped so swiftly past, but others of them might well have been put down even at the midnight hour for preservation and future use. Dear brethren, see Christ before you preach Christ ; and, as soon as you have seen Him, preach Him. Do not wait for the Sabbath service, but to the next person whom you meet—a congregation of one was enough for Jesus!—tell of what the Lord has said and shown to you.

The subject, as I have said, must be the vision, and it must be as accurate as may be. You have, doubtless, looked upon the table of the *camera obscura*. By means of cleverly-arranged reflectors, there is cast upon that shining tablet a panorama of the outside world. Here are the people walking and talking, and there the carriages driving past upon the highway ; the very leaves of the trees are seen fluttering in the wind ; it is an exact representation of what is going on outside. And we, God helping us, are to be as mirrors reflecting from our faces, words, and lives, God's way, God's word, God's will. Oh, let us keep the glass clean, brethren, lest the vision be distorted or obscured!

Do not withhold any word of warning from the people. Descant often and solemnly upon man's sin, and all that it involves. You who, when you came to Jesus, "told Him all the truth" about yourselves, tell to those who hear you all the truth about themselves, that they may in their turn tell it to Christ. Happy is the minister who, ere he comes to die, can say, "I have not shunned to declare all the counsel of God." If I mistake not, that term is in reality a nautical one, and the apostle means by it, "I have not altered my course." Oh, how often we are tempted so to do, to steer at least half a point from the course that the Lord has set! One enters the congregation whom we did not expect ;—ah! but we must not alter our course for him, or anyone else. Circumstances have arisen which will make it very unpleasant for us if we do not shape our course accordingly ; but we must not, brethren.

I knew of the captain of a vessel who, in the days of strikes amongst seamen, had oftentimes to take a scratch crew on board his ship, and he could not trust them as he might have done more thoroughly trained men. He had been accustomed to say to the quartermaster, when he went below, "Steer such-and-such a course," and he could rely upon him to remember and to obey his order ; but with his scratch crew he had to be much more precise. He had a board made which, to an ordinary observer, looked something like a clock, and, ere he went down to snatch a few minutes' rest, he turned the index hand to the exact point of the compass—for it was marked like a compass—that he would have the novice to steer ; and, lest anyone should tamper with it, he had it so arranged that he could fasten it, and lock it, and put the key into his own pocket. Even then, I am not sure that the course was always steered with absolute accuracy. Oh, that the Lord may so instruct us, and our hearts be so obedient,

that we shall speak His word as He has spoken it, not venturing to keep back any part of it, or to alter so much as a single letter of it!

Surely, brethren, we shall never dream of withholding any part of the good news which we learned from our Lord. We will tell the people of God's love, for we have had a vision of it. We will tell them that—

“ ’Twas not to make Jehovah's love  
Towards the sinner flame,  
That Jesus, from His throne above,  
A suffering man became.

“ ’Twas not the death which He endured,  
Nor all the pangs He bore,  
That God's eternal love procured,  
For God was love before.”

We will tell them about Christ's sacrifice, though the carnal nature may say that our sermons “smell of the shambles,” as has been objected ere now. We will tell them of the new birth,—not only that they must be born again, but that they can be born again, thanks to the blessed influence of the regenerating Spirit. We will tell them of the life of victory through faith in Jesus Christ, and of the glory that shall follow. We will try to show them every ray of the vision that we have ourselves beheld, and if we can reproduce the vivid colours in which we first saw it, most gladly will we do so.

But, brethren, we must be sure not to speak beyond our own experience. Apart from the sin of so doing, I would point out to you the uselessness of so doing. I can conceive no greater waste of time and effort than to tell the people what we have not ourselves experienced. It will fall flat, you may be sure. Even men of the world will perceive how far you have gone in the matter. He who exhibits a panorama, and explains the pictures, must have seen the places that the pictures represent; else, indeed, his story will be a very lame and limping one. A man once told me that a whale had just been seen spouting quite close to the vessel on which we were, and he began to give me a description of it. Something he said rather aroused my suspicions, for I had seen a whale spouting before that, so I asked him if he saw the creature. “No,” he answered, “I did not see it myself, but I saw a man that did.” We shall be caught tripping if we only tell what others say that they had seen, and our congregations will find us out. Ah! but that does not matter so much as that God has already found us out if we only tell what we have read, and do not stick to what we have ourselves experienced.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## The Thermopylæ of Christendom.

WE must always maintain the dignity of the pulpit. I hold that it is the Thermopylæ of Christendom; it is here the battle must be fought between right and wrong;—not so much with the pen—valuable as that is as an assistant,—as with the living voice of godly men contending earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints.—C. H. S.





## The Sea Anemone.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

AT the foot of a great rock, which jutted far out into the deep water, there lived a sea anemone; a frail, defenceless creature, with no power to fight or fly, or even to search for its necessary food. Its life was spent in clinging to the steadfast rock, and waiting for the incoming of the tide which brought its daily sustenance. "You poor miserable thing," said a gay Nautilus to it, one day, "I would not be in your place for anything; do you know that I can rise to the surface of the ocean, and spread my little sail in the sunshine, while the breezes waft me gently from wave to wave; or I can propel my boat of pearl by my own unaided efforts, and then, when weary, I can sink softly down to the peaceful pastures and grottoes of the sea-bed? I do pity you, having to stick always on that bare, slimy old rock."

"I am very contented, and very happy," said the Actinia, "it is my only way of living, and I would not exchange it for so restless an existence as yours;" and when her frivolous friend was gone, she sang a little song of gratitude and joy for that life which the other so much despised.

"I LIVE BY CLINGING,"—

this was the burden of her song,—"*clinging and waiting*. With all the power God has given me, I cling to this great rock; and while I thus cling, *its whole strength is mine*, and the surgings of the waters around me do but fasten me the more firmly to my resting-place. I cannot swim or seek my prey, it is true; but as I cling and wait, the whole ocean is my storehouse, the waves come leaping to my feet with their spoils, and, at the touch of their caressing hands, I unfold my rainbow-painted tentacles, and blossom into the wondrous loveliness of a living flower! Then is the hour of my joy and feasting, and I feel as if the whole sea belonged to me, and that my very frailness secured my strength and safety. Sometimes, the waters forsake me for a while, and

I wonder whether they think me too unworthy to be blessed with their returning joy ; but, even then I cling the closer to the rock, and wait with patient, restful faith for the incoming of the tide ! And, presently, the waves come gently creeping back, and very soon I am again surrounded and covered by their abounding fulness ! ”

Here is a sweet little lesson of trust for some poor soul who feels as helpless, as dependent, as weak and frail as this lovely passion-flower of the sea. If you are *on the Rock*, you have but to cling and wait ; the strength you cling to is almighty, and the riches of God's great ocean of love are all yours, and no expectation you have formed of the power of His grace and love can perish while that eternal Rock is your resting-place.

“Cling on, and wait ! unworthy, frail, and small !

Cling to thy Rock, O soul,—deep, steadfast, great !

Thou canst no merit claim ; but he has all,

And faith's true beauty, who can cling and wait.”

I am pleased to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Wm. Luff for most of the thoughts in the above paragraphs. They are to be found in the lines from his pen, entitled, “*Sea Anemone*.”—*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1898.*

## Testing Times, the Proof of Love.

(See Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's *Carillon of Bells*, page 92.)

**F**EAR not, for God Himself is come to prove you,  
The cloud, the fire, the storm proclaim Him near ;  
But let not His approach to terror move you,  
He comes in mercy,—be thou of good cheer.

For know, His very coming is a token,  
Of gracious purpose, and of tender love ;  
By Him the bruised reed is never broken,  
He stoops to raise you to His home above.

It is the Lord, who in the past has led you,  
Through many a scene of danger and of dread ;  
Whose arm has shielded, and whose hand has fed you,  
With honey from the rock, and living bread.

Fear not the cloud, that hangs so darkly o'er you,  
Hiding the future from your eager view ;  
The Lord will yet make plain the way before you,  
And you shall bless the hand that led you through.

Be not afraid, it is His power that holds you,  
His voice that speaks amid the thunder's roar ;  
And though the darkness for a while enfolds you,  
His arm is round you, now, and evermore.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c., &c.

### XI.—"STEPPING WESTWARD."

" 'Twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound ;  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright."

"STEPPING Westward!" This sentiment, woven by Wordsworth into a sonnet, may serve to lead our imagination back, over tracks historic and poetic, to a land of strong light and deep shadows, to a people musical in speech, Puritanic in character, preserving the charm of an old-fashioned courtesy, and, while enterprising in the business of life, not forgetful of the culture of the mind and heart. It has been our privilege to talk with many interesting people in diverse places, but some of the most appreciative times that we recall are conversations with men and women in the Western shires. A retentive sensitive memory may become Nature's phonograph to its possessor. He may be able, by means of it, to hear again the very voices of his friends, and his only regret may be that he cannot make those voices vocal in their own tones to an audience of the pen.

There stands out from the past an evening spent, years ago, in a strange old house situated on the edge of the sand-hills of Somerset. On one side, the dunes were laid out so as to form delightful grounds ; on the other, the eye rested on a waste of sand, layers of sea-weed washed up by the varying tides, a wind-swept stretch of shore and water, the broadening channel to the ever-widening West. It was just the locality for a romance, and one could easily imagine a "rebel" from Monmouth's ill-fated force hidden in a quaint room of the old thatched mansion, or, if the quest became too pressing, stowed away in one of the many burrows in the hills, and fed stealthily by fair hands. Yet, even with this tender element to colour the situation, the position of such a prisoner would be most unpleasant were the wild West wind driving the fine sand inland, though the footprints of the imagined lady would be by the same agent speedily obliterated.

On the evening which lives in our memory, we spent a most interesting hour with one of the best-known antiquaries of the county, and brother of the hostess of the house. Our Somersetshire friend would doubtless have received no benediction from the late Poet Laureate, for he possessed a rare collection of autographs, going back to the early English kings,—and autograph collectors were Tennyson's special aversion. He would "cut" them as summarily as Thomas Binney is said to have given the "go-by" to deacons when he was out for a holiday. But there were other things to see beside these hand-writings of the famous dead. Rare prints of historic interest, and rarer coins, our friend produced from among his treasures. Perhaps we were easily influenced, but the spell worked, and we began to reconstruct the past from the scrawled signatures of kings, and from the faces graven on the coins. Archæology is much more than a whim. It

is a science, which re-builds the by-gone ages out of remains left undestroyed by Time and his camp-followers.

Nor was the antiquary, or his cases of curios, the only attraction in this house by the sea. The reminiscences of the cultured hostess are recollected to this hour. In her early days, John Angell James was at Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham. One Sunday night, that embodiment of an earnest ministry preached from 1 Cor. xvi. 22: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." The preacher made a long pause after impressively reading the text. The people were breathless with expectancy. Then upon the deep silence fell the words, "Need this 'Anathema' be pronounced? Are there any such persons,—so blind, so cold, so dead as not to love the Lord Jesus Christ?" After asking these solemn questions, the preacher made another pause even more prolonged and painful than the first. The effect was indescribable. The sermon went on to show that there were multitudes so blind, and cold, and dead as not to love the Lord Jesus Christ. On these the curse rested, until faith lifted it off. It would be such people, unless their eyes were opened, who would be "ashamed before Him at His coming."

The opportunity of attending the great annual assemblies in Old Surrey Chapel was among the privileges of this Somersetshire lady's past. There was a day in 1849 that could not be forgotten. The minister was the same who had held the people in awe with the message from 1 Cor. xvi. The occasion was the Jubilee of the London Missionary Society. The text was Zech. i. 5. Thirty years before, the preacher had stood in the same pulpit to advocate the same cause. He had then laid down the doctrine that the great object of missionary zeal was "to bring men to Christ." He had in 1819 used these striking words:—"Suppose that, out of compliment to the mockers of missionary zeal, we relinquished its highest, and indeed its identifying object, and confined our efforts exclusively to civilization, sending the plough and the loom instead of the cross, and that upon this reduced scale of operation we were as successful as could be desired, till we had raised the man of the woods into the man of the city, and elevated the savage into the sage,—what, I ask, should we effect, viewing man, as with the New Testament in our hands we must view him, in the whole range of his existence? . . . In civilization, we confer a boon which is valuable while it lasts; but it is a boon which the soul drops as she steps across the confines of the unseen world. . . . But let us aim first to save the soul, by bringing it under the influence of Christianity, and then, as we advance to the end of our exertions, we shall not fail to scatter along the path of our benevolence all the seeds of civilization and social order." Was it any wonder that, in 1849, when John Angell James rose to speak, anticipation ran high? We can well imagine the thrill and the spell which passed over the congregation as the text was announced:—"Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Our hostess recalled such seasons, and by her own impressive and vivid narration helped us to form some idea of what must have been their influence at the time.

There are gems of sanctified expression in the Jubilee Sermon of

John Angell James which should arrest attention even to-day. Want of space forbids the quotation of many lines, but let these stand :—  
 “Men who turn prophets should make sure of their inspiration.” “The church has devolved too much of the work of converting the world upon anyone who would undertake it, and has given it too much out of her own hands.” “That a man may be a very good man, and feel no deep concern for the conversion of the world, is a practical heresy of the deepest dye.” “If the spirit of missions be maintained, . . . it must be by the theology of Luther, Calvin, and Knox; of Leighton, Baxter, and Howe.” “Tell me not that God does not despise the day of small things. Neither do I; but, like God, I desire the day of great things.”

As some personal incident may create interest in a new study, or open the door of introduction to fresh friends, so by the reminiscences wherewith we were regaled that evening down in Somerset, we were led to make acquaintance with the seldom-read works of John Angell James, and to find the thoughts here dispensed anew.

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Later in the evening, such evenings as they get in the West, where the glow of the sunset long rivals the glory of the uprising moon,—we walked with our host as he talked of the men who were boys with him at Bridgwater, and who, like him, have since made for themselves an honourable name. But not the least interesting of his “by-gones” was an account he gave us of Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, during the palmy days of Dr. Raleigh. Some of the sermons in that charming book, *Quiet Resting-places*, had been heard by our friend. When we recalled the discourse on Micah vii. 3, he was ready with the divisions on which the preacher based his appeal, that, if certain men did evil, “with both hands earnestly,” how much more should the servants of God seek to do His will, *not with one hand, as many half-heartedly worked, but with both hands, and with both hands earnestly.*

So we talked—walking in the glory of the summer twilight through grassy grounds which surprised us with their verdure when we remembered that the subsoil all around was sand. The hillside was so scooped and utilized as to give shelter from the ever-blowing winds, and in these carefully-preserved nestling-places the flowers of spring and summer found a home, the turf spreading out from thence into a sward. One could hardly believe that the wild sand-hills were close by, and that a short climb would show you the waves breaking on the Gore,—waters increasing in their restlessness over a waste of 3,000 miles. There is something analogous to this in the spiritual world, when the other side of some unattractive, bleak character surprises us with its beauty, and we find an unimagined tenderness as delicate as a choice bloom, and as refreshing as its perfume.

\* \* \* \*

In one of the small coast towns of the West, at a much later date, we met the present Principal of Bristol College. On “The Ideal Church-meeting,” Professor Henderson had a good word to say. The church-meeting mostly known among us was where a dozen members assembled in time for prayer and the reading of God’s Word, and the rest dropped in for the business. A few letters of transfer were

rapidly read, admissions of new members were proposed, seconded, and carried, a new broom was ordered, and the gas-bill criticised; but, unless an attack was made on an unpopular deacon, or the pastor was treated to some plain speaking, but little interest was shown. It seemed to be utterly ignored that the church should meet for the glory of God, and for the building up of the spiritual life of the saints. The church-meeting should be delivered from the possibilities of friction by removing from its agenda the petty causes of it. If church-officers were better trusted, and, in some cases, did their work with greater zeal, the church-meeting would not become over-burdened with details. When the church met, there should be opportunity for testimony. This would be one of the means of attracting the younger members, who now, after a short experience, often stayed away. Make the church-meeting bright, home-like, spiritual, and it would give a higher tone to all else. The great mistake made, in many quarters, was in beginning with the outside. We *must* attract the people, and we must do any mortal thing to get them. Banners, bands, breakfasts, suppers, &c., &c., and when the people were attracted, to what kind of a church were they invited? The vestments of worship were not the soul of worship. The Professor must pardon us if we print one of his stories. A lady was adjusting the jacket of her boy who was about to enter a public school. He was to wear a "top hat" for the first time. His summit of ambition was about to be reared, when the solicitous mother, anxious for her son's future, remarked, "You know, my dear boy, that the clothes do not make the gentleman." The young hopeful, glancing at the coveted silk, replied, "No, mother, *it's the hat*." So there were communities which seemed to think that a higher steeple or a grander ritual meant a better church. The true value of one man or many, singly or associated, was determined by that which was within.

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Another evening is ushered in. The scene is Taunton, the spot "Beulah," the company five, three of whom were fellow-students in the Pastors' College in the happy days of old. The talk had turned upon the glories of John Howe, and of that other John, whose surname was Calvin, and whose doughty champion in that Western town to-day is the minister of Albemarle Chapel. One of our number playfully portrayed the predominant Puritanism of our pastor-host. He had lain down upon his bed, protected by a body-guard of 17th century divines, all picked men from the serried ranks of the pastor's study. He felt a little bit nervous in such an illustrious company, and timidly suggested that he might not need their services,—at least till the morning, when, being a better man, as, of course, we all are at that time, he should be fit for better company!

But, by-play apart, what exhilarating moments are recalled as we think of that evening spent with the Taunton pastor! It is a stimulating experience to pass an hour with a man of strong principles. Deep convictions are the reserves of decisive actions. He who has little to believe has less to practise, for our works are always below our faith. No wonder that the church-work at "Albemarle" is so prosperous with a leader so profoundly versed in Scripture, and so

fully saturated with the thoughts of men who had themselves drawn so constantly from the living spring. And no wonder, either, that the rest of that little party found it good to gather at the close of day in the house of their brother and friend, and around the Word of God. So, in the lessening light without, but with the radiance of a spiritual Presence giving an ever-widening dawn to our understandings, we read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." In that hour, we felt more than ever that, were these precious words severed from their relation to the sufferings of Jesus as our Substitute, they would lose the lustre of their meaning.

The master of the house read, and the guests listened, and in the pauses added some helping word. There were many pauses. Why not? We were in no hurry to close such a page. One of our "Selahs" was at verse 8:—"Who shall declare His generation?" which was freely rendered, "Who shall reckon His posterity?" Then were we still with wonder till the answer came:—"When Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand." With these words striking the key-note of redemption, the carillon of our souls awoke, and we rang out the closing verses as a triumphant hymn; then, falling on our knees, each one of us in turn thanked God for our personal interest in "so great salvation," while we did not forget to plead for those who are still strangers to it.

So with the sunset  
Comes the greater dawning,  
And "stepping Westward"  
Opens into morning.

## G. H. Spurgeon's Jubilee Sermons.

**D**URING the past month, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published three of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons which possess even more than usual interest to his many friends. In 1884, when the beloved Pastor completed his fiftieth year, he delivered four discourses upon the passage of Scripture (Psalm cxviii. 13—18) engraved upon a marble slab affixed to the Jubilee House at the back of the Tabernacle. The dear preacher revised most of them, but only one was published,—No. 2,237, "Gratitude for Deliverance from the Grave." The other three are now issued,—No. 2,538, "An Epistle Illustrated by a Psalm;" No. 2,539, "The Joy of Holy Households;" and No. 2,540, "Declaring the Works of the Lord." In one of the Sermons during that memorable period, Mr. Spurgeon used the following striking illustration; it was too long to be included in the Sermon, so we are glad to be able to use it here, feeling sure that it has a present message for someone who will read it in the Magazine:—

I cannot tell, but I feel as if I were speaking like a prophet to some of my hearers; there may be some of you within a very few days of the eternal judgment. Out of this great crowd, it would be

no random speech if I said that some of us will be in Heaven or hell before the church bells ring again. It is usually so every Sabbath. Look at the number here present, and the ordinary rate of mortality will tell you that there must be some who will see the eternal world before long. Then, what is your wisest course, O you undecided ones? You say that you do not see any danger; but there is danger whether you see it or not. It was not long ago that a good trim vessel was out at sea, some hundreds of miles off the Bermudas. It was a beautiful day, the sea all round was like glass, there was scarcely a puff of wind, there was just enough for the sails to be spread, but scarcely enough to fill them. There was not a cloud anywhere in the sky. The captain went down into the cabin, and as he cast his eye across to the barometer, he was surprised to see it rapidly dropping. He shook the glass; but it still went back at a fearful rate. He called in the two mates, and said to them, "Do you see that glass? There is something going to happen." They said they thought not, and all three went on deck, and looked around. There was no sign of cloud, and scarcely, as they said, "a cap-ful of wind." Everything seemed to join in making such a charming day that it seemed as if there could not be anything wrong. The captain said, when he went down again to the cabin, "The glass is still falling, take in every sail, make everything trim and taut, we don't know what is going to happen. Look sharp, men," he added. Some of them murmured, one to another, that the captain was trying to sweat them, that hot day, by setting them to do that kind of work when there was no need for it; they never saw a brighter day in their lives. However, they obeyed his orders, and soon all was in good trim. Just as everything was secured, in a moment a terrific storm burst upon them with the utmost fury. The heavens were black, the water, instead of rolling in billows, seemed to be driven in one great sheet as if it would fly out of the very ocean bottom, and the ship went driving before this tremendous gale. Happily, there was plenty of sea-room; that was all that the captain wanted, and his ship went along in safety, and weathered the storm. If he had kept his sails out, the ship must have gone to the bottom; but he had timely warning, and he acted upon it there and then, and so ship and crew and cargo were all saved. O my hearers, I shake the celestial weather-glass before you! I speak as from the Lord to some of you. There is the last great storm coming on; set your ship in order, you have no time to spare. O sirs, I pray you, heed my warning! If to some of you the storm should not come just yet,—and I pray that it may not come while you are unprepared,—you will be all the better for taking the warning, for the storm will come soon enough to all undecided people even if it does not come this week; and, as the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, it will come to all of you who are out of Christ. It will sweep you off the earth, it will carry you right into the abyss, it will be your total and eternal destruction. Therefore, be prepared for it, I pray you; seek the Lord at once, I implore you; for this is the motto for at least some of you,—

"NOW OR NEVER."



## A Christian Minister's Dependence upon the Holy Ghost.

A PAPER READ AT THE TENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE  
OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY  
PASTOR W. HACKNEY, M.A., BIRMINGHAM.

TO depend upon the Holy Ghost, is the unspeakable blessedness of each believer. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." His leading implies our dependence and our obedience.

The Holy Spirit is God;—not an effluence or influence only, but God the Spirit;—revealed to human thought and faith, possessing *personal* attributes. The One Being of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, exists from all eternity in the infinite and exquisite felicity of perfect Love.

Who shall measure the fulness of God? The vast Universe, whose fringe we are beginning dimly to apprehend, is the material manifestation of a vaster spiritual Universe, "in Whom we live, and move, and have our being."

The Holy Ghost accepted the closest and most personal relations with the Christian Church at Pentecost. He inhabits the body of Christ, as the Spirit of Christ. He carries on, to full fruition, Christ's redeeming work;—within the Church, to make believers holy;—and through the Church's ministry in the world, to raise dead souls into the life of faith. He condescends to lowliest service. *We are each one* led by the Spirit of God. The vital forces of sunlight foster the life of a mountain daisy,—“wee, modest, crimson-tippit.” The Holy Ghost quickens, penetrates, purifies, inhabits, controls, and perfects the life of every Christian.

The Christian minister depends upon the Holy Ghost in a peculiar degree. For the work of the Christian minister transcends all other forms of human activity, in sublime meaning and importance. We are Christ's living agents in the world; set apart to represent Him, “Who was made, in all things, like unto His brethren;”—“Who was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; by Whose stripes we are healed;”—“Who was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead;”—“Who passed through the heavens now to appear in the presence of God for us;”—“Who is the image of the invisible God: the First-born of all creation: for in Him were all things created, in the heavens and upon the earth, things visible and things invisible, Who is before all things, and in Whom all things hold together;”—“Who shall descend from Heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God;”—“Who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, conformed to the body of His glory;” “and so shall we be ever with the Lord.”

Who is sufficient for these things? To represent Him! From the lips of Jesus the promise comes: “I will not leave you orphans, I will send you another Comforter, even the Spirit of truth.” “Ye shall

receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be *My Witnesses*." Our sufficiency is of God the Spirit. The relation of the Christian ministry to the Holy Ghost is the relation of the flowing stream to the mountain spring and falling rain.

#### I. WE DEPEND UPON THE HOLY GHOST FOR OUR CHARACTER.

Eloquence, learning, intensity, kingliness, and all other personal gifts, are most helpful and benign in the ministry; but the chief essential is right *character*. Ponder certain elements of right character.

##### 1. *Spirituality.*

We do not limit our thought to a spirituality exuding in emotional excitement,—a condition oftentimes due to the Holy Ghost, and then, full of blessing and power. The deeper spiritual character lives *within the veil*, where God Himself is the ever-present Reality: and all life relates itself to Him.

Christ taught such spirituality in the words, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."

The rich young ruler lacked this one thing, and went away sorrowful when Jesus said, "If thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come, follow Me." Paul lived in this spiritual world when he wrote, "I count all things to be loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for Whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may gain Christ, and be found in Him."

This spirituality enables missionaries to face hostile people in deadly climes, and lay down their lives for the name of Jesus. "They endure as seeing Him Who is invisible." It is the very essence of faith. For this, we are dependent upon the Spirit of God.

##### 2. *Integrity.*

"That which is altogether just shalt thou follow," is the old Scripture commandment. It accords with the heart-desire and life-practice of every true minister of Christ. They who serve Jesus are distinguished by scrupulous honesty and uprightness, a delicate and sensitive honour, even in the simplest details and relationships. Yet, sometimes, careless habits lead to dishonesty and dishonourableness; by which personal experience is dried up, and scandal is born. Tricks are used. Trusts and promises are broken. Debts are not paid. Self-discipline is neglected. The sterner elements of life are evaded. The granite rock of righteous living is softened into the moist clay of religious fervour. Oh, how we need the Spirit of God to keep us in good conscience towards God and men!

##### 3. *Purity.*

A Christian minister will be pure;—chaste in a world of impurity and lust;—chaste in speech, in action, and in secret thought;—chaste to *reject* the literature of filthy dreamers. The pure in heart see God. A foul mouth telling unclean jests, or a sensual mind drinking in records of defiling scenes, can never abide with the Holy Ghost.

Purity in heart, and mind, and life, demands the holy and intense energy of the Spirit of God. Ministers of Christ are but brands plucked out of the burning. Alive with God's own life, they catch fire again, sometimes, unless the Holy Ghost keeps them pure. Dependence upon Him implies a yielded will, swift obedience, strenuous and patient effort, absolute self-mastery. "If thy right eye cause thee to stumble, *pluck it out.*"

#### 4. *Humility.*

In wealth, attainment, and material power, this generation has become rich and increased with goods. Men are intolerant, arrogant, cynical, selfish, vain. A veneer of gentleness covers a life of pride. The grandeur of humility is despised even by many Christians. God's ideal and lowly patience, however, is not the servile patience of the *ass*, but the majestic and sublime self-subjection of the *angel*, who perfects lowly tasks in the Spirit of Him, "who, though in the form of God, thought it no prize to be equal with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a slave." Such humility never grows a wild grape upon the natural man. It is the product and temper of the *Holy Ghost*.

#### 5. *Magnanimity.*

High-souled chivalry—the ripe dignity, self-forgetting, and tender grace of a great mind,—looks upon another's good as its own. Some are tempted to miserable meanness; to envy, pride, self-seeking; to the vice which drinks with pain a cup of bitterness when a brother gains apparent advantages;—to the vice which lessens a man's reputation by shadowed hint, or suggestive words, or secretly undermining his influence. The Holy Ghost makes men magnanimous. Of them in whom He dwells and rules, it may be spoken as of the blessed dead,—

"They watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger, other eyes than ours;  
To make allowance for us all."

#### 6. *Charity.*

Love includes all virtues, and transfuses all actions with the glow of Heaven. Here we reach the central force of spiritual life in the heart, the home, the church, and the world. Sensibly dependent upon the Spirit of God, we pray with Keble,—

"O Thou, Who keep'st the Key of Love,  
Open Thy Fount, Eternal Dove,  
And overflow this heart of mine,—  
Enlarging as it fills with Thee,—  
Till, in one blaze of Charity,  
Care and remorse are lost, like motes in Light Divine."

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal,—and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing;—charity suffereth long, and is kind;—charity envieth not;—charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave herself unseemly;—seeketh not her own;—is not easily provoked;—thinketh no evil." Charity becomes pity, a passion to save perishing men, in the hearts

of those who are most like Christ, most filled with the Holy Ghost. A showy, conspicuous, and up-to-date ministry might *possibly* exist without much of the Spirit of God; but the day will declare what the man and his ministry have been.

That noble book, *The Stones of Venice*, tells of a famous tomb, described by an Italian "as the very culminating point to which the Venetian arts attained by the ministry of the chisel." It is the monument of a certain doge who lived in the 15th century. Many had gazed with admiration at the marble hand, and cheek, and ermined robe, sculptured with such exact and skilful likeness to reality. Mr. Ruskin borrowed an old ladder from the sacristan, and climbed to the top of the tomb. When he was standing there, and had cleared away the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries, he found to his astonishment and abhorrence, that the sculptor's work went *only so far as it could be seen from below*. There was only one hand, one arm, one cheek, one side of the forehead, of the doge's cap, of the ermined robe. The other side was left, with brutal insensibility, untouched from the block. Seen from below, it was admired and praised. Seen from above, it was hideous, a monstrous fraud, discovered at last, veracious only in the revelation and memorial it gave of the character of the artist, who was banished from Venice in 1487 for *jorgery*!

Seen from above, seen from below;—God's view, man's view. Do we ever work in our ministry to be seen from below, forgetting Him, Who is always with us, Who sees from above, Whose vision penetrates each detail of our character and life; to Whom the darkness shineth as the day, Who has said, "There is nothing covered which shall not be revealed, or hidden which shall not be known"?

"Oh, let us do *our* work right well,—  
Both the unseen and the seen;—  
To make the House where God doth dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean!"

We must "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God (God the Holy Ghost) Who worketh in us, both to will and to work of His good pleasure."

II. WE DEPEND UPON THE HOLY GHOST FOR OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The glories of earth and sky reveal God. We see the earth and sky; but the revelation of God we cannot see without the Holy Ghost. It is He Whose "presence disturbs you with the joy of elevated thoughts; the sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean, and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

The page of Scripture—written by men of old who were borne along by the Holy Ghost,—brings God to men. Yet we need something more than information about God; we need capacity to apprehend Him. A child enters the study of a philosopher,—your boy, let us say, goes into your study. Massive tomes (purchased with the surplus of your stipend) are all around, rich with the accumulated

wisdom of the world. He is face to face with far-reaching *information*, but his *capacity* is limited to spelling out the titles of the books, or examining their illustrations. Nevertheless, that boy shall grow, till he too can understand and appreciate the mighty themes in which your soul delights.

The Holy Ghost gives the capacity to know God and Jesus Christ; that knowledge which is eternal life. Without Him, we are indeed agnostics, and know nothing. With Him, we enter into the Infinite Temple of the Divine Truth and Being, "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the Truth. He shall take of Mine, and shall show it unto you."

1. *This contradicts intellectual pride.* You may count the stars, or weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; you may think yourself back to a bottomless abyss of speculation; but you will not know God, without the Holy Ghost. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

2. *But we are equally condemned for intellectual sloth.* Ignorance is not a recommendation to God. Weakness of intellect is no sign of grace. "The bigger the fool, the better the man,"—you won't find on *John Ploughman's Almanack*. Keeness and strength of mental vision are priceless gifts of God. The intellect is the telescope through which your soul beholds the heavens. Perfect the telescope, and you have better vision. Perfect the intellectual instrument, and you are able to range through wider spaces, and attain more accurate knowledge. Let the instrument be foul, and the glory of Heaven is obscured. A speck of dust may hide a star. A heavy charge has been laid against some ministers, that they neglect almost all intellectual discipline, and strenuous mental toil;—either thinking that the needs of the day demand their time too much, or under the delusion that the Holy Ghost works better with an untrained and unused mind, or in sheer exhaustion of moral effort. Whatever may be the cause, if the charge be true, it is an utterly false position for the minister of Christ, whatever his advantages have been. Dependence upon the Holy Ghost for the knowledge of God implies a whole man,—body, mind, and spirit,—trained and disciplined in the palæstra of ordinary studies for deeper and more important work in the Word of God. Can we lose sight of the men who advanced the standard of Puritanism? Godly, reverent, spiritual, prayerful; yet learned, efficient, loving, patient scholars. How many of us, like those men, habitually read the Word of God in the original tongues? Can we verify for ourselves the loud speech we sometimes make about the Sacred Truth? Are not young men in our Bible-classes now declaring their fixed intention to know for themselves the contents of the Divine originals? What excuse can we give to the Holy Ghost for our intellectual sloth? "He who received the one talent went away, and digged in the earth, and hid his Lord's money." Surely our one talent of mental power (and is it not a little one?) needs to be put to the bankers, that our Lord may receive His own with usury.

After all, the best telescope is useless to a blind man. The eye which beholds God is the heart opened and purified by the Holy Ghost. We need to pray for each other, with Paul, "that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto us a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; having the eyes of our heart enlightened, that we may know what is the hope of His calling, what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe;" "that we may be filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding;" "that we may know the mystery of God, even Christ, in Whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" "seeing it is God Who said, Light shall shine out of darkness, Who shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the Face of Jesus Christ." "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Spirit Who is the Lord."

We stand amongst the sinful and suffering of this generation, even as Jesus in Nazareth of old, and we may speak these words, too:—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon *me*, because He hath anointed *me* to preach glad tidings to the poor, He hath sent *me* to proclaim deliverance to the captives, the recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

From that Face of Jesus Christ, once so marred for us,—now so radiant in the eternal noon,—shines the truth which makes us sing,—

"I see the wrong that round me lies,—  
I feel the guilt within,—  
I hear, with groan and travail cries,  
The world confess its sin.

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,  
I know that God is good.

"I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise;  
Assured alone, that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

"And so, beside the Silent Sea,  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air:  
I only know, I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

### III. WE DEPEND UPON THE HOLY GHOST FOR OUR LIFE-WORK.

1. *He alone can teach us what our life-work should be.* The Divine will that we should live in the ministry, has been made clear to most of us. Fast-fleeting years, maturing powers, and constant service, confirm the original call. But there are students here, looking forward

with the eagerness we remember so well. We, older men, would like once more to realize,—

“The wild pulsation that we felt before the strife,  
When we heard the days before us, and the tumult of our life;  
When our spirit leapt within us, to be gone before us then  
Underneath the light we looked at, in among the throngs of men.”

We were impelled with the pity of God to carry the message of Christ's love to the perishing. What grand days those were in College;—when our dear, revered, almost-worshipped, now sainted, and ever-acknowledged President, Benefactor, and Friend, would visit us in yonder rooms, to speak holy, helpful, heartening words, and touch us with the glowing inspiration of his presence,—or we would drink from the streams of his eloquent teaching in the Tabernacle;—when Mr. James Spurgeon, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Gracey, and Mr. Fergusson were our tutors;—when youth, vigour, high resolve, keen speculation, and bright hope dwelt within;—even as now they possess, control, uplift, and inflame the students in College! They will look back, afterwards, with like gratitude to present days, and to their faithful and devoted tutors, for whom, with them, we all thank God. But, as life moves on, these students must go forward to the field; and they are dependent on the Holy Ghost to show what their life-work shall be. Evangelist or pastor? Missionary abroad, or preacher at home? In some large city or obscure vale? Each of us came into the world, as Jesus came, to fulfil a definite mission for God. This mission is our dignity and responsibility. We are chosen for it, sent out for it, directed and fitted for it, by the Holy Ghost. No true happiness is possible outside that mission,—no honour, no blessing. One is appointed, like our beloved Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, to the immense charge and opportunity of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Another is appointed to the lowly, quiet ministry, of which Goldsmith sings so sweetly in “The Deserted Village,”—

“A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing *rich*, with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;  
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.”

There is nothing “little” or “great” in God's sight. These are human measurements. We must never lose grip of the fact that the village church is a sphere of work as important and honourable as the City Temple, if God appointed me there. That appointment can be determined, to our souls, only by the Holy Ghost.

Nothing can be more disastrous to a student, or minister, than the passion for a big and prosperous sphere. Let us beware of feverishly consulting the *British World*, or *Christian Weekly*, to learn the latest vacancies. If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit, let us work in the Spirit, let us wait in the Spirit, until God Himself shall say, “Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a *few* things, I will make thee ruler over *many* things.”

The Holy Ghost said, “Separate *Me* Barnabas and Saul for the

work whereunto *I* have called them. They, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, went."

2. *He alone can make our life-work vital and effective.*

The straw and chaff of the stable-yard are not more vain for use as seed-corn than the ministry of a man without the Holy Ghost. Two great fields of vital service are prayer and preaching. The Holy Ghost teaches you to pray. You may speak *words* of prayer yourself; but the inner contact of the soul with the Divine Person we love, and adore, and supplicate, is only known when we pray in the Holy Ghost. Inner mysteries of grace are wrought, turning souls from their wickedness to live in God. Healing power and gracious succour come to the bodies of those in sickness and distress. But the prayer of faith, which availeth much in its working, is quite impossible without the Holy Ghost. He only knows the mind and will of God to teach us to pray as we ought.

The Holy Ghost enables you to preach the Word. Men live again by the Word of Truth. Truth is not mere verbal or intellectual statements of Divine ideas. Preaching must be quickened, energized, suffused, applied with Divine power, to produce eternal fruit. It must be God speaking, through men, what He calls "*My Word*." Paul's preaching is mighty, *through God*, to the pulling down of strongholds. His word is in "demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Essentially Divine, our work as preachers is dependent upon the Holy Ghost. We may not obtain great success in the world's view, nor win the gaping admiration of the crowd; but be sure, "God ne'er dooms to waste, the strength He deigns impart." Work done in the will and power of God shall result in large blessing to some predestined souls;—in satisfaction and delight to the Master we serve,—and in our own deep peace, and eternal reward. "The Father abiding in Me (by the Holy Ghost), He doeth His works." The possibilities of our lives are limited only by the Father's will. We do not need more power. In Him is all the fulness of God. But some of us long, so intensely, that the winter should change to spring, that the life beneath the machinery of work,—beneath our prayers and preaching,—beneath our dull, cold services, and formal efforts,—should break forth in the plenitude of springtide grace.

At Weston-super-Mare, lately, we walked in the wood which clothes the ridge behind the town, then climbed the steep side to the summit. Following a pathway, we found ourselves amongst a school of girls, who soon announced by excited cries the discovery of some treasure. Just outside their circle, we joined in gathering delicious violets;—white violets, dark, purple-hued violets;—whose odorous breath impregnated the atmosphere around. Sitting down, we arranged our fragrant spoil within a bunch of moss. The woods were misty with the small green buds just born to light and air; the birds were madly melodious over life's delight; the sun gleamed amidst the branches and through the glades, flashing warm light into glens and hollows, tintured with lichen, and vivid with fresh colour; the over-sky was softened and humanized by white, tender, shining clouds, lightly moving with the gentle breeze blowing up from the sea. All nature smiled, and was glad. "For now the Heavenly Power made all



things new." Springtime was come at last. But a few short weeks before, bleak and bitter winds had swept across that scene, with mighty tempest. Cold death held down nature's life in unrelenting chains. Trees were naked; birds were silent; the earth was bare. Then, at the whisper of God, Life broke loose from her bonds with sudden start; and fair Springtide proclaimed that evangel of love, "The winter is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth, and the sound of the singing of the birds is come." We long for a spiritual Springtide, and shall yet rejoice in it. The breath of the Divine Spirit will call forth the manifestations of God's life. Souls shall be new-born with the gladness of salvation. Christians, grown cold, shall be revived into holiness. The Church shall put on her beautiful garments: and our Lord shall come into His garden, to eat His pleasant fruits. Human strength is in vain to produce a springtide or a spiritual revival. We depend upon the Holy Ghost. May He speedily grant to us all the rich, abundant blessing for which we pray!

3. *He alone gives value and permanence to our life-work.*

Not long since, I beheld again the stately structure of Magdalen Tower in Oxford. Whilst contemplating, with grateful remembrance and renewed delight, its beautiful form, standing out in brown grey strength against the sky, I became aware of a contrast wrought in the soul between the work of the men who conceived and built that tower, and the work of a man who, close beside me, was driving a horse in a machine to sweep the road. Under the pressure of the brush, the mud was formed into soft ridges at each kerb, soon to be carried away, and soon to be replaced by the constant traffic,—while the work of those old-time men had been standing for centuries.

What is the aim of our life? Is it a ridge of dirt on which we are working, or "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"? We are called aside from the pursuit of wealth,—the yellow heaps of gold,—for which so many live; but is not all our effort—sermon-making, committees, visiting, lecturing, social work, and the rest,—mere road-sweeping and mud-gathering, a toilsome, wearisome, unsatisfactory, servile task, except as we are working in the Holy Ghost? It is He Who gives value and permanence to all we do. His work is eternal. He is building, through obedient and dependent ministers, a grand tower to be a habitation of God, which shall endure when Magdalen Tower, already crumbling, has passed into oblivion.

The question which determines our service in this world, is not its brilliance, nor its success, nor its popularity, nor its extent; but its pure relation to the Holy Ghost. He alone can tell us the right work to do. He alone can make our work vital and effective. He alone gives value and permanence to our endeavours. Let us trust in the Holy Ghost!

IV. WE DEPEND UPON THE HOLY GHOST FOR OUR JOY.

We all are glad in the exuberant joy of the children. As through a window long shuttered up within the mind, and opened suddenly, we catch sight, once or twice in maturity, of the wild pleasure our childhood knew. At times, in ripened years, with sunset hours, or

rapture of ravishing music, or heart's love, or gentle deeds of goodness, there flushes up a pure delight. This is surely of God, a light shadow of the infinite joy in God Himself, however fragile and transient.

God reveals much about joy in His Word. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." "The joy of the Lord is your strength." "The fruit of the Spirit is joy." "With joy of the Holy Ghost." "Filled with joy and the Holy Ghost." "The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The Divine conception is that God's Spirit is Joy, even as Love. We are surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere of joy, in which we live, and move, and have our being; only hindered from flooding our souls by the barriers of ignorance, pride, unbelief, disobedience, selfishness, malice, and carnal desire.

It is imperative that the minister of Christ should truly represent his Master, and show forth God's joy. The world needs this gospel of joy to-day. When the note of despair rings out amongst men in literature and science, "let us eat, and drink, for to-morrow we *die*,"—we have to declare a joy unspeakable and full of glory, derived from God's presence within,—the joy of love to the unseen Jesus,—the joy of peace which passeth understanding,—the joy of the angels over penitent men,—the joy of God Himself.

But we cannot know, and feel, and tell this joy without the Holy Ghost. It is He Who makes real and begins now the Eternal Joy. Sings Henry Vaughan,—

"They are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit *lingering* here."

Amongst them we discern, by faith, the forms of much-loved friends, our late President and the rest. They see all things in the Eternal Light. Doubt and trouble and bereavement are past for ever. The Holy Ghost opens the eyes of those "lingering here" to see with them. I sat by my window, which overlooked an expanse of sea breaking in ceaseless roar on the rocks below. My eyes were closed in painful thought of the woes of the world, and "man's inhumanity to man." There came to my ears the clanging, melancholy sound,—rising and falling,—crescendo, diminuendo,—as with oppressive force the tidal waters crashed upon the shore. Its noise was of pitiless, inexorable power, suggesting iron fate, sad catastrophes, and hopeless death. But, suddenly, I raised my eyes, and looked outside upon the sunlit bay. The white crests of the surging billows glanced, silver-like, in contrast to the rich blue depth of the all-embracing sky and the dark grey of the coast. The waves seemed to be singing a new song.

The beauty of that vision pierced through the shadows which distressed me, with the message of a Love which never changes; the message of Faith's confidence, that all the occult meaning of human existence will shine glorious and entrancing when the eyes are opened in Eternity.

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## “Have you Tried the Blood?”

BY CHEYNE BRADY.\*

ON the border of the Forest of Dean resided one William Rivers, a well-known sportsman. His one absorbing passion was fox-hunting, which he pursued with ardour. Year after year he spent his time in this way, or in revelling and drinking with dissolute companions, and enjoying all the supposed pleasures connected with such a life. Wherever there was a hunt, there he was to be found.

After some years spent in the service of sin, Rivers set his heart on a change of residence. A house likely to answer being pointed out, he went to the proprietor, and asked for the key. The landlord offered to accompany him, and show him the house, but he declined, saying he preferred going over it by himself. Having examined the lower part of the dwelling, he proceeded upstairs, and ascended to the attic. As he entered the highest room, he saw something scratched on the window-pane, and approached nearer in order to read it. These words, traced with a diamond, met his gaze:—

“PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.”

He staggered, and, for the first time in his life, he trembled before God. The Spirit of God met him there alone. He stood riveted to the spot, and in the agony of his soul cried out, “Lord, have mercy upon me! Lord, save me!” At length he got out of the house, but the solemn words followed him, “Prepare to meet thy God.”

Now he lost all pleasure in his fox-hunting, and became miserable. He tried to drown serious thought amongst his evil companions, but those awful words haunted him wherever he went.

Several days passed thus, when his eye caught a notice that, in a certain village, sixteen miles off, Mr. Spurgeon was to preach that evening. He said to himself, “I’ll go and hear that man.” He ordered his horse, and rode the sixteen miles that he might hear something which, perchance, would give his wounded spirit relief.

The text was, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Doubtless,” said Mr. Spurgeon, “there are some young men before me who are weighed down with sin and misery, and wanting ‘rest’” (at the same time pointing here and there). “Have you tried the blood, brother? Have you tried the blood,—the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from *all sin*?”

The conscience-stricken man was melted under this appeal; he had been convinced of his state as a sinner, and felt that, as such, eternal death was his doom. But God, by His Holy Spirit, enabled him to see that Jesus Christ died for his sins, and shed His blood in his stead. He saw that the remedy for sin and uncleanness was—

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

He believed in the Lord Jesus, and was saved, and left the chapel “born again”—a new man in Christ.

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\* From “*The Message of Reconciliation*,” By Cheyne Brady. Drummond’s Tract Depot, Stirling; and S. W. Partridge and Co., London. (See Review.)

From that time, William Rivers could say, with other believers in the Lord Jesus Christ,—

“Soon as my all I ventured  
On the atoning blood,  
The Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God.”

Depend upon it, my unconverted reader, you can never be prepared to meet God save through faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. Your inner consciousness tells you that you are not ready, nay, you shrink from the very thought of meeting God, and, like Adam, would hide yourself from Him.

You must know in your heart that you cannot hide from God, but *must* stand before the judgment-seat to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and to answer for your rejection of the Son of God.

PREPARE! PREPARE!

How? By looking unto Jesus; by trusting in His blood. The blood of Christ will save you. The blood of Christ will cleanse you. The blood of Christ will give peace, power, glory. “We have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace” (Ephes. i. 7). “The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin” (1 John i. 7).

## The Arab's Question.

“DID HE, THEN, REALLY DIE?” The questioner was a dark-skinned Arab. “Did He, then, *really* die?” he broke in as I was speaking. His earnest face and eager tone quite struck me, and I thought,—“How great the contrast; this man, for the first time, hears witness borne concerning the death of Jesus, while I have constantly heard such testimony from my very boyhood!”

Another morning, there is a group of men gathered round my fellow-missionary, trying for a long time to solve a knotty point,—namely, whether gross sin (fornication) is really sin at all!

What wisdom, and patience, and grace, we need in dealing with these Moslems, on whose minds error rests with the weight of thirty generations! Almost throughout the whole period of English history, these people have been soaking in the lies of Mohammed till they are dyed with falsehood, and it has become to them a second nature.

This effect is illustrated by the case of a patient brought to me this month. He had been digging a well, and some dry mud had fallen on him. “Surely that was a simple matter,” says someone. Yes, it was; but there was a great deal of that dry mud, and it felt some sixty feet, tearing the poor man's scalp terribly, and so severely wounding him that it is a wonder he lives to tell the tale. So, in like manner, the mass and momentum of Islam's errors make their power appalling. Truly, a church of converted Moslems will be one of the greatest trophies of Jesus's conquering grace.

This month, I have again visited “the holy city” of KAIROUAN, and I am strongly led to try to open a branch medical mission there. The natives are anxious for it; Mr. Cooksey, who has just settled there, wishes it; and if only God lays it upon the heart of someone to bear the expense, I think (D.V.) that it can be done. It is an opening for which we have long

prayed ; and, since the Lord put it into the heart of one reader of the *Sword and Trowel* to provide the *Sousse baraka*, which has been such a blessing to thousands, I venture to mention the need of this long-closed city of 20,000 souls.

Spain had *Ne plus ultra!* for her motto ; but, when America was discovered, she changed it to *plus ultra!* "More beyond" must ever be our motto, and "Advance, missionaries!" our watchword. In the 170 millions of Moslems may yet be found a new world for Jesus to conquer, for did He not say, "Many shall come from the East," and did not the Holy Spirit at Pentecost enable the apostles to tell forth the mighty works of God in the language of the Arabians?

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

## The "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society.

AS many friends have been puzzled by newspaper notices concerning the above Society, we publish for their information the following *official* report of the meetings convened in accordance with the directions of Mr. Justice Byrne in the action "*Willett and Finnigan versus Taverner*":—

A special and very largely attended meeting of the Council was held at the Society's offices, 79, The Drive, Hove, Brighton, on Thursday morning, September 30th, 1897, among those present being Revs. Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, Joseph W. Harrald (private secretary to the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon), Hugh Shearer, S. B. Lane, F. G. Wheeler, John S. Geale, and Mrs. Gates (founder of the Railway Mission), when it was resolved, with only one dissident (Mrs. Taverner):—

I. "That the decision of the Council in dismissing Mr. Taverner from his position as secretary be hereby confirmed."

II. "That this meeting of Council hereby approves of the action taken by Messrs. Wm. Willett and Wm. Finnigan on their behalf against Wm. Taverner, the late secretary of the said Society, to recover the property of the said Society still retained by the said Wm. Taverner after his dismissal, and authorises the continuance of the said action."

III. "That the trust deed conveying the property of the Society to the elected Trustees, in trust for the Society, be hereby approved."

At the meeting of subscribers (which had been advertised in the leading London papers and most of the religious weeklies), held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, Steine House, Brighton, the same afternoon, it was resolved, with only three dissentients (Mr. Taverner, his mother, and one other person):—"That this meeting, having heard the President's statement, desires to express to the President and Council its full approval of the steps taken by the Council with reference to Mr. Taverner, the late secretary, and while desirous of expressing its appreciation of Mr. Taverner's services, hereby expresses its disapproval of his conduct in defying the Council ; also that the trust deed prepared at the instigation of the President and Council having been read over, the same be signed by the President, Mr. Wm. Willett, and the hon. treasurer, Mr. Wm. Finnigan, on behalf of the Society, and that it do henceforth fix the constitution of this Society."

All communications with reference to the Society and its work should be addressed to Mr. Wm. Finnigan, 79, The Drive, Hove, Brighton.

WILLIAM WILLETT, *President* ; WILLIAM FINNIGAN, *Treasurer, and Secretary (pro tem.)* ; JOSEPH W. HARRALD, JOHN S. GEALE, DAVID DAVIES, SAMUEL B. LANE, *Trustees Elect.*

## 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.

Shortly after the present Magazine is issued, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster hope to publish *Spurgeon's Illustrated (Book) Almanack for 1898* and *John Ploughman's (Sheet) Almanack for 1898*, one penny each. We trust our readers will find them fully up to the mark of previous years, and we are the more confident that it will be so because C. H. SPURGEON is still the chief contributor to both the Almanacks as well as to "his own Magazine." Our David prepared so abundantly before his death that we have hardly yet realized how great was the store of good things he left us when the Lord called him to the service of the upper sanctuary.

We give, on previous pages, one of the two articles which Mrs. Spurgeon has written for the Book Almanack, and another specimen of its contents, just to remind all "Text Union" and other lovers of the little annual that it is ready for them to purchase, study, and circulate.

The central picture on the Sheet Almanack is a large reproduction of a very beautiful photograph of the President, Vice-President, tutors, and students of the Pastors' College, gathered in front of the historic "Question Oak" at "Westwood." The other illustrations show the exterior and interior of Beulah Baptist School-Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, erected in ever-loving memory of Mr. Spurgeon. The proverbs, mottoes, &c., on the Almanack are still very largely dear "JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S", and that fact alone will give it acceptance with the tens of thousands whose love for him increases rather than diminishes as the years roll by.

One of the most welcome weekly religious papers is *The Christian Pictorial*, edited by Rev. DAVID DAVIES, of Brighton, and published by Messrs. Alexander and Shephard. The ninth half-yearly volume is a thoroughly interesting illustrated record of the chief events that transpired

from February to August in the present year. The Diamond Jubilee number was a great success,—the page representing some celebrities of the Victorian era was an artistic triumph. In the new volume, now commenced, a special feature is "The 'Pilgrim's Progress' re-told for the Young," which promises to be very helpful. *The Christian Pictorial* is worthy of a place in every Christian household.

Mr. Alfred Holness has issued *The Golden Text Calendar*, 1898, for which the daily portions have again been selected by Mrs. Holness. It is well to have the date plainly legible, as in other Calendars, but it is better also to have a suitable message from the Scriptures, as in this one, which can be obtained for 1s., or by post, carefully packed, for 1s. 3d. This Calendar is a great favourite at "Westwood."

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons have sent us their four easel Calendars for 1898,—*The Daily Calendar*, *Proverbial Calendar*, *Shakespearean Daily Calendar*, and "*Burns' Daily Calendar*,"—1s. each. The last is a new series; at least, it is new to us; the others have been long in use at "Westwood," and very helpful we find them. The figures are bold and clear, and the quotations are well made. On the *Proverbial Calendar* we note occasionally the wise sayings of dear "JOHN PLOUGHMAN."

The annuals now arriving help to remind us that Christmas is coming. First in order of time, and second to none in quality, are the Religious Tract Society's handsome volumes,—*The Girl's Own Annual*, and *The Boy's Own Annual*. The boys and girls who receive such presents as these from their old friend "Santa Claus" are indeed privileged individuals. It is difficult to tell how either of these deservedly popular serials could be

improved, yet the programmes of the new volumes promise greater attractions than ever. This remark also applies to *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*, the volumes of which have come to hand just as we go to press. Containing 812 pages each, with three or four hundred choice illustrations, many serial and short stories and sketches, and well-written narrative, scientific, biographical, and historical papers, the volumes are cheap at 7s. 6d. each.

*The Quiver* (Cassell and Co.) is another storehouse of interest and instruction. Old and young can be both pleased and profited by the good things here provided for week-day and Sabbath reading. Mary Spencer Warren's illustrated descriptions of Sundays with various royal personages give the readers a good idea of how the day of rest is spent by some of the great ones of the earth; while other writers tell, in sympathetic style, of earnest Christian work among the lowly.

From the Sunday School Union comes the new volume of *Young England*. In its eighteenth year, it is as vigorous as ever, and full of such stories and articles as boys (and their sisters, too) love to read. The younger children are furnished with mental fare, suited to their capacity, in *The Child's Own Magazine*. Though this is the sixty-fourth annual volume, it is bright and cheery, like the children pictured on the illuminated cover.

From the same office comes Vol. I. of *The Home Blessing*, which seeks to provide something for each member of the family, and succeeds very well in doing so. In the "Glimpses of Great Preachers," the first is, CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, of whom "F.W." writes in a kindly and appreciative manner. The sketch is, however, scarcely up to date, for in it we read of "the sermons, which were issued weekly, without interval, for thirty-seven years." They have been published uninterruptedly for nearly forty-three years, and we bless God that there are still sufficient new ones to last for many more years.

*The Sunday School Teacher's Pocket Book*, also issued by the S.S.U., gives a mass of information likely to be useful to teachers, and includes a diary, class-register, and sufficient pages for notes on the Sunday morning and afternoon lessons; we wonder how many will need the morning ones.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us the annual volumes of *The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, *The Children's Friend*, and *The Infants' Magazine*. The publishers deserve to be called "everybody's friends," for such serials as these must tend to the increase of sobriety, thrift, kindness, and true religion in the community at large. Where all are so good, it is needless to mention any in particular. Buy them all, and give them wherever they will be most likely to be useful.

*Home Words* (published at 7, Paternoster Square), like all the magazines edited by Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., will find a special welcome from members of the Church of England, but will be almost equally appreciated by Evangelical Nonconformists.

*The Queen's Resolve* ("Home Words" office) has attained a circulation of a quarter of a million. A new and enlarged edition, containing an eyewitness's account of the Jubilee celebration, is now ready.

From the same office is issued, in a penny pamphlet, a paper by Mr. Bullock, entitled, *The Press: for good or evil*, in which he says:—"I should like to tell every preacher his sermons are perfect. But there is a test which is easy of application. You know that sermons do sell,—sometimes; and it is not the man, but the matter, that determines this. Spurgeon's sermons were heard by thousands, but they were read and are still read by millions who never saw the preacher or listened to his voice. We cannot, it is true, be Spurgeons in the pulpit, but we may try to imitate him in the press. I often find a good deal I cannot at all agree with in the

*Guardian*, but I once read a bit of advice in its columns worth its weight in diamonds. It was a strong and indeed urgent recommendation to the younger clergy (as if the old ones were not often quite as much in need of it) to read and study Spurgeon's sermons. I wish all the clergy would do so. I do not mean we should imitate Mr. Spurgeon as an orator: for trying to be another man is always a failure. Let each be himself, by being natural; but let us preach, or rather *talk* (people always listen to us when we 'talk,' either with or without a MS.)—talk and write the gospel message in Spurgeon's style as far as we can."

*Bright Eyes* (George Stoneman) will make many young eyes glisten and sparkle with joy; and, better still, its lessons are so good and helpful that it ought to teach many to find Him who is the source of the highest brightness and bliss.

Mr. John Kensit, 18, Paternoster Row, sends us his penny editions of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, together with Bishop Ryle's tract, *What do we owe to the Reformation? Popery completely at variance with the Bible*, by Rev. JAMES GARDNER, M.A.; *Gace's Catechisms: an Exposure*, by JOHN KENSIT; and *The Ritualistic Conspiracy*, by A. W. BRENES. The last is 3d., all the others one penny each; the more widely such literature can be circulated, the better it will be for the Protestant cause, and the worse for the great Papal apostacy.

We have received No. 1 of *The New Orthodoxy*, edited by Rev ROBERT TUCK, B.A. (Elliot Stock.) After careful examination, our verdict is,—*Old Heterodoxy writ large!*

*The Message of Reconciliation.* By CHEYNE BRADY. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot. London: Partridge and Co.

SIXTY short chapters, plainly pointing out the way of salvation; on page 631 we have reprinted one of them in the hope that those who read it will want to buy the book. With an excellent likeness of the author, and many

illustrations, it is cheap at 1s. in limp cloth, or in extra cloth at 1s. 6d. It would make a priceless present to anyone who is asking, "What must I do to be saved?" while ministers, teachers, and other Christian workers might find in it many a story which they could profitably use in their service for Christ.

*How the Good News was Received.*

Being the story of the Father and the Prodigal. Alfred Holness.

ANOTHER of the series of sixpenny "Helpful Booklets," edited by A.H.G. Under the form of a dialogue between the prodigal in the far country and a friend who knew all about him and the home he had left, God's yearning over sinners is clearly revealed, and urged as the great encouragement to the wanderer to return. Such a booklet, put into the right hands, ought to be truly "helpful."

We have received from The Christian Literature Co., 108, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, two packets of assorted tracts, 24 for 3d., or on superior paper, for 6d. They are rightly named, *Helps Heavenwards*, for they contain the gospel, simply but strikingly expressed; and they are suitable either for enclosure in letters, or for distribution among both the saved and the unsaved.

A booklet—*Royal Womanhood in every Rank*, by ALFRED S. DYER, post free, 1½d., from Dyer Brothers, Paternoster Square,—is worthy of being read by every woman in the land, from the Queen to the poorest of her subjects.

*Seven Years in Sierra Leone.* The story of the work of William A. B. Johnson. By Rev. A. T. PIERSON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

MR. JOHNSON was, from 1816 to 1823, a missionary in Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, as the representative of the Church Missionary Society. His diary formed the staple of a memoir, which Dr. Pierson has now re-written in his own well-known style. The "story" was too good to be lost, and in the present form it ought to lead many more volunteers into the foreign mission field.



*Inspiration of the Bible.* By GORDON FORLONG. C. J. Thynne, "Wycliffe House."

A TRENCHANT, pithy series of papers, intended to meet the objections of the Deist and Agnostic against Bible Inspiration. The writer does not try to be exhaustive, but suggestive; giving forceful germs of argument, which meditation can unfold into their proper flower and fruit. We shall be rejoiced if this work shall convince even one waverer or doubter, and we believe it will help many. Young believers and students might very profitably study this small volume, that they might be strengthened against the unbelief so widely prevalent to-day.

*Studies of Character from the Old Testament.* (First Series.) By the late Dr. GUTHRIE. Burnet and Isbister.

A CHEAP re-issue—at half-a-crown a volume,—of works that, in their own day, were immensely popular, and deservedly so. Dr. Guthrie was, in some respects, a master-teacher. He knew how to paint a verbal picture as few could, and his speech was on fire with zeal and oratorical force; pervaded, too, with a deep and tender love for the Word of God, the living Christ, and the souls of men. We gladly hail the appearance of this new edition of his sermons and addresses, and bespeak for them a large sale.

*Saul, the first King of Israel.* By Rev. T. KIRK. Edinburgh: A. Elliot.

A WORTHY companion to the author's book on Samson, and this is high praise. A solid basis of Scripture instruction is first given, and then built upon with practical teachings and applications to modern life. Not a book for other preachers, but a pleasant one for the private believer who desires Bible teaching in easy form.

*Murby's Scripture Manuals.* Ruth, Haggai, Esther. Thomas Murby, 3, Ludgate Circus Buildings, E.C.

THIS is one of a series of Scripture Manuals for the assistance of those

who are preparing for University and other examinations. It is likely to prove very helpful to all Biblical students.

*The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. The Psalms, Books II. and III.* By A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D.D. *Isaiah.* By J. SKINNER, D.D. *Joel and Amos.* By S. R. DRIVER, D.D. *Nahum, Habakkuk, and Zephaniah.* By A. B. DAVISON, LL.D., D.D. *Timothy and Titus.* By A. E. HUMPHREYS, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

In this series, the *Psalms* especially have impressed us as a work of vast linguistic power and ripe scholarship. The translation from the Hebrew is of immense value; and the comments, while brief, are for the most part expository in the best sense of the term. We differ from the learned writer as to the date and authorship of certain of the *Psalms*, believing that sufficient allowance is not made for the Messianic element which they contain; at the same time, it ought to be said that Dr. Kirkpatrick is by no means an extremist in this matter.

But for the concessions to the Higher Criticism in the series, there would be but small occasion to qualify our commendation. As it is, to the discriminating student the worth of such productions cannot easily be told. The volume on *Timothy and Titus* is exceedingly good.

*Saved and Kept.* By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

QUITE in Mr. Meyer's happiest style,—sweet and spiritual,—will be helpful to many young believers. Whether the form of soul-dedication that prefaces the book is wise to use, we have our serious doubts; but once past that, and you are in those sunny dells, where all is green pasture and peace. One sentence here is suggestive:—"The great use of ministers, to many persons, is to serve as nurses, perpetually feeding, carrying, soothing, or supplying with sweet-meats and comfort." We are afraid this is only too true.

*When Were Our Gospels Written? An Argument*, by CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF. Religious Tract Society.

A MOST excellent Primer, conclusively establishing the antiquity of the Gospels, and showing how, "as early as the middle of the second century, our four Gospels existed in a Syriac and a Latin version." The researches of the critical author enable him also to affirm with confidence that, "by the end of the first century, our four Gospels were in use in the Church." By special pleading, almost anything may be proved; but lovers of truth care not for such ingenious or ingenuous twistings of facts. What they desire is historical testimony, and the proper recognition of every well-established fact. In the Primer before us, this elect remnant will rejoice to find that the fruit of an erudite mind is in entire accord with their own most cherished beliefs.

*The Incarnate Saviour. A Life of Jesus Christ*. By Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., LL.D. New and cheaper edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

To say that this is a delightful and inspiring book upon a deathless theme, is only to give a very partial description of its unusual value and charm. To read it, has been an unalloyed pleasure, a mental enriching, and we believe a permanent profiting. The author has used his treasures of varied reading to fine account in writing these cameo-studies of the Great Biography; but he is never a mere reproducer, he has touched all with his own originality and genius. All over the pages lie scattered luminous suggestions that, to an open-eyed preacher, will surely give birth to many sermons; yet the style is so crystal and clear, that the ordinary reader cannot miss its manifold beauties.

In its attachment to Evangelical truth, and its sturdy, cultured defence of the old faith, it is radiantly conspicuous, the person of the Lord Jesus Christ being everywhere exalted with ardent love. Seldom have we met, in modern theology, with anything so strong and quickening, so

full of literary skill, and yet so absolutely Scriptural in tone. It is a book to read, and read again; one for which we are profoundly grateful.

*The Ambitions of St. Paul.* By W. G. ORDER. Alexander and Shephard.

A BOOKLET that, while useful and stimulative to all readers, is pre-eminently suited to Christian *business men*. Just the sort to slip into the pocket, and read in the leisure moments that come to the busiest; and if read and pondered, will surely ennoble and bless. The solid teaching is wedded to a poetical style that greatly enhances its charm. It lures by its dainty setting, and compels thought, and thus combines pleasure and profit.

*Statutes and Songs.* By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

TEN gracious talks,—sermons in embryo,—in Mr. Meyer's distinctive and well-known style, making up the first of a series of shilling books on "*The Preachers of To-day*." There is nothing startling, or brilliantly suggestive, but much that is sweet, soothing, sanctifying; no Luther inspirations and half-battles, but many Melancthon consolations and tendernesses. Will be sure to sell, for its writer's sake, and his past reputation in this special field, as well as for its own merits.

*Assurance of Life, and other Sermons.* By Rev. E. A. STUART, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

SIX sermons, bound in a cloth cover, for a shilling;—another of "The Preachers of To-day" series. Mr. Stuart's name is a guarantee of thorough loyalty to the gospel of God, and the supremacy of Christ; but these discourses are, we fear, the fruit of a tired man's mind and heart. They are plain commonplace, without a touch of sparkle, and with a sense of strain all the way through. The colloquial form of their delivery has been retained, and this adds to the general impression of platitude. Mr. Stuart can do much better, very much better than this; it was a pity to send out these loose talks as specimens of his style of preaching.

*A Narrative of the Life and Labours of the late Rev. James Smith, of Tunbridge Wells.* By T. T. BALL. Ely: Shelton and Tibbitts.

THE loving tribute of an aged friend, who was for thirty-five years intimately acquainted with the godly, earnest minister whose memoir he has been spared to write, although he had "booked" Mr. Smith to conduct his own funeral service! In simple, straightforward style, Mr. Ball tells the story of our brother's early life, conversion, and labour for the Lord at Reach, Burwell, Red Hill, Haddenham, Leeds, and Tunbridge Wells. Friends in all these places will be interested in reading what is here recorded, and especially in Mr. Smith's own version of his life-story as related at Histon Baptist Chapel in 1894. Pastor Charles Spurgeon has written a sympathetic preface to the volume; there are excellent portraits of Mr. Smith, and several other illustrations, and the book is published at 1s., in paper covers, and 1s. 6d. in cloth. Copies can be obtained of the widow, Mrs. James Smith, 5, Hanover Road, Tunbridge Wells, to whom all profits on the work will be given. This is a special reason why it should have a wide circulation.

*The Chairman's Manual.* Elliot Stock.

TRUE to its title,—“A concise reference book for those who have to preside at public meetings.” If this admirable shillingsworth were mastered, we should have few of those exhibitions of incapable and embarrassed chairmen that so try the patience of an audience. Altogether excellent in design and effect, we warmly commend it to all budding chair-takers.

*Memories of a Mistaken Life.* An Autobiography of an Octogenarian Actor. Elliot Stock.

AN intensely-mournful narrative, calculated to touch sympathy and stir commiseration. It would relieve the strain of this sad roll of reminiscence if one could believe that the venerable author were even now out of the wood, but he does not seem yet to have reached the simplicity of Christ, or to have found the true balm of healing. An ethical creed cannot save him; if he would only receive the Evangelical Faith of the Churches he seems to shun, his captivity might yet be turned, and the sunset of his life be glorious.

## Notes.

*C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.*—In *The British Weekly*, of September 30, seven columns were devoted to the publication of very full details of the forthcoming STANDARD LIFE of MR. SPURGEON. The interview, leaderette, and notes in that widely-circulated paper have helped to increase and intensify the former keen anticipation concerning the *Autobiography*, and have also assisted in making it even more complete than it would otherwise have been. One kind friend, on reading Mrs. Spurgeon's request for letters of her dear husband which might be of special and permanent interest, forwarded the original communication written in February, 1853, to Rev. Richard Knill, recalling to the veteran preacher the memorable conversations in the yew arbour at Stambourne, and describing the influence of the godly minister's prayers and prophecy upon the child in whom he took so deep and loving an interest. The letter is mentioned in *Memories of Stambourne*, but Mr. Spurgeon was probably not

aware that it had been so long preserved. Happily, it arrived in time to be included in the chapter concerning Mr. Knill's visit to Stambourne in 1844. It may be that other friends possess early or later epistles, penned by the beloved Pastor, which ought to appear in his *Autobiography*. If so, Mrs. Spurgeon will be glad to receive copies of them; or, if the originals are sent, they will be copied and returned at once. Only letters of general public importance are desired.

Next month, we hope (n.v.) to give the latest information concerning the publication of Vol. I. Meanwhile, we again remind our readers that there are to be four large, handsome, illustrated volumes, at 10s. 6d. each; but, in order to bring the work within the reach of all lovers of Mr. Spurgeon, it has been arranged to issue it also in monthly shilling parts. Both volumes and parts can be obtained through all booksellers, or of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs, or direct from Messrs Passmore and Alabaster,

4. Paternoster Buildings, London. Orders should be given as early as possible by all who desire to secure copies of the first edition. The first shilling part will be presented to each purchaser of *The Sword and the Trowel* for January, 1898, which will be ready on December 15th. The price of that one number of the Magazine will be sixpence; an unprecedented sale is anticipated, so that, to avoid disappointment, it should be ordered at once. Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will send the January *Sword and Trowel* and Part. I. of the *Autobiography* post free to any address at home or abroad for 8gd.

*Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Gaelic.*—Friends who can read Gaelic, or who labour amongst those who do so, will be glad to know that our good brother Macdougall has translated his dear Pastor-President's Sermon, "No. 2,000; or, Healing by the Stripes of Jesus." It makes 16 pages, but it is issued at one penny, or 7s. per 100, by Mr. A. Sinclair, 47, Waterloo Street, Glasgow, who also still has some copies of "No. 1,500; or Lifting up the Brazen Serpent," for sale at the same price. The cost of the publication of these Sermons is defrayed from Mrs. Spurgeon's "Sermon Translation Fund," so that all copies sold will help to provide for the issue of other Sermons.

A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons asks us to answer, through the *Sword and Trowel*, the following question:—

*"If a man has been sprinkled, as a believer, at the age of 25, should he feel it his duty to walk into the water, and be dipped, when he is an infirm man, 61½ years of age? He wished to be dipped; but the clergyman raised objections, for want of convenience."*

It appears, from the sentences appended to the enquiry, that the man's conscience has been so far enlightened that "*he wished to be dipped*." This makes it very clear that he ought to be immersed on profession of his faith, in accordance with our Lord's example and command. Christ was "dipped" by John the Baptist in the River Jordan, saying, "*Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.*" Before He ascended to Heaven, He said to His followers, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is immersed ('dipped') shall be saved.*" This law of the Lord has never been revoked, and is therefore still binding upon the whole Church of Christ.

*"The clergyman raised objections, for want of convenience."* Then let the good man consult the nearest Baptist minister; who will, doubtless, render him every assistance in keeping his Saviour's commandment. The fact that he was "*sprinkled, as a believer, at the age of 25,*" has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Our correspondent might just as well say that, at the age of 25, he climbed Mont Blanc, or went to confession in the Church of Rome;

neither of those acts could be accepted by God as a substitute for the immersion of a believer, nor can "sprinkling" take the place of the "dipping" enjoined in the New Testament. As to the worthy friend being "*an infirm man, 61½ years of age,*" probably every Baptist pastor of much experience could tell him of many feeble folk, of far greater age, who have been immersed into the Triune Name, and who have thereby received that "great reward" which always follows obedience to the Lord's command.

On Wednesday evening, October 6, THE "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its first annual public meeting in the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. Good, stirring addresses were delivered by C. E. Tritton, Esq., M.P., Pastors W. Stott (Battersea Park), and John Wilson (Woolwich). The Stockwell Orphanage choir and handbell ringers were also present, and their part of the programme was much appreciated by the large gathering. The Report read was most encouraging, seeing that only eight monthly meetings have been held, yet 279 pledges have been taken, and 100 persons have been enrolled as members of the Society, some very interesting and hopeful cases being amongst the number. The meeting was a great success, and at its close a number of persons signed the pledge, and further members were enrolled in the Gospel Temperance ranks. The meeting was preceded by a tea, carried out under the able superintendence of Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, and at which a large number gathered.

The Society starts hopefully on another year's work in this good cause, and in so doing earnestly calls the attention of all Tabernacle and other friends to the following letter, on behalf of Gospel Temperance work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, written by our late beloved President shortly before he was called home:—

"Dear Friend,—You are earnestly invited to the meetings of this Society. If you are a total abstainer, your kind assistance would be greatly appreciated, especially if you become a member. Should you not be an abstainer, may we ask you to consider the matter seriously, whether it is not your duty (particularly, if a Christian) to give up strong drinks, and assist us in fighting against the greatest enemy to the Church of Christ? Dear friend, we ask you, for Christ's sake, who gave up all for us, to give up this indulgence; if not for your own good, yet for the help of your example to our weaker brethren and sisters. You will receive a very hearty welcome at our meeting.

"Yours heartily,

"(Signed) C. H. SPURGEON."

N.B.—The meetings are now usually held on the first Wednesday in each month; but on Tuesday, November 2, the Gospel

Temperance Society is to amalgamate its monthly meeting with a great demonstration to be held in the Tabernacle in connection with the Band of Hope Union Jubilee celebrations.

**COLLEGE.**—It is almost unnecessary to mention that our beloved brother, Archibald G. Brown, has become pastor of the church meeting at Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood, for nearly everybody must know that it is so. But we heartily congratulate our Norwood friends, and we pray for the richest blessings to rest upon both pastor and people.

Other brethren who have removed recently are, Mr. T. S. Burros, from Brighton, to Driffild and Oranswick, Yorkshire; Mr. T. B. Field, from Bacup, to West Street, Crewe; Mr. Samuel Jones, from Farnworth, to Twickenham Green and St. Margaret's; and Mr. A. Priter, from Preston, to Zion Chapel, Chesham.

*Special notice.*—The annual public meeting of the Pastors' College will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle on *Thursday evening, November 25*, when there will be addresses by the tutors and students, and the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) hopes to deliver a *lecturette* entitled, "SLEEP." Before the meeting, there will be a public tea in the schoolroom. Will all "our own men" be present, if possible, with as many of their friends as they can induce to accompany them to the annual assembly in the home of "Our Alma Mater"?

**ORPHANAGE.**—We again remind our readers that the next *collectors' meeting* will (D.V.) be held at the Orphanage on *Tuesday*

*evening, November 9*, when Joseph Benson, Esq., the honorary pastor of the Belle Isle Mission, is expected to preside, and Mr. Devant, of the Egyptian Hall, has promised to give a very special exhibition of moving photographs. Collecting-cards and boxes can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

**COLPORTAGE.**—We are glad to be able, this month, to record an improvement in our General Fund, and heartily thank those friends who have so kindly responded to our appeal; but, as we are still *nearly £40 behind* our last year's amount, we sincerely trust that all our annual subscribers will repeat their kind gifts of former years, and so help us to meet our quarterly accounts now due. Collecting-boxes or cards can always be had by writing to the Secretary.

We are sending to our men the new volume of our dear President's weekly sermons, entitled *Light and Love*,—an admirable series of discourses which only require to be read to be enjoyed. We all need more *Light*; and the more *Love* we possess, the more like our Saviour we shall be. The volume is very suitable for a Christmas or birthday gift, and we are looking for a large sale.

One of our earnest men is lying seriously ill with rheumatic fever. We ask the united prayers of all on his behalf.

All communications should be addressed, "Secretary," Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—September 30, ten; at Haddon Hall, September 23, seven.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From Baptist Tabernacle, Tunbridge Wells, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D....	3	13	6	Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge ... ..	0	10	0
For blessings received from Sermons and Books by C. H. Spurgeon ...	3	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	1	10	0
Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis ... ..	2	2	0	Mr. Hosie ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. D. E. Gerard ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	1	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
Mr. H. R. Kelsey ... ..	2	2	0	Sept. 19 ... ..	28	14	6
Rev. R. J. Beechiff ... ..	0	2	6	" 26 ... ..	5	3	9
Mrs. Yates ... ..	0	10	6	Oct. 3 ... ..	21	16	9
Mrs. Elgee ... ..	0	10	6	" 10 ... ..	23	3	6
					78	18	6
					£97	5	6

## Pastors' College Missionary Association.

*Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. MoS. ... ..	0	6	0	"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Billing ... ..	0	10	0		£2	11	0
"Jesus only" ... ..	0	10	0				
Mrs. Rainbow ... ..	1	0	0				

# The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mission at Palmer's Green, per Mr.				Mr. Samuel Buick	...	...	0 5 0
C. P. Ford	...	...	0 15 0	Mrs. Hicks	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Lloyd	...	...	1 1 0	A friend of the little ones	...	...	0 2 6
Mr. W. J. Heath	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. Geo. Ramsay Ward	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. F. Planders	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. W. Johnson	...	...	10 0 0
Collected by Miss W. Newman	...	...	0 4 7	Mrs. N. Sparrow	...	...	0 10 0
J. B., Strathaven	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. Collins	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Master H. Full	...	...	0 1 5	Collected by Mrs. Zuber	...	...	0 3 8
Mrs. Archibald	...	...	5 0 0	Mrs. Richard Roberts	...	...	20 0 0
Mrs. E. Porter	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. E. Reynolds	...	...	0 2 6
J. M. F.	...	...	0 10 0	Collected by Miss L. Collis	...	...	0 6 0
Mrs. Weekly	...	...	0 5 0	Miss Hewlett	...	...	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Dale	...	...	0 9 6	Miss B. Johnstone	...	...	0 10 0
A thankoffering from Gt. Ellingham	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. Wm. Ward	...	...	0 5 0
Mrs. Lewis	...	...	0 10 0	Collected by Miss E. Crumpton	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. Geo. Fryer	...	...	0 14 0	Mr. H. R. Kelsey	...	...	5 5 0
"Old Iron Tatenhill"	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. J. D. Ridley	...	...	1 0 0
Scottish M.D., Burnley	...	...	0 3 0	Mr. S. Priddy	...	...	0 10 0
Auntie, Edinburgh	...	...	0 2 0	Acre Mill Baptist Y.P.S.O.E., per Miss	...	...	...
Mr. H. B. Ferne	...	...	1 5 6	E. Ingham	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. E. Corbett Byrne	...	...	1 1 0	Rev. James Smalley	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Master L. A. Corblet	...	...	0 5 5	Collected by Miss J. Mead	...	...	5 15 0
Mr. T. Vincent	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. Page	...	...	5 0 0
Stamps, Beckenham	...	...	0 1 0	Mr. James Wilson	...	...	0 10 0
Mrs. M. A. Stinger	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. John Marham	...	...	5 5 0
Mr. Frank Ketchlee	...	...	5 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Leader	...	...	2 10 0
Mrs. G. J. Otter	...	...	5 0 0	Mr. J. Farley	...	...	2 2 0
Miss Hasler	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. H. W. Duncan	...	...	0 10 0
Miss E. Warrington	...	...	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	...	...	0 17 0
Mr. J. Riley	...	...	0 1 0	Mr. Lickfold	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	...	...	2 2 0	In memory of Jesse	...	...	...
Mr. W. R. M. Glasier	...	...	1 1 0	Winifred Banks	...	1 1 0	...
Mrs. E. W. Bell	...	...	1 0 0	In memory of Robert	...	...	...
Miss Brown	...	...	0 5 0	Leonard Banks	...	1 1 0	...
Postal order, Abergavenny	...	...	0 6 0	Mr. O. Barfoot	...	...	2 2 0
Mr. James Emeney	...	...	0 1 0	Mr. A. H. Bunney	...	...	0 2 0
Miss L. Cordner	...	...	0 1 3	Mr. Joseph Billing	...	...	1 1 0
Mrs. L. Bibby	...	...	0 1 6	Mr. Samuel Popplestone	...	...	5 0 0
Miss Gregg	...	...	0 1 6	Mrs. Yates	...	...	2 0 0
Sir James Colquhoun, Bart.	...	...	5 0 0	Miss E. M. Smith	...	...	0 10 6
Mr. Wm. Appleton	...	...	5 0 0	E. B. T., Watchet	...	...	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Jeffery	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. W. Beard	...	...	1 0 0
W. J. H., Willesden	...	...	0 10 0	F. W. K.	...	...	0 12 6
Mr. C. Ibberson	...	...	0 3 0	Postal order, Weymouth	...	...	0 10 0
S. M. P.	...	...	0 3 0	Miss E. Grace	...	...	0 5 0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. John Ocock	...	...	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Freestone	...	...	0 8 6	Sandwich, per Bankers	...	...	2 10 0
Mrs. Wilkins	...	...	0 2 0	Mrs. Elgee	...	...	1 1 0
Mrs. M. Cross	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. A. V. Uridge	...	...	0 10 6
Collected by Miss M. Fitzgerald	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. W. Fischer	...	...	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Older	...	...	0 18 0	A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons	...	...	0 5 0
Stamps, London, E.C.	...	...	0 1 0	Collected on Peckham Rye, per Mr.	...	...	...
Mr. Vincent	...	...	0 10 0	W. J. Williamson	...	...	3 0 0
Mr. Robert Crafts	...	...	2 2 0	Mr. P. Mackinnon	...	...	10 0 0
Mrs. Vague	...	...	0 2 6	Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per	...	...	...
Miss A. Collins	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. T. W. Pearson	...	...	10 0 0
Mrs. Banyard	...	...	0 5 0	C. B., Rathmines, Dublin	...	...	0 10 0
Mrs. Duncan Sharp	...	...	0 1 0	Miss Cook	...	...	5 0 0
Mr. F. Holmes	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. Wm. Mingins	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. R. Dawson	...	...	0 5 8	Collected by Mrs. Brown	...	...	0 8 0
Mr. J. A. Dodgson	...	...	2 0 0	Executor of the late Mr. Samuel	...	...	...
Mr. J. E. Perraton	...	...	1 0 0	Coxeter	...	...	4 5 0
Miss Muir	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. A. C. Johnstone	...	...	0 5 0
Mr. F. Dillstone	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. James Beane	...	...	1 0 0
Widow Adlem	...	...	0 4 0	Mrs. H. J. Garston	...	...	0 4 1
Mr. Geo. Wood	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. John Hunt	...	...	1 1 0
Mr. S. J. Johnson	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	...	...	1 0 0
Mrs. Pickering	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. J. Martin	...	...	0 2 6
Mrs. C. Clark	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. S. Smith	...	...	0 5 0
W. F., Kirkintilloch	...	...	0 2 6	Mr. J. Clark	...	...	1 0 0
Young Men's Bible-class, Belle Isle,	...	...	...	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	...	...	0 3 0
per Mr. Geo. Evans	...	...	2 0 0	Miss Letchworth	...	...	1 0 0
Miss Harris	...	...	5 0 0	Miss E. A. Tunbridge	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. James Clark	...	...	2 2 0	Mr. J. Wickham	...	...	0 5 0
Miss E. Grant	...	...	1 0 0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
E. T. ... ..	0	5	0	Mr. James G. Bellamy ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Annis ... ..	0	5	0	M. ... ..	5	0	0
A few friends, per Pastor M. Mathew	0	15	0	Miss Winckworth, per F. R. T. ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Flecknoe ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss F. Palmer ...	0	3	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ... ..	10	0	0	Mrs. Whatley ... ..	0	5	0
Harvest thanksgiving service, Stow-				Mrs. Newman ... ..	0	7	6
upland Congregational Church, per				Mr. John Hosie ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. E. Carter ... ..	1	2	0	D. E. L., 'Middlebro', per Mr.			
One of the Lord's servants at				F. W. H. Piper ... ..	0	5	0
Folkstone ... ..	0	2	6	Miss M. Earl ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. P. Ellis ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Park ... ..	1	1	0
Box at Orphanage gates ... ..	0	9	6	Miss and Miss M. Sadler ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Fennings ... ..	100	0	0	Mrs. Edwards, per Mrs. C. H.			
Mrs. Faulconer ... ..	100	0	0	Spurgeon ... ..	2	0	0
Teachers and scholars of West				Anon. (with £1 for Pastors' College)	2	0	0
Brompton Railway Mission, per				Orphan Boys' cards, as per second list	1	9	0
Mr. J. W. Gooding ... ..	1	1	0	Orphan Girls' cards, as per second list	2	12	7
Readers of the "Christian Herald,"							
per the "Christian Herald" Com-				<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the</i>			
pany (Limited) ... ..	1	8	8	<i>Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
Mrs. Stallwood ... ..	0	2	6	Boxmoor ... ..	12	13	1
Anon., Kingsdon Blount ... ..	0	2	6	Orange Street Congregational Church,			
Stamps, London, S.W. ... ..	0	1	0	Leicester Square ... ..	3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	0	8	0	Arthur Street, King's Cross ...	4	11	7
Miss Jones, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon...	0	5	0	Sale of Programmes, Victoria Road,			
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday-				Wandsworth ... ..	1	0	4
school, Luton, per Mr. N. Bigg ...	1	1	0				
Mr. E. H. Keen ... ..	10	0	0				
Mr. J. Wilson ... ..	0	10	6				
					£464	6	6

*Orphan Boys' Collecting-cards (second list):—*Burnett, F., £1 1s.; Tier, C., 2s.; Mason, E., 6s.; Total, £1 9s.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting-cards (second list):—*Ashton, K., 3s.; Cooke, K., 15s. 1d.; Halls, J., 3s.; Mudge, B., 6d.; Mulcock, M., 6s. 6d.; Payne, C., 2s.; Smith, C., £1 1s.; Sharp, M., 1s. 6d. Total, £2 12s. 1d.

*List of presents from September 15th to October 14th, 1897:—*PROVISIONS:—30 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; a quantity of Blackberries, the Misses Wiseman; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam. PROCEEDS OF HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES:—A quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. C. P. Ford; Green Street Baptist Mission, Orpington; Baptist Chapel, Cheam, per Rev. W. J. Potter; The Institute Mission, Bostal; The Wheatsheaf Hall, S. Lambeth; Chit'erne Baptist Chapel, per Mr. F. Maidment; Bratbourne, near Ashford, per Pastor F. Cotton; Kingsley, per Mr. James Gabe; Stowupland Congregational Chapel, per Mr. T. E. Carter; Wylve, near Bath, per Mr. G. Bush.

**BOYS' CLOTHING:—**24 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle per Miss Higgs; 1 parcel of Worn Clothing, Anon.; 14 Articles, Mrs. E. J. Walker; 15 Shirts, Miss Dawson; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 5 Shirts, E. T.; 3 Articles, Mrs. Wilson.

**GIRLS' CLOTHING:—**90 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 Garments, Mrs. M. O. Sellar; 27 Articles, Mrs. E. J. Walker; 33 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 68 Articles, Summer Hill Baptist Sunday School, Maidce, Newport, Mon., per Miss M. Sturley; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Warriner; 14 Ulsters, Mr. W. J. Lewis; 19 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 24 Articles, Mrs. H. Proctor; 15 Articles, Anon.

**GENERAL:—**4 Framed Texts, &c., Miss Dawson; 2 Quilts, Anon.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10	0	0	Cowling Hill, per Mr. E. R. Lewis ...	10	0	0
Sellindge, per Mr. H. Rigden ...	10	0	0	Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris ...	11	5	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	11	5	0				
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G.					£156	5	0
Priestley ... ..	5	0	0				
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell ..	10	0	0	<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Barrow, per Mr. I. J. Harwood ...	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Ackland ...	5	0	0
Egham, per Mr. Joseph Corpe ...	10	0	0	Mrs. A. Fildymment ... ..	1	0	0
Horsell, per Mr. Joseph Corpe ...	10	0	0	Miss L. J. Howes ... ..	0	5	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson ...	10	0	0	Mrs. D. E. Gerard ... ..	0	5	0
Melksham, per Mrs. Keevil ... ..	7	10	0	Mr. Joseph Billing ... ..	1	0	0
Great Staughton, per Pastor W. D. Guy	10	0	0	Mrs. Elgee ... ..	0	10	6
Urbidge, per Mrs. G. Maw ... ..	10	0	0	W. S. ... ..	0	2	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds	10	0	0				

## BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits ...	...	5	5	0	"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	...	...
First-fruits ...	...	0	2	0		...	...
A friend, per Mr. W. E. Ives ...	...	20	0	0		...	...
Mrs. Rainbow ...	...	1	0	0		...	...
						50	0
						0	0
						£84	9
							6

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. D. E. Gerard ...	...	0	9
		0	0

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

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Calder ...	...	5	0	0	For translations of sermons:— Mrs. Calder ... H. O. N. ...	...	...
Mr. W. Anderson ...	...	0	10	0		...	...
H. O. N. ...	...	0	4	0		...	...
A thankoffering ...	...	0	9	0		...	...
A. M. ...	...	0	5	0		£11	3
							6

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ...	2,190	1	1	The Misses Davis ...	...	0	15	
Mr. and Mrs. F. Adams, per Pastor	...	...	...	"Perth" (with loving thanks)...	...	1	15	
Levi Palmer ...	...	2	2	0	Mr. James Wilson ...	...	1	
Mrs. Heath ...	...	0	10	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	...	0	10	6	A visitor, per Mr. Thomas ...	...	0	
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd ...	...	25	0	0	Miss Arlett ...	...	0	
A. M. ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. Rich ...	...	5	
E. P. ...	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Rich ...	...	5	
Mrs. Lewis, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	...	...	0	10	0	Mr. Offin ...	...	0
Mr. G. Hutchinson ...	...	0	10	0	Mr. Edmunds ...	...	1	
Mrs. Earl ...	...	2	10	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	...	1	
Mr. J. H. Beare ...	...	0	2	6		£2,238	18	
							7	

Mr. F. W. Weekes asks us to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of 10s.,—from "Lovest thou Me?"—for the Pastors' College Missionary Association, in response to the Pastor's appeal in August Sword and Trowel.

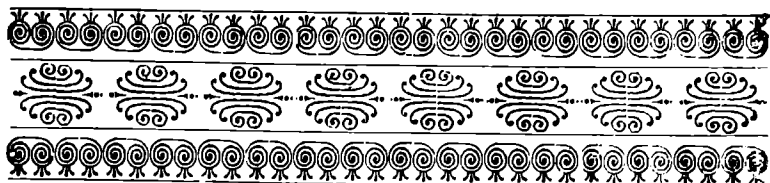
*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.





THE

# Sword and the Trowel.

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DECEMBER, 1897.

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## C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.\*



PROBABLY, by this time, all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are aware that, during the present month, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will (D.V.) publish the first volume of the eagerly-expected STANDARD LIFE OF C. H. SPURGEON. They will, therefore, welcome the following particulars of the *Autobiography* in which many of them are so deeply interested. The great charm of this work, to all who loved and still love C. H. Spurgeon, is the fact that, long ago, *he* planned it, and, as far as he was able, prepared the material for it. In the occasional intervals of comparative leisure that he was able to snatch from his busy life's labours,—and mainly in the bright sunshine at Mentone,—he recorded many of the principal incidents in his wonderful career. As each one was completed, he used joyfully to exclaim, "There's another chapter for my Autobiography;" and had he been spared long enough, he would doubtless have given to the church and the world a full account of his life as it appeared from his own standpoint. As he was "called home" before he could complete this congenial task, the arrangement of the abundant autobiographical matter left by him, has been to the compilers a real labour of love.

With regard to the size and style of the books, it was felt that they must be worthy of the beloved Pastor whose life and work they are to enshrine, so there are to be four large handsome volumes, of the

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\* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by His Wife, and his Private Secretary. Vol. I. 1834—1854. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With many Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Passmore and Alabaster.

size known as Demy 4to,—that is, about half as large again each way as the pages of *The Sword and the Trowel*. Friends whose sight is at all failing will be glad to know that

the type used is Pica, as printed in this line ;

it has been purchased specially for this work. We often hear of those who have read the Sermons and Magazine for thirty years or more, so we know they are no longer young, and clear bold printing will be a boon to them ; while others, not so far advanced in life, will find a pleasure in reading such large type. The illustrations have been specially prepared for the *Autobiography*, all that had appeared before having been re-drawn to make a fit accompaniment of the letterpress. Several are entirely fresh ones, including the exterior and interior of the Primitive Methodist Chapel at Colchester, where Mr. Spurgeon was converted on January 6, 1850. The first illustration is altogether unique, as the following description of it, from the pen of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, plainly proves :—

“The portrait, which forms the frontispiece to this volume, has never before, so far as I know, been published. It was a lover's gift to the one who was very soon to become his bride, and I recall how, in the glamour of ‘love's young dream,’ I used to gaze on the sweet boyish face, and think no angel could look half so lovely ! Afterwards, the picture was enshrined in a massive oaken frame, and it occupied the place of honour on the walls of the house in the New Kent Road, where we began our life's journey together, and founded our first home. Many a time, during my husband's long absences, when fulfilling his almost ceaseless preaching engagements, has this portrait comforted me ; its expression of calm confident faith strengthened my heart, and I used to think the upraised finger pointed to the source whence I must draw consolation in my loneliness.

“Something of the same soothing and sacred influence steals over me as I look at it now with tear-filled eyes ; it speaks to me, even as it did in those days of long ago, and it says, ‘Do not fear, my beloved, God is *taking care of us both* ; and though we are separated for a little while, we shall meet again *at home* by-and-by !’

“There have been many representations of my dear husband during the intervening years ;—the young face changed into that of a strong, energetic man, then it grew into the semblance of one who knew sorrow and suffering, and again it changed into the grave and noble features which we remember best, because his departure has stamped them for ever on the tablet of our loving heart. Throughout them all can be traced the sweet humility, the gentle kindness, the mighty faith in God which characterized his glorious and blameless life ; but I think it is reserved to this early portrait to depict the intense love and unflinching devotion to his Master which was the secret of his power both with God and man.”

Vol. I. of the *Autobiography* deals with the first twenty years of Mr. Spurgeon's life, and the following “Table of Contents” will show how fully his early and eventful career is described :—

Chapter	I.	INTRODUCTION.
"	II.	ANCESTRY AND GENEALOGY.
"	III.	HAPPY CHILDHOOD AT STAMBOURNE.
"	IV.	STAMBOURNE MEETING-HOUSE.
"	V.	A MEMORABLE VISIT TO STAMBOURNE.—MR. KNILL'S PROPHECY.
"	VI.	INCIDENTS OF HOME AND SCHOOL LIFE.
"	VII.	MEMORIES OF MAIDSTONE AND NEWMARKET.
"	VIII.	A HOLIDAY PASTIME.—ESSAY ON POPEY.
"	IX.	EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.
"	X.	"THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION."
"	XI.	THE GREAT CHANGE.—CONVERSION.
"	XII.	LETTERS TO FATHER AND MOTHER, JANUARY TO JUNE, 1850.
"	XIII.	DIARY, APRIL TO JUNE, 1850.
"	XIV.	"A GOOD CONFESSION."—BAPTISM.
"	XV.	EXPERIENCES AFTER CONVERSION.
"	XVI.	A DEFENCE OF CALVINISM.
"	XVII.	BEGINNING TO SERVE THE LORD.
"	XVIII.	CAMBRIDGE LIFE AND LETTERS, 1850—1851.
"	XIX.	"THE BOY-PREACHER OF THE FENS."
"	XX.	FIRST OUTLINES OF SERMONS, 1851—1852.
"	XXI.	THE YOUNG SOUL-WINNER AT WATERBEACH.
"	XXII.	THE LORD'S HAND BEHIND THE MAID'S MISTAKE.
"	XXIII.	REMINISCENCES AS A VILLAGE PASTOR.
"	XXIV.	MEMORABLE SERVICES AWAY FROM WATERBEACH.
"	XXV.	LATER SERMONETTES.
"	XXVI.	GLIMPSES OF ESSEX AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE LIFE, 1853.
"	XXVII.	THE LAST YEAR AT WATERBEACH AND CAMBRIDGE.
"	XXVIII.	DR. RIPPON'S PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.
"	XXIX.	FIRST SERMONS AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL.
"	XXX.	LETTERS CONCERNING SETTLEMENT IN LONDON.
"	XXXI.	DIVINE AND HUMAN ORDINATION.
"	XXXII.	THE LONG PASTORATE COMMENCED, 1854.
"	XXXIII.	THE CHOLERA YEAR IN LONDON.

It would need a whole number of the Magazine to give a detailed description of the contents of the volume; we can only mention a few of the interesting items contained in it. The numerous letters of Mr. Spurgeon, most of them now published for the first time, would alone suffice to impart to the book a very special character. They also aptly illustrate what the dear Pastor himself once wrote:—"A man's private letters often let you into the secrets of his heart. Read Rutherford's letters, and you see the man at once; or those of Kirk White, or Newton. A man's writing-desk should be used to make his biography." A very choice chapter is that which makes known to the world the youthful Christian's "Diary, April to June, 1850." Another of almost equal interest, though in a different sense, is the specimen chapter from the prize essay written by the lad of fifteen, and entitled, "Antichrist and her Brood; or, Popery Unmasked." The three chapters, "Through much Tribulation," "The Great Change,—

Conversion," and "Experiences after Conversion," make up a nineteenth century edition of John Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, and go far to explain Mr. Spurgeon's marvellous power, in later years, in dealing with persons in all sorts of difficult spiritual conditions. The Lord caused him, in his youth, to pass through many experiences which enabled him afterwards to sympathize with others who were tried in a somewhat similar fashion. The Diary and letters tell much that was previously unknown concerning Mr. Spurgeon's work as a tract-distributor and Sunday-school teacher, while "The Boy-Preacher of the Fens," and "The Young Soul-Winner at Waterbeach," show him fully engaged in his great life-work as a "good minister of Jesus Christ." Under the heading, "The Lord's Hand behind the Maid's Mistake," there are printed for the first time Mr. Spurgeon's letters to his father concerning the project of sending him to College, together with other correspondence, which had a most important bearing upon his after career. The volume also contains a few specimens of the notes of his early discourses, which he had preserved very carefully, together with *facsimiles* of two of them, and of the ornamental title-pages of the first two manuscript books in which the outlines were recorded.

Among the recollections of "Memorable Services away from Waterbeach," there are more complete accounts than have ever been published before of Mr. Spurgeon's "battle royal" with Mr. Potto Brown, "the miller of Houghton," and of his first and later interviews with the quaint old minister who called him "the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit." In "The Last Year at Waterbeach and Cambridge," there is given Mr. Spurgeon's graphic description of the incident in the Cambridge Guildhall, which led to his being invited to preach at New Park Street Chapel, while the "Letters concerning Settlement in London" are all printed for the first time, with the exception of two, and even those have never been given quite correctly before. The volume closes with the young Pastor's early successes at New Park Street, and some of the striking experiences he passed through during the cholera visitation in 1854. Necessarily, some portions of the *Autobiography* have appeared before, but a very large part of it is entirely fresh.

We hope we have said sufficient to make *every one* of our readers exclaim, "I must have that book," and that others will say, "It is the very thing for a Christmas, New Year, or birthday present for So-and-so, who is a great lover of Mr. Spurgeon." The price is 10s. 6d., but those who cannot afford so much at once can take it in eight monthly parts at 1s. each. Through the generosity of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, the first shilling part, which will be ready on December 15, will be issued as a Supplement to *The Sword and the Trowel* for January, 1898. The price of that one number of the Magazine, with Part I. of the *Autobiography*, will be 6d., or they will be sent post-free to any address for 8½d. Orders for volumes and parts should be given at once; they can be obtained of all booksellers, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, London, who will be glad to appoint agents for the sale of the work all over the world.

## Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

"Where is your faith?"—Luke viii. 25.

IT was a matter of life or death with these men! To their dim human vision, there were gathered around that ship the materials for an awful tragedy! Fierce gusts of stormy wind,—devouring waves of the sea,—a frail boat every moment in jeopardy of foundering,—paralyzing terror in the hearts of all but one of their number,—and *He was asleep!* One can imagine the despair and intensity of the cry with which they awoke Him, "Master! Master! we perish!" "Then He arose, and rebuked the wind, and the raging of the water: and they ceased, and there was a calm." In an instant, the turmoil was over, and the danger gone; but we can imagine the grieved look of reproof in the Lord's face as He turns from the cowering elements to ask the trembling men at His side the question, "*Where is your faith?*" "Have the winds scattered it? Has the sea swallowed it up? Has your fear utterly swept it away?"

To us, looking back over the centuries at this incident on the Sea of Galilee, it seems incomprehensible that the disciples could be afraid of anything *while Jesus was with them*. We should have thought that His personal presence, whether sleeping or waking, would have been a perfect security to them against all fear of ill. Had they not seen daily manifestations of His mighty power? Had He not healed the sick,—opened blind eyes,—made lame men walk,—multiplied a few loaves and fishes to provide food for a great host,—raised the dead to life, and done many other wonderful works? After all they had seen, and felt, and known of His mighty power in the past, one wonders that the present danger should so utterly affright them. The reason of this may have been that they did not go to Jesus at *once*, as soon as the gale burst upon them. Perhaps they thought that *they* could manage the boat and weather the storm by their own efforts and skill. It is possible that self-confidence was lurking in their hearts, and that the Lord used this perilous position to convince them of their absolute helplessness and dependence on Himself for everything.

Ah! dear friends, does not this teaching come home to our own hearts? Do not we behave in precisely similar fashion when placed in the same alarming circumstances? Some great trial or temptation bursts like a tempest into the serenity of our life, and overwhelms us with a sense of danger and distress; we are terrified and trembling, we see nothing but the peril which surrounds us, we struggle against the storm as best we can till there is no more endurance in us, and *then* we go to the Master with the bitter cry of those about to perish! Yet, as a matter of fact, He has been with us all the time. Has He not promised never to leave us? Is there not always access by faith to His gracious presence? He may be in the hinder part of the ship, asleep, and apparently oblivious of all that is passing around Him: but the pillow beneath His head is His own Omniscience, and, as surely as He ruled those winds and waves on Galilee's lake, and reined

in the tempest with a word, so certainly does He manage all the affairs of His children, and appoint or permit all that concerns them. A sincere and steadfast faith in this blessed fact would keep our minds in perfect peace, whatever might befall us; it would lift us above all fear of the perils and storms of life, and hide us as in "the secret of His tabernacle."

Dear Master, Thou comest to each one of us with the same question as that which shamed Thy poor timid disciples, "*Where is your faith?*" And we are dumb before Thee, Lord, as they were, for we have no excuse to offer for our unbelief; we have not even the slight plea which they might have urged, that they had as yet scarcely realized that Thou wert God incarnate, and had asked, wondering among themselves, "*What manner of man is this?*" We know Thee as the once crucified, but now risen Lord, to whom all power in Heaven and on earth has been given, and Thou mayest well marvel at our unbelief. Strange indeed it is that the love of Christ, so boundless and so infinite, should be so grudgingly trusted in by those whose only hope lies in the fulness and freeness of that love as manifested to them. We do not find it difficult to believe and rejoice in the love of a fellow-creature; but when the fathomless love of God is declared to us, we question, and reason, and evade, and calculate, with a stubbornness which only too plainly shows the hardness and unbelief of our heart. O beloved, let us cast away from us, with shame and loathing, the bonds of this cruel sin of doubting, which grieves our Saviour's tender heart, and so shamefully dishonours His love! His pathetic question, "*Where is your faith?*" plainly shows that He expects our absolute trust at all times, and that He is disappointed when He fails to find the faith He so much values in His chosen. Blessed Lord Jesus, we will "throw the arms of our faith around all that Thou hast told us, and love Thee so much that we shall long to have more to believe."

\* \* \* \*

The closing months of this year have brought me sore trials of faith and patience. Physical weakness and weariness, and the unusual withholding of means to carry on all the service with which the Lord has entrusted me, have combined to make my "Work-room" a place of watching and waiting rather than of working,—a Bochim, though still a Bethel! I have known something of the experience which can only be expressed in the apostle Paul's words, "serving the Lord with many tears,"—so much of grief and sorrow has mingled with what used to be the joy and delight of service. I cannot say that my faith in my gracious God has failed; yet my fears have often overwhelmed me, even when I clung for dear life to His promises, and knew of a certainty that Christ was in my tempest-tossed ship, though, apparently, *asleep*.

But now, I trust I "have seen the end of the Lord," and in part, at least, have understood His will concerning me; and I have committed myself and all that concerns me into His hands, for He "is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

The Book Fund is still feeling the need of a flood-tide of supply,

though some kind friends have done what they could to lessen my anxiety in this matter, and I have given from my own resources all it was possible for me to save and spare. The large grants of books I have been accustomed to make, *cost much money*; and, hitherto, I have had the joy of giving "with both hands;" but now I must lessen the number of volumes in each grant, and refuse all but the very neediest applicants till it shall please the Lord to restore to me the power He has hitherto given me to bless and relieve His servants.

Ah! it is at times such as these that I feel most keenly the desolateness of my lonely life. The dear human love, which sheltered and solaced me in the by-gone days, is missed so sorely in times of trouble, and the "solitary way" seems so rough and hard that I go mourning because—

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Can never come back to me."

Yet this very sorrow shall yield a prevailing plea to bring before my God, even as by Marah's bitter pool there grew a tree which, at His bidding, sweetened all the waters. Since He Himself has taken from me my dearest earthly friend and helper, I have a deeper and tenderer claim on His love and pity;—He cannot forget to bind up the wound which His own hand has made; He will not leave that heart comfortless, which has no comfort but in Him!

My dear readers must not think that all work is suspended during this trying time. *Some* books go out, both from the Book Fund for poor ministers, and its "Auxiliary" for poor "locals." But there is great sorrow among those who know of my lack of funds. One pastor, who lately asked for a grant, and to whom I could only promise a small parcel, wrote thus:—"I am very sorry indeed to hear that the treasury of your splendid Book Fund, which has helped so many, is almost exhausted. Are the so-called 'forward movements' of the Christian Church to-day, monopolizing the generosity of God's people? I am afraid so. But, surely, if these great efforts are being financed at the expense of praiseworthy and established institutions, which for many years have been doing noble service, then the movement is by no means a 'forward' one, but just the reverse. I do most sincerely pray that the necessary funds may soon be forthcoming to enable you to continue that labour of love with which your name will always be associated."

The Pastors' Aid Fund is not, I am thankful to say, so severely crippled for want of means as its companion service. Many a timely gift of money gladdens a weary mind, and uplifts a sinking heart in seasons of deep distress. The Clothing Department, too, is in full work; good friends are constantly sending me nice things for the pastor's wife and children, and the number of boxes sent out exceeds, I believe, that of former years. This is much to be grateful for, since the help afforded by these gifts causes overflowing joy in many a pastor's home.

The Translation of my beloved's Sermons into various languages is still going on. A second discourse in *Gaelic* has lately been published, and a second one in *Kaffir* is being prepared. Concerning this latter, the following notice appeared lately in the *Imvo*, or, native newspaper:—"In the *Sword and Trowel*, Mrs. Spurgeon reproduces portions of letters from natives of this country, thanking her for the publication, and gratis distribution of one of her husband's Sermons in Kaffir. We are glad to learn that arrangements are being made for the publication of another on 'Faith.' We pray that these special efforts for the furtherance of the gospel, by placing before our poor people the persuasive words of one of the greatest men of the nineteenth century, may be richly blessed."

Sermons in *Spanish* are appearing in a Mexican paper called *La Luz* (*The Light*); and when a sufficient number have been thus used, they will be published in a volume, meeting a great need in that priest-ridden land. Two of the Sermons have also been recently translated into *Chinese* by the son of Pastor T. W. Medhurst, for the use of the students in the Gotch Robinson Institute; while, as I am writing, a letter has come from a native student in another part of China, enclosing five shillings for a supply of the Sermons in English. Who can tell how much blessing will result from the packet that is now on its way to him?

Space fails me, in this crowded number of the Magazine, to tell of other ways where service is still uninterrupted; but I trust I have said enough to evoke the sympathy and assistance of all those who would be grieved for my grief, were the dear Book Fund to languish and die for want of support.

S. S.

## "Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLVIII.—PASTOR WILLIAM WALKER, OF BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

**B**ISHOP'S Stortford is a pretty town of over 6,000 inhabitants, and with a history second to none of a similar size. About 1087, William the Conqueror gave the town and castle to Maurice, the then Bishop of London, and his successors for ever. The notorious and cruel Bishop Bonner had a residence here; and he "made great use of the prison adjoining the castle, where he kept convicted Protestants in a deep and dark dungeon." One faithful martyr, who was burnt at the stake, is said to have died embracing the flames. It seems that, in 1683, no less than 145 Nonconformists were summoned to appear before the Archdeacon's Court;—it is no wonder, under such circumstances, that the *bishops* had their title wedded to the older name of the town derived from a *ford* over the River *Stort*! The prison was pulled down in 1649; but, in 1850, its foundations were discovered, and human bones and Roman coins that were unearthed at the time confirm the fact. It is said that the Rev. John Paine, M.A., founded the Congregational Church here in 1662; but it does not appear that Baptists had thus formally united until 1809. Probably, many who held Scriptural views upon our distinctive



rite were found among the members of other churches, even as they are to-day. The first place of meeting for the Baptists was a room in the house of Mr. Thomas Phipp, a barge-owner on the River Stort. As one walks over the bridge from the railway-station, the site is pointed out on the shore of the river; and one can imagine the locality being deemed suitable from its proximity to the flowing stream, where the ordinance of believers' baptism could be performed, as it was in the River Jordan in the days of our Lord, when He was immersed by John the Baptizer. Later on, a barn was roughly fitted up by the church as a place of worship; and evidences of the Divine blessing followed till, in 1819, the present building was erected. The very next year, the first baptism was performed in the chapel, and the first pastor appointed. In 1833, a gallery was added, then the place was further enlarged, and a new school-house had soon to be built to meet the requirements of the growing work among the young. But there is much work for the Lord yet to be done in the town. Its population is increasing; new factories, that will employ numerous hands, are to be built; so the Church of Christ must prepare for the emergency if greater results are to be attained, and the Baptists must take their full share in the evangelization of the people.



WILLIAM WALKER, the present pastor at Bishop's Stortford, was born on May 4th, 1867, in Nottingham. Having had godly parents, the boy grew up in an atmosphere permeated with helpful forces. Yet it was not till the advent of Pastor H. E. Stone to that great Midland town that the lad was brought to Christ. The powerful preaching of his pastor not only won his heart for the Saviour; it also inspired him to commence work among the unsaved at once. He was

but fifteen years of age when he first spoke for his Master in lodging-houses and mission-halls around. At sixteen, he was sent out under the Lay Preachers' Association, which is one of the great institutions of Nottingham. At seventeen, he went as a supply to Skegness, a rising watering-place on the East Coast. The appointment came as a surprise to the young preacher, for a tailor of Nottingham was to have gone; but William Walker had to go in his stead. Mr. R. Hudson was at that time the mainstay of the little cause, as he lent the room rent free, and helped in many other ways. After preaching several times, our brother was unanimously asked by the seventeen members to take up the work. He did so; and thus began his ministerial life. He had been engaged in the lace trade for which his native town is so famous; but a year's pastoral labours made him feel the need of further education and training. So, when the ever-beloved President's letter reached him, with the message, "Come to

College September 1st," the youthful labourer was filled with gladness. How many amongst "Our Own Men" have these red-letter days to look back upon! The dear handwriting came to them as a message from Heaven itself; and they felt that a new era had begun in their history. The work our brother relinquished has been taken up by the Pioneer Mission, founded by Pastor E. A. Carter; and Pastor G. Goodchild is now successfully working among the people of Skegness.

College days are not all remarkable, and little need be recorded concerning them; but to all true students, they provide a season of training without which their after career would lack in a hundred ways the essentials of a successful ministry. While in College, Mr. Walker was sent to Yalding, in Kent, as student-pastor. There he laboured vigorously, and during the summer months joined the band of earnest workers connected with the Hop Pickers' Mission.

On leaving College, Mr. Walker worked for three years in South Bermondsey, where a Baptist Church now thrives under the auspices of the London Baptist Association. Then followed a period of itinerating and supply work in Lincolnshire, which resulted in our friend's appointment to Burgh-le-marsh. Next came a two years' pastorate at Holbeach. Both his immediate predecessors there had died of consumption; but, like the Christian heroes who go to the Congo, and elsewhere, our brother went in the spirit of fullest devotion to duty. Pastor M. Mather settled at Holbeach direct from College, and died after a short but successful ministry there. His successor, Pastor J. C. Travers, succumbed at the end of two years. Yet William Walker courageously filled the gap left vacant in God's army, and fought bravely for the Lord Jesus Christ.

The call from Bishop's Stortford came to him in 1893. He believed there was thus set before him an open door to greater usefulness, and therefore he "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." During the four years that have elapsed, the membership has risen from 68 to 120, after all deductions have been made for deaths and dismissals. The congregation has greatly increased, and our brother's preaching is evidently valued by his hearers. The sitting accommodation is over-taxed already, and special meetings have to be held in the Public Hall, which seats 1,000 persons. During Mr. Walker's first eighteen months' labour, a new Mission Hall in connection with the church, and costing some £200, was built at Farnham. The Pastor has around him a band of willing workers and zealous helpers, and there are abundant proofs that the officers and members of the church cling to the old gospel, and labour to publish it abroad. They are alive to the needs of the neighbourhood because they hear the cry from heathen lands. The larger includes the less; and men and women, whose sympathies are world-wide, are sure to be zealous in good work at home. There is, therefore, nothing wonderful in the fact that Mr. Walker has found himself compelled to face the question of providing more accommodation for his hearers. A Building Fund has been started, to which £220 has been already given. The church has resolved to build on the present site, which is freehold, pulling down the present chapel, and using as much as possible of the old materials in the new structure. It is intended that the new chapel shall be a

plain substantial building,—the people being too poor to go in for elaborate ornamentation. It is to be made to seat a mixed congregation of at least 500 people. The probable cost will be nearly £1,200: that is, after giving the builder the materials in the old premises. The church does not, however, intend to begin building operations until there is at least £500 in the bank, and much outside help will have to be obtained in order to raise this amount. Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor W. Walker, Portland Road, Bishop's Stortford. Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich, writing concerning the work, says:—"I predict great things for Bishop's Stortford through the ministry of Mr. Walker." Pastor H. E. Stone, of St. John's Wood, is in hearty sympathy with the cause now carried on by one of his own sons in the faith; and the writer of this sketch joins with all who know the work in pleading for special and speedy responses to the appeal for funds. Hanging over the mantelpiece in the vestry is an excellent portrait of our dear glorified President, and one feels as though, were he there to speak, we should hear him say, in his well-remembered cheery tones, "*Well done, Brother Walker! Go ahead! You have my best wishes, and I heartily commend you to all who are able to help you in your heavy undertaking.*"

ROBERT SPURGEON.

## The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

### "THE HEAVENLY VISION."

(SERMON PREACHED AT THE CLOSE OF THE TENTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, MAY 7TH, 1897.)

"*And the LORD answered me, and said, Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.*"—Habakkuk ii. 2.

(Concluded from page 612.)

I HAVE spoken concerning the subject of the writing; now, what is to be the *style* of the writing? Our text says, very distinctly, "make it plain upon tables;" even as God said to Moses, "Thou shalt write upon the stones all the words of this law plainly." The word really means, to explain or to engrave. I think I hear the little children say, "Make it plain! Make it plain!" I think I hear the poor folk say, "Do make it plain, else we shall miss the blessing." And those who are learned in the things of earth, when once their hearts are touched, will be as ready as any in saying, "Oh! make it plain," for these things are spiritually discerned.

"Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled."

If you can use a short word instead of that half-crown one, do so by all means; it will be cheaper, and better in every way. Ornamental writing may have its charms to some eyes, but I confess that I like

plain copper-plate writing far better. I remember carrying to my writing-master at school a copy-book which was embellished after a most remarkable fashion, for there were curls, and twists, and flourishes of a very extraordinary kind. Our master had a way of correcting our writing, not by speaking to us, but by putting his pencil broadly and deeply through everything of which he did not approve. When I got my book back, it was a work of art! Let us write as plainly as ever we can. Some speak after such a fashion that I wonder whether they understand their own words, just as there are some who write so indistinctly that they are puzzled when they attempt to decipher their own writing. I remember one eloquent brother, whose favourite text was, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." Yes, but how does the palm tree flourish? With its head in the fire, and its feet in the water, silently it springs, and spreads its branches, and bears its fruit. When the poet wanted an illustration of how the temple was reared, without sound of workman's tool upon it, he turned instinctively to the palm tree, and wrote,—

"Like some tall palm, the stately fabric grew."

Brethren, if you must flourish, flourish like the palm tree; but let your preaching always be as plain as possible. Stick to Baxter's three R's,—Ruin, Redemption, Regeneration. Abide by the A B C of the gospel,—A, for Attend to it; B, for Believe it; C, for Confession unto salvation. "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most;" and there is nothing more beautiful than the cross of Christ,—do not try to adorn it.

During the Conference, I received a letter from a friend informing me that a dear one had been called into the glory; and down in the corner of the page I noticed these two words,—"*No flowers.*" He had a right to ask, if he desired it, that there should be no expression of sympathy in the form of wreaths. In the matter of preaching, this must be the rule, brethren, "No flowers! No flowers!" Speak of the Incarnation plainly, till it is as clear as was the midnight sky above Bethlehem's manger, and as sweet as was the angels' song. Speak of Calvary so plainly that salvation by sacrifice shall be as evident as the cross itself was standing out upon the hill of Golgotha, in bold relief before the sky. Speak of Substitution so plainly that it shall be as visible as blood-stain is. Pardon so homely an illustration; but I notice that they paint the pillar-boxes red, and the fire-stations red, because they cannot find anything to attract the eye so quickly as this blood-red hue. Make your preaching of Christ and His cross thus plain, that none may miss it. And let your testimony as to the Resurrection be as manifest as was that stone that was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. "When they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great;" and on the stone sat the angel, more bright than aught of earth, and to the trembling women he said, "He is not here: for He is risen, as He said."

While we are making the vision plain, let us take care that we ourselves are out of sight; the vision will be much plainer if *we* are in the background. I said to a friend, the other day "Do you hear that skylark singing away up yonder in the air?" We looked up to

discover him, but in vain; so I said, "What matters it so long as we can hear his melodious tune?" Although, brethren, you sing as sweetly as the skylark,—and our song is sweeter than the notes of any bird,—what matters it if the people do not see you so long as they hear the music of your message from the Master?

Next, let me speak of *the position* of the writing. It is to be very plainly exhibited; it must be prominently fixed in some public place where all can see it. If I mistake not, the prophets of old time used to affix these written messages to the temple, the house of God. That is our opportunity—perhaps, the best we have,—of writing the vision. At our churches and our chapels, our meeting-houses and our school-rooms, we must post up this announcement, and exhibit this writing. See that your preaching is always about "the vision." There are plenty of people to descant upon "the sagacity of the lobster," and kindred topics; but as for us, Christ, Christ, Christ and Him crucified, is our only and sufficient theme. When the people, whose callous hearts are untouched, say that it is "the same old stuff," we feel complimented, though they intended only complaint.

The writing used to be affixed to the wall of the market-place as well as to the temple. So, brethren, out in the open-air proclaim the Word of life, and in your every-day dealings live as well as preach the gospel. The servants of Christ, you know, are never off duty.

Sometimes, no doubt, the prophet's message was affixed to his own house,—that is, when he happened to possess one. Each one of us has his measure of home influence and power in private to guide and benefit others. Oh, let us see to it that the message of the life always corresponds with the message of the lips! Suppose the prophet had posted one message on the temple wall and quite a different one on the portico of his own premises, he would have been at once voted an impostor and a sham. We are God's advertisements. Oh, let us take care that, in every place, the advertisements answer the one to the other, till in letters of light the story of love shines forth! "If a man's life be lightning, his words are thunders;" but not else.

I suppose you are well aware that, if a statue is to be erected upon a pedestal, it has to be made proportionately larger than if it were to stand upon the floor. If it is to be exalted to a considerable height, it will have to be a great deal more than life-size; otherwise, it will look like the presentment of a pigmy or a dwarf rather than of a full-grown man. It is for you and me, each in our sphere, raised as we are above our fellows, to seek to be bigger and better than ordinary men who stand, as it were, upon the ground.

So the writing is fixed to temple door, and market cross, and prophet's house.

III. Then comes the READING: "that he may run that readeth it." This, indeed, is for our hearers; and we preach in vain unless they hear the message. However legibly it is written, it will not profit them unless they read it.

*Some, alas! turn away from it as soon as they see there is writing there, just as those, who have made up their mind to go across forbidden ground, are careful not to see the notice,—*"TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. BY ORDER.

*Some even try to erase the writing*, and by prejudice and unbelief employ the penknife of Jehoiakim, or fling the message upon the brazier.

Others there are who *give only a casual glance* to the writing. That is better than not looking at it at all, but it is not a running glance that is needed. The idea of this passage is, not that the runner reads, but that the reader runs. The reading must not be of a transient order; it must be an eager scrutiny. If the writing was worth waiting for on the part of the prophet, it was worth standing for on the part of the people. I could wish that our congregations more often listened with this earnest attention, and that in their note-books they might transcribe some of the address with swiftly-running pen. I base this desire upon my own experience, for as a little lad I was trained and encouraged to reproduce dear father's Sermons in yonder house of prayer, and though I have lost much that was in the note-books that I filled in those early days, I have not lost all the blessing that then came to me through thus attending to the words of the Lord's honoured servant. Oh, for fewer butterflies, and for more bees,—bees that will hang sucking on the flower-cup, and never rest until their thighs are laden with the precious pollen!

*Some peruse and ponder the message* which God gives us to reproduce. Oh, that their number might be increased a thousand-fold! We are often reminded about the awful responsibility of those who preach the gospel,—I do not think we can feel that too much;—but, oh! there is an awful responsibility resting also upon those who hear the gospel. George Fox, before he passed away, exclaimed, "I am clear! I am clear!" I wonder if all George Fox's hearers could have said the same. Oh, that, if we take pains to write the message, the Holy Ghost may incline the people to take earnest heed to read the writing!

IV. Then comes the RUNNING, for this is the ultimate design and end of all: "that he may run that readeth it."

Part of our message is a *warning*, and those who heed it run, for they believe what we tell them, and flee from the wrath to come. When we cry, "Beware of the dog of hell," they give heed to the admonition, and escape for their lives. See, then, brethren, the need of plainness. If there had been any doubt about the angels' message, even Lot himself might have tarried too late in the doomed city; but the word was plain, and with the word was the pressure of the angels' hands upon the wrists of those they would fain deliver. Oh, that our people might know that we love them, and that we are not preaching the doctrines of wrath because they give us any pleasure, but because we desire, as God desires, that all should turn unto Him, and live! I have heard of one who, walking over a canal bridge, was horrified to see a woman rushing towards him clothed in flame, for her dress had taken fire. Thank God for his presence of mind, for, instead of running from her in a fright, he ran to her, flung his arms around her, dragged her to the crown of the arch, and then himself, with her embraced within his saving arms, plunged headlong into the canal, and so extinguished the flames. Oh, that we, in some such fashion, could identify ourselves with those who, alas! are doomed,

and must be damned, unless they are soon saved! Oh, to snatch them from the burning! Brethren, I do believe they will run from danger if we do our part in warning them; we shall see them hastening, not in ones and twos merely, but in scores and crowds, fleeing from the City of Destruction, crying, "Life! Life! Eternal life!"

Running also means, *obeying the gospel*. Part of that command is, "Repent;" and another part is, "Believe;" and a third message is, "Be baptized;" and a fourth enjoins membership; and a fifth orders service. "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." It was written plainly, and when I read it, I ran. "But they have not all obeyed the gospel."

Does not running also mean *rejoicing*? And who should rejoice like those who have been pardoned? If the message that I read so plainly is a proclamation from the King, whose laws I have transgressed, that He in His exceeding love has pardoned me, I will stay and read it; but, as soon as I have read it, and received it, my feet will be like hinds' feet. I must run, for I want to climb the belfry stairs that I may ring the bells. I will hie me to the flag-locker, and bring out all the bunting I can find, for the gladdest day in all my life has come now that I have read the message that proclaims my pardon. The dog with his chain off careers round and round, his joy knows no measure, for he is at liberty; and we who are set free by Christ ought to have glad hearts, bright eyes, and happy faces. They said of holy Keble that his face was like an illuminated clock. Oh, to have a sacred light within, so that, even if the dial be sometimes weatherbeaten, or, may-be, tear-stained, the inward brightness is still perceptible!

And then, last of all, running surely means, *announcing*, passing on to others what I have read. Why should I keep it to myself? The command to me, as to the man in our Saviour's day, is, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Converts should be converters, every one of them; there ought to be amongst them a holy emulation, a sacred rivalry, as to which can be first in telling out what God has revealed to them. We read that "Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cush;" and it is written of Peter and John that they raced to the sepulchre: "they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre." Oh, for swift feet to carry the tidings of salvation, and to do the bidding of our blessed Lord! If the hand of God is upon us, we shall be stirred into unusual activity. I am not at all sure that Elijah was an athlete naturally; but, when the hand of the Lord was on him, "he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

A few Lord's-days back, I ventured, in yonder pulpit, to urge some of my hearers to begin to run in the way of God's commandments, and I went a little out of my ordinary track by using such an illustration as this:—"We are starting a race this morning; come all of you who have it in your hearts to begin to run towards God. Listen to me now. Stand ready for the signal." I cannot exactly remember the words I used, but I have good reason to rejoice that I did use the metaphor, for God blessed it to the salvation of some souls. I told

them of the prize that was set before them, I pointed them to the cloud of witnesses that held them in full survey, I bade them, for their own sakes, and for their loved ones' sakes, to begin to live for God, and then at last, I cried, "Are you ready? Are you ready?" And presently, so to speak, the flag fell, and I exclaimed, "Go! In the name of the Lord, go!" Only a few days later, one dear friend wrote to me, and said, "I could not stand the falling of that flag, and the saying, 'In the name of the Lord, go!' Pray for me, for I have begun to run in the way of God's commandments." Dear brethren, will you try to start some next Sunday? You need not use that metaphor; but you may, by God's grace, set some of your hearers speeding towards Heaven.

But what about ourselves? We have been seeing the vision,—or we think we have; and writing it with some delight. We have even seen others run when they have read our writing, or heard our setting forth of gospel truth. What if, having preached to others, I myself should be a castaway? O Lord, forbid! And lest it should be so, I look at the vision again as God has written it in this blessed Book, so plainly that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein; and I, for myself, believe that God so loved the world that He gave His Son to drink the cup of wrath, and Jesus says He will cast out none who come to Him by faith. O Lord Jesus, whether I have come before, or not, I will come now! Receive me, for Thy mercy's sake! Amen.

## The By-ways and By-gones of Life.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," ETC., ETC.

### XII.—"PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT."

WINTER is in one of his wild moods, like a choleric old gentleman bouncing about and raging at everybody. At such a time, to sit in your slippers, by a cheery fire, after a drive, or a splashy walk from the railway station, is to make your own terms with the storm. Dear Rachel knows that there is a committee meeting at West End at eight, so she has tied her hair with a bright bit of ribbon, she is wearing a new waist-belt, and such a dainty blouse, and she has put extra butter on the toast. All these are lures, John, so that you shall presently say, "What a night it is! I don't think it will do my cold any good to go out. Hark! how the wind roars in the chimney! That's rain! There will be no one at West End, except Scurry, the secretary. Poor fellow!" Rachel laughs little laughs,—rippling tinklings, and her knitting needles dance, and a pretty foot almost touches the two canoes stuck up on end with their keels to the grate. Then you lean forward, and use the poker—on the fire. Up start the sparks. "Dear me, I never saw Rachel with a finer colour! I shall stay at home,—and, perhaps, sleep."

It is later on. "I think I must have dozed. Wonder whether it rains. Will have a look. No, the stars are out. Will just walk down to the corner, and ask the sergeant what he thinks of the weather.



Know their beats as well as a burglar does. Always by the end of our road at half-past nine. Won't be long. Keep the fire going!"

We will walk to the corner with you, and further by ourselves, perhaps.

The wind is still high. The night is light and strange, as if the powers of the air, in mystic raiment, were riding by on the winged horses of the storm. The light is not that of a struggling dawn, nor of clear starlight, but of a speeding current, moving far faster above than below. Away in the South-east, a strange aurora shoots towards the zenith, the mirror of a mighty city's million lights. We stand in the shadow, and look towards this trembling sheet of lambent air, and pictures come and go;—the West, as the clock nears ten, Piccadilly, the Circus, the Haymarket, Charing Cross,—dull dead streets off the Strand, with drenched women here and there wearily slouching or crouching, their arms a child's bed, their damp shawl its coverlet. Boys crying the latest "speshul"; girls with "lights"; women with flowers, and other women in feathers, and yet other women still in shining raiment. The deserted City; its business courts echoing to the footsteps of the late workers; its storied offices shut, silent, with only here and there a window showing signs of life. The "Near East"—with its motley throng; streets which the cautious never enter;—the drunken brawl, the night-market,—more night-markets than one,—some that shall be nameless. Further East—squalid, monotonous, ill-lit, ill-paved, dirty;—the coster barrow with the "sticks" on it;—one-room life,—the "shake-down,"—the clothes-line,—what a farce!—the work,—no farce that;—the children—what a tragedy!—the supper,—“fresh herrings, my dear,”—what a comedy! The streets—a community of "flitters." The roads out and in,—spectral, funereal under the lurid heavens with "pilgrims of the night." Again West,—the river; the lights of Westminster; a police-boat shooting an arch; the lap of the tide running out, many things going with it;—a woman's form which, a minute ago, stood in despair upon the steps; a man who missed his footing from barge to barge, and struck his head in going down; a dead baby which a girl has dropped furtively over a parapet,—and the lights on the Embankment blinking and ogling meanwhile, like the daft when entrusted with a secret, or like church gargoyles on a wet day. The pictures come and go,—dissolving-views upon the canvas of the sky.

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But a measured tread breaks the spell, and soon we start on a fresh track. We lurk still in the shadow, though one is coming whose duty it will be to throw light upon us. Behold, we are illuminated at the public expense! Having surrounded us for once in our lives with a halo of glory, and having also bestowed upon us the equivocal recognition which proves that we are "known to the police," the representative of the force we usually abuse so roundly gives us his opinion of the weather, and then tramps on into the gloom, a veritable "pilgrim of the night."

The dark hours of Winter in the furthestmost suburbs are chilling to more things than the imagination. None know this better than the

outer divisions of the Metropolitan force. They line the leading thoroughfares on gala days; and, at night, trudge along the dark muddy roads of the country districts which fringe the great capital. Past the private residences of city princes, but past also lonely farm-yards from whence the cock gives his ominous midnight crow; along lanes skirted with common land where the white ass brays his complaint; by darkened fields, with horses grouped like a midnight meeting of conspirators; to the turning where the steeple rises black against the dark grey sky, and by the lich-gate where the roads meet, and where the living pass the dead both by day and by night.

What the solitary policeman finds to think about as he tramps his beat on dark nights, would be too curious a question to be answered. More than once, returning from country engagements, we have been taken into friendly custody, and have been pleased to find, not only trained intelligence, but evidence of genuine piety in the conversation of our companion.

The high road coming round by the churchyard wall, and running South-east, is a great artery of traffic. In the day, it throbs with life. It is getting late now, but the sky is still lured with "the lights of London." This glow in the far heavens has a wonderful way of creating shadows, and baffling the wayfarer with strange shapes. Many a familiar object looks portentously large, with the dull red sky for a background. Earlier in the evening, while trade and pleasure are in full swing, the reflection in the sky turns almost white; but, hours after, as even the restless City sinks into an uneasy sleep, the horizon glows, like to the sullen embers of a low fire.

In the evening hours, along this high road, hay and straw carts rumble, moving ever onward towards the fires of the great volcano. Top-heavy waggons, a lumbering procession taking up most of the road, on they go, with carters deaf to everything but the creaking of their own wheels, and often asleep withal,—a nightmare to other travellers on the Queen's highway. At intervals, the wains pull up at some special road-side resort, where the horses refresh themselves on Temperance principles, while their drivers, at the bar near by, swallow what suits their taste. Very old are some of these wayside inns, with their great kitchens and wide fireplaces, around which often gather and gossip some very queer "pilgrims of the night." Life on the road is rough, and oaths are the vernacular of conversation. "It is hard to be a Christian on this road," said a carter once to the writer; yet there are some travellers by compulsion to the modern Sardis who, in their soul-life, are pilgrims to a very different City.

Down this highway, as the twilight deepens into night, working-men tread slowly homeward. There is something heart-moving in this return. Covered with the dust of the day, they troop along, the food-basket slung at their back, and half of them smoking short black pipes,—the British workman's pocket god. As they enter the town, there soon comes a parting of the ways, and without any ceremony of leave-taking, one man after another strides off into his own side street. It were idle to speculate what they will see when they lift the latch of their cottage. Perhaps, a sick child; it may be the wife and mother, propped up by pillows, down for the first time; possibly, a long-

absent son sitting by the fire. Who knows? Yet this kind of revelation goes on every night in multitudes of homes.

Along a little court, there tramp in the dusk several of these "pilgrims" home. They pass close to the windows, and awaken heavy echoes in the low-ceiled rooms. A man, seated in one of these, lifts his almost blind eyes in the direction of the window. He still wears a workman's cap, and his clothes are those of a mechanic; but one sleeve of his jacket hangs loosely, fastened across his breast only by a few stitches. The eyes search in a vague way, as if the numbed nerves were trying in vain to grasp something. The one hand on the table twitches, and paralysed lips try to speak. They would tell you that he was a fine strong fellow once, and that about this time he used to come home. But, one night, the other men tramped by without him. Then came the news that he lay near the scene of his work, torn and bleeding. His wife left the little cottage, and hurried along the dark roads to the village where her husband hovered between life and death. He was carried home at last, shorn of a limb, and with nerves hopelessly shattered. Now he and his mate sit in the evening,—she plying her needle, and he listening for the footfalls of the men as they come home from work.

Hundreds of travellers pass within a stone's throw of this little court, far into the night. Close by slopes a steep railway cutting. The dwellers in the yard are used to mild earthquakes. Nothing of the heavy traffic can be seen from the doorsteps. A little further on, a bridge spans the road. Let us be there when the night darkens, and the signals at the great Junction, a mile off, flash out. The air is very still; we can catch the subdued hum of the distant town. In such an atmosphere, the trains can be heard for miles. You can see the red light turn to white, and in a minute you hear the far-away rumble which rises and dies down again, then roars nearer, and, at last, as a surprise, there rushes through the cutting a panting, fiery furnace, a comet with a tail made up of lighted carriages. So, with its freight of human life, the express whirls along full of "pilgrims of the night."

It is an awe-inspiring sight to stand on the same bridge when a thick fog envelopes everything. No lights shine. All is uncertain yellow haze in the direction of the Junction. You hear the pant of the approaching mail. A great red eye bears down upon you through the fog, a sheet of flame streams beneath. In a second, the fog-guns go off. The mail has passed the distance signals. What trust in a human providence all this means! But in the grey morning, far away, the fiery thing carried into the terminus something beside its living load. Wedged behind the lights, the severed head of some poor stray had travelled through the night!

Feathered pilgrims, coming far, sail through the dark. Flocks of migratory birds fly overhead at night to their winter trysting-places. Our aquatic birds come thus; and if you care to take up vantage ground, and watch with trained ear, you will be rewarded with strange sounds,—and sights, too, if the eye can carry as far,—coming from these flying squadrons of the sky's highway.

But below, among the haunts of men, the pathos of the night is deepest. The doctor riding his horse into the village at midnight;—

the ward sister going her rounds when the lights are low ;—the dying entering “the valley of the shadow of death ;”—the living pacing the deck, waiting for the dawn to reveal his native shore ;—these are among “the pilgrims of the night.”

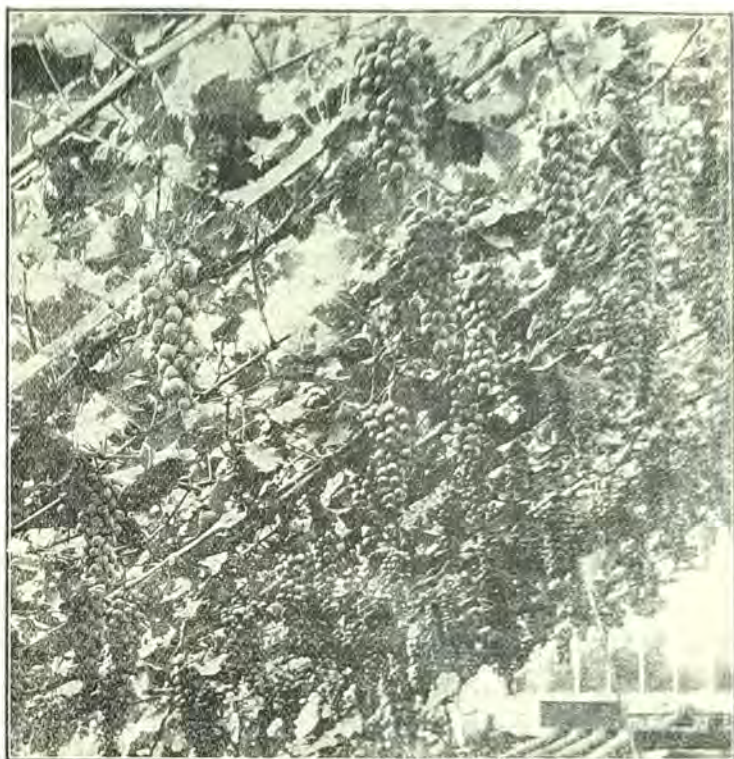
We see moving through the night-scenes of Scripture the patriarchs and fathers of the Church ;—Abraham beneath the stars,—the solitary surveying in a vision his seed ;—Jacob dreaming of the “new and living way,” and wrestling with the angel till the darkness fled ;—Israel leaving Egypt, led by the pillar of fire ;—Moses and the miraculous journey ;—Nehemiah’s pilgrimage around the fallen walls ;—the shepherds and wise men on their Holy Quest ;—Joseph’s flight with Mary and the Sacred Child ;—the night when darkness turned to day as Jesus prayed ;—the walk to Gethsemane ;—the start to embalm the dead Master, which finished in the worship of the Risen Lord. And though “pilgrims of the night,” strangers and sojourners in a world of sin and sorrow, His followers travel ever towards the morning, and are more truly designated as “children of the day,” for, though the darkness hang like Egypt’s plague, he walks in the light who walks with Jesus.

## A Fruitful Vine.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

“EVERY good tree bringeth forth good fruit.” “Wherefore, by their fruits ye shall know them.” Now, judging the “Text Union” by this Divine axiom, we rejoice in being able to say that it has proved to be a tree of the Lord’s own planting, and one which is full of sap, having taken root and borne fruit. The texts have been like clusters of grapes to gladden the weary heart, and each one has been a big bunch of blessing daily refreshing thousands. The fruits may have differed, and yet all have been “the fruit of the Spirit.” Our correspondents tell of “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, and temperance,” as some of the sweet grapes gleaned from the Scripture portions which have hung in the conservatory of our “Text Bond” Almanack ; and it is our desire that the fruit-bearing should be increased by the extension of our “Text Union.” If the reader will turn to the fifteenth of John, he will find that there are degrees of fruit-bearing, and that the Father is only glorified as He should be, when we “bring forth *much* fruit.” We are not to rest satisfied merely with the positive—“fruit” ; nor are we to remain contented with a comparative yield—“more fruit” ; let us strive to attain unto the superlative—“much fruit.”

Since the formation of the “Text Union” in March, 1894, over 17,000 names have been enrolled, and the “Text Bond” has been adopted in many parts of the world ; but we are very anxious that hundreds of thousands should experience the spiritual help which accrues from possessing a daily portion of God’s Word, and passing on the passage to others. Our plan is very simple. Members forming the Union, commit to memory a text of Scripture, daily ; and whenever they meet friends or fellow-members, they greet them by



A FRUITFUL VINE.

repeating the daily portion, or by asking for the "Text for to-day, please." No pledge is required to perform this happy ministry, for the pleasure and surprise of imparting to friends, or extracting from them, the Words of Truth, is the best incentive to the carrying out of the Bible injunction, "Exhort one another daily."

Since God's blessing has so richly rested upon this Society, I want ALL the readers of the *Sword and Trowel* to aid in making the "Text Union" a far greater success during the coming year, first, by joining it themselves, and then by inducing all their friends to do the same. I venture to repeat an offer made on a previous occasion; namely, to supply, GRATIS, *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1898* to all present members, upon the condition that each one forwards to me the names and addresses of TWO NEW MEMBERS, with *ten* halfpenny stamps. This plan has been taken up most heartily in times past, so that our membership has been more than doubled, and I hope that a similar favourable result will follow the present offer. The Almanack and card of membership will be sent to *new* members on receipt of *five* halfpenny stamps. If any friends feel disposed to help me in bearing the financial burden of the work, I shall be very grateful, as the

labour involved necessitates the employment of a paid secretary, beside which the expenses of printing and stationery have to be met. Thankofferings for spiritual good derived were received last year from many of our members, and, by this means, the needful assistance was supplied.

It is a matter for profound thankfulness to God that the compiler of the texts, my own beloved mother, has been spared to select all the daily portions for the "Text Union"; and I think all readers of the Almanack will agree with me that the one for 1898 fully equals in interest any of its predecessors. Will not *you*, dear reader, become the possessor of so luscious a bunch of grapes from this vine of spiritual blessing? So that you may be ready to start with the New Year, send your application for membership at once to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

## 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 XXXIII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price five shillings.

NEARLY a third of a century has passed since the first number of the Magazine saw the light, and six years have gone by since the ever-beloved Editor wrote at Mentone his last Preface, yet, by the help of God, we have continued unto this day our "record of combat with sin and of labour for the Lord." The Volume now completed has one series of articles which distinguishes it from its many predecessors, for month by month, during 1897, have been published Mr. Spurgeon's *impromptu* answers to the questions put to him by his students under "The Question Oak" at "Westwood." These replies have been so greatly appreciated that most of them have been reprinted again and again in our own and other lands: the Magazines containing them will, doubtless, often be referred to by those who wish to know what information or advice Mr. Spurgeon gave in response to the various enquiries submitted to him. All who desire to possess this unique catechism should order the *Sword and Trowel* Volume for 1897, while it can be obtained. Covers for binding the

monthly numbers can be procured from the publishers, or through any bookseller, at 1s. 4d. each.

Messrs. Walter G. Wheeler and Co., 17, Paternoster Row, have sent us an assortment of their *Christmas and New Year's Cards, Booklets, Mottoes, and Calendars*. One great charm of the series is that choice passages from the Word of God are prominently printed on almost everything issued from Mildmay House, and the Scriptural quotations are, in many instances accompanied by appropriate verses from the pens of such writers as Miss Havergal, J. Denham Smith, Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, and W. H. Havergal. There is such a large variety, and our space is so limited, that we cannot specify the different publications; but we recommend our readers to send for a list of the season's cards, etc., and to make their own selections, or they can obtain sample packets of Mottoes at 1s., or 1s. 9d., post free.

One of the brightest monthly Magazines that comes to us is *Regions Beyond*, the organ of the East London Institute of Home and Foreign Missions. (Partridge and Co.) All who wish to know about the Lord's

work at Harley House, Doric Lodge, and their branch-stations in the East End of London, and the many foreign fields to which the students have gone, especially the Congo Balolo Mission, should put *Regions Beyond* on their list of Magazines that must be ordered for the New Year. There is a striking illustration of John xii. 24, in the following paragraph:—

"Although the Mission has had many and great difficulties to overcome, there is now a *Native Church* at each station in Lolo Land. These young believers are the fruit of lives laid down for GOD and Africa, no less than twenty-three members of the Mission having died from hæmaturic fever, and other causes. Native Evangelists have also been sent out from each station."

*The Return to the Cross.* By Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. Isbister and Co.

MANY of the papers that make up this volume were read with great pleasure as they appeared in *The British Weekly*; and their writer has done well to reproduce them in book form. They are far beyond the average of religious journalism: they are true literature. "That huge slug, the commonplace, the wearisomest dragon to fight in the whole creation,"—as Dr. Nicoll happily describes it,—has no footing here, for even trite truths are touched into freshness and novelty.

Lucidity, strength, and beauty—the true blend in all choice style,—make these papers a delight to read and think over again and again. But, in addition to these attractions, there is a deep attachment, an intelligent loyalty to Evangelical truth, that gives the glow of Divinity to every theme. The paper on, "Is the Gospel of Christ Forgotten?" deserves to be prayerfully pondered by every preacher, and by every hearer, too. If this is done, a "Return to the Cross" will be assured for all our churches, and a mighty quickening of power will ensue. We rejoice in this volume as a delightful piece of cultured Christian apologetic.

*The Last Things.* By JOSEPH AGAR BEET, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS work is, apparently, a strenuous attempt to gather together the scattered and diffused teaching of the inspired writers on ultimate Dispensational issues, and to say, as far as can be said, a final word on the destiny of the wicked, and the Second Coming of Christ. With respect to the former, the painstaking winnowing leaves very little definite in the shape of distinct finding. The stream has been troubled enough, and rather made more muddy than cleared in the process. The only thing quite evident is that "an eternity of conscious suffering" jars somewhat on Dr. Beet's moral sense, and cannot altogether clear itself from the meshes of his critical apparatus. At the same time, Dr. Beet's vote is cast dead against the Restorationist; and, while the Annihilationist is dallied with, and receives a few plums of encouragement, the expectations raised are disappointed in the end. Very largely, therefore, this volume of *Last Things* resembles *Rasselas* in furnishing a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. We fear that this work will not tend, doctrinally, to the cohesion of the Wesleyan Body; and it seems to us a pity, for the sake of a position that is itself indeterminate, and that, so far as we can see, the author himself does not attempt to define, the unity of a great denomination should be weakened or hazarded. On Dr. Beet's showing, Orthodoxy seems to lose its case because, although nothing else is true, he has not been able, to his own satisfaction, to complete the circle of evidence in its favour. With Orthodoxy discounted, Restoration utterly foreclosed, and Dr. White's view sorrowfully shelved, Truth's balance appears to confront us like a pyramid on its apex. Happily, the Word of God is plainer than most of the supposed explanations of it.

*How You can be Saved.* By W. W. FEREDAY. Alfred Holness.

A 24-PAGE penny pamphlet, containing clear statements of the gospel in good bold type,—just the thing for free distribution.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have again sent us a choice assortment of books for young people. The paper, printing, binding, and illustrations are all as excellent as usual.

The first in the series is, *A Clerk of Oxford*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN, whose books are always acceptable and welcome. In this one, as in many others, she has the happy knack of weaving a fascinating story with the facts of history, and so making the work both interesting and instructive. In this handsome five-shilling volume, the career of a scholar at Oxford is traced, and mention is made of many of the events which led to and terminated the Barons' War. The tale closes with the happy ending of a course of true love, which had not run smoothly.

*An Emperor's Doom; or, The Patriots of Mexico*, by HERBERT HAYENS, is a stirring story of the fighting in Mexico in the time of Maximilian, showing the faithfulness of men on both sides, and narrating the adventurous exploits and remarkable escapes of four of the patriots. There is a good tone running through the book, which will be read with avidity by boys who are fond of tales of danger, daring, and doughty deeds. Its price is 5s.

"*Sister*," by E. EVERETT-GREEN, is a really charming love-story by this talented and untiring writer. These chronicles of two of the families of Fair Haven, and of the good they tried to do to all around them, will please those of our readers who become possessors of this tasteful five-shilling volume. "*Sister*" was a lady, who became a fully-qualified nurse, and who afterwards had a fortune left her. She retired to "*The Hermitage*," where she became acquainted with the young folk of Fair Haven, who were the means of bringing about the happiness of herself and her estranged lover.

"*Poppy*," by MRS. ISLA SITWELL (3s. 6d.), is a well-told tale, but spoiled so far as Baptists are concerned by the introduction of the falsehood of baptismal regeneration. "*Poppy's*" lover, being charged with stealing a bag of sovereigns from his uncle, leaves his home, his cousin Lottie falsely causing him to think his

sweetheart believes him to be a thief. He prospers in Australia, comes home with his wife, and then hears that "*Poppy*" saved his cousin's life, at the cost of her own, though she knew it was the girl who had done her so great a wrong.

*Wee Doggie*, by ELIZABETH C. TRAIOR, is a story which will specially interest those of our young readers who are fond of dogs. They will be sure to fall in love with this clever "*wee doggie*" who got himself into many scrapes, but in spite of them all found kind friends. His history only costs 1s.

In addition to the larger books, above-mentioned, from Messrs. Nelson and Sons, there are eight pretty little ones at 9d. each,—*Zetty Craig*; or, *No Cross No Crown*, by MRS. STANLEY LEATHES; *The Boys of Hamnavoe*, by JOHN GUNN, M.A., D.Sc.; *The Lost Telegram*; or, *Trust Betrayed*, by The Hon. MRS. GREENE; *The Angels' Charge: a Story for Children*, by GRACE MARA; *Little Verbena*; or, *Trust in God, and Little Pete*; or, *Tried and True*, by the author of *The Fisherman's Boy*; *The Lost Letter*; or, *The Adventures of a Postage Stamp*, a story of the Relief of Lucknow; and *The Little V.C.*, the story of a drummer-boy who saved his general's life and so gained the Victoria Cross at Tel-el-Kebir. The last two are written by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

The list closes with six sixpenny story-books, with artistic covers, and illustrated frontispieces and title-pages,—*The Lost Opal Ring*; or, *The End Crowns All*, by The Hon. MRS. GREENE; *Cub's Apple*; or, "*Next Time*," by LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY; *Princess Olive*, by E. PHILPOT CROWTHER; *The Story of a Robin*, by AGNES S. UNDERWOOD; *Alice's Tea Party*, by CAROLINE STEWART; and *Adventures of a Cat*, by M. C. H.

With the exception of "*Poppy*," the whole of the above-named books are suitable for Christmas prizes and presents.

The Sunday School Union is well to the front among the caterers for the young folk who want "something nice to read" during the long evenings.

First comes a rousing story,—*Battledown Boys*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN



--price 2s. 6d., which is sure to prove a great favourite. A tenant farmer's four sons have to "battle down" a lot of prejudice and persecution; but, through saving the landlord's life, they also save their father from being turned out of his holding, and get him appointed as agent in the place of his great enemy.

*Marion Harling's Awakening*, by EDITH M. EDWARDS (2s.), is an exceedingly useful tale, showing how a girl was awakened to the fact that she could better serve God in her home than by trying to reform the parish.

Then follow three books at 1s. 6d. *Miss Merivale's Mistake*, by Mrs. HENRY CLARKE, M.A., is an interesting story of a girl wrongly supposed to be an heiress, but the "mistake" proves a blessing to all concerned.

*The Mystery of Hoyle's Mouth*, by M. E. ROPES, concerns the adventures of a runaway boy, who was for a time among smugglers, and afterwards in a show, where the lion-tamer turned out to be his long-lost brother. *Angelica's Troubles*, by L. E. TIDDEMAN, describes a girl who was a great comfort to her father; she became a model for some of his pictures, which afterwards had a place in the Royal Academy.

*The King's Daughter*, a Temperance story, by FANSY, cannot be too widely circulated. It is a cheap volume for a shilling.

There are also three tastefully-bound little books at 9d. each,—*Velvet and Rags*, by G. E. M. VAUGHAN; *Bob and his Rabbits*; or, *A False Start in Life*, by EMMA LESLIE; and *Making Allowances: A Story for Girls*, by EDITH M. EDWARDS. The second of the three is a warning against youthful gambling. Two smaller illustrated stories at 4d. each, complete the list,—*Canterbury's Waxworks*, by AMY E. MILLER, and *Little Queen Esther*, and her *Two Kingdoms*. Acceptable presents for the juveniles of the family.

*The Wrestler of Philippi*. A Tale of the Early Christians. By FANNIE E. NEWBERRY. Christian Commonwealth Publishing Company.

As a rule, we do not care for Bible facts blended with fiction; but this story of Philippi in the days of Paul

and Silas is so largely a reproduction of the Scripture narrative that it must do good to those who read it. The hero is a youth, who had distinguished himself in the Olympian games, but who was afterwards brought into association with the Christians, and shared both their privileges and their persecutions.

It is rather remarkable that, although mention is made of the conversion of Lydia and the Philippian jailor and others, there is no record in this book concerning their baptism; happily, this omission can be supplied from the New Testament.

*New Testament Stories*. By E. A. MACDONALD. Sunday School Union.

AN interesting and illustrated collection of incidents in the life of Jesus, related in language suitable for reading to the children on Sunday evenings. The "stories" are well told, as a rule; but a sharp boy or girl would notice the mistake on page 52, where the author says of the people who were miraculously fed, "They would watch as Christ *broke* the bread, to see when the last slice had been *cut*." The cover of the book is smart, but not strong; our copy is split right down the front. It belongs to "The Red Nursery Series," and its price is 1s.

Another book in the same series—*The Bear's Kingdom*, by EVA C. ROGERS, is an exciting and entertaining fairy tale, nicely illustrated, and narrating the adventures of a little girl who rescued a bat, some swallows, and a spider, from her brother's museum. Later on, they did her a good turn when she was in danger of being either killed or turned into a bear. The moral of the story is that self-denial brings its own reward, even when practised on behalf of dumb creatures.

*Charlie is my Darling*. By ANNIE BEALE. Religious Tract Society.

A HOMELY story of a somewhat chequered family life. Those who enjoyed the tale in *The Girl's Own Paper* will welcome their old friend in its new guise, and many others will be glad to make its acquaintance. The price of it is 3s. 6d.

*Pre-Reformation Worthies.* By Rev. W. COWAN, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A VERY praiseworthy and successful attempt to do honour to those pioneers of the Great Reformation movement with whom we are not so familiar as we are with their noble followers, although their preparatory work was invaluable. The seven biographies, here given, are capitally written, and show how widespread was the movement of the Divine Spirit towards light and liberty, in the times of darkness and slavery that heralded the coming of Luther.

If the members of our churches and congregations would but read such books as these, they would be proof against all the blandishments of the modern priest, whether of the Roman or Anglican order.

*Philip Melancthon.* By Rev. G. WILSON, F.L.S. Religious Tract Society.

A BRIEF, but precious biography of a winsome servant of Christ, whose Reformation work has been somewhat overshadowed by that of his friend Luther. The chapter entitled, "The Sunset," is a very choice piece of tender description; but, indeed, the whole is well worth reading, and we heartily commend it.

Singularly enough, Messrs. Partridge and Co. have just added to their "Popular Biographies" Series, *Philip Melancthon, the Wittenberg Professor and Theologian of the Reformation*, by DAVID J. DEANE; while the Sunday School Union "Splendid Lives" Series is enriched by the addition of *Martin Luther, the Hero of the Reformation*, by E. VELVIN. It is a healthy sign that three great publishing houses should simultaneously tell the story of the glorious Reformation in Germany. Let all three books be put at once into the Sunday-school library, and included among the Christmas presents or prizes, for they must do good wherever they go. The last-named volume has a frontispiece, "Luther arraigned before the Diet of Worms," which gives a very vivid idea of the loneliness and Christlike courage of "the monk that shook the world;" and in the book is Luther's terse description of

the august assembly's proceedings in terms that a *précis* writer of the day might have envied:—

"Are these books yours?"

"Yes."

"Will you recant them?"

"No."

"Then be off!"

*Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North.* By Rev. H. BUNTING. C. H. Kelly.

ANOTHER admirable biography of a too often forgotten worthy, who stood bravely for Protestant truth in degenerate days. Some of the incidents of this life are full of strange romance; but they are the romance of God's wondrous providence for the protection of His own children. Just the thing to make an intelligent lad or girl interested in the religious history of England.

*The Story of Some Famous Bonfires; or, Our Bible and Our Liberties, and What they Cost.* By W. STANLEY MARTIN. W. Wileman.

THIS shilling book will help to keep "Latimer's candle" burning. Mr. Martin has done well to put his lantern lectures into book form. The struggles of the past must not be forgotten; our young people need to be well grounded in Protestant truth and history, or Rome will again be the ruling power in England. The Pope's recent deliverance upon Anglican orders was very interesting from a Nonconformist point of view; but it contained much food for reflection, for it revealed the same intolerant spirit which kindled the fires of Smithfield, and tortured and slaughtered those who dared to think and act for themselves. This story of the martyr fires—bad fires, not bonfires,—will freshen the memories of the past, and create a heart-hatred of Popery. It is adapted to the child mind, and should be sold by the hundred thousand. Prizes are offered by the author to the boys and girls who can give the best answers to certain questions upon the contents of the book; that is a far more sensible competition than many that are so widely advertised nowadays.

*The Three Rylands.* By JAMES CULROSS, M.A., D.D. Elliot Stock.

NOTHING could well be better of its kind than this record of the Ryland family,—grandfather, son, and grandson, extending over a period of one hundred years. The account is highly readable; and the men delineated were worthy of the memorial tribute paid to them in these pages. It is clear that the Rylands did not a little to influence for good the contemporary thought of their day; and to determine, for the Baptist Denomination in particular, a line of direction that was strongly Evangelical. This applies especially to the first and second of the three. Wise leaders and faithful confessors, — though dead, they yet speak.

*Life's Look-out.* An Autobiography of SYDNEY WATSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE multitudes of readers of Sydney Watson's thrilling stories—in the Preface to this volume he tells us that they now number over a million a week,—will welcome the true story of the good man who has so long and so well catered for them. What a story it is! Looking at the placid picture of the genial gentleman resting in his arm-chair, we can scarcely believe that he was ever the original "Wops the Waif," the London crossing-sweeper, who afterwards entered and twice deserted from the Royal Navy, and became personally acquainted with the inside of a prison and even of the demoniacal "dark cells", and who passed through all the other extraordinary experiences so graphically described in this handsome 3s. 6d. book. Anyone who begins this *Autobiography* will be bound to finish it, and then to be impatient until the next volume appears.

*Pioneering in Tibet.* By ANNIE R. TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott.

ONE of the romances of modern missions is Miss Taylor's penetration of Tibet so far that she was within three days' ride of Llassa, the sacred city of the Lamas, and the closed

capital of the country, when she was turned back. This eighteenpenny book is a compilation of the various papers and letters written by Miss Taylor and her friends, and gives much interesting information about the Tibet Pioneer Mission. The map, portraits, and other illustrations add to the value of the little book, which should move many to pray for the opening of the long-closed land to the heralds of the gospel.

*On the Indian Trail.* By Rev. EGERTON R. YOUNG. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER charming book by the devoted missionary whose adventures *By Canoe and Dog Train* must be familiar to many of our readers. This half-crown volume describes the work among the Cree and Saulteaux Indians, and is a most interesting narrative of thrilling incidents and gospel triumphs. The story of Sandy Harte, the chief's son, who became a missionary, is specially good; but the whole of the contents of the book are worthy of the highest commendation, and should help to give a further impetus to the cause of foreign missions.

*Tiyo Soga, the Model Kafir Missionary.* By Rev. H. T. COUSINS, PH.D., F.R.G.S. Partridge and Co.

THE subject of this delightfully-written volume was one of the noblest sons of Africa. He was the first ordained Kafir preacher, and consecrated his whole life to the work of seeking, not merely the civilization, but the salvation of the degraded people among whom he dwelt. This book, like the previous one, should be in all missionary and Sunday-school libraries.

*Paul: A Servant of Jesus Christ.* By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER of those sermon-biographies that Mr. Meyer knows so well how to preach and then print; and which the religious public delights to buy and read. Both the theme and the author will compel a large circulation of the volume, and will make it independent of the reviewer's opinion. A capital present for Christmas or the birthday.

In addition to the *Autobiography* and *Almanacks* previously mentioned, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have published a two-shilling volume, entitled, "*We Endeavour.*" *Helpful Words for Members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour.* By C. H. SPURGEON. No doubt, many Endeavourers will prove these "words" to be truly "helpful," but they are equally suitable to all Christian workers. Another book, at the same price,—"*Come, ye Children,*" is intended specially to aid parents and teachers in training the children committed to their charge. *Everybody's Book: C. H. Spurgeon's Pilgrim's Guide, a Word for all Times and for all Seasons,* describes itself. At a shilling in paper covers, or two shillings handsomely bound in cloth, this volume should have an immense circulation, and be productive of great good. Then there is a volume of Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON, entitled, *The Messiah: our Lord's Names, Titles, and Attributes.* With such a theme, handled by such a preacher, the discourses must be well worth everybody's prayerful reading. The price of the volume, cloth gilt, is seven shillings.

*Sermons on Cardinal Truths.* By Pastor H. E. STONE. Baines and Searsbrook.

A LITTLE book on great and vital themes, every page full of power. Seldom have we met with more terse, cogent, and Scriptural proof of such doctrines as those of the Church, Repentance, Regeneration, Baptism, Confirmation, and Confession, as in these altogether admirable discourses. Here, for sixpence, is a fine armoury against the insidious evils that priestcraft is so busy in propagating. It would be a grand thing to get this book into the hands of all our church-members, especially the young ones.

*Chronicles of the Christ.* By BENJAMIN BOBBIN. With Introduction by Rev. R. WADDY MOSS. Vol. I. T. Champness, 152, Fleet Street.

THIS work is not to be judged by the ordinary standards, for it is written for the common people, in a language which they can understand. It is plentifully illustrated, and possesses interesting features all its own. It will doubtless sell best among the Methodists of Lancashire, as it abounds with the idioms and colloquialisms of that county.

## Notes.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1898.—First and foremost, the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON will continue to be well to the front in his own Magazine. Brother Medhurst's supply of early notable Sermons is happily not exhausted, and we have also a large store of prayer-meeting and College addresses yet to be issued. Early in the New Year we shall begin to publish, under the title, "The Young Pastor's 'Posy,'" a series of meditations written by Mr. Spurgeon before he left Waterbeach, but never printed. They display the combination of raciness and graciousness which characterized him in his first pastorate as well as throughout the whole of his later ministry.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon will write for the Magazine as far as the state of her health and her extra duties in connection with her dear husband's *Autobiography* will permit. During the ensuing year, we shall (D.V.) have a new series of articles on "C. H. Spurgeon's most striking Sermons," in which various brethren will give their recollections of the discourses which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has in contemplation a number of papers on "The Tabernacle Vestries and their Associations," which we feel sure our readers will heartily welcome. The Pastor will be glad to hear from friends who were present at any special gatherings in those rooms, and who remember interesting incidents connected with the more private meetings there before or after the great public assemblies in the Tabernacle. Having been so long at the other side of the world, he missed many of the privileges which others enjoyed in hallowed intercourse with his dear father. All communications with reference to this matter should be directed to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Those who have carefully read our friend "H. T. S.'s" contributions to our pages will have noticed what a close observer he is of Nature in all her varied moods, and how graphically, and even microscopically, he can describe what he sees. During 1898, he is, month by month, to talk to us, in his unique style, on "Afternoons with a Naturalist." "Leo

Grange" has also promised to write for us occasionally, while the articles on "Our Own Men and their Work" will continue to make known the many forms of Christian service at home and abroad in which the sons of "Our Alma Mater" are engaged. Dr. Churcher, Pastors George Wilson and E. A. Tydeman, and other brethren, will still supply items of interest, while the principal meetings in connection with the Tabernacle Church and its institutions will be duly reported for our readers' information. The issue of Part I. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* as a Supplement to our January number will, doubtless, bring the Magazine to the notice of a new and large circle of friends, and we hardly know of anything that would give us greater joy than to hear that every purchaser of the next issue of the *Sword and Trowel* had ordered it for the whole year, together with the monthly shilling parts of the *Autobiography*.

**C. H. SPURGEON'S SERMONS IN FRENCH.**—Mrs. Spurgeon was asked recently to procure a supply of her dear husband's Sermons in French for use in Madagascar, and she found, on enquiry, that a considerable variety in that language can still be obtained. They are more expensive than the English and other editions,—ranging from 1½d. to 3d. each,—but friends going to France, or able to circulate the French Sermons, can have as many as they desire, at the published prices, by sending a remittance to Mr. Harrauld, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, and stating the quantity they wish to purchase with the amount forwarded. Thus, in Gaelic and in Gallic the dear preacher will be simultaneously preaching to an ever-increasing congregation.

**MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S PHOTOGRAPHS.**—When Mrs. Spurgeon had her photograph taken at Bexhill, this year, the best one of the series was reserved for the frontispiece of the special edition of her volume, *Ten Years After!* She now wishes to help the Bexhill Chapel Building Fund still further by permitting this portrait to be sold, so friends can obtain as many copies as they please, at 1s. 6d. each, post free, by writing to Pastor J. S. Hockey, Upland Cottage, Bexhill, Sussex, who can also still supply the other three cabinet photos. *Ten Years After!* in handsome binding, gilt edges, and containing the best photograph, and Mrs. Spurgeon's written autograph, can still be supplied, post free, at 5s. It would make a very choice Christmas or New Year's gift to a friend.

In the November number of *Brief Notes of the Christian Colportage Association*, we were very happy to read the following paragraph:—

"I sold, last month, to the Rector of A —, a copy of Spurgeon's *Around the*

*Wicket Gate*. Mrs. N —, the Rector's wife, gave it to a lady visiting her, who was in deep concern about the salvation of her soul; and I am pleased to tell you that God has graciously used this book as the means of leading the lady to a decision for Christ. I saw a letter she wrote to Mrs. N —, saying how thankful she was for the book and that she was now simply trusting in Christ's atoning sacrifice, and was exceedingly happy. This is a great joy to me."

This shilling volume, and the companion works, *All of Grace* and *According to Promise*, have probably brought more souls to the Saviour than any other of Mr. Spurgeon's books. Friends seeking something suitable for those who are under spiritual concern, will do well to have one or other of these volumes always at hand.

The past month has been a very busy time at the Tabernacle, but the demand on our space is so great that we can only briefly mention a few of the meetings and services.

On *Monday evening, October 25*, Mr. J. Manton Smith gave a farewell address at the prayer-meeting, when Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presented to him, in hearty appreciation of his long and efficient services as one of the College evangelists, a cheque for £100, with the best wishes of the subscribers for the Lord's blessing to rest upon him during his tour in the United States.

At a special church-meeting, held the same evening, all the elders were re-elected for the ensuing twelve months; but, on this occasion, no additions were made to their number.

On *Tuesday evening, October 26*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Mr. Lillywhite, of Haddox Hall, presided; and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave a most interesting address upon the hands, eyes, and feet of his dear father's Sermons distributed by the Society. Mr. Millican reported that everything concerning the work was of an encouraging nature, except that more distributors are required. Friends able and willing to assist should apply at the Tract-room after any of the services. The Sermons are received and read as eagerly as ever, and as the result, many homes and lives have become completely changed in their character. The Benevolent Fund has been a great blessing to many poor families in the district. Mrs. Capel's report of the Mothers' Meeting was also a cheering one. As usual, there is a balance in hand in each department of the Tract Society's work.

After speaking at this meeting, the Pastor delivered another address at the SURREY GARDENS MEMORIAL HALL, where the chair was occupied by F. W. N. Lloyd, Esq.; a pleasing report of the year's work was given by the secretary, and Pastor J. W. Ewing,

M.A., B.D., also spoke in his usual impressive style.

On *Monday evening, November 1*, the collectors for the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION met for tea in the College buildings. The Pastor presided at the meeting afterwards held, at which letters from Dr. Churcher and Mr. Patrick were read, and Mr. Summers, of the North Africa Mission, gave a very interesting account of work for the Lord in Morocco. The amounts brought in by the collectors are acknowledged in this month's list. Other friends can be supplied with boxes by applying to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

On *Tuesday evening, November 2*, the Tabernacle was filled with an enthusiastic audience, the occasion being a Demonstration in connection with the Jubilee of the Band of Hope Union. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon occupied the chair, and, amid the hearty cheering of the large assembly, exhibited and pinned upon his coat the silver medal presented to him, by the Band of Hope Union, on that very platform, when he was a lad. Stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., Mr. J. Williams Benn, L.C.C., and E. H. Pickersgill, Esq., M.P. The Stockwell Orphanage handbell ringers and a large choir of Band of Hope children added to the interest of the proceedings. The "John Ploughman" Gospel Temperance Society helped to make the meeting the great success that it was, and had pledge-tables in various parts of the building. At the close of the meeting, about 50 pledges were taken, and several persons were enrolled as members of the Society, whose next meeting, on December 1, will consist of a lime-light lecture by Mr. W. Prentice, missionary to the "coalies."

On *Tuesday evening, November 9*, the annual meeting of MR. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the lecture-hall, which was well filled. The Pastor presided, prayer was offered by Mr. Thorn; and Mr. Beckley presented the Report, which showed that the work of the Class had been well sustained during the year. The Treasurer handed to the Pastor two cheques for £20 each, one representing the amount subscribed for the College, and the other being on behalf of the Spanish Mission. In addition to these amounts, the Class had contributed over £14 to the Mission at Kennington Cross. A most cheering account of the work at this Mission, as well as at the other two with which the Class is connected, was given. The Report referred to the promise made by the Class to raise £100 towards the Richmond Street Mission Building Fund, and gratefully recorded the fact that, during the past year, that object had been attained.

The Pastor gratefully acknowledged the cheques that had been handed to him, and

gave an encouraging and stimulating address, dwelling more particularly upon the importance of seeking the aid of the Holy Spirit in the study of the Bible, in order that its truths may be rightly understood. Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., then delivered a racy and vigorous speech, which was greatly appreciated by the audience. With his well-known partiality for an acrostic, he described the Word of God, as the Word of Wisdom, Omnipotence, Regeneration, and Decision. Pastor C. B. Sawday briefly spoke upon the Mission work of the Class, and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., delivered a masterly address, taking as the basis of his remarks, Rom. xii. 1, 2. Notwithstanding the late hour, his thoughtful and inspiring words held the attention of the audience without a break. The meeting was throughout, one of the most happy and profitable in the history of the Class.

On *Wednesday evening, November 10*, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY of the ZENANA MISSION was held in the College buildings. The Pastor presided, the Report for the year was presented by Mr. Frank Thompson, and an earnest missionary address was delivered by Rev. J. P. Bruce, B.A. Additional contributions to this important service for the Lord will be gratefully received by Mrs. James Passmore or Miss Olney; subscriptions and donations may be addressed to them at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

COLLEGE.—Mr. S. Pilling, F.G.S., formerly of Blackpool, has become pastor at Barry Road, East Dulwich. Mr. G. Wainwright, who went from Bournemouth to the Antipodes for the benefit of his health, has settled at Perth, Tasmania. Mr. F. W. Dunster, of Upwell, has accepted the charge of the English Baptist Church in Bombay.

We omitted to mention, last month, that our good brother, Mr. Robert Spurgeon, had again sailed for India, to resume the missionary work he loves so well. Another of "Our Own Men" is sketched by his busy pen in the present Magazine, and we hope to receive from him many more "Indian Incidents and Illustrations." We are sure that our friend will be grateful for our readers' prayers on behalf of himself and all his colleagues in the mission field.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors' meeting was held on *Tuesday evening, November 9*. The weather was very unfavourable, but the large attendance of friends was a most encouraging evidence of their love for the Institution. After tea in the girls' play-hall, the friends gathered in the beautiful Memorial Hall, the chairman of the evening being Joseph Benson, Esq. After prayer by Deacon Frank Thompson, one of the Trustees, the President introduced Mr. Benson as one of his brother's oldest and most generous friends. The chairman, whose name is well-known as the honorary Pastor of the Belle Isle Mission, gave a

very excellent and stimulating address, and, later on, a generous contribution to the funds.

Pastor H. W. Taylor, of St. Albans, also spoke concerning the claims of the Institution; and, at intervals, the Orphanage handbell ringers and choir added to the enjoyment of the audience. A special item in the evening's proceedings was an exhibition by Mr. David Devant, of the Egyptian Hall, of a large number of animated photographs, including a life-like representation of the Queen's Jubilee procession.

This month, Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphan choir are to hold meetings at Guildford, Havant, Ensworth, Waterlooville, Portsmouth, Southsea, Ryde, Gosport, Cowes, Newport, Basingstoke, and Winchester. They will be grateful if friends in all these places will do anything in their power to make the visits successful and profitable to the Institution.

*Orphanage Christmas Festivities.*—One item which always needs to be included in our December "Notes" is a reminder to all who love the orphans that "Christmas is coming," and that the boys and girls at Stockwell have been trained to expect the festive season to bring to them all manner of good things in great abundance. Doubtless, the present year will be no exception to those that have preceded it, and in kind and in coin many will show that their sympathy with the large fatherless family at the Orphanage is as great as ever. The last page of the Magazine shows how all gifts should be addressed.

**COLPORTAGE.**—November and December are always busy months with the colporteurs, for they expect then to sell large quantities of the books of the season, as well as a great variety of Christmas and New Year's cards, mottoes, almanacks, &c. We ask all kind helpers to examine the colporteurs' Christmas stock before purchasing elsewhere, as they never had a better assortment, and are particularly anxious to dispose of

all they have. We call special attention to the following works, all of which can be obtained of the colporteurs:—*C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, in volumes or monthly shilling parts; *Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Ten Years After!* and *A Carillon of Bells to Ring out the Old Truths of "Free Grace and Dying Love;"* *Spurgeon's Illustrated (Book) Almanack* for 1898, and *John Ploughman's (Sheet) Almanack* for 1898; Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's volume of sermons, *Light and Love*; and a book which has been blessed to the conversion of many who have read it,—*The Traveller's Guide*. We trust that many are desiring to turn over a new leaf, and to begin a new life with the New Year; and if so, they are anxious to know what they must do to obtain the desired boon. The colporteurs always carry a good supply of gospel literature, and they are at all times happy to point sinners to the Saviour. We pray that, by their books, and by their words, they may be the means of the salvation of very many precious souls.

We hope to open another District at Codicote, in Hertfordshire, commencing with the New Year. This promises to be a grand sphere of labour; and we appeal to all in that region who are interested in Colportage work, to co-operate with us in making the new field of service a very fruitful one. We have also just started a tried and honoured servant of the Association, Mr. A. Portingall, at East Dereham, through the kind interest of Pastor H. Freeman, Cowper Parsonage. We ask the prayers of all friends that this good man may be much blessed in his new work as he has been in times gone by.

All communications should be addressed, "Secretary," Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—November 4, eight; at Haddon Hall, October 31, three.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
"Anonymous" ... ..	1	0	0
"First Fruits" ... ..	0	7	0
Miss Hudfield ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Beves ... ..	0	2	6
"I have prayed for thee" ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood ... ..	2	0	0
Executors of late Mr. Samuel Knight, of Rushden ... ..	100	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher ... ..	1	0	0
E. L. T., per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. W. Sparks ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
O. B. ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. J. Gibson, N.Z. ... ..	2	10	0
Anonymous, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Nelson ... ..	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
"A sympathiser," per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beechill ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Coote ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Dunn's Men's Bible-class ... ..	20	0	0
An addicted missionary in India ... ..	1	2	0
Mrs. Dupont, per J. T. D. ... ..	0	10	0

Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—

Oct. 17 ... ..	21	16	0
" 24 ... ..	20	0	3
" 31 ... ..	5	6	8
Nov. 7 ... ..	19	1	0
	66	3	11

£230 12 11

[illegible]

*Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 15th, 1897.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. John Cameron	40	0	0	Mr. J. Lamont	5	0	0
Mrs. Horscraft	1	1	0	Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0	Mrs. Sladen	0	5	0
Executor of the late Mr. B. Purser	1	0	0	Mrs. Hewkley	0	10	6
Per Rev. A. Parker:—				Mr. A. Cowell	1	0	0
Mrs. Amos	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Higgins	0	10	0
Dut	0	0	6	Mr. M. Watson	1	1	0
	0	10	6	Messrs. Horn & Co. and employees	3	15	0
Proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving				Baptist Chapel, Little Tew, Oxon	1	13	0
Service, Baptist Chapel, Corton	1	0	0	W. D. S. Hove	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Casswell	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Meredith	0	5	0
Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Union				Mr. G. W. Skeats	1	1	0
Chapel, Kingston Langley	0	10	0	Postal order, Dursley	0	2	6
Miss M. H. Donaldson	0	5	0	Mr. T. Dawes	0	5	0
Mr. J. Toon	0	10	0	Miss E. Mazzicoll	0	10	0
E. E.	5	0	0	Mr. F. Carpenter	3	0	0
Mr. F. Flinders	1	0	0	Mr. A. Edmeades	1	1	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0	Collected at Young People's Service,			
Stamps, Callington	0	3	0	Shepherd's Bush Hall, per Mr. W.			
Mrs. S. Brazil	2	2	0	P. Hunter	0	10	6



	£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Whitworth ... ..	0	10	0
Postal order, Sittingbourne ... ..	0	1	0
Richmond Sunday-school Union, per			
Mr. C. Dafforne ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt ... ..	0	10	0
A. A. T., per F. R. T. ... ..	2	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. T. T. Nesbitt ... ..	0	10	0
A commercial traveller ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. Edward Chitty ... ..	2	2	0
Orphan Girl's Collecting Card—F.			
Holland ... ..	0	14	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. F. J. Bridge ... ..	1	10	0
Miss M. Hall ... ..	3	3	0
Mr. J. Mee ... ..	0	3	6
Pastor G. W. Linnekar ... ..	0	12	6
Collected by Miss L. Spurgeon ... ..	0	3	0
W. J. H., Willesden ... ..	0	7	6
Miss Hine ... ..	1	0	0
A poor widow, per Mrs. M. J. Hayward	0	5	0
Per Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster:—			
Mr. A. Pettit ... ..	0	12	6
Mr. D. Land ... ..	0	5	0
	0	17	6
Boston (In memoriam) ... ..	4	0	0
Men's Bible-class, South Street Baptist			
Chapel, Greenwich, per Mr. E. M.			
Dudge ... ..	3	3	0
Y.W.C.E., Victoria Chapel, Deal,			
per Miss F. Pledge ... ..	2	13	4
Miss M. Fergusson ... ..	1	3	6
Mr. E. L. Simpson ... ..	0	5	0
Y.P.S.C.E., Stanwick, per Mrs. E.			
Loakes ... ..	0	6	0
Per Miss S. Green:—			
Mrs. McKenzie ... ..	0	10	0
A friend ... ..	0	10	0
Miss S. Green ... ..	0	4	0
	1	4	0
Mr. F. W. Siggel ... ..	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. D. Cheek ... ..	0	4	9
Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per			
Mr. E. Johnson ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cutler ... ..	1	1	0
Miss Lightbound ... ..	0	2	6
Stamps, Inverness ... ..	0	2	5
Mrs. Adams ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Curtis ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. James Hooker ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. F. Rolls ... ..	0	1	0
Two friends at Clavlands Chapel ... ..	0	1	6
Collected by Mr. H. Watson ... ..	0	7	6
Mr. T. G. Green ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Hunkin ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. James Wilson ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Rugg ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. R. E. Whitehead ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Perriam ... ..	0	10	0
Miss A. Cumpstey ... ..	0	19	6
Mr. Jas. Lundie ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. T. Clydesdale ... ..	1	9	0
Collected by Mrs. Chiddock ... ..	0	6	0
Miss Beddome ... ..	0	5	0
X. S., Bristol ... ..	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Wilmot ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. W. Ward ... ..	0	3	0
O. B. ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. E. S. Beves ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas Cottam, J.P. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Hartswell ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Bradley ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Scarfe ... ..	0	0	6
Sandwich, per Bankers ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. L. Crowhurst ... ..	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. E. S. Harrison ... ..	0	1	6
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Sutherland ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Rees ... ..	1	2	3
Mr. R. M. George ... ..	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Foord ... ..	5	0	0
J. C. M. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. A. Hutton ... ..	1	0	0
Miss E. S. White ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Burgess's Bible-class ... ..	0	5	6
J. B. C. ... ..	1	0	0
Miss G. Shaw ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. Tolley ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. E. J. Walker's family box ... ..	2	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Holder ... ..	1	5	4
Sir Frederick Howard ... ..	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Cubitt ... ..	0	17	6
Collected by Miss Roe ... ..	2	15	0
Miss Watts ... ..	2	2	0
Collected by Miss H. Sampson ... ..	0	5	2
Miss Jeannie Pearce ... ..	0	2	6
An admirer of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon			
... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Fox ... ..	0	5	0
B. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Laffin and friends ... ..	0	3	6
Collected by Miss Attfield ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Vincent ... ..	0	13	6
Collected by Miss H. Wood ... ..	0	8	6
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school,			
Hounslow, per Mr. A. Smith ... ..	0	9	0
Collected by Master D. J. Freeman ... ..	0	4	0
Collected by Miss A. Wells ... ..	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Blake ... ..	0	13	0
Collected by Miss Robinson ... ..	0	7	1
Collected by Mrs. Hemsley ... ..	0	12	6
Collected by Miss A. M. Strickland ... ..	0	12	0
Collected by Miss M. Rayner ... ..	0	5	7
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey ... ..	0	4	6
Collected by Miss Wolfenden ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Jas. Friend and			
family ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hensby ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. A. Rich ... ..	2	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock ... ..	1	16	8
Collected by Miss L. Harrison ... ..	0	6	4
Mr. James Slater ... ..	1	1	0
A widow, Workson ... ..	0	3	0
Per Mr. J. W. White:—			
Miss Elven ... ..	1	0	0
Miss White ... ..	0	10	0
	1	10	0
Mr. Geo. Smith ... ..	5	2	6
Mrs. Gooding ... ..	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Saunders ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Cheal ... ..	0	17	6
Collected by Miss A. Cowles ... ..	0	7	6
Collected by Mr. W. Coward ... ..	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner ... ..	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Pilgrim ... ..	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ... ..	0	7	6
H. I. W. ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. H. J. Veitch (for the maintenance			
of an orphan boy for one year) ... ..	20	0	0
Miss Nelson ... ..	0	10	0
L. B. ... ..	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Butcher ... ..	0	4	10
Baptist Sunday-school, Twickenham,			
per Mr. J. Slade ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. Buckmaster ... ..	1	19	11
Collected by Mrs. Pankhurst ... ..	0	10	0
Messrs. Adams & Co. ... ..	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. J. D. Hardie ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Gurdiner ... ..	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Brown ... ..	0	9	2
Mrs. L. Atkinson ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. F. Flanders ... ..	1	0	0
Postal order, Fairford ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Hillier ... ..	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Stevenson ... ..	0	10	6
The Guardians of Hemel Hempstead			
Union (towards the maintenance of			
an orphan boy for one year) ... ..	5	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Dee ... ..	0	5	0
Postal order, Pangbourne ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Sharp ... ..	5	2	0
Miss Howe ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Lazzelle ... ..	0	2	6
Postal order, Northampton ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Cox ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Miss L. Jackson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Groves ... ..	0	2	5

Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—

Amy ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Pool ... ..	1	1	0
B. S. ... ..	0	5	0
Miss S. Belford ... ..	0	10	0

Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—

Mr. E. J. Reed ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Oillard ... ..	0	2	0

Mr. A. Dougharty ... ..	2	4	0
J. Darrogh, Kohat ... ..	0	10	6
Evelyn and Lucy Brown, per Pastor T. Spurgeon ... ..	0	5	0
E. B. ... ..	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Samuel Knight ... ..	0	10	0
Executrix of the late Miss Jane Bowie ... ..	100	0	0
Executors of the late Miss Jessie Taws ... ..	117	3	7
Executors of the late Mr. Benjamin Stradley ... ..	200	0	0
Stradley ... ..	10	0	0

Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—

Trinity Road, Tooting ... ..	2	10	0
Sale of programmes, Belle Isle Mission ... ..	0	14	2
Victoria Road Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth ... ..	13	5	9
Public Hall, Erith ... ..	16	14	10
Lambeth Band of Hope Union meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle ... ..	1	1	0
Daiston Junction Baptist Chapel ... ..	12	8	8
The John Ploughman Gospel Temperance Society ... ..	2	2	0

Received at Collectors' meeting, November 9th.

Collecting Boxes:—

	£	s.	d.
Allen, Miss ... ..	1	19	3
Batchelor, Miss R. ... ..	0	4	5
Bailey, Miss ... ..	0	1	7
Barnden, Mrs. ... ..	0	17	8
Bartlett, Miss N. ... ..	0	2	2
Beaven, Mrs. A. ... ..	0	2	1
Belben, Miss ... ..	0	3	0
Belleine, Miss ... ..	0	3	5
Belleine, Miss ... ..	0	2	6
Best, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	5
Bithrey, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	6
Bliss, Miss ... ..	0	4	11
Brice, Master E. ... ..	0	3	1
Boswell, Mrs. ... ..	0	18	7
Boughton, Mr. H. ... ..	0	2	9
Bown, Mr. ... ..	1	6	11
Bown, Mrs. ... ..	0	12	5
Hartton, Mrs. W. ... ..	2	13	9
Burt, Miss E. ... ..	0	1	10
Butler, Mrs. ... ..	1	3	1
Butt, Miss ... ..	0	1	10
Boyce, Miss G. ... ..	0	7	0
Carpenter, Miss ... ..	0	3	0
Carter, Miss ... ..	1	3	9
Claridge, Miss G. ... ..	0	1	5
Ching, Miss F. ... ..	0	2	8
Cook, Mrs. ... ..	0	18	0
Cook, Miss M. ... ..	0	9	4
Cornish, Miss ... ..	0	3	4
Cox, Mr. H. O. ... ..	0	5	6
Crowder, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	11
Culley, Miss F. ... ..	0	4	7
Colley, Mr. A. ... ..	0	9	6
Cobley, Miss ... ..	0	4	6

	£	s.	d.
Daws, Miss C. ... ..	0	1	2
Dennish, Mr. A. ... ..	0	10	5
Dobson, Mr. J. ... ..	0	6	11
Dykes, Mrs. ... ..	2	0	0
Eidridge, Master H. ... ..	0	3	2
Farmer, Miss ... ..	0	3	6
Fathers, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	0
Fletcher, Mr. G. ... ..	0	1	8
Fisher, Mr. H. F. ... ..	1	4	7
Fitch, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	0
Frisby, Mr. J. ... ..	1	0	3
Forward, Miss G. ... ..	0	3	1
Fuller, Miss E. ... ..	0	2	6
Grant, Miss ... ..	0	11	0
George, Master E. ... ..	0	2	9
Gillans, Mr. A. J. ... ..	0	10	6
Grimes, Miss ... ..	0	5	11
Halls, Miss ... ..	0	3	6
Harden, Miss ... ..	0	1	8
Harrahd, The Misses ... ..	1	11	0
Hart, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	2
Haselden, Master E. ... ..	0	2	10
Hazzard, Master ... ..	0	5	5
Helier, Mrs. A. ... ..	0	15	3
Hertzell, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	7
Hertzell, Master F. ... ..	0	4	11
Herring, Master B. ... ..	0	2	1
Hewitt, Miss ... ..	0	2	1
Hibbert, Miss Daisy ... ..	0	6	11
Hibbert, Miss Elsie ... ..	0	8	7
Holdstock, Miss E. and Master ... ..	0	2	0
Houghton, Miss Maud ... ..	0	2	4
Howland, Miss (No. 3 Girls, S.O.) ... ..	0	8	4
Hudson, Miss ... ..	0	9	1
Hunter, Miss F. ... ..	0	4	7
Iles, Miss ... ..	0	3	3
In memory of Mrs. G. Wilmott ... ..	0	6	4
Jacobs, Miss E. ... ..	0	2	10
Jewhurst, Miss ... ..	0	8	0
Johnston, Miss N. ... ..	1	7	3
Jones, Miss M. ... ..	0	2	8
Jago, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0
Jones, Mrs. J. J. ... ..	0	5	0
Kelting, Master O. ... ..	0	2	2
Kington, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	8
Law, Miss D. ... ..	0	10	5
Law, Miss V. ... ..	0	8	3
Lott, Miss E. ... ..	0	4	6
Luckhurst, Mrs. ... ..	0	7	6
Mackay, Mrs. ... ..	0	12	0
Madder, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	9
Mallison, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	2
Mason, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	9
May, Mr. E. ... ..	0	4	2
Middleton, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	9
Millwood, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	2
Montagu, Mrs. ... ..	0	9	10
Moore, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	1
Morris, Master ... ..	0	13	0
Morgan, Master ... ..	0	12	0
Morgan, Mr. F. ... ..	0	3	11
Miller, Miss J. ... ..	0	6	6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting, per Mrs. Bartlett ... ..	0	12	0
Newton, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	11
Parker, Miss ... ..	0	1	11
Parker, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	3
Parker, Master ... ..	0	3	4
Pavey, Miss ... ..	0	7	6
Pawsey, Misses A. and E. ... ..	0	7	3
Payne, Master H. ... ..	0	10	4
Pearce, The Misses ... ..	0	10	5
Pearson, Mr. F. ... ..	0	2	11
Preedy, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	3
Pitt, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	1
Podmore, Mrs. ... ..	0	2	10
Potter, Miss ... ..	0	5	2

	£	s.	d.
Proudfoot, Miss ... ..	0	8	10
Plummer, Miss N. ... ..	0	0	4
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett...	0	5	11
Robins, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	2
Roper, Mrs. ... ..	0	6	5
Russell, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	9
Spaul, Mrs. ... ..	0	16	5
Stapeley, Mr. ... ..	1	2	9
Stephens, Miss ... ..	0	2	11
Streeter, Miss L. ... ..	0	3	5
Silley, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	7
Sims, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	0
Smith, Master B. ... ..	1	4	0
Smith, Master T. ... ..	0	5	8
Smith, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	0
Smith, Master ... ..	0	2	11
Smith, The Misses D. and N. ... ..	0	1	4
Smith, Miss C. ... ..	0	1	1
Soulsby, Miss ... ..	0	4	11
Sutton, Mr. Thos. ... ..	0	4	6
Thompson, Master C. H. ...	6	3	3
Tier, Mrs. ... ..	0	8	1
Townrow, Mrs. ... ..	0	1	7
Vears, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	6
Ville, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	1
Wadland, Miss L. ... ..	0	5	10
Watling, Mrs. ... ..	1	3	0
Watson, Mrs. ... ..	0	3	0
Weeks, Miss ... ..	0	4	9
Wren, Mrs. ... ..	0	5	0
Williams, Miss ... ..	0	4	1
Wilnot, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	10
Windsor, Miss ... ..	0	5	2
Whitehead, Master A. ...	0	4	1
Whittington, Miss ... ..	0	10	10

	£	s.	d.
Sums under a shilling ...	0	3	1
Odd farthings and halfpence ... ..	0	2	3
	55	19	10

## Collecting Books:—

	£	s.	d.
Angus, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0
Barrett, Mr. H. ... ..	3	0	0
Brown, Miss J. ... ..	0	8	6
Charles, Miss F. B. ... ..	0	5	0
Coleman, Mrs. ... ..	0	10	0
Everett, Miss A. ... ..	3	4	6
Laver, Mrs. ... ..	1	16	0
Noble, Mrs. ... ..	0	7	6
Saunders, Mr. E. W. ... ..	3	10	0
Wilkinson, Mrs. ... ..	0	4	0
Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Mrs. Everidge ... ..	1	0	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson ... ..	2	2	0
J. L. A. ... ..	1	1	0
	20	0	6

## Donations:—

"In memory of Mrs. A. Schilizzi," from her Trustees, per Joseph Benson, Esq. ... ..	20	0	0
Joseph Benson, Esq. ... ..	5	0	0
Everett, Mrs. and son ... ..	0	5	0
Jephs, Miss ... ..	0	5	0
Parker, Mr. J. B. ... ..	0	10	0
Raybould, Mrs. ... ..	1	1	0
Thompson, Mr. Frank ... ..	1	0	0
	28	1	0
	£901	11	9

*List of Presents from October 15th to November 15th, 1897.*—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman & Hildyard; a quantity Chocolate (for Choir Boys), Mrs. Partington; 221 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Attlee; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 14 lbs. Honey, Mr. W. Marchant; 8 barn gallons Milk, Mr. Walker; 4 tally Cabbages, 1 bag Potatoes, 1 bag Parsnips, Mr. J. Norkett.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—1 parcel worn Clothing, Mrs. B. Watkins; 20 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 pairs Socks, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Flannelette Nightdresses, Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 24 Articles, Mrs. Wilkinson; 2 pairs Stockings, Mrs. M. Sutherland; 60 Articles, Miss Harper; 10 Articles, Miss McLaren; 36 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 317 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Reading Working Party, per Mrs. J. Withers.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Cuffs and Collars, a few Fronts, Frilling and Wool, Mrs. C. Cooper; 2 Paper-knives and a quantity of Cards, A. L. B.; 3 Dolls, 1 box Bricks, Mrs. Wilkinson; 3 Pillows of new Feathers in slips, Mrs. M. Sutherland; 1 load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall.

## Colportage Association.

## Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1897.

District Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman ...	11	5	0
Cardiff and Penrhosceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ... ..	11	5	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock ... ..	40	0	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P. ... ..	11	5	0
Evesham, per Mr. Wm. Ashley ... ..	8	15	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney ... ..	10	0	0
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. J. H. Blake ... ..	60	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Son ... ..	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor J. E. Brett ...	1	5	0
Repton and Swadincote, per E. E. Sellindge, per Mr. A. Sharnam ...	20	0	0
13	15	0	0
Brentford, "In memoriam" ... ..	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Thos. White ...	1	5	0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney ... ..	10	0	0
Conisborough, per Mr. F. E. Smith ...	22	10	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood, J.P. ... ..	8	15	0
Chard, per Mr. Thos. Penny ... ..	11	5	0
	£276	5	0

## General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. A. Calder ... ..	5	0	0
A friend, per Mrs. Stevens ... ..	0	1	0
O. B. ... ..	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Rawle ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. J. R. Hayward ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Gardiner ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. Spencer Smith ... ..	0	2	6				
Anonymous, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ... ..	1	0	0		£20	10	6

ERRATUM:—Omitted 10th July, for Conisborough District, per Mr. F. E. Smith, £22 10s.

## Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.
O. B. ... ..	10	0	0

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

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 13th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Nixon ... ..	2	0	0	Northampton ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. W. Higbed ... ..	0	5	0	For translations of sermons:—			
Mrs. G. ... ..	3	0	0	Miss E. Cubitt ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Agnes Snell ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. A. Cumpstey ... ..	0	10	6
A thankoffering to God for Sermon No. 2,349 ... ..	0	10	0		£13	10	6
M. R. ... ..	1	0	0				
Phebe ... ..	0	5	0				

## Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 13th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ... 2,238	16	7		Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Mrs. Howell ... ..	5	0	0	Edmonton friend ... ..	0	5	0
A mite from Norfolk ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. C. Laffin ... ..	0	2	6
A pastor's first marriage fee in new chapel ... ..	0	5	0	Ebenezer ... ..	1	0	0
Four bricks, in loving memory of C. H. S. ... ..	0	10	0	Profit on sale of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's photographs (second instalment) ...	1	13	6
Mrs. Keevil ... ..	5	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	0	12	7
A sermon-reader, Brighton ... ..	0	2	6				
From one who, in deep poverty, has been "marvellously helped" ...	0	10	0		£2,254	19	8

*Special Notice.*—Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and the Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

Contributions and gifts in kind for The Spurgeon Orphan Homes should be addressed to the President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Cheques and money orders should be crossed, and made payable to the President of the Institution for which the donation is intended. Donors are earnestly requested to send their full names and addresses with their gifts, and to write to the President if they do not receive an acknowledgment within a week.