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THE
Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

Established and for 27 years Edited by

C. H. SPURGEON.

1898.

"They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand l 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.

JUST seven years ago, the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon sat in his "cosy corner" of the sunny sitting-room at Mentone,* writing his pathetic Preface to Vol. XXVII. of *The Sword and the Trowel*. When he had finished it, he appeared very happy that, in his weak state, he had been able to accomplish the task; and looking up, with his usual bright smile upon his face, he said, "There, Mr. Editor, will that do?"

The prompt answer was, "Thank you very much; but I am not 'Mr. Editor.'"

"Oh, yes, you are!" was his equally prompt and emphatic reply; and when, some weeks later, his home-call came, his words seemed to have even a fuller meaning than when he uttered them, and they were sorrowfully but gratefully accepted as his official confirmation of an appointment which had been at first only temporarily undertaken to meet the emergency caused by his long illness. It was then remembered that, during all the months of his partial recovery, he had never "reassumed the editorial chair" except, as he himself stated, to write the Preface of the last volume of his much-loved Magazine upon which his eyes were to rest before he exchanged "the sword" and "the trowel" for the harp and the palm-branch. In the many trying times that have had to be endured since that November day in 1891, the kind words of the peerless Editor, in commissioning his successor in that one department of his many-sided service, have often been recalled in devout thankfulness, not only to him, but to the Lord who has so graciously guided and helped in the important duties involved in such a responsible position.

* * * *

On *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* for 1899, the motto for the never-to-be-forgotten January 31 is as follows:—

"‘JOHN PLOUGHMAN’ has now been for seven years at home;
What wonder that thither our thoughts often roam!"

And one thought that frequently crosses our mind is,—What would he say if he could see (and perhaps he can see) how much of his work is still being carried on,—although, of course, not with the efficiency and success to which he attained almost from his earliest days? He was always so appreciative of anything that was done to assist him in his "combat with sin" and his "labour for the Lord," and he was ever so quick and generous in the expression of his appreciation even of the most trivial service rendered to him, that we should like to hear his verdict upon *The Sword and the Trowel* from 1891 to 1898.

* See illustration on next page, and also description on page 209 of *Ten Years After!* by MRS. C. H. SPURGEON (Passmore and Alabaster).



MR. SPURGEON'S "COZY CORNER" AT MENTONE.

Of one thing we are certain. The banner of the truth, that our heroic "Great-heart" grasped to his latest conscious moment, has not been furled or lowered by us during the whole of the seven years; or, to use the nautical metaphor which his successor as Pastor and President mentioned in his last published address to the students of the College, we can, with him, declare that *the flag is nailed to the mast*. This faithfulness to the Lord and His truth is no more pleasing to certain people to-day than it was seven years ago, but it seems to us to be a special reason why those who are one with us in this matter should aid us more earnestly than ever in spreading abroad our testimony to the faith we have received. In the ever-increasing competition in the world of literature, and the very questionable methods that are nowadays adopted for getting or keeping up the circulation even of professedly religious papers and periodicals, we need all the help that friends can give, and to those who will render it we shall be truly grateful.

* * * *

Mr. Spurgeon would indeed rejoice if he could see the goodly array of new books bearing his name which have been issued side by side with the last seven volumes of his own Magazine. Seven more precious volumes of the incomparable *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* have been published, together with *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, *The Art of Illustration*, "*Till He Come*," *The Soul-Winner*, *Facsimile Pulpit Notes*, several notable *Lectures*, quite a large number of specially-selected *Series of Sermons*, or *Extracts from various works*, and last, but by no means least, Vols. I. and II. of *THE STANDARD LIFE OF C. H. SPURGEON*, for which he had been so long and so diligently preparing the materials. How gladly also would he have gazed upon his dear wife's new volumes,—*Ten Years After!*—*A Carillon of Bells*, and "*A Cluster of Camphire*;" and with what tender words of loving appreciation would he have commended them to his wide circle of friends!

* * * *

By means of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work," many of our readers have had a share in the translation of the beloved preacher's discourses into foreign languages, and their distribution in distant lands; and thus, at home and abroad, by the printed page, though not with the voice now audible to us,—

"He, being dead, yet speaketh."

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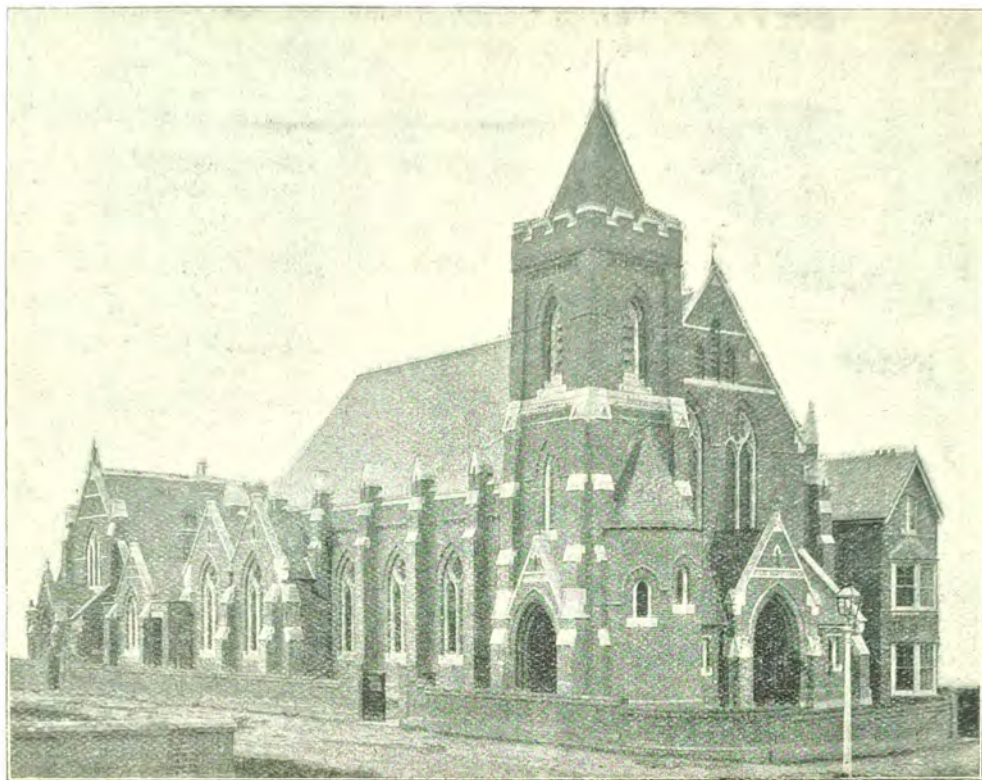
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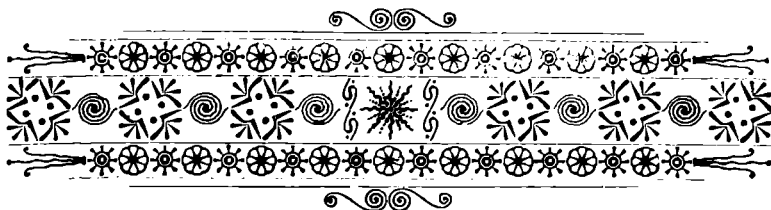
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Resta W. Moore, Brighton, Architect.

Charles Thomas, Bexhill; builder.

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



THE
Sword and the Crowel.

JANUARY, 1898.

Satisfying Mercy.

AN ADDRESS TO SENIOR SCHOLARS, DELIVERED AT JOHN STREET CHAPEL,
BEDFORD ROW, LONDON, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 1ST, 1867,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.
FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."
—Psalm xc. 14.



HIS text may fittingly be used by us as a prayer to-night. I will not say that Moses intended the same meaning that I shall give to it; but we shall take these words, and use them in a sense which suits our own necessities; and may God be pleased to give us an answer of peace to the petition of the text!

I. THE FIRST AND PRINCIPAL SUBJECT HERE IS, MERCY,—SATISFYING MERCY. True religion may be described as "satisfying mercy."

It is, first of all, "*mercy*." If you and I are to be saved, we cannot appeal to the justice of God,—for we have no merits to plead before Him. Sinners must depend upon favour, upon grace; they cannot claim any good thing as due to them. If they had their deserts, they would be shut up in hell. It is only upon the footing of mercy that God can deal with us. When we come to Him, the prayer of each one of us must be, "God be merciful to me a sinner." See that benighted traveller; he is poor and ragged, and the cold of night is coming on. His eye catches a light in yonder house; he hastens towards it; he knocks at the door. One opens to

his knock, and sternly asks, "What is your name?" The trembling beggar answers, "My name is, 'a sinner.'" Then says the stern porter, "This is not the place for such as you; this is the house of Justice; and if you tarry for another moment on the door-step, you will be delivered to the executioner." So the poor wretch retires, shivering, into the gloom again. Presently he sees a light in another house; he makes his way anxiously towards it, and knocks faintly, and in great fear. After a while, the door is softly opened, and a fair maiden appears, and asks him, "What is your name?" "My name," he says, and he is almost afraid to say it, "is, 'a sinner.'" Then she, who opened the door, smiles, and bids him enter. "Come in," says she, "and welcome; for this is the house of Mercy, and it was built on purpose to entertain sinners."

Dear young friends, may God give you such a sense of your *sinner-ship* that you may not think of going to Him through the door of Justice, as though you could claim anything on account of your own merits or good works! Seek to enter in through the gate of Mercy. If you knock there, it will not be long before you have a gracious reception.

Now, in the second place, I would have you observe that it is not only mercy the psalmist is praying for, but *satisfying mercy*. There is a good deal of mercy which God gives that is not *satisfying* mercy. For instance, it is a mercy to be alive; it is a mercy to have food and raiment; it is a great mercy not to be in a lunatic asylum; it is a great mercy not to be in a hospital; but none of these mercies can satisfy us. Those who have most of the common mercies of God, which we call providential mercies, are still unsatisfied. There are some people, who roll by in their carriages as you walk through the streets, who yet are very dissatisfied people. There have been those who have sat upon thrones, and who have worn crowns, who have been very unsatisfied. Too oft it is true,—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

You may climb as high as you will as a fortune-hunter, but all the wealth you can ever accumulate will not satisfy you. I think I have heard of someone who once advertised for a satisfied person; I do not know where such a person is to be found, certainly not apart from the grace and free favour of our God.

There are mercies, then, that are not satisfying; but what you need, and I pray God you may be made to long for, is satisfying mercy. I feel inclined to pause, and repeat those words again, satisfying mercy. What a grand word "*satisfaction*" is! Is it not derived from the Latin, *satis*, enough? "Give me so much mercy, Lord, that I may be able to say, 'It is enough; I have all that I want when I wish at the highest pitch of my wishing power.'" It is a great prayer, is it not? "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy!" "Lord, give me Thy mercy; give me enough of Thy mercy; give me to the full of Thy mercy; give me sufficient, satisfying mercy."

What kind of mercy would "satisfy us"? In the first place, it must be *spiritual mercy*. All the mercy that is given to the body cannot satisfy the soul. Men with bags of untold gold are not able to

make their sad hearts leave off aching by applying their money-bags to their bosom. You yourselves know that, though the sun may shine brightly, and others may be very kind to you, and you may have a good deal that would give you satisfaction at another time, if the mind is unhappy, everything is out of gear. As soon as a man gets a little speck of dust in his eyes, no matter how beautiful the landscape may be, all is darkness to him; and so, if the soul be not blessed, all that the body may have cannot satisfy. What a wretched being a man may be although he is able to wear "purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day!" What a miserable creature a man may be even while thousands are clapping their hands in admiration of him, and thinking him the most blessed of mortals! But when the Lord gives us soul-mercy, spiritual mercy, when He pours His blessing upon this marvellous immortal something that is within us, then, the spirit being satisfied, a very little will satisfy the body; the heart being filled, a very little of outward good will content the man.

Then, again, I am quite sure that, if mercy is given to "satisfy us," it must be *pardonning mercy*. See the man in the condemned cell in Newgate, —I hope the day will not be far distant when there will be no need of such a place,—but we will suppose the case of a poor man, shut up there, who is to be hanged in a few days. I go to him, and tell him the magistrates have prepared him a very sumptuous dinner, and that, with such a feast before him, I hope he will be quite *satisfied*. "Oh!" he cries, "how can I have an appetite with a halter about my neck? If you could bring me a pardon, even though I should have nothing but bread and water as long as I live, that would satisfy me; but so long as I am unpardoned, no cook can prepare a dish that will satisfy me." "Well," I say, "you are a very dissatisfied man; but here is a suit of clothes I have brought, such as you have seldom or never worn; put them on. Do not they satisfy you?" "Oh, no," says he, "it does not matter what clothes are worn by a man who is going to be hanged." "Well, but," I say, "I have bought a cottage for you, and a piece of land; here are the title-deeds; it is your estate, and I have settled so much money upon you. Are you not satisfied now?" "Ah!" he replies, "I should be thankful for all this if I were pardoned; but until I am pardoned, all these things seem to be but a mockery. Did you come here merely to mock me, and to make me more wretched by causing me to think of all I might have had if I had been forgiven?" But then I say to him, "Her Majesty has given you a free pardon." See now how he claps his hands, how he leaps for joy as he cries, "Now I am satisfied! I care not for the clothes, the cottage, or anything else. I am satisfied, for I am forgiven." May God satisfy you early with His mercy, by whispering in your ear this little sentence, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee." May you hear Him say, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." You will then have satisfying mercy.

Again, satisfying mercy must be *cleansing mercy*—*healing mercy*. If I were to have my sins forgiven me, and yet were to keep my old nature, and be just what I used to be, how could I be satisfied? If there is a person here who has a painful and fatal disease upon him, nothing will satisfy him but a cure for it. He will say, "If I could get rid of this painful humour, if I could be healed of this malady, which will, otherwise, soon bring me to my grave, then I should be happy." You know, dear friends, that we all have by nature the fatal disease of sin; and when God the Son takes away the guilt of our sins, God the Holy Spirit comes into us to destroy the power of sin, and to make us new creatures in Christ Jesus. Left as we once were, I do not suppose that all the world would satisfy us; yea, I am sure that it would not. We should be like Alexander, of whom it is said that, when he had conquered the world, he wept that there was not another world to conquer; and if we *could* even go to Heaven without having our sins taken away, it would not satisfy our unregenerate heart; perhaps, indeed, in no place would a person be so miserable as in Heaven, unless his nature were changed; the holy song, that rises there, would grate upon his unholy ear; the employments of the redeemed would be toilsome to him, and he would be glad to get away from what he could not enjoy. There is no time, perhaps, when an angry man feels more angry than when other people are pleased; and there is no place where an ungodly man is so unhappy as the place where others are made happy by the love and favour of God. My dear hearers, if you are to be satisfied, you must have new hearts. Oh, that God would create in you clean hearts, and renew within you right spirits! This is, I hope, the satisfying mercy which you will all seek.

Again, satisfying mercy must be *sensible mercy*. It must be mercy which you know you have in actual possession. Last week, I saw a gentleman (if he were here—perhaps he may be,—he would not mind my telling you), who had found the Lord Jesus, one Sunday, when I was preaching at the Agricultural Hall; and, on the Tuesday, he said to me, "Come into my house, and pray with my children; I want to have my home dedicated to God now that I am myself saved." He did not say, "I hope I am saved;" but, "I AM SAVED." I asked him, "How came it to pass?" He told me that, while listening to my last sermon in the Hall, the Lord blessed the Word, and carried home the truth to his heart. He said, "I saw it all; I saw that Christ had finished the work of salvation on the tree, and that all I had to do was to trust Him; and I did trust Him, and now I am as sure I am saved as that I am alive." How glad he was, and how his eyes sparkled with joy!

My dear young friends, I want you to have a salvation which you can know and feel. It would make any one of you very uneasy if you had a ring, which someone you were very fond of had given you, and as you sat here, and felt your finger, you found that it was not there. "Dear me," you would think, "where can it have gone?" And you would want to go home, to look in the wash-hand basin, or to search in the bed-room, to ascertain where you had left it. So long as you do not know that you have it, you are unhappy; but when you

can feel it, and can say, "Here is my ring, I can see it, I can touch it," then you are satisfied. I hope, in reference to your souls, you will never be satisfied until you *know* you are safe; and can say, not "if," or "but," or "I hope so," but "I KNOW." Take God at His Word, trust Him, believe in Him;—and rest assured you can never believe God too well, you cannot be too strong in faith;—if you believe His promise, and take Him at His Word, *according to your faith, so shall it be done unto you.* May you have sensibly enjoyed mercy, for then you will be truly satisfied!

And, once more, if we are to be satisfied with God's mercy, it must be *everlasting mercy*. Nothing can satisfy a man but that which will be always his. A little boy may be satisfied with bubbles, but you and I want something we can keep. We are not content with things which "perish with the using;" we want something that is permanent. I do not think that I should like to be the Lord Mayor of London; for I should feel so small the next year. I should want, if once "his lordship," to be always "his lordship." Now, the mercy which God gives is not that which you are to have merely for a year; but once have it, and it shall never be rent away from you. None "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." O my young friends, if God gives you this satisfying mercy, not even death itself shall take the precious treasure away from you! You shall take it with you to your dying chamber, and when you must leave all besides, this shall be your rod and your staff to comfort you. Satisfying mercy shall be the last star you will see on earth; it shall be to you the evening star of life, and the morning star of immortality. Eternal mercy, an unchanging God, a faithful promise,—this it is, and this alone, that can satisfy the spirit. O satisfy us, Lord, with this mercy; "that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." If I could, I would have every young friend here saved; as I cast my eyes upon you, I want you all to be satisfied. Oh, that you might all be satisfied to-night! I cannot satisfy you; all the world cannot satisfy you; your dearest friends cannot satisfy you; but the Lord Jesus Christ can satisfy you to the full; and if you go to Him, breathing this earnest prayer, "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy!" He will surely give you this satisfying mercy, great as it is; for He will be none the poorer for giving it. If He were now to give that mercy to all of you here present, there would still be just as much mercy in His heart as there was before.

II. Let us now turn to our second head, *which is, THE EARLY SEASON*: "O satisfy us EARLY."

Early in the morning is very delightful, especially in the country. I do not know whether anything is very delightful in these dull streets of ours; but "over the hills, and far away," amongst the cornfields and the orchards, just now, when everything is bursting into bloom, how delightful it is in the morning when the sun just peeps above the horizon; when every hedge seems hung with diamonds, and, as Milton says,—

"Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' Eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."

There is no part of the day so sweet, so fair, so truly "the prime of day," as the morning.

And *early in the year* is also very delightful. We are all now feeling the genial influence of the Spring, after the long and dreary Winter, with all its frosts and cold. How glad we are to see the buds bursting! There is no green like the green of the Spring, and no atmosphere like the sweet air of the early days of May.

It is very much the same with *the early part of life*; it is fresh and cheerful; we have not exhausted our strength; we have not lost our spirits. It is early in the morning of life with some of you. You are as yet but beginners in the race. Your ship has only just been launched on the untried sea. You are a traveller but newly entered on the wonderful journey of life. I almost wish it were early in the morning with me, though I am not very old; but still, that first freshness has gone; it does not and cannot last long with those who work hard. The best prayer for you young folk to offer is, "Lord, give us Thy mercy *early in life*. O satisfy us *early with Thy mercy*; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." It will be a great blessing if you get the mercy of God at any time, but it is ten times the blessing if you are satisfied with it early in life. Of all the Christians in the world, I think I could undertake to prove that the happiest, the most eminent, and the most useful Christians, are those who were converted while young. There may be many exceptions to the rule; but, still, there are very few labourers in the Lord's vineyard like those who began to work for Him at the first hour of the day. They seem, somehow or other, to have got into the habit of Christian service, and know the enjoyment of it. Of all believers, I say, commend me to those who begin with Christ while they are yet young.

It is the early season with some of you; you are quite boys and girls, though I suppose you hardly like to be called so. Still, it is early life with you as compared with that of our friends who have grown grey; early as compared with those of us who have for several years borne the burden and heat of the day. But though it is thus early with you, there is a sad thought which comes over my mind,—*it is not so early but that you have learned to sin*. How early sin comes into the heart! Nay, it is always there; but how early it shows itself!

"True, you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast."

Oh, if all the sins of the young people here were to be gathered up into a heap, what a black mass it would be! Though you have not yet, some of you, learned the more gross and wicked ways of mankind, yet I sometimes think there is no age at which persons are more wicked than just when they are upon the verge of manhood and womanhood. Of all classes that are bad, boys are the worst anywhere; and when girls are bad, they are very bad indeed. Well, then, though it is early with you, yet it seems that, early as godly teachers have been in looking after you, the devil has been beforehand with them; and, dear children, though it is early, *you are lost*. It is a dreadful thing to think of,—that you are lost by nature, and lost by practice so early! Unless Christ had come to save you, early

as it is, hell must have been your portion, for even you are condemned already. Think of that solemn truth.

Another thought, too, steals over me, and that is, that, early as it is, *it is not too early for you to die*. I took my little boys, a few years ago, to a church-yard, and we carried with us a piece of tape. I told them to measure some of the little graves, for I wanted them to learn practically how soon they might die. They found there were several which were shorter than they themselves were. Ah! there are many who are taken away before they are your age, my young friends, and why may not you be so taken? How suddenly some die! I had a letter, yesterday, from a friend in the country, who wrote:—"Our dear Brother So-and-so fell down and died as he was leaving his house in the morning." He was one who had sweetly preached the gospel; and when I last saw him, he seemed in perfectly good health, yet in a moment he fell down under the stroke of God! That may be your lot; it is early with you, but it is not too early for Death to be even now pointing his darts at you.

And then, dear friends, early as it is, *it is not too early for you now to be saved*. At what age may a child be converted? That I cannot answer, but I believe there have been children saved who were but a very few years old. That wonderful little book about *The Folded Lamb*, by Mrs. Rogers, gives a beautiful instance of a little one, converted early in life, and early in life taken home. Those who are spared to live here are, perhaps, as a rule, not so capable of understanding truth at so early an age; but, still, I do not know how soon they may trust Jesus. I have heard of children of six and seven years of age being brought to God, and I have received scores into the church at the ages of ten and twelve; *and of all I have received at those early ages, I have never known one put out of the church afterwards*, though I have known scores in the large church over which I preside, from whom we have had to withdraw because of their sins, who were received far later in life. Perhaps we were more careful about receiving the young; but I am sure that God's grace can dwell as well in a child of twelve years of age as in a man of fifty, and that it can produce as holy results, too. You, young people, can understand the gospel of Jesus Christ, and understand it thoroughly, if it be taught to you by the Spirit of God. It is not such a complex system that you cannot receive it. All that is necessary for your salvation, the least educated among you are quite capable of understanding at your present age; and the gospel, if received by you, will produce good fruits, just as it does in older folk. Cannot children love Christ quite as much as people who are grown up? I think they can love Him even more. And can they not speak for Christ, too? Oh, yes! in touching words, in accents that are mighty in their weakness, and profound in their simplicity. Children can preach living sermons for Christ, and sometimes they say wonderful things when they are in prayer. I pray God that in you young plants there may be found living fruits. I have, in my garden, a little orchard of apple trees, and I have also some larger trees. Some of my little trees, though only a year or two old, bear fine fruit; but I think, sometimes, I shall have to cut down the big

trees, for they take up so much room. Methinks the Lord Jesus Christ likes to have young trees in His vineyard; they often bear finer fruit than the older ones, which seem to cumber the ground. Dear friends, it is not too early for you to be Christians. I wish I had known Christ when I was a very little child. But, alas! alas! when I was ten years of age, instead of knowing Christ, I did not truly know myself; and when I was about fifteen years old, I crept over this world as miserable a boy as ever lived, under a sense of sin; though my dear parents had taught me the gospel, and I had read it and heard it faithfully preached. I used to sleep with Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* and Alleine's *Alarm* under my pillow; and when I awoke in the morning, I read them carefully, but all that time I did not know Jesus as my Saviour. I was not satisfied with His mercy, though I was dissatisfied with my sins. Happy was that day when, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, I heard the message, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." I found out then that I had nothing to do, nothing to feel, but just to look to Jesus, and to trust in Him. I did *look*, and I was *satisfied*. Some of you will say, "That was early;" but I wish it had been much earlier. I pray that you who are young may not live to be fifteen years of age before you find the Saviour. Some of you are already past that age; I pray that now, this very night, this May night, the dew of God's grace may come upon you. Oh, that this May-day might see the blossoming of your faith and your hope, that you might be saved even now! Pray this prayer from your heart, "O satisfy us early," in this early season, "with Thy mercy."

III In the third place, we have AN EXCELLENT REASON: "that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

I know what the devil has told some of you. He has tried to persuade you that, if you are converted, and become Christians, you will never have any happiness, but you will be mopy and miserable all your days. Yes; but then, I hope you do not believe the devil, for he was a liar from the beginning. My dear friends, there is no greater falsehood than the assertion that religion makes men miserable. I would not, if I knew it, tell you an untruth; I stand here like a witness in the box, and I am bearing my testimony, and I declare solemnly, and the Lord hears what I say, that I have known Christ now these seventeen or eighteen years, and I bless God for it. I have found it to be true concerning Christ's wisdom: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Thus shall you find the ways of God to be, if you seek Him early. I can truly say I have not found that trust in Christ makes me miserable; I have not found that being a Christian makes me wretched; but I have found the very reverse. A good man showed me over a building, the other day, and I was going to offer him something for his trouble in so doing; but he said, "Do not give me anything; I am glad to do any service to a Christian man." And, moreover, he said, "You see a man now before you who is perfectly content. I thank God I would not change my place with any man on earth; I am perfectly satisfied; for the providence of God is good to me, and the grace of God is in my heart." That was a man who had no reason for telling a falsehood; and I

want you also to be happy all your days; and I know that, if you begin life with Christ, you will begin life with happiness; and, hereafter, you will not have to look back on wasted years. You will not have the misery of remembering wickedness which you learned in the ways of the world. You will not have to overcome bad habits early acquired. You will probably be a much better Christian than those who were converted in later life; and, at last, you will be gathered "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," and "so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." I do not wish to see you converted that you may be made unhappy; but that you may be made truly happy. I desire you to become Christians indeed while you are young. All the happiness the world can confer is but a mere sham, it is good for nothing. What a lot of "*sovereigns*" you can buy in the streets, sometimes, for a penny each! Did you ever buy any of them? If so, when you came to look at them, what a poor bargain you found you had made! That is like the world's happiness. Some of you boys have perhaps bought a watch for a penny. You asked the man who sold it whether it would go; he told you, "Yes," and so it did go when you carried it, but never further. You were deceived by appearances and falsehoods; and that is how you will be deceived as you grow up to be a man, unless the Lord makes you truly wise; only then it will be on vastly more solemn matters than that of buying a watch. You will make the purchase of that which you think is happiness, and it will look so bright, so like unto pure gold, so like real happiness; but, alas! you will find out—God grant that you may find it out before it is too late!—that the world has deceived you, and sold you emptiness instead of happiness, a worthless pebble instead of the "one pearl of great price." There is no true happiness out of Christ; but the dearest, purest, sweetest, richest happiness is to be found in Him.

Did you notice, in my text, the two words, "that we may *rejoice* and be *glad*"? It is happiness twice told. All the flowers in God's garden bloom double; all the joys God gives are double; they are joys on earth, and at God's "right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

When one sees the double sentence, "Rejoice and be glad," does it not mean that *we should tell out our joy*? Oh, yes! And if we once know Christ, and are satisfied with His mercy, we shall be sure to tell it out to others. I recollect hearing of a minister who, when addressing a Sunday-school on one occasion, asked, "Is there anyone here who loves the Lord Jesus Christ?" No one spoke. At last he said, "Some of you may be timid, or you may think it would be pride to speak; but I do earnestly ask that, if you love the Lord Jesus Christ, you will now confess Him; and if any of you do love Him, that you will now stand up." One little boy stood up. Everyone in the school knew him to be *the* one who should stand up, for he was one whose life and conduct were a pattern to all in the school. It was a very delightful thing to see him stand there, and to hear him say, "Yes, sir, I do love Jesus Christ." I trust you, my young friends, may be able to do so, too. You need not think it is a thing to be ashamed of; you need not speak of it as though it were a singular thing. If

you do love the Saviour, Jane, then tell Mary; talk to her about it. If you, Susan, have known the truth as it is in Jesus, be sure you let Lucy know the good news. If you, Thomas, have been brought to Christ, do not be backward in telling John; and you, William, make haste, and tell James that you have found the Saviour. If you have found honey, do not eat it all yourself, but let others taste it, too; and if you have found the satisfying mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, "rejoice and be glad," and let it be known, that others may come and share in your joy. I think that is one reason why it is put twice over, "Rejoice and be glad," just to show that it should be publicly expressed that we have obtained mercy and are satisfied.

IV. Now I must come to a conclusion, and the last head is, CONSIDER THE WHOLE TEXT AS AN EARNEST PRAYER. "O,"—that is the word with which it begins, "O satisfy us,—O satisfy us—O satisfy us early with Thy mercy." You must not trifle when you are coming to God about these sacred things. You must be in earnest. That little round "O" is about the only expression we can give to our deepest feelings. "O!" you say, as if you felt, "Great God, we are not playing at it, we mean it, our whole heart means it, our whole spirit groans and cries; we mean what we say, 'O satisfy us.'" When you have been in danger, and your life has been in peril, you have cried out, "O save me!" I want you to pray to God in that kind of spirit, not tripping over the words, as you sometimes do, night and morning, when you *say* your prayers; such prayers are no prayers at all, but let yours be the "O" prayer: "O satisfy us." God does not open the gate of Heaven to those who carelessly knock. You must knock with all your might, and knock again, and again, and again, and say, in the words of one of our hymns,—

"I can no denial take,
For I plead for Jesus' sake."

When it comes to this, that you *must* be saved, you *shall* be saved. When your heart resolves, through the Holy Spirit, that you will not let God go unless He gives you a blessing, He will most surely bless you. Go to your chamber, or wherever you have the opportunity to pray, and say, "O God, I must be saved!"

"Lord, deny me what Thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt;
Suppliant at Thy feet I lie,
Give me Christ, or else I die."

Then notice that the prayer I want to press upon you is a *personal prayer*. "O satisfy us." You may put it in the singular if you like, "O satisfy *me*." Religion is a good thing; and it is good for *you*. Repentance is a necessary thing; and it is necessary for *you* to repent. *You* must be born again; *you* must look to Christ; like the dying thief, *you* must rejoice to see the fountain of the dear Redeemer's precious blood. It is *you*, *you*, *YOU*! I cannot come down from where I am, and say to each one of you in the body of the chapel, or in the galleries, "*You* must die; *you* must trust Christ if you would be saved; *you* will be lost if you do not believe in Jesus;" but will you let it be considered as if I had done so? Remember, it

is not the one sitting next to you, but *yourself* to whom I am speaking; and let the prayer now go up, "Lord, let all the young people be saved, but, Father, **SAVE ME!** Satisfy *me*, my God, satisfy *me* early with Thy mercy."

Once more, this is a *present prayer*. It is not a prayer that God would do this in a month or two's time; but *now*. I wonder whether we can hear that clock tick? [The preacher paused. There was profound silence in the chapel; but an organ playing in the street prevented the ticking of the clock being heard.—T. W. M.] Ah, no! the music of the world is quite sure to drown it; but the tick of the clock, if translated, always says this, "*now, now, NOW!*" They tick in different tones; but that is always the message. There is no other time but *now*. Time past has gone; time to come will be *now* when it does come, and until it is *now*, it is not time at all.

I will put another word with that *now*; it may be, with some dear friends here, that it is **NOW OR NEVER**. Unless you are saved to-night, some of you may never be saved at all. Unless, before you close your eyes in sleep this very night, your heart be given to Christ, you may never become a Christian, but you may perish in your sins. Oh, let it be *now, now, now!* My heart would fain break that some of you might trust in Jesus *now*. You know the way of salvation. You have not to save yourselves; it is Christ that saves. I knew a fine lad, once, who had been skating upon a pond. He came off because it was dangerous; but a playmate continued to amuse himself upon the ice. At last, it broke, and the youth sank beneath the surface. My friend, who was a brave, bold lad, sprang in, seized him, and lifted him up in his arms, calling out as he did so to those around, "He is saved! He is saved!" And then, alas! he himself sank, and was drowned. His memory is very dear to the young man who was saved by the loss of that precious life. That is what Jesus did for us; He sprang in, and saved us, then sank beneath our sins into death. He died for you, dear friends; and now what you have to do is to trust Him. The robe of Christ's righteousness only needs to be put on; it does not need to be made. The bath of blood does not need to be filled; it only needs that you should step into it.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Trust Jesus Christ wholly, trust Him heartily; only trust Him *now*, and you are saved; and then you may indeed "rejoice and be glad" all your days.

Dear teachers, I need not say to you, "Pray God that all these young people may be saved." You do pray it, I know; and I know, too, that the answer to that prayer will be your greatest joy. I need not say to the pastors here, "Pray for these dear young people." You do pray for them; I know you do. Mothers and fathers, I need not exhort you to pray for them. If you love the Lord Jesus yourselves, you cannot help being anxious for your children. But, young people, *I want you to pray for yourselves*. By the living God, by the

shortness of time, by the certainty of death, by the terrors of the judgment, by the glories of Heaven, by the sweetness of the love of Jesus the Saviour, and by the riches of His grace, I beseech and entreat you, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near." Trust in Jesus, and you are saved. Amen, and amen.

Keeping House.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

DEAR READER, I do wish *you* would become a member of our "Text Union," if you have not already joined our ranks. The fact of being numbered with thousands of God's people in feeding upon the same dainties daily, is a mutual advantage in keeping the heart and memory alive to the precious portions provided. May I persuade you to join? You will never regret doing so, but you will have good reason to rejoice. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," is Paul's admonition to the Christians at Colosse. The Greek word "*ἐνοικεῖτω*" means "to keep house," and that after a good style, as the term "richly" is added. Our hearts are to have an abundance of Scripture stored on the shelf of memory, so that we



may find it always ready and close at hand as daily needs arise and special calls demand. The little Book Almanack, with its texts for every day selected by my beloved mother, seems to me to be like a well-stocked cupboard which a good housewife has arranged so that portions of meat in due season, and food convenient, may be furnished to "the household of faith." Even the children may share in the provision, for there are sweet preserves and truths as delicious as honey. It has been our joy to introduce *seventeen thousand members* to the advantages and blessings of the "Text Bond," and in this way they have had access to this spiritual pantry to supply their soul's hunger. The recipients of grace, comfort, strength, and joy, derivable from the daily portion, have also passed on the blessing, "teaching and admonishing one another." When shall I be able to enrol *your* name as a member of the "Text Union"? Decide now, and send on five halfpenny stamps to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E., and he will return to you the *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1898*, and a card of membership. Do not put off joining, but do it now.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.*

I.—By E. A. TYDEMAN, FOOTS CRAY.

I THINK that it was in the year 1857 that I first heard our beloved President preach. I had just come up to London, to be apprenticed; and foremost among the many pleasures that I promised myself, was an early visit to the chapel at New Park Street, already famous on account of the ministry of its youthful Pastor. I had been reared in a Baptist home, my father having been for a number of years a minister of that section of the denomination which rejoiced in the name of "Strict and Particular," and which was, indeed, strictly particular, and particularly strict. As a child, I had often listened to the arguments concerning men and doctrines which took place when, on Sunday nights, the deacons sat around the fire in my father's house, each armed with a long "churchwarden"; and, again, as tidings of the growing popularity of the wonderful young man reached our Essex town, the grave and reverend men in council, with many a dubious shake of the head, would discuss the news, and wonder "whereunto this would grow;" and I often longed to see and hear the preacher, to whom, even then, my young heart seemed strangely drawn, in spite of the ominous words—"free-will" and "duty-faith"—which often accompanied the references to his ministry.

And now, the long-looked-for time had come, and I was free for the Sunday evening, and on my way to New Park Street. The three miles, which lay between me and the chapel, were nothing to me; and, starting early, I reached the place some three-quarters-of-an-hour before the time of service, yet already the people outside nearly blocked the street; and round the doors, the throng was so dense as to afford small hope of entrance. But a boy of fourteen, of strong physique, saw nothing to daunt him in his attempt to be among the first to enter when the doors should be unbarred; and I had not been one of the crowd more than a quarter of an hour before I found myself in the front rank, and near one of the doors.

There was a tight squeeze when, at last, they were thrown open, and I was almost carried up the stairs, where I managed to find standing room, on the ledge of one of the gallery windows, with a full view of the pulpit. Almost before the people had wedged themselves into every available space, a bright, boyish-looking young man came into the pulpit, and the hum of the throng melted into silence as he lifted his hand, and said, "Let us pray." The prayer was a brief, but earnest, appeal to "the great Master of assemblies" to take *that* assembly into His hand. Next came a hymn, read over first,

* The above is the first article in a new series which will, we trust, prove exceedingly interesting. Several brethren, including Pastors Archibald G. Brown, Hugh D. Brown, M.A., James Douglas, M.A., and W. Y. Fullerton, have kindly promised to write their recollections of the Sermons by Mr. SPURGEON which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression; and we shall be glad to receive communications to the same effect from others of our readers. We believe that these papers will tend still further to show the many-sided character of the beloved Pastor's ministry, and that they will help to increase the influence still wielded by him through his thousands of printed discourses.—*Ed.*

with telling emphasis, and then sung with great heartiness and feeling; but I, though passionately fond of singing, and musically trained, could scarcely join in it, for the sight and sound of such a gathering made a lump rise in the throat of the country lad, and I found my heart too full for song. The portion of Scripture read was Canticles v.; and where was ever found one so much at home in that most choice, and yet most despised, of the Books of the Old Testament, as was the beloved preacher? Under his sympathetic guidance, we wandered through the garden of spices, listened to the tender pleadings of the Bridegroom, followed the eager quest of the tardily-repentant spouse, as she sought her lost Beloved, till the whole scene became so real that, boy as I was, and at that time unsaved, I found the tears stealing down my cheeks as I listened; and the aggregated sigh from the congregation, which succeeded the close of the reading, gave token that I was far from being alone in my feeling.

After another hymn came the long prayer, which, though really long, seemed short, so full was it of all that marks real soul-contact with God. No blessing seemed to be unacknowledged, no want overlooked, no need forgotten, till, if the service had ended there, I should not have begrudged my six-mile walk; then, with a voice of wondrous power, and flexibility, and a grace peculiarly his own, Mr. Spurgeon gave out the hymn,—

“Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.”

The tune was “Stephens,” and hymn and tune seemed made for each other; and as, from the opening stanza to the close, the melody rose and fell, in mighty waves of song, it formed a fitting prelude to the Sermon. The text was from Canticles v. 10, adopting the marginal rendering, which makes the passage read, “He is a Standard-bearer among ten thousand.” I took no notes, and cannot therefore pretend to give an outline of the discourse; but, from first to last, my eyes were fastened on the preacher, and the memory of the service will never fade from my mind. How grandly he pictured the fitness of “our Beloved” to be the Standard-bearer of the army of the Lord; as His stature, His strength, His wisdom, His courage, all passed in rapid review! How graphically he portrayed His “fight for the standard,” in the wilderness, with the tempter; in the synagogue, with the caviller; in the temple, with the trafficker; and at last, on Calvary, with all the hosts of earth and hell arrayed against Him! That closing scene was drawn with a master's hand, at once both strong and tender; and as, amidst the lurid light of Calvary, he depicted the suffering Standard-bearer, with hands transfixed, all through those silent hours still holding the standard with His teeth, the hushed and tearful listeners seemed to hang upon his lips; then, with a searching, yet sympathetic appeal, he pleaded for new recruits to take the blood-stained banner from the dying, yet unconquered Leader, and bear it forward till the Lord's return!

“All hail the power of Jesus' name!”

sung to “Miles' Lane,” was the only possible sequel to such a service, and the hearers literally “leaped to their feet,” and sang it in a fashion that made the roof-tree ring again.

The only other time I heard Mr. Spurgeon at *Park Street* was on this wise. On my first visit to my home, I gave an account of what I had seen, and heard, of the wonderful preacher; and defended him, on several occasions, when his doctrine was called in question, and so wrought on my father that I obtained a promise from him that, when his preaching engagements led him through the Metropolis, he would spend a night in town, and go to hear for himself; which, indeed, he had a mind to do, as the phenomenal popularity of the young minister was often a theme of conversation at the various anniversaries in the country when the ministers were gathered together; and he was too fair-minded to condemn a man unheard, and on second-hand testimony. The occasion soon came, and, with a beating heart, I found myself again in the chapel, this time with my father beside me, and not on the window ledge, but, by the kindness of a seat-holder, in a front pew in the gallery, on the left of the preacher. I had hoped, and *prayed*, that the Pastor might choose a good (by which I meant a Calvinistic) text, and my hopes rose high as the service progressed, for the hymns sung were of the true old-fashioned sort,—

“My soul with joy attend,”

and—

“A debtor to mercy alone,”

being among the number. The eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was read, and expounded in a way that, I could see, commended itself to the dear one who sat beside me. The prayer was, as Mr. Spurgeon's prayers always were, the converse of the soul with God. My heart leaped within me when I heard him announce as his text, John x. 28: “I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand;” and for about three-quarters-of-an-hour, we listened to such preaching as one of us, at any rate, had never heard before. During the progress of the Sermon, I stole many a furtive glance at my father, who sat in the corner of the pew, oblivious of all else save the preacher and his theme; and, one by one, the critical wrinkles vanished from his brow till, rapt and motionless, he sat transfigured, as it seemed to me; and when, towards the close, Mr. Spurgeon portrayed what would be the exultation of the evil one, in the day of judgment, if, from his home of fire, he could hold up one blood-washed soul in triumph, and exclaim, “Aha, Nazarene! here is one, whom once Thou hadst within Thy fold, but whom Thou couldst not keep,”—and depicted the shame that would stain the banner of the Eternal, and the fiendish mirth that would fill the caves of hell, if such a thing could come to pass,—I felt sure what the verdict would be. Arm-in-arm, we passed along the street; and when I would have spoken, he said, “Don't speak to me, just yet, my son,” and so, in silence, we walked on for half-a-mile, and then, turning to me, he said, “I'm glad I came; he is a man of God; the Lord keep him! I never heard a nobler testimony; from this time, no man speaks against him in my presence unrebuked.”

(To be continued.)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XLIX.—PASTOR ROBERT SLOAN LATIMER, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

TO have been a child of the Church at the Tabernacle, a scholar in its Sunday-school, an inmate of the Stockwell Orphanage, and a student of the Pastors' College, is a four-fold honour to which the subject of this sketch is a solitary claimant. The period covered by Mr. Latimer's life-story forms an epoch fraught with wonderful issues, the record of which will furnish one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the Church and the nation.

Preaching on the Sunday following the death of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Latimer said:

—"I thank God for the marvellous providence that led me into association with this great and good man, and which has proved the principal blessing of my life. I owe to him more than I can estimate. His generous kindness, his splendid example, his wise counsels, his faithful teaching, his contagious enthusiasm, his untiring activity, and his unswerving faithfulness, have all had a powerful effect upon me. I thank God I am in bondage to no man living or dead: I am gloriously free of all, and the slave of Jesus Christ alone. But that very freedom, and discretion to use it, I have derived largely from contact with C. H. Spurgeon."

Born Dec. 26th, 1856, in the North of Ireland,—his family having descended from the old Scottish Covenanters,—Mr. Latimer has now, perhaps, reached his prime; and, with an unsullied record, he is justly held in loving esteem by all who know aught of his worth and work.

When a child of seven, he came to London with his parents, the family attending the services at the Tabernacle, of which church his mother has remained a member to the present time. A memento of his early days, which he regards with special interest, hangs over the mantelpiece in his study: it is the framed pledge-card which attests his enrolment as a member of the Tabernacle Band of Hope on June 6th, 1865, the year in which Charles and Thomas Spurgeon joined the same Society.

Attending Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, in Southwark, young Latimer laid the foundation of a sound English education, which



Photo by J. F. Hornett, Weston-super-Mare.

has proved of great advantage to him throughout his subsequent career. An apt pupil, he possessed all the mental qualifications for advanced scholarship had he been free to pursue his studies. The death of his father, however, made it necessary for the widow and her little ones to return to Ireland; and this, unfortunately, involved the temporary loss of his educational advantages.

Although he was then but a boy of eleven years of age, he preserves a very vivid memory of this period of his history. It happened that, while his father lay dying in the fever hospital, Mr. Spurgeon preached the remarkable sermon, in the Agricultural Hall close by, from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Describing the peaceful departure of a Christian father, Mr. Spurgeon echoed his parting words:—"God will provide for those I have left behind, and I have nothing now to do but just to hear the summons, 'Come up higher,' and then to enter into 'my Father's house.'" Within a few days of this utterance, the shadow had fallen, and the mother and her three little ones were left to prove how precious are the promises of God to the widow and the fatherless.

With the invitation from Mr. Spurgeon for Robert to enter the Orphanage, Mrs. Latimer returned to London; and now, in her declining years, she has the joy of seeing her sons honouring the historic name they bear, by their filial devotion, and by their consecration to the cause of Christ.

The name of ROBERT SLOAN LATIMER stands eighth on the list which now includes 1,336 boys and 705 girls,—2,041 fatherless children to whom the Orphanage has proved a lasting blessing. As I call to mind those early days, and review the years that have passed since 1869, wonder and gratitude mingle with the exclamation, "What hath God wrought!" Our original family of eight now numbers five hundred, and the Institution is an eloquent witness to the faithfulness of God, and to the fact that He honours faith and answers prayer.

And is not the Orphanage a beautiful memorial of the beloved Founder? Bearing, as it does, the impress of his consecrated genius in all its appointments, and pursuing its ministry of mercy to the widow and the fatherless, its maintenance is a sacred obligation to which, we feel sure, the Lord's stewards will ever delight to respond.

Recalling the experiences of the founding and furnishing of the Orphanage, I am often amused at some of the incidents. Latimer was a sort of "Triton amongst minnows." As he was thirteen years of age when he entered, his influence over his school-fellows was paramount, and all for good. The empty rooms of the houses were used, in turn, for prayer-meetings and Bible-classes, and these ultimately developed into a juvenile church with "Bishop Latimer" as its pastor. The rules which he formulated for the members fell into my hands, and I remember being impressed by their simplicity and sufficiency. "Loyalty to Christ, and love for one another," may be accepted as the faithful summary of a church polity which adult communions would do well to observe. It was a joy to me to have the privilege of baptizing this youthful pastor, in whom I have ever had abundant cause to rejoice as "a brother beloved."

The founder of "The Merchants' House," Mr. James Harvey, of the firm of Bartrum and Harvey, took Latimer into their employ, where he remained from December, 1871, till he entered the Pastors' College in January, 1876. During this period, he not only pursued his studies after business hours, with several companions employed in the same house, but he was energetic as a Temperance advocate, and an open-air preacher in the poorer districts of Southwark.

As a student, he was well ahead with his College studies, even though most of his Sundays were devoted to preaching in connection with the Evangelization Society, under the direction of Captain Smith. This experience proved an invaluable training in preparing him for his life-work. Beloved and esteemed alike by the Presidents, the Tutors, and his fellow-students, he made the most of himself and the best of his opportunities during his College career, with the result that, at its close, he was called to the pastorate of the church at the Tabernacle, Willingham, Cambridgeshire, where he laboured for ten years. Being the first of our boys to enter the ministry, Mr. Spurgeon, on behalf of the Orphanage staff, presented him with ten pounds' worth of books for his library. In conjunction with his venerable tutor, the Rev. George Rogers, I was invited to take part in his recognition services. From a membership of 72 when he became pastor in 1878, the church enjoyed unbroken prosperity; and when he resigned, in 1887, there were 178 in fellowship. Within four years of his settlement, the debt on the Tabernacle was removed, and a manse for the minister built and paid for. His marriage took place on the anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon's birthday in 1882, and he not only found in his wife a help-meet within the domestic circle, but a fellow-helper in the work of the pastorate,—a co-pastor, in fact, who became endeared to the members of the church and congregation. To what extent the work of the Lord may be helped or hindered by the minister's wife, is a subject which claims the most prayerful consideration by all who enter the Christian ministry. A career may be made or marred by marriage.

A visit of the Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, while President of the Baptist Union, led to the mention of Mr. Latimer to the friends at Colne, in Lancashire, who were then seeking a pastor. Two deacons were deputed to go to Willingham, with the result that the pastor was invited to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons at Colne. A unanimous invitation to the pastorate followed, and, after much prayer, and consultation with Mr. Spurgeon and other friends, the call was accepted. The church at Willingham, fearing the consequences of losing so beloved a pastor, appealed to Mr. Spurgeon, with the hope of inducing Mr. Latimer to remain. This brought the following characteristic letter:—

" Westwood,
" Sept. 7th, 1887.

" Dear Friends,

" Mr. Latimer gave me your letter, for which I thank you heartily, as it put me in possession of the facts of the case most necessary to a judgment. I have felt unable to recommend Mr. Latimer one way or the other. The only point which has any force with me is, he feels that he

wants more scope, and more demand upon his energies ; and this is natural to a rising, gracious man anxious to do a worthy life's work. I am sure he will never meet with a kinder or a better people, and that is his own conviction. Never could a minister give his people a higher character, and I think I never knew a case in which a church more valued a pastor who thought of leaving them. There are no money considerations in the matter. I do not think Mr. Latimer will at first find himself to be really so well off at Colne. Still, he looks for a larger population, and there he will get it. His task will be a very heavy one ; but I believe the Lord will enable him to perform it. Somehow, I cannot argue against a man when I feel persuaded that all he wants is to be doing more for the Lord ; and I sincerely believe that is Mr. Latimer's thought of moving. I would not say a word to lead him to remove from you ; but I have a hope that, if he does so, it may be best for the Church of Christ as a whole. He seems to me to have more in him than an easy sphere will bring out. I thought he would have died in his nest ; but as it is in his heart to attempt a far heavier work, it may be the Lord's hand is in it. If I can serve you in any way as to a minister, you have only to command me,

"Yours heartily in Christ Jesus,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

To the church at Colne, some weeks later, Mr. Spurgeon wrote :—

"I have the deepest interest in Mr. Latimer, for in many ways he belongs to me. May the Lord bless him ! I feel sure that, if you support him by prayerful love and effort, he will be to you a very efficient leader in every good word and work. Such he has been at Willingham, and such he will be at Colne. Most heartily do I commend him to you all ; and I pray that his coming among you may be the beginning of an era of growing prosperity. Stand fast in the faith !"

As showing the gracious work at Willingham under Mr. Latimer's ministry, I have permission to quote the following letter from Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., of Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham ; it is a beautiful tribute of which any minister might be justly proud :—

December 24th, 1887.

"My dear Mr. Latimer,

"I have wanted to write to you ever since you left Willingham, but owing to stress of work have not been able to do so before. I congratulate you upon your new settlement, and sincerely hope that the Divine blessing may rest upon your work at Colne, so that your history there may be one of unalloyed success. You have certainly achieved much success at Willingham, and many will have cause throughout eternity to bless God for your earnest and solid work there. Among them is myself. The impressions of evangelistic fervour, and church method, and pastoral life, which I have received, have been invaluable to me ; and to the mission, in which I took part in your chapel, I date the commencement of a new era in my Christian life and service. Greater power and vastly greater blessing in conversions have been given me ever since that time than I had ever known before. I must confess to a feeling of regret when I heard you had left ; for Willingham would not to me seem Willingham without you and Mrs. Latimer. And yet I could not regret your leaving, when I remembered that you would now feel yourself placed in a wider sphere, with greater scope for the exercise of the talents God has given you. I shall always be grateful to you for the many kindnesses I received from you and your wife in my student days ; and I pray God to surround you with a people as loving as those you have left in your village home, and to crown your efforts with proportionately greater results in your town sphere."

The town of Colne lies in the historic Brontë country; and the Baptist Chapel, erected at a cost of £10,000, is a conspicuous object for miles around. Well do I remember preaching at Mr. Latimer's induction to the pastorate, in February, 1888, and my appeal to the church and congregation to raise the sum required to set the building free of debt, as a thankoffering for a happy settlement under a new pastor. To me, it was a grateful surprise, when I learnt, at the close of the day, that the collections, taken from pew to pew, amounted to £940, which sum was increased to £1,014, by the proceeds of Mr. Cuff's lecture on Monday, and the recognition service on Tuesday. It was a splendid triumph of Christian liberality, and shows what can be done by a people really in earnest, to whom the cause of God is dear.

Of his work in Colne, no better testimony can be desired than that furnished by the treasurer, William Bateman, Esq., in his letter to the church at Weston-super-Mare:—

"Allow me to congratulate you on your choice of a Pastor. You have, I verily believe, got a man after God's own heart; one who will be a great blessing to the cause in Weston. I well remember, eight years ago, writing to the late C. H. Spurgeon; it was then decided that the senior deacon and myself should visit Willingham, and hear Mr. Latimer in his own pulpit. This we did, and what we heard and saw made a very deep impression upon us. Whilst we received no little kindness from the members of one family, many looked upon us as spies. This visit led us to invite him to come and preach special sermons for us, after which we gave him a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church, which he accepted, and retained for nearly eight years. Those eight years have been the happiest of my Christian career. I have been connected with the cause here over thirty years; but we never had a minister like him. As a worker in the Sunday-school, he had no equal. Twice every Sunday he taught a class of young men, beside his regular services in the church, which were of no mean order. And whenever the silver trumpet of the gospel was blown, it gave no uncertain sound. Christ and His cross was his constant theme and glory. He is a man of sterling piety; honest and upright in his dealings; and anything mean, unjust, or untrue, he deprecated. Worldliness in the church, or amongst its members, he strongly and justly denounced. This, as you know, brought him into conflict with a portion of the church, which led to his resignation, though I have heard some of them say since, that he was right, and they were wrong. Of dear Mrs. Latimer, I cannot speak too highly: we miss her very much; for, next to her dear husband, she was first and foremost in every good word and work."

Mr. Latimer has been several times invited to preach in his old pulpit at Colne, the last being on the occasion of the funeral of his friend, Robert Shaw, Esq., J.P., to whom his ministry had been blessed, and whom he baptized and introduced to the membership of the church. The funeral was of a public character, the Mayor and Corporation being present; and it was regarded as no small honour that Mr. Latimer was chosen to preach the funeral sermons. It is very gratifying to me to record that he has also preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, with great acceptance to the officers and congregation.

Before entering upon his new sphere at Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Latimer enjoyed a brief season of rest at "Westwood," by the kind invitation of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, a privilege and a pleasure which will be cherished amongst their most sacred memories.

Succeeding the Rev. John Urquhart as pastor of the Boulevard Church, Weston, in July, 1895, one of his Colne deacons wrote:—"Prove him by using him; and the more you use him, the more you will like him,—that is, if you like the gospel." As his sermons reveal a cultured mind and a chastened spirit, Mr. Latimer is a preacher to whom it is always a pleasure to listen. With whole-hearted devotion to his work, and a passionate yearning for souls, he has always gained and held the confidence and esteem of a circle of friends far wider than that of his own immediate sphere.

In March, 1897, the Bristol Road Church and its retiring pastor, Rev. W. P. Davies, invited Mr. Latimer to bring his own church and congregation, and assume the pastoral oversight of the united churches. With the proceeds of the sale of the Boulevard property, the Bristol Road Chapel has been thoroughly renovated, and pastor



Photo by J. F. Hornett,

Weston-super-Mare

and people may be congratulated upon a "forward movement" of the right sort, to which the seal of the Divine favour has evidently been set. That his present sphere may be one of growing usefulness, and that his ministry may be maintained for many years to come, is the prayer with which I close this sketch of one who, while he ranks in relation to the Pastors' College as "one of our own men," will ever be lovingly regarded by me as "one of our old boys."

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE PARTNERSHIP OF THE HOLY GHOST.

(A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.)

THE "Wanted" columns of our newspapers have no more suggestive item in their long lists than the one which tells that a partner is needed by the advertiser. *He* has the experience, and connection, but he wants capital; or, maybe, *he* possesses the funds, but needs a capable man to be associated with him in running the concern.

I sincerely pity these advertisers. The risks they run are tremendous. Perhaps, if we knew all, we should pity even more those who reply to such announcements, and eventually link their fortunes (whether of brawn, or brains, or bills) with the adventurers.

Partnerships are hazardous arrangements, whatever walk of life they concern; and, like the most critical of them all,—the partnership of love,—should not be engaged in rashly, thoughtlessly, or lightly, but advisedly, reverently, and in the fear of God.

Brethren, *our calling* is the noblest of all the professions, for it is more than a profession. Our commerce is of the highest class, for "We buy the truth." Our trade concerns eternity as well as time, and souls as well as bodies. Not merely our work for God, but our worship of Him,—the building of our characters, the discharge of duty, and the cultivation of a devout spirit,—all are parts of our great life-work, the high vocation wherewith we are called. And who is sufficient for these things? If any in this world's businesses need partners, we more. We have neither strength, nor wisdom, nor experience, worth trusting. "We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves." So far as we are concerned, we might well have a standing advertisement,—"*WANTED, a partner,*"—(here might follow a long list of excellences and virtues required in the aforesaid partner by way of atoning for our deficiencies).

Brethren, there is no need for such an announcement, for "our sufficiency is of God." It is our Father's business we are working at. Our Lord Jesus Christ is in association with His Father. Said He not to those who murmured at His works, "The Father is in Me, and I in Him," "I and my Father are one;" "The works which the Father hath given Me to finish, the same works that I do, bear witness of Me, that the Father hath sent Me;" "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work"?

The Holy Ghost is (I say it reverently) a member of the same Heavenly firm. He is the active agent of the Blessed Trinity of which He is the third all-glorious Person. How numerous are His offices! How glorious His attributes! How marvellous His energies! And He it is who, though thus linked with the Father and the Son in managing the world and redeeming the Church, stands ready to link Himself with us, the humble servants of the Lord, in all our search for holiness, and in all our service for the King. 'Tis *He* who answers our advertisement! We can want nothing He does not

possess, and all He has He wants to help us with. We are already His, for He has quickened and converted us. He now would fain be ours. He would not only have us, but help us. He has taken us into partnership with Himself; now He asks to enter into partnership with us. Therefore is it that Paul, writing to the Corinthians, exclaims, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion (or partnership) of the Holy Ghost, be with you all." What a benediction! He who has these things has need of nothing more. *Is there anything that is not included in this triple blessing?*

I like that term *partnership* in this connection. "The word, in the New Testament, which is translated *Communion*, or Fellowship," says Dr. James Elder Cumming, "has various shades of meaning, which are, perhaps, best summed up in the English word *partnership*, with the explanation that, whereas the latter word usually denotes fellowship in outward business, the fellowship or communion of the Holy Ghost chiefly concerns spiritual things." Partnership is a comprehensive term. Companionship, comradeship, fellowship, relationship, *partnership!* Quite a fine fleet of *ships* this,—each laden to the Plimsoll mark with fragrant freight; but the greatest of these is *partnership*,—it is the flag-ship of the fleet. Oh, think of it, my brethren! The Divine Spirit longs to lend us His aid. He offers to befriend us. Nay, more, He will identify Himself with us,—He will be one with us. He is ready, as the author of "*Through the Eternal Spirit*" forcibly puts it, to share with us *common ground, common character, common interests, a common work, and a common issue*. Have we yet so much as half realized what privileges are possible to us? Oh, that, as we speak of some of them, the Heavenly register may record a partnership with the Holy Ghost agreed to by each man amongst us,—a partnership that can never be dissolved!

"He longs to have you with Him,
Do you not want Him, too?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants even you."

But if this partnership is to be signed and sealed, we shall do well to think much about Him who is to be so closely connected with us in all our works and ways. We must do more than think about Him; we must know, and love, and trust Him!

If this be so, it is evident that we regard Him as a PERSON. And such indeed He is. Of this we are persuaded. The Word so speaks of the Spirit, and "the Scripture cannot be broken" (cannot be undone or unloosed). It is of *binding authority* on us. Brethren, beware of speaking of the Holy Ghost as *it*. You would not do so purposely, as the manner of some is;—do not do so unintentionally, lest some suppose you to consider the Spirit to be merely an influence. We can hardly be too precise nowadays, and, truth to tell, such an error is inexcusable at any time. Remember that the Revised Version now correctly renders Romans viii. 16, "The Spirit *Himself* beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God." So that we have, in the Word, distinct and separate mention of "The Father Himself," "Jesus Himself," and "the Spirit Himself." The third is

as much a Person as is the first, or the second. Let us give Him the honour that is due unto His name.

To wind and water, to fire and oil, to a seal, and to the dove, He may be compared, but He Himself is none of these. He may assume the bodily form of the one, or exercise His wondrous powers after the fashion of the others, but He himself remains "the Lord the Spirit." As such, He is possessed of graces in perfection, such as influences cannot boast, and He is capable of feelings and experiences which mere emanations cannot know. He strives with the impenitence of the unbelieving. He helps the infirmities of the faithful. He can be resisted by the sinner, and grieved by the saint. He speaks in His own person. He is in possession of intelligence and will. He loves and sympathizes, He teaches and consoles. He convicts, and pleads; He guides and guards. All this we know from Scripture. Do we not know it experimentally, too? May we not *know* the Holy Ghost? Can we have Him as a Partner unless we do? Oh, to be able to say, "I bear with me an experimental verity, and a plenitude of the presence of the ever-blessed Trinity"! We cannot be content with knowing God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent; we must also acquaint ourselves with the Spirit of love. An unknown partner may be possible (though surely inadvisable) in the business of this life; but, in things spiritual, we and our Partner cannot be "strangers yet."

Is not some sort of deed of partnership necessary? His word is as good as His bond to us, but has He not a right to expect from us some solemn promises, some special pledge? There must be an understanding between us. An agreement must be drawn up. He will by no means lend His aid if we launch out into schemes that have not His approval. He will not share unholy traffic. Moreover, He will require to be consulted in all particulars, and His *dictum* must be law. "Thus saith the Spirit," will decide all questions. If it seems good unto the Holy Ghost, it must seem good also unto us. He will not be a complimentary partner,—a mere figure-head. If we are willing to be led of the Spirit of God, we shall not only thus prove our sonship, but we shall have cause to rejoice in the active helpful assistance of the Spirit of adoption, for He is also "the Spirit of power, and love, and discipline." To the heart thus willing that He should be *senior* Partner, He will graciously stoop to share its aims and hopes, and to compass their fulfilment. Think not to make a "sleeping partner" of the quickening Spirit. From Creation even until now, He has been a moving, working, living Power.

But in what enterprises and undertakings may the Spirit's practical partnership be expected? In all! He will afford His aid at all times;—not in emergencies alone, but to all God-honouring efforts;—not in the case of exploits only. He longs to help, with counsel, and might, and consolation, *in everything*. Nothing is too trivial for Him to be interested in. There are no trifles to love! He who helped to make the world out of nothing, well knows to what trifles may grow. We generally make the mistake of calling in the good Spirit too late;—not too late for Him to aid, since His tenderness overlooks our discourtesy, but too late for us to miss the misery that self-confidence invariably involves, and too late for us to show to Him that we trust

Him enough to submit *all* our purposes to Him. He will—if we will let Him,—enter into partnership with us in such matters as searching for knowledge (not spiritual alone), discharging daily duty (however commonplace), resisting temptation (skirmishes, as well as pitched battles), forming character, choosing companions, learning lessons, and training the body which is to Him as a temple to dwell in.

Yet are there three things in which He specially delights to assist—yea, four from which He will not withhold His aid.

The first of these is, *the study of the Word*. He who expects to understand an unknown tongue without an interpreter, is not more foolish than he who attempts to comprehend a Divine revelation apart from the Divine Revealer. The things of Christ must be shown to us by the Spirit of Truth. One saw the crown jewels in the gloaming, and judged them dull. Another saw them in the sunbeams, and fancied they were flames of fire. Those who penned the Word had to be moved by the Holy Ghost to write it, and even they needed the same Spirit to comprehend what they had written. A pathetic letter from an old friend ends thus:—"I am left, at 77 years of age, and almost blind. I trust you will be able to make this out,—I cannot read it myself after writing it." Peter and Paul, as well as Isaiah and Ezekiel, would have had to make similar confession had not the Spirit of Glory and of God still illuminated the Holy Writ.

"The Spirit shines upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light."

It has been well said that "without the illumination of the Spirit, theology is not only a cold stone, it is a deadly poison." This witness is true. From whom have come the errors and heresies that afflict our pews and pulpits? Whence come "the spirit of the age" and the teaching that ministers to it? Does someone answer, "They are of the devil"? I verily believe it; but, mark you, they have not issued *immediately* from the pit. They have been hatched in Universities and Theological Halls. They have been nursed and nurtured in schools of the prophets, and colleges of divines. Assuredly an enemy hath done this, but he has posed as a friend. Wherever the raw materials for these false doctrines and sciences—falsely so-called—originally came from, they are for the most part "made in Germany," and that not by avowed sceptics and blatant infidels, but by students of the Word *who have not taken the Holy Ghost into partnership in the matter*. Do not so foolishly, I beseech you, brethren beloved. You cannot know the mind of the Master unless you have the mind of the Spirit. "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now, we have received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God."

Next, we need the Holy Spirit's partnership in *the great business of prayer*. Prayer is commerce with Heaven. We have little faculty for such celestial trading. But we must learn. We cannot live

without praying. True, we have an Advocate with the Father,—Jesus Christ, the righteous One,—but we must commit our case to Him. Our Counsel expects “instructions” from His clients. Thank God, we have an Intercessor at the mercy-seat, but we want Another in our hearts. “The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.” He is the Spirit of grace and of supplications. We cannot pray in private apart from Him. Nor can we expect His aid in public prayer unless we have secured it first in the secret place. He is as willing to kneel with us at the bedside as to stand by us in the pulpit. Why is prayer so often cold, formal, stiff, stilted, stereotyped, heartless, powerless? Because the Holy Ghost has not been taken into partnership definitely and specially! A friend told me, the other day, that it so happened, one morning, that he failed to close family prayers with the customary benediction: “The grace of the Lord Jesus, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all!”—whereupon his little son hurried to his mother, saying, “Mother, mother, there wasn’t any Holy Ghost in father’s prayer this morning!” The child had missed the familiar words. Which thing is an allegory. Of how many of our petitions might not this be truly said, “There was no Holy Ghost in that supplication”? It was well-ordered, comprehensive, eloquent, literary, sensible, and even earnest;—but the Spirit was lacking. When we exclaim, with outstretched hands, “Let us pray,” should we not include the Holy Spirit, for if He be not in partnership with us, our praying is altogether vanity?

Furthermore, we must have the Spirit with us *in the study*. His partnership in preparation is essential. Think you that we are competent to choose our texts, or to divide the subjects? Can we get ourselves into fitting frame of mind, or stir within our hearts the pity, the enthusiasm, the boldness, the discernment that the message may require? Do *we* know who will be our hearers on the coming Lord’s-day, and whom among them God designs to bless? Are the thoughts and intents of the heart naked and open to our eyes, as if they were working bees in a hive of glass? Are we fully acquainted with all the wiles of the devil, and all the purposes of God? Is the clue of the human heart in our hands? Are all mysteries made plain to us? Are we Daniels come to judgment? Ah, no! Therefore have we need of Heavenly power, for all these things are possible to the Holy Ghost. He will teach us how to preach, as well as how to pray. All our deficiencies He can supply. It matters not that *we* are strangers to the details of the forthcoming service, since He knows them for us; that is, if we have allowed Him to enter into partnership with us. Thus will the Spirit of wisdom and of truth direct us in preparing our discourses;—ay, and in preparing ourselves to discourse, if we are in solemn league and covenant with Him. You know already that this is so by sweet experience. Woe to you, then, if you ever lean to your own understanding!

Again, *in all our service for the King*, the Holy Ghost will prove our practical Partner. He delights to help us to honour Jesus, and to glorify God. He will enable us to do more work, and better. If He

assists, the quality need not diminish as the quantity increases. It *must* if we toil alone! When Martha said, "Lord, carest Thou not that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she *help* me," she used a term which might be translated, "Bid her take hold with me,"—the same term that is employed in the word already quoted, "The Spirit *helpeth* our infirmities." The Holy Ghost will not let us serve alone. He will be with Mary at the Master's feet, and with Martha in spreading the supper,—provided she is not cumbered with much serving. For ourselves, we want a happy mingling of the Martha-spirit with the Mary-spirit. It is well to be Martha before dinner, and Mary afterwards. Both in serving and in learning, we may count on "the partnership of the Holy Ghost."

And what may we not hope to accomplish with such a combination? If God the Holy Ghost be for us, who shall be against us? No contract is too risky, no task is too difficult, no outlay is too great, if the Spirit has entered into partnership with us. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain, and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace, unto it."

I lately met a man from abroad, who assured me that he had two very rich partners in another land. He descanted at some length on the advantage of having two very rich partners. When I reached my home, and examined his card, I perceived that his name was Thunderbolt. (No wonder I was struck by him!) What do you suppose are the names of his partners? I cannot tell. Lightning Flash and Stormy Wind would not be inappropriate titles for the partners of a Thunderbolt.

Brethren, we have a Partner, too,—the Holy Ghost,—who, if He pleases, can reveal Himself as flaming fire, and as mighty rushing wind. With such a Partner, we may hope to be as thunderbolts, or, at least, as sons of thunder. We may be mighty to the pulling down of strongholds with so mighty a Spirit to back us up.

"Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty, so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on, and bearing up."

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER
STORIES," ETC., ETC.

I.—THE TENANTS IN IVY TERRACE.

WE may hope that what is here written, from month to month, as the result of our walks, may induce others to employ a little more of their leisure in a like pursuit. The study of out-door Nature is a pure source of pleasure; it increases our knowledge, not only of

living things themselves, but also of the wonderful God who designed and sustains them. The result to the observer should ever be a deepening of reverence and an increase of faith.

Most of our rambles will be over ground within twenty miles of London. Occasionally, we shall come in sight of the great City, for there are "trippers" other than human who visit such spots as Hampstead Heath. To come across such as these, visitants who do not spoil sylvan scenes, but enhance their charm, is a treat indeed to the tired mind, unstrung from the wear of the market and the whirl of the street. Yet, to give variety, and to keep up interest, we may go further a-field than the Home Counties.

Of necessity, the record must be retrospective. We shall not try to keep pace with the months, though we shall seek to run alongside of the seasons of the year. For jottings such as these, the main point is to be interesting, even if what we see in November is read three months after. We shall avoid sermons on stones, though we well know that there are many sermons *in* them. If these sermons in any case get delivered, we hope they may make themselves felt; the wish must be otherwise as to the stones. No doubt the rocks can do what pastors sometimes find difficult of accomplishment,—preach without giving offence.

It is not always that preachers are singers, but we hope our birds will be both; and even if they cannot sing, we may well wish that the rooks and ravens among them will do something more than "caw" and "croak." Though, even if they do either, it will be their way of attracting attention, and of uttering what is in them. They will have many imitators. There is no doubt a precious lesson to be got from "croaking." We would suggest that it is,—Don't do it! We had better tell Tom, Dick, and Harry of the fraternity of feathers what the deacon said to the new parson, "Our people, young man, like it short and sweet." Whether the vocalists of the grove will always come up to the deacon's dictum, remains to be seen. Even the nightingale, like famous orators, is dull sometimes; and he is dullest when he has least to say, for there are days when even he goes in for nothing but a disagreeable repetition. However, we shall do our best to avoid tediousness, and shall be content to hint at the spiritual use of our observations. To the many lay-preachers and teachers who read the *Sword and Trowel*, our suggestions will be more help'ul than any number of beaten-out applications. At the same time, it will be our aim to show that Nature is the shadow of His presence who upholdeth all things by the Word of His power; and, as we see proofs of this, we hope continually and reverently to cry, "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

When the personal pronoun "we" comes up, the reader will kindly include himself; the writer; also the writer's friend, who is learned as to the *ichthyosaurus*,—an immense advantage when trespassing has to be covered with a plentiful use of recondite phraseology;—furthermore, add a medical student who knows the haunts of rare birds, is an authority on eggs, and can do with them *poached* either way, and, withal, is an enthusiast at dissection, whether the subject be the layers of a leaf or the segments of a skull. Nor is our party yet complete,

for we can make our bow to three charming ladies, passionately fond of wild flowers and ferns, and ready to leave the wheels of the modern fashion for wanderings in the wilds and woods. Ours is quite a field club; so the reader need have no fear that the writer is about to inveigle him into a lonely place, and assault him with a monologue.

* * * *

We have a fine afternoon, far on in the Autumn, with a lingering of that delicious woody smell so characteristic of the country at the fall of the year. The scents of the Spring are astringent; they quicken and pull the system together; the aromas of Autumn are saccharine, and proceed largely from natural oils, resins, and juices exuding from the bark of trees. Ripe seeds also contribute, and the glues so mysteriously at hand to protect new growth. All this will be full of suggestion to those who look for spiritual similes. As one of our companions remarks, "Autumn never loses sight of the next Spring. To protect the young bud is one of the last endeavours of the retreating sap. The *next* is built on the *now*." Or, as another of our friends puts it, "Nature opens her alabaster box, and anoints the year for burial." She does more. She sets apart the year that is to be, and seals the embryo Summer in the bud. She buries with sweet odours the months that have done their work, and stands like Samuel among the sons of Jesse, with a horn of oil for the coming king, though it will be long before he will wear the crown. The Old Year, ere he departs, not only performs an act of burial, but he administers a sacrament. There is as much preparation for coming as for going, and the retreating season shows the utmost solicitude for the fortunes of its successor. November cares much for young April; and though the worn-out month will never see him grow up, he will do his best to provide for him. Thus, from the unguents of Autumn to the moral of unction in mature life is but a step in "the art of illustration."

* * * *

We pass a red-brick farm-house, the front of which is covered with thick ivy. In the Spring, the clamour hereabout is great, for the ivy is full of nests, and the trees around also have their share. The house has been empty for a long time, and the birds have taken possession of the chimneys, the side-eaves, the spouts, and the ivy-covered front. About the garden and yard, in April, we have seen blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, robins, and, a little later, any number of swallows whirling round. But the ivy is a special rendezvous for sparrows, and the chatter and commotion these make in the breeding season is as amusing as it is interesting. The only "clack, clack," approaching to it is a Board School out for the play interval on a fine afternoon. Cock sparrows—pugnacious, alert, cheery, busy,—abound; and almost every minute of a Spring evening bring in something good. What they get, they carry home, which is more than can be said of the earnings of some husbands and fathers, who, under the pot-house porch, plume themselves with the notion that they are birds of a very fine feather. A business-like little fellow is Dick of the sparrow tribe, with eyes like beads, a poll

that reminds one of a go-ahead coster, a serviceable suit, with what looks like a patch of black to impart sentiment,—as if he wore mourning for a long succession of dead uncles,—and a quick tongue, like the young salesman whom the grocer would be loth to lose;—such is Dick as he gets a living for his family perched high up among the tenements of “Ivy Terrace.” He would make a splendid subject for such an artist as Louis Wain.

On this afternoon in November, the chatter of April is painfully absent. The birds are still and shy. A few brown leaves hang here and there on an acacia; the neglected lawn is strewn with the fallen foliage of the great elms, and the nests in the ivy look as if the young families reared in them had not been at all careful of their parents’ property. But few birds are about. A couple of blackbirds fly low among the shrubs of a trampled copse, as subdued as mourners returning from a funeral; a robin perches upon one of the sills of the empty house, though the weather is not cold enough, nor the window charitable enough, for crumbs; while Dick, the sparrow, drops on to a bare branch, ruffles his neck feathers as if he were cold, and puts on, for all the world, the air of a man who has retired from business, and does not know what to do with himself.

The sun is setting; the mist hangs, and will soon thicken; a clammy chilliness comes on with the fast-gathering night; there is no moon, so we had better return. Just as the sun sets, the robin sings. It is, perhaps, but imagination; yet there is, to us, something sad about the Autumn songs of birds. The notes are lower, though some say the crooning song of the closing months is one of satisfaction. When the cares and troubles of the year are over, when there are berries, seeds, and insects still remaining, it seems natural that, in the warm, misty, mellow months, the birds should sing “in a lazy, contented fashion.” This much may be said,—their subdued tones seem in keeping with the fall of the leaf. It is in the closing months of the year, too, that the young birds try their voices; and, perhaps, the lower-pitched music of the older birds may help to sustain and perfect the strains of these inexperienced ones. We cannot dogmatize; but this we know, that the adjustments to suitability in Nature are a matter for profound reflection.

As we walk home, the talk turns upon the migration of birds. We must needs go to Africa if we would see the swallows at Christmas; but though these wonders on wings wait for the Spring, other feathered friends come over when the Northern cold sets in, and gladden our landscape through the short days. “The Birds of Christmas” might make the title of a happy idyll.

The flight of these heralds of the seasons; their capacity for endurance; their wonderful structure, with bones and sacs which can be filled with air to increase their buoyancy; their stroke of wing and tail, lifting them to heights beyond the view of the observer, leaving man a helpless gazer on the plains, are among the many, as they are certainly among the most striking, testimonies to the unlimited skill of the unerring Hand that hath fashioned them, and liberated them to fulfil their course; and as they soar, they are, to the devout mind, both a consolation and a prophecy.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.*

IT is most fitting that the first monthly part of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* should be issued as a special Supplement to the JANUARY number of "his own Magazine," *The Sword and the Trowel*, for the month of January witnessed many of the most important incidents in his wonderful career. It is true that he was born in June, but it is equally true that he was "born again" in January. In the remarkable chapter in his *Autobiography* which contains his Diary for a considerable portion of the year 1850, this quotation from another of his works is given:—"Saved men and women date from the dawn of their true life; not from their first birthday, but from the day wherein they were born again. Their calendar has been altered and amended by a deed of Divine grace." In the Diary, the dear lad writes:—"1850,—A BLESSED YEAR OF JUBILEE,"—and the very first entry is,—

Born, ... January 6, 1850.

The chapter in which he describes his conversion is a very notable one, and the next chapter commences with a letter to his father, written from Newmarket, *January 30th, 1850*, in which he says:—"I can get good religious conversations with Mr. Swindell, which is what I most need. Oh, how unprofitable has my past life been! Oh, that I should have been so long a time blind to those celestial wonders, which now I can in a measure behold! Who can refrain from speaking of the marvellous love of Jesus which, I hope, has opened mine eyes? Now I see Him, I can firmly trust to Him for my eternal salvation. Yet soon I doubt again; then I am sorrowful; again faith appears, and I become confident of my interest in Him. I feel now as if I could do everything, and give up everything for Christ, and then I know it would be nothing in comparison with His love. I am hopeless of ever making anything like a return. How sweet is prayer! I would be always engaged in it. How beautiful is the Bible! I never loved it so before; it seems to me as necessary food. I feel that I have not one particle of spiritual life in me but what the Spirit placed there. I feel that I cannot live if He depart; I tremble and fear lest I should grieve Him. I dread lest sloth or pride should overcome me, and I should dishonour the gospel by neglect of prayer, or the Scriptures, or by sinning against God. Truly, that will be a happy place where we shall get rid of sin and this depraved, corrupt nature. When I look at the horrible pit and the hole from which I have been digged, I tremble lest I should fall into it, and yet rejoice that I am on the King's highway. I hope you will forgive me for taking up so much space about myself; but at present my thoughts are most about it.

"From the Scriptures, is it not apparent that, immediately upon receiving the Lord Jesus, it is a part of duty openly to profess Him? I firmly believe and consider that baptism is the command of Christ, and shall not feel quite comfortable if I do not receive it. I am unworthy of such things, but so am I unworthy of Jesu's love. I hope

* *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.

I have received the blessing of the one, and think I ought to take the other also."

It is almost certain that *Mr. Spurgeon's first Sermon was preached in January, 1851*. He does not appear to have recorded the date of that memorable event, although in his *Autobiography* he has made very special reference to it; but he has noted the fact that his fourth discourse was delivered on February 9th, 1851. There is, therefore, very little doubt that his extempore address, in the cottage at Teversham, from the words, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," was given in the course of the previous month, as, almost immediately afterwards, his services were in request for the various village stations around Cambridge. Among the twenty-nine illustrations in Vol. I. of the *Autobiography*, there are views of the exterior and interior of the Teversham cottage, the latter showing the inside of the room arranged as nearly as possible as it was on the night of "the boy-preacher's" first Sermon.

In October, 1851, Mr. Spurgeon went for the first time to Waterbeach as a supply; but the wise members of the village church, having once heard him, desired no other minister. On being invited to the pastorate, he at first only accepted the invitation for three months, in case either he or the church should wish to make a change during that period; so it came to pass that, in *January, 1852, he became, officially, Pastor of the Waterbeach Church*, although he had, virtually, held that position for three months previously.

December 18th, 1853, was the day on which Mr. Spurgeon first preached in London. The services created so deep an impression that he was urged to come again to New Park Street on *January 1st, 15th, and 29th*; but before the last-named date, the church had almost unanimously invited him for six months. That probationary period was never completed, for in April he was, with absolute unanimity, chosen to fill the office of Pastor,—a position which he occupied, to the glory of God, and for the good of myriads of men, until that memorable *January 31st, 1892*, when he was called to the higher service of the upper sanctuary.

Now that another anniversary of his promotion to glory is approaching, it is most appropriate for all who love his memory to read his own testimony concerning the way that the Lord led him during the first twenty years of his earthly life. That testimony is now given for the first time in a connected and complete form in Volume I. of his *Autobiography*; and, as it is read, we believe it will lead many to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" A letter, recently received by Mrs. Spurgeon from "one of our own men," may suggest to many of our readers how they can obtain the whole work as it is published. He must be indeed a poor minister, deacon, or church-member who cannot save "sixpence weekly" to purchase the volumes as they are ready; if there is such an one, he may be reminded that even half that amount will buy the monthly shilling parts as they are issued. The letter above-mentioned is as follows:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

"I am going to hold a mission at — ; can you send me some *Westwood Leaflets*, for which I enclose 2s. 6d.? They will help me as

I go from house to house, and will enable me to speak of your work, and of the coming great book. Then I want to be one of the first to possess a copy for myself; and send 10s. 6d. for that purpose. I am saving sixpence weekly, so you may put me down for all the volumes as they are issued. May God bless you, and give you special strength for this great undertaking!

"Yours sincerely,
"————."

Lest any kind critic should write to remind us that we omitted one important event which happened in January,—namely, *Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's marriage, on January 8th, 1856.*—we just say that we have by no means forgotten that memorable occurrence, but the record of those happy days could not be included in Vol. I., but will (p.v.) form a most interesting beginning to Vol. II. We might also have mentioned that it was in *January, 1854*, that Mr. Sheridan Knowles uttered to the students of Stepney, now Regent's Park College, the very remarkable prophecy concerning Mr. Spurgeon, which is published in Vol. I., Chapter XXX., and which the prophet lived to see literally fulfilled.

The Doctor, a Moslem !

A STRANGE report has got into circulation among the Arabs, viz., that "the doctor is in reality a Moslem." This is *intended*, however, as a compliment, for it means, to them, "we believe that both himself and his words are good." For this "good report of them that are without," we may be grateful, and pray that, looking beyond the bond-servant, they may learn to love and trust the Master.

It is pitiful to hear men talk, who seem so earnest, and so sincere, and yet are so awfully wrong. For example, this morning, several men insisted, "But we do believe in Jesus. We believe in the four books;—the Law, which came to Moses; the Gospel, to Jesus; the Psalms, to David; and the Koran, to Mohammed." Then I explained to them that a man cannot walk in two *opposite* roads at one and the same time. Jesus says He is both Son of man and Son of God; but Mohammed denies that He is the Son of God. The Gospel says Jesus died; Mohammed says He did not. Jesus says, *He is the way, the truth, and the life*; Mohammedans say, Mohammed is the Saviour, and the only intercessor; so that it is impossible to believe in Mohammed and Jesus; it must be Mohammed *or* Jesus;—a dead man, or a living Divine Saviour.

In the *baraka*, last evening, a tall Arab, just recovered from illness, said, "From this time, I do take Jesus to be my Saviour;" and this morning, a woman, who has been staying there, used much the same words. The Lord, who knoweth their hearts, can alone estimate how much or how little these declarations mean.

If the Son of God was "manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil," then surely He is sorely needed here, for by far the greater part of my medical work is waged against a disease brought on by immorality. The degraded and ignorant condition of the women and children also calls for Him. As they are at present situated, their salvation is well-nigh impossible. One poor young wife—a mere child—lies in the *baruka* just now: she will probably never be able to stand again, her spine has been so injured

by her cruel husband,—a husband, of course, whom she did not choose, and from whom she could not escape.

“ Deliver them that are carried away unto death,

“ And those that are ready to be slain see that thou hold back.

“ If thou sayest, Behold, we knew not this (man):

“ Doth not He that weigheth the hearts consider it ?

“ And He that keepeth *thy* soul, doth not He know it ?

“ And shall not He render to every man according to his work ? ”—

(Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12. R.V.)

361 visits have been paid us during the month, 245 being from new patients, and 427 nights' shelter have been given in the *baraka*.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

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.

Early in the New Year, Vol. XLIII. of the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or through all book-sellers, price seven shillings. The Sermons contained in this Volume have all been welcomed as they have been issued week by week; but unusual interest attached to No. 2,500, and to the discourses preached by Mr. Spurgeon in June, 1884, when he completed the fiftieth year of his life. One of the great mercies in connection with his home-going is the fact that so many of his precious Sermons still remain unpublished, and by them he “yet speaketh,” to the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. We hope all readers of the *Sword and Trowel* take the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* regularly, and *vice versa*; or that they will begin to do so from January, 1898.

A Soldier's Conflict. A True Story. By one of the 57th Regiment (Old Die-Hards). Passmore and Alabaster. In paper covers, 6d. nett; in cloth, 1s. nett.

A LITTLE book that ought to be brought under the notice of every soldier in the Queen's army, for it would help many to enlist under the banner of King Jesus. A pathetic interest attaches to the small volume,

for the author was promoted to the ranks of the glorified while his work was in the hands of the publishers. In simple, earnest language, he relates his own history and that of his comrades from the time of their landing in Colombo, faithfully recording the curse that strong drink proved to himself and many more, and explaining the way the Lord led him and several of his fellow-soldiers, not only to become total abstainers, and Temperance workers, but out-and-out followers of the Captain of their salvation.

Are you a Christian? The Confession of EVELYN THORNTON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6d.

A TASTEFULLY-BOUND pamphlet, specially suitable for presentation to young ladies in the higher circles of society, as it records the experiences of one in their own rank of life, from the time when a godly friend put to her the personal question, “Are you a Christian?” until she was herself accepted as a missionary for India. With the exception of the quotation about Christians being “the world's saviours”—an expression which reminds us of one of Mr. Stead's vagaries,—we heartily commend this “Confession,” and wish it a wide circulation.

A Crimean Veteran, and other Stories.
By H. T. S. A. H. Stockwell and
Co., 17, Paternoster Row. 1s. nett.

THIS shilling brochure, produced in the handy popular shape to fit the breast-pocket, and bearing on its cover a faithful representation of the "Crimean veteran" and his wife, ought to have an immense sale. It contains half-a-dozen of the best stories that our esteemed contributor, H. T. S., has ever written; and that is saying a great deal, for the owner of those initials is one who can write. The enterprising young publishers have done their part of the work perfectly. We hope to hear that the booklet has quickly run through several editions; let all H. T. S.'s *Sword and Trowel* readers help to bring about that result.

The Baptist Almanack for 1898 (Robert Banks and Son) has come just in time for notice this month. It is a most useful compilation of information interesting to Baptists, and the present issue fully maintains the reputation of the forty-six which have preceded it. There are three portraits in the Almanack, Pastors J. W. Ewing, M.A., J. L. Meeres, and Archibald G. Brown (the photograph suggests that his name ought to be, Mr. White). Published at 2d., 4d., and 1s., it is adapted to all classes of the community.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us three *New Year Addresses*, one penny each,—*Broken Communion*, by Rev. C. A. Fox, B.A.; *God's Carpenters*, by Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A.; and "*The Harbour of His People*," by SOPHIA M. NUGENT. The writers' names are a guarantee that all the booklets convey helpful spiritual lessons in a gracious and instructive style; but, to our mind, the one by Mr. Fox contains an exceedingly timely exposition of Exodus xxxii.—xxxiv., with a most appropriate application to the circumstances of the professing Christian Church of the present day.

Since our last notice, many more *Annuals* have arrived. From the

Religious Tract Society we have received the old favourites,—*Friendly Greetings*, *The Cottager and Artisan*, *Light in the Home*, *Child's Companion*, and *Our Little Dots*, with one new volume,—*The Boy's Sunday Annual*, compiled from *Sunday Hours*. All the members of the family are studied in the preparation of these Magazines, and there is something good for each one. The price of *Friendly Greetings* is 2s. 6d., the others are 1s. 6d. each, which is the charge also for the Tract Society's *Scripture Pocket Book for 1898*, which appears to have all the features of previous issues, with additional useful information.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published their *Minister's Diary for 1898*, which is suitable either for Conformists or Nonconformists, and seems to anticipate all contingencies likely to arise in connection with ministerial life and work. The price of this *vade mecum* is 2s.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., have issued the twenty-third volume of *The Sunday Friend*. (1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.) The Editor evidently understands the wants and wishes of the boys and girls for whom his Magazine is intended, and the contributors, artists, and printers have united with him in producing a most pleasing and useful book.

The sixth volume of *The Silver Link* (Sunday School Union), price 2s., fully maintains the previous high reputation of the official organ of the International Bible-reading Association, and the Editor thinks it is worthy of an even larger circulation than it has already. Does not every Editor feel the same with regard to the Magazine under his or her charge? *The Sword and Trowel* Editor does.

Our Boys' and Girls' Annual (1s.), published by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, and *Early Days* (2s.), issued from the Wesleyan Methodist Book-room, are steadily improving, though they are not yet entitled to a place in the front rank of children's Magazines. *Those Three*,

published at the latter office, at 1s., is a brightly-written and well-illustrated story of "Toddles, Dora, and Charlie," three charming little people whose acquaintance our readers will be delighted to make.

The Children's Treasury (1s.) is characterized by all the excellences for which the publications of Messrs. Nelson and Sons are noted; it is a treasure as well as a treasury for the juveniles. *The Illustrated New Testament*, issued by the same firm, would make a very choice present. It contains 200 illustrations of Bible Scenes and Sites, chiefly from photographs; and can be obtained in cloth at 2s. 6d., or in French morocco at 4s. 6d.

One of the Annuals which is "always good alike," is *Our Own Magazine*, the organ of the Children's Special Service Mission (13A, Warwick Lane). Full of the gospel,—told in a fashion which boys and girls can understand and remember,—and copiously illustrated, there is no wonder that it has a circulation of over 100,000 a month. The new volume is well worth 2s.

Hand and Heart ("Home Words" Office) is the same price, and deserves almost the same commendation. It is always interesting, instructive, and Evangelical,—what more can the good Church folk, to whom it is specially addressed, wish to have?

Since our last notice, Messrs. Nelson and Sons have sent us another welcome parcel of their books for young people, all produced in their usual admirable style of printing, binding, and illustrating. A handsome 3s. 6d. volume, *The Island of Gold*, by Dr. GORDON STABLES, contains a veritable sailor's yarn about adventures by sea and land, including the discovery of a vast store of treasure in a cave on the Island of Gold, where an earthquake temporarily buried the explorers. How they escaped, fought against a horde of savages, and survived to tell the tale, is recorded in the author's well-known graphic style.

The half-crown volume next on the list—*The Vanished Yacht*, by E. HAR-

COURT BURRAGE,—is a fitting companion to the preceding one, for it records the daring deeds of a man employed to fit out a private yacht, who steals off with the vessel in the night in search of reported hidden gold. The owner and his friends start in pursuit, capture the thief, who escapes from their custody, but is again caught, and effectually prevented from giving them the slip.

For the Queen's Sake; or, the Story of Little Sir Caspar (2s. 6d.), is a tale by E. EVERETT-GREEN, which is sure to meet with a warm reception. "Sir Caspar" was an orphan boy, whose father had been a soldier of Queen Victoria, and his ambition was to serve the Queen, so he took the first step by learning the lesson of obedience in his home. He and a family of girls have lively times in some old ruins, but in secret because of a family feud; "Sir Caspar" saves the life of one of his young companions (in so doing, almost losing his own), and thus the feud is ended.

Partners, by H. F. GETHEN (2s. 6d.), is a capital story of life at a boarding-school. Two boys allied themselves to one another, and were called "the partners." There is a school mystery, and a fire; in the latter, the two boys and a girl were saved by the heroism of a nurse, and two maiden aunts of one of the partners were burnt; but as they had lived selfish lives, their loss was not much regretted. Many timid, nervous boys at school might be helped if those who are stronger would constitute themselves their partners in the fashion here described.

Soldiers of the Queen, by HAROLD AVERY (2s.), records the experiences of two cousins, who began their militant life by shooting down tin soldiers with peas, and ended it—one as an officer, and the other as a private,—in the useless dash for Khartoum. The former was killed, but the latter came home, left the army, and proved that a man can do his duty both as a civilian and as a soldier.

Breaking the Record, by M. DOUGLAS (2s.), narrates the adventures, trials, and triumphs of English, American, and Norwegian explorers in the Polar

regions. The book is brought down to date in a vivid account of Dr. Nansen's expedition. The volume is a timely one for the winter season; its cover is appropriately adorned with Polar bears and snow-flakes.

Vandrad the Viking; or, The Feud and the Spell, by J. STORER CLOUSTON (2s.), is an interesting relation of the adventures of King Estein of Sogn, who, while on the way to avenge the deaths of his brothers, is shipwrecked, and cast on a lonely island, where only a hermit and his daughter live. After partaking of their hospitality, he finds that the hermit is the man who burnt his brothers, so he leaves him. Then a "spell" comes over him, which is not removed until he marries the hermit's daughter!

The Young Emigrants, by C. L. JOHNSTONE (1s. 6d.), sketches the career of some lads who emigrated to Canada. The book gives an insight into farm life in the Dominion, and reveals some of the hardships and pleasures experienced on a "ranch."

A Helping Hand, by M. B. SYNGE, is an instructive Temperance tale, which shows how a young man fell through drinking, and how a woman, whose married life had been marred through the same evil, helped him to rise. In his turn, he was able to lend "a helping hand" to the woman who had assisted him.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons' list closes with half-a-dozen books at 1s., of which we can only give the titles and authors' names:—*Little Lois*, and *Joy's Jubilee*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN; *Poor Mrs. Dick*, by A. C. CHAMBERS; *Lady Maude's Help*, by EMMA MARSHALL; *The Howe Boys*, by the Author of *The Fisherman's Boy*; and *The Boy Crusaders; or, Robert of Marseilles*. Surely, never were young folk better provided with reading matter than they now are; and among the caterers for them, Messrs. Nelson and Sons are in the very front rank.

The Religious Tract Society has also issued several young people's books in addition to those we have reviewed separately. Dr. GORDON STABLES heads the list with his 3s. 6d.

illustrated story of struggle and adventure,—*In the Land of the Lion and the Ostrich*,—which will, deservedly, be a great favourite with boys, and probably with girls, too. Two lads, returning from school for their Christmas holidays, are snowed up in company with an African ostrich farmer, who becomes the means of their following the same line of business.

Through Storm to Calm, by EMMA LESLIE (2s. 6d.), is a well-written tale of the last century, from which readers can obtain an accurate notion of the condition of England a hundred years ago. The introduction of such names as Wesley, Whitefield, Robert Raikes, Cowper, and Newton, adds interest to the story, which appropriately ends with a mention of the founding of the Religious Tract Society.

My Grandmother's Album, by HARRIET E. COLVILLE (2s.), very naturally follows the previous volume by narrating many of the chief events of the present century. The form of the record makes it additionally interesting, as an aged lady relates to her granddaughter various personal and public incidents by reference to the drawings in an album, which are explained by passages from the Book of Proverbs. The story will specially please Low Church people.

Twixt Dawn and Day, by Mrs. A. D. PHILPS (2s.), gives a very vivid idea of the state of affairs in England and the Netherlands in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The sufferings endured for conscience sake, and the heroism of the faithful this side of the North Sea and the other, are graphically described, and to some readers the tale will be all the more acceptable because of the love-story it contains.

School Life at Bartram's, by L. C. SILKE (1s. 6d.), is a touching story of the trials of a lad named Arthur Crosby, whose troubles lasted from the death of his father to nearly the end of his school-days. The tale shows what influence one boy can exert over his fellows, for this lad was the means of transforming a lot of bullies into a company of good-natured friends.

Shut in to Serve, by L. PHILLIPS (1s. 6d.), is a pathetic narrative of the usefulness of an invalid Christian young gentleman; and *Ronald Cameron's Discipline*, by ELLEN A. FYFE, is a love-story in which a minister's daughter nurses in a London hospital the laird's son, whom she had refused because he was not a Christian. He and his father are both brought to Christ, and the long-deferred wedding proves a very happy one.

Recent issues of the new series of shilling books include *Two Secrets* and *A Man of his Word*, by HESBA STRETTON; and *Audrey*; or, *Children of Light*, by Mrs. O. F. WALTON. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee that the volumes may be safely given as prizes or presents, or be put into the Sunday-school or home library.

We have received a nice variety of story-books from the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings. There are two at half-a-crown each. The first is, *Melissa's Victory*, by ASHTON NEILL,—the story of a girl, who was converted among Methodists, but, as her parents were bigoted Church people, she had to endure much persecution. In the end, they yielded to the force of her consistent life. There is one chapter in the book, concerning "Farmer Sorfleet's Tea Party," which may be true to life; but we do not like it any the more for that; there is too much drinking to suit our Temperance principles. The other 2s. 6d. book is, *From Under the Shadow*, by ANNIE BROUGHTON FOSKETT, the record of an evangelistic mission, and some of its results. We do not wonder that the converts did not feel at home in "a church social," called for the purpose of "recognizing" them! The heroine of the story suffered much through a slight exaggeration by one of her Sunday scholars; but, after a long interval, the wrong was set right.

Love, the Conqueror; or, *the Rival Cousins*, by JEANIE FERRY (2s.), is a remarkably good story, narrating the trials and troubles of three little

children, and the blessing they proved to be in their grandfather's home.

Next follow four brightly-bound books at 1s. 6d. each. *Two Snowy Christmas Eves*. By ELIZA KERR. A story of two stolen children, and their career till one is restored to her parents, and the other adopted as a foster daughter. The tale shows how seeds of truth, dropped into the heart of a girl, bore fruit. The book is just the right size, shape, and quality to make young hearts glad.

Jackalant, and other Stories. By Mrs. J. ALEXANDER SMITH. A specially good collection of short stories which can easily be made into capital illustrations. The book would be suitable for a Sunday-school prize.

Runnelbrook Valley, by Mrs. HAYCRAFT, is an interesting account of Band of Hope work, and shows what good can be done by taking and keeping the Temperance pledge. The hero of the story has to wait some time for the woman he loves; and, meanwhile, he wins many from the chains and curse of drink.

Twelve Famous Girls. By MARIANNE KIRLEW. These true histories are told in such an admirable way that they ought to be read with keenest interest by hundreds of girls. They are all good, but those about the Princess Victoria, Jenny Lind, Grace Darling, and Prascovie Lopouloff, are specially so, and should stimulate youthful readers to begin to work for God in their early days.

Isabelle's Story, by ALICE J. BRIGGS, (1s.), is a pleasing tale of the times of Tyndale, and the difficulties he overcame in order to give to England his translation of the Scriptures. "Isabelle" writes this interesting narrative in the form of a diary, which shows how greatly she and her sister admired their former tutor, who was no less a personage than the translator himself.

Marjorie's Stranger, by ISABEL STUART ROBSON (9d.), is an attractive story of a little girl who tried to entertain a stranger, hoping he would turn out to be an angel. She obtained leave for her Prince (as she called him) to sleep in an old cottage, where she took food to him. He proved to

be the prodigal son of her grandparents, and the wanderer was won over by the simplicity and kindness of his little niece.

The fairy tale, *The Bear's Kingdom*, EVA C. ROGERS (Sunday School Union), which we reviewed last month, is also issued in a special presentation edition at half-a-crown. It will be the crowning delight of any boy or girl who becomes the happy possessor of such a tasteful and fascinating volume.

Messrs. Blackie and Son have issued new editions of Mrs. EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN's four admirable stories,—*Garnered Sheaves*, *Florence Godfrey's Faith*, *My Governess Life*, and *Life's Daily Ministry*. At 2s. each, they are really very cheap, and they may all be safely given as presents or prizes, for a good religious tone pervades each one. In *Garnered Sheaves*, there is a record of the experience of a faithful teacher of a Young Men's Sunday-school class; *Florence Godfrey's Faith* was exercised in the time of the Lancashire cotton famine, and stood the test of even that trying period; *My Governess Life* relates to a minister's daughter who exerted a most gracious influence over the girls under her charge; and, in *Life's Daily Ministry*, the principal personage is a lady of beautiful character who finds her chief joy in caring for others.

The Boys of Huntingley. By K. M. and R. EADY. Andrew Melrose.

AN excellent story of a boys' school, with enough scrapes, adventures, and excitements,—including the visit of a ghost,—to interest any number of lads, and lasses, too; for the girls always like to read their brothers' books. The tale also shows what an influence for good one boy may exert over his companions. The book is tastefully bound, and contains several illustrations; its price is 3s. 6d.

The Kingdom of Manhood. By HORACE G. GROSER. Andrew Melrose.

SPECIALY suited to that time of life when the bud of youth is beginning

to open, and the earnest significance of what it means to fill a place in the world, and to make a career, is beginning to dawn. For such, there is much in this work to stimulate; nor are they likely to reckon the exuberant sentiment a superfluity. Mr. Groser writes with a glowing pen for those whose souls are breaking through the flesh; but the tone is healthy, though somewhat sentimental, and the idealizing is bracing, if sometimes high-flown. When we state that an ethical and religious aim permeates the book, and that each chapter is enriched by historical incident and illustration, a sufficient clue is given to the nature of its contents.

The Friends of Jesus. By HELEN E. JACKSON, Author of "Gentle Jesus." Partridge and Co.

THE "Friends of Jesus," to whom we are introduced in this book, are His apostles, together with some half-dozen others whose friendship was shown to our Lord during His earthly ministry. The stories are told with much freshness and simplicity; the charm of the book being that, while it says much about our Saviour's friends, it speaks more of Jesus than of anyone else. It is, of course, a book for the bairns, and the full-page illustrations make it the more attractive. Those who are desirous that their children should become familiar with "the old, old story," will find this volume very helpful.

The Companions of Jesus (Sunday School Union), is a book for the older children, which will, we trust, interest them in those who were the intimate associates of the Lord Jesus, and lead them to become followers of Him who still says to old and young, "Come unto Me." The type in this volume is specially clear, the binding is strong, and the book is profusely illustrated; it is well worth the 3s. 6d. charged for it.

Is the writer quite sure that "the tenth hour of the day" means ten o'clock in the morning? Did not the Jewish day begin at 6 a.m.?

The Victor's Crowns, and other Sermons.
By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.
The Maclaren Birthday Book. The
Christian Commonwealth Publishing
Co.

Music for the Soul. Daily Readings
for a Year, from the Writings of
Rev. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.
Selected and arranged by Rev.
GEORGE COATES. Hodder and
Stoughton.

THREE books issued almost simultaneously, and all as good as gold. The sermons are worthy to stand by the side of the many volumes which have preceded them; higher praise could not be given. The Birthday Book contains a portion of Scripture for every day in the year, with a quotation from Dr. Maclaren's writings, and space for the autographs of friends. The selections have been made by the compiler of the Daily Readings, and all tend to show the richness and fulness of that gracious, powerful ministry which, exercised in Manchester, has been influential unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

True and False Aims, and other Sermons. By Rev. E. HERBER EVANS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A DELIGHTFUL volume of sermons, which will be read with avidity and profit by all who secure it. Not merely is there grace, grit, and gumption here, but they are all *set on fire* by enthusiastic love for the Lord Jesus. The student, the Christian, and the orator, all combine to make these sermons splendid specimens of pulpit utterance. Dr. Herber Evans was a giant every way; and we are profoundly grateful that such a reminder of his personality and ministry has been left to us. If there are more such discourses in existence, the sooner they are published, the better.

The Endless Choice, and other Sermons.
By Rev. W. J. DAWSON. Nisbet
and Co.

As literary efforts, these sermons are of a high order; and, on the whole, what there is of theology is satisfactory; but they are far more like essays than sermons. There is high

moral appeal and a deep earnestness of spirit; but the instruction as to foundation truths of the spiritual life, is almost *nil*. Such words as sin, atonement, faith, righteousness, redemption, the cross, are very rare; and the things they stand for are missing from these sermons; and this, to our mind, appears the fatal lack of the whole. Had these been included, we should have had nothing but welcome for this little book.

Lectures and Sermons of Peter Mackenzie. By Rev. J. DAWSON.
C. H. Kelly.

JUST the kind of book that anyone who knew the famous rough-diamond preacher and lecturer would expect. Full of originality and wit, sometimes audacious in its treatment of sacred themes, and yet suffused with passionate love to the Saviour and to the souls of men. Mackenzie was a nineteenth century Peter in every atom of him, and his excellences and limits are splendidly revealed here. He can make you laugh and cry as he will: there is only one thing he cannot do, *send you to sleep!* Need we say more to make you buy the book?

Chapters on Present-Day Theology. By
Rev. S. LAW WILSON, M.A., of
Belfast. R. D. Dickinson.

THE author's own view of this work is, in the Preface, modestly couched; but we would fain see such a brightly-burning candle placed, not under a bushel, but on a noble candlestick. Mr. Wilson is an acute thinker, and well able, as these pages abundantly show, to come to close quarters with the most strenuous exponents of the Agnosticism and Rationalism of our times. These *Chapters on Present-Day Theology* are up to date, and constitute a masterly defence of "the faith delivered to the saints once for all." Not many who have the grace, have also the gift required to deal with modern errors in the trenchant manner that characterizes the work before us. It is a high encomium to be able to say that the task attempted has not been above, but well within, the author's powers.

Success and Failure. By R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D. Isbister and Co.

A GEM of a book, upon an ever-fascinating theme. Dr. Horton has invested this trite but deathless topic with rare attractions both of thought and style. It is one of the few books that, when you have read, you feel compelled to begin again. The lofty moral standard he sets up, and the literary grace and beauty with which he recommends it, must be productive of the highest good.

Having had occasion, many times, to find the gravest faults with Dr. Horton's theological teaching, we are all the more pleased to find him appealing for so noble and divine a standard as to success and failure. We should like to know that every youth and maiden opening out into life's hopeful dream, had been given a copy, and would read it. It is a priceless shillingsworth.

Four Knockings. By E. S. ELLIOTT. Stirling : Drummond's Tract Depot.

A BOOKLET, by the author of *Expectation Corner*, which has already reached its thirteenth thousand, hardly needs further commendation. It is full of gospel truth, earnest appeals to the undecided, helpful messages for Christians, and solemn warnings to those who reject the call of mercy.

The Pathway to Peace. By JAMES WHARTON. Alfred Holness.

ANOTHER booklet worthy of the widest possible circulation. Abounding in forcible illustrations of Scriptural teaching concerning the way of salvation, it must be helpful to those who are anxious about their spiritual state. (Cloth, 6d.)

The Glory of the Lord. By Canon EYTON. Nisbet and Co.

A MOST unsatisfactory half-dozen sermons by a leading light of the new theology, which is the old heresy revived. The first sermon is a fierce attack on Augustine and his grand system of theology; the second is on "the new birth," but ignoring the work of the Holy Spirit; the last discourse is a defence of "prayers for the dead";

whilst the others that lie between are of a similar flavour. *Sword and Trowel* readers will rightly judge that this is not a book to please or profit them.

The Gospel in the Fields. By Rev. R. C. FILLINGHAM. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. FILLINGHAM is a true poet and interpreter of the beauties of God's world; but, besides this, he is a devout lover of the Lord Jesus Christ and His blessed gospel; so he sees, in all the loveliness around us, emblems of the Divine beauty of Jesus and His dying love for sinful men.

To read these charming papers is not only to have a mental bath of peace and beauty, but to rise from it greatly exhilarated with teeming suggestions for speaking and preaching. Every Christian worker should get a copy at once; no careful reader will come away from the volume without being abundantly enriched. We wish for it a sale by tens of thousands. It is a delightful book in every respect; and is produced with choicest taste.

The Scripture Way of Salvation. By JOHN WESLEY. With Preface and Notes by J. AGAR BEET, D.D. C. H. Kelly.

A REPRINT of a famous sermon by the great founder of Methodism, and a valuable booklet it makes. It does not contain a full system of theology, but it lays emphasis on the freeness of God's mercy in the saving of sinners.

Yet. By Rev. F. R. ANDREWS. T. Fisher Unwin.

HAD the fifteen sermons that make up this volume been condensed into half their present size, they would have been far more useful, and more popular, too. There is a plethora of quotation, and an over-elaborateness of illustration, which rather tire you as you read on; and yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the matter is in many respects good and useful. The brightness and transparency of the book will, we hope and believe, make it to sell, despite its exhaustiveness of treatment.

Sunday School Teaching. By JAMES BAILEY. Robert Culley.

A MOST helpful guide to those who desire to become thoroughly qualified teachers in the Sunday-school. The practical hints on discipline, gaining the attention of the scholars, and imparting sound Biblical instruction, are excellent. The Manual would have been perfect if the spiritual side of the teacher's preparation had been made more prominent.

The Smedleys of Matlock Bath. By H. STEER. Elliot Stook.

MANY will read this brief biography with interest, having known the subject of it; others, to learn something of the Hydropathic treatment with which the name of Smedley is associated. But, outside this circle, we fear the book will have small attraction. The business flavour is so obvious, all the way through, that the biography is by-and-by forgotten.

Notes.

Donors will kindly note that, in consequence of the very early publication of the present number of the Magazine, most of our cash lists had to be closed on November 30. Donations received between that date and January 14, 1898, will (D.V.) be acknowledged in our February issue, which will be published towards the end of January. Part II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* will be ready at the same time; a very good plan for friends to adopt, who cannot purchase the half-guinea volume at once, is to order the shilling parts to be delivered, month by month, with the *Sword and Trowel*. The volumes and parts and Magazines can be obtained through all booksellers, or of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, who will send the *Sword and Trowel* and *Autobiography*, post free to any address at home or abroad, for 1s. 3d. per month. (The January Magazine and Part I. of the *Autobiography* can still be sent post free for 8½d.) Orders should be given as early as possible.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1898.—As this issue of the *Sword and Trowel* will probably come under the notice of many who did not see our December number, we have reprinted most of the announcements which then appeared. 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 year, we shall have a new series of articles on "C. H. Spurgeon's most striking Sermons." The first appears on page 13, where there is also a list of some of the other contributors to the series.

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. Until sufficient material is collected for this new series, "The Pastor's Page" will continue to interest and instruct, as it does this month in the searching and stimulating address to the students of the Pastors' College.

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.

Special notices.—Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday will (b.v.) conduct the *Watch-night service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Friday, December 31*, commencing at eleven o'clock. This gathering is always characterized by peculiar solemnity and impressiveness.

On *Lord's-day, January 16*, Rev. John McNeill is to begin a fortnight's mission at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is to preach on the mornings of January 16 and 23, and Mr. McNeill on the two evenings, when seat-holders will have to be in their places very early,—half-an-hour before the time for beginning the service. Mr. McNeill will also preach (b.v.) on the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of each week, commencing at 7.30, the service on the first Friday being specially for young people. We ask the earnest prayers of our readers for the Lord's blessing to rest upon the whole mission; if any of them can help in making the gatherings a success, their co-operation will be heartily welcomed.

Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, Portman Square, W., have lately taken several photographs of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. Two that we have seen are, in our opinion, the best portraits of the Tabernacle Pastor which have yet appeared. One, a large photograph, printed in platinotype, is a *speaking likeness*; a smaller one, Imperial size, represents the author of the articles for "The Pastor's Page" just looking up from the desk at which he has been writing. The prices are 10s. 6d. and 5s. respectively; they will make most acceptable presents for Christmas and the New Year, or other special occasions. They can be obtained, together with a cabinet one at 1s. 6d., of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings; or of Mr. Buckmaster, Newington Butts.

THE "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY.—Many friends will rejoice to know that the good work of this Society, though interrupted for a while, is again proceeding happily and successfully. Many new branches have been opened recently, and the quarterly returns and contributions have come in very satisfactorily. The four Trustees, in whom the property is now vested on behalf of the Society, met at Brighton on December 1, and unanimously elected Pastor Charles Spurgeon as the fifth Trustee, and also as President of the Society. It is most pleasing to know that the work, which so largely perpetuates the influence of the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON, will receive a fresh impetus through the earnest advocacy of his son. At the anniversary, to be held in Queen Square Congregational Chapel, Brighton, on *February 2*, 1898, the new President is to preach in the afternoon, and to speak at the evening meeting, when all

his Co-Trustees—Revs. David Davies, J. S. Geale, S. B. Lane, and J. W. Harrauld,—will (b.v.) take part in the proceedings.

Pastor Charles Spurgeon has very kindly lent to the Society his three beautiful sets of dissolving-view slides on "The Life and Work of C. H. Spurgeon," "John Ploughman's Pictures," and "Sermons in Candles." Applications for lectures on either or all of these subjects, in aid of the Society's operations, should be addressed to the Secretary (*pro tem.*), Mr. W. Finnigan, 79, The Drive, Hove, Brighton, to whom all communications and contributions should be directed. The Trustees are prepared to lend, for circulation as loan tracts, Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, *gratis*, ready covered, and carriage paid, in sets of fifty to each worker, on condition that all donations for the work shall be forwarded to the Secretary, once a quarter, with a report concerning the distribution of the Sermons.

Before sailing for India, Pastor Robert Spurgeon applied to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon for a grant of her dear husband's Sermons for use on the voyage. He writes from Colombo to say that they were circulated on board on the four Sabbaths up to the time of sending his letter, and were gladly received. He also mentions that, among the passengers, one lady had *The Cheque-book of the Bank of Faith*; another, *Morning by Morning and Evening by Evening*; and adds:—"Another receives the Sermon weekly; and many have some cheering recollection of our dear President. One gentleman said, 'I am a Churchman: I lived near the Orphanage for twelve years, and almost always attended the Tabernacle.' . . . Mr. Jarry, from Orissa, 'one of our own men,' came in this morning from Calcutta to meet his *fiancée*, Miss Moodie. The marriage is to be on Friday; and Mr. Stockley, another of 'our own men,' is to officiate. Brother Jarry has passed his vernacular examination very creditably."

The new Annual Report of the SPEZIA Mission is a specially interesting pamphlet, which should help to bring in the increased funds for which Mr. Clarke and his Co-Director, Pastor H. H. Pullen, plead. We have no space to refer at length to the details of this important effort for the evangelization of priest-ridden Italy; but we would advise all who can help this service for the Saviour to send to Mr. Pullen, "Marola," Park Hall Road, East Finchley, London, N., for a copy of the Report, and then to aid the Mission as the Lord enables them.

On *Wednesday evening, November 24*, the annual meeting of the combined Tract and Benevolent Societies at HADDON HALL, was held at the Mission. Mr. J. Wilson presided, and Pastor E. A. Tydeman

(Foots Cray) and others spoke. Over 200 were present at the tea, and nearly twice as many at the public meeting; and the sum of £93 was raised for the Benevolent Fund's winter work. Between forty and fifty friends are engaged in the work of tract-distribution and visitation, lending the Sermons of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, with various magazines and tracts. The distributors meet for prayer every Lord's-day afternoon, and for tea and conference once a month. The Report says:—"The conversations at these conferences prove with convincing clearness the immense need of such house-to-house visitation, and the much good done in bringing Divine truth before the minds of the people. One visit to any of our monthly meetings would convince the most indifferent upon the subject of tract-distribution, that our workers by this means do get to close quarters with a multitude of careless, godless hearts, concerning God and eternity and Jesus' dying love. Connected with the Tract Society is a *Benevolent Fund*, by which very needy cases, met with upon the districts, are relieved. Information given by the tract-distributors is confirmed by special visitations, and thus a double check against imposition is employed. Relief from this Fund is only given in kind; and during the last year 1,541 tickets for coals, bread, meat, and other provisions have been issued, after examination into each case."

On *Tuesday evening, November 30*, a large number of the teachers of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL met in the College buildings for a social conference. In the course of the proceedings, four brief papers were read by Miss Howells, Miss Allchin, Mr. W. A. Bosher, and Mr. F. H. Ford; all were of so high an order that the teachers have decided to have them printed. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presented to Mr. S. R. Pearce a cabinet album containing photographs of the Pastor and Co-Pastor and their wives, and of each of the officers and teachers now in the school. Inside the album was the following inscription, beautifully illuminated:—

"Presented to Mr. Samuel R. Pearce, by the officers and teachers of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, as a token of their love, and esteem, and high appreciation of the splendid service rendered by him as Superintendent during the past twenty years.

(Signed) "THOMAS SPURGEON,
"November 30, 1897." "President."

The presentation was appropriately acknowledged by Mr. Pearce, and congratulatory addresses were delivered by Messrs. Wagstaff, Harvey, Wigney, and Ford. The meeting altogether was one of the best ever held in connection with the school.

On *Wednesday evening, December 1*, THE

"JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its usual monthly meeting in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, which was quite filled. A limelight lantern lecture was given by Mr. Walter Prentice, illustrative of work in which he is engaged amongst the "coalies" of London. Pastor C. B. Sawday occupied the chair, and the meeting was one of the best the Society has yet held, the Gospel Temperance ring of the lecture being specially appreciated. A number of persons signed the pledge at the close of the meeting, and became enrolled as members of the Society.

At the next meeting, on January 5, 1898, Rev. Tolefree Parr will (D.V.) give his popular lecture, entitled, "Wanted, a man!" We would advise all our friends to keep this date open, and to come and hear what will be both interesting and instructive. We particularly want *young men* to attend, for Mr. Parr has never yet given this lecture without much good resulting, and he looks for a like blessing on this occasion.

On *Monday evening, December 6*, Pasteur R. Sailleus, of Paris, addressed the friends gathered at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle. His account of God's work in Paris was very interesting. The church in the Rue St. Denis, over which he is Pastor, was formed in 1888 with *seven members*; it now numbers 309. Our brother has the opportunity of establishing Mission-halls in Paris which may become, in the future, Baptist churches. He has earnest and suitable lay-preachers for the work, but lacks funds for rent of rooms, &c. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon highly esteemed M. Sailleus for his devotion to the truths of the gospel. There is set before him an "open door" in Paris; will not English Baptists aid him to go in? Subscriptions may be addressed to Mr. A. Blocher, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London (who has kindly consented to act as secretary to the English fund for assisting the work), or to Mr. W. Olney, Hill View, Champion Hill, S.E.

COLLEGE.—At the close of the present session, Mr. O. M. Owen will settle as pastor at Holywell, North Wales.

Mr. W. J. Tomkins is leaving Rushden, and going to Quorndon and Mountsorrel, Leicestershire; Mr. W. L. Tweedie, late of Cork, has become pastor at Northcote Street, Stockton-on-Tees; and Mr. R. E. Chettleborough is removing from South Croydon, to Leighton Buzzard. Mr. A. Hall, of Merthyr Tydfil, expects to sail, early in 1898, for Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to take the pastoral oversight of the Queen Street Church.

The annual meeting of the Pastors' College, held in the Tabernacle on *Thursday evening, November 25* (after tea in the lecture-hall and schoolroom), was one of the best gatherings of the kind ever held, and must have greatly encouraged the President

(Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) and Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon) in their arduous and responsible task of carrying on this important part of their dear father's work. After the opening hymn, and prayer by Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., the President gave a brief address, in which he said, "The past year has been to me an exceedingly delightful one, and I believe it has been a delightful one all round. Things have been going heartily, and harmoniously, and holily, in the fear of God." Alluding to his dear brother's services in connection with the College, he said, "He has been greatly helped to help me, and to bless the whole work." The Vice-President, speaking next, bore similar testimony concerning the unity and prosperity of this part of their service for the Saviour, and while declaring the need of the College to be as great as ever, proved how that need was being met on the exact lines so wisely laid down by the ever-beloved Founder of the Institution. Dr. McCaig paid a pathetic and powerful tribute to Mr. Spurgeon's memory, and referred to the efficiency of the College work under the direction of his two sons. Messrs. James Smith and F. Humphrey, two of the present students, delivered admirable addresses; and they were followed by the new minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, Pastor B. J. Gibbon, who first congratulated the President on his accession to his father's "pulpit throne" at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and then, in a speech of great power, expounded the principles upon which Mr. Spurgeon founded the College, specially emphasizing the principle of selection and the method of education of students in the Pastors' College. The time had so far advanced that the President's lecturette on "Sleep" could not be given in full, but the portions that he was able to deliver greatly delighted his large audience, and made them long for more. One of the most thrilling passages was that in which he graphically described the discourse which his dear father preached first in his sleep, and afterwards at New Park Street Chapel. (No. 74.—"A Willing People and an Immutably Leader.") Before and during the meeting, the students sang some sacred pieces, including the College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!"

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—We are sorry to learn, from a letter written by Mrs. Patrick, that her dear husband, and a friend from England who is staying with them, are suffering from a slight attack of typhoid fever. Mrs. Patrick says:—

"We have been able to make such arrangements that most of the meetings, etc., are being carried on as usual. Don Angel, our Spanish evangelist, who is loved by the people, is valuable at such a time as the present. The school prospers under Miss Vecchio's rule. The Spaniards

are affectionate in their many enquiries after my sick ones, and the converts among them appear to be as steadfast to God as they are sympathetic to us. Please pray that we may know the sufficiency of His grace. Also remember our little children, whom I have had to send away: but who are lovingly cared for by friends at Hope House."

ORPHANAGE.—January, 30, 1898, will be "The C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Sunday," when it is hoped that in many congregations and Sunday-schools collections will be made on behalf of the Orphanage which was so very dear to him. Envelopes for use on that day, or for the Christmas dinner-table collections, with tracts and booklets for free distribution, can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W. More than 2,000 fatherless boys and girls have now been received into the Institution, and it may surprise some people to learn that no less than 800 of them were children of Church of England parents,—an evidence of the catholicity of the Institution which should commend its claims to friends in the Established Church.

COLPORTEAGE.—By the time these "Notes" are printed, our colporteurs will be working at high pressure, doing their utmost to increase their Christmas and New Year sales. We are sorry to find that several of the men have been impeded by the floods in different parts of the country. One of them writes that he is obliged to stay some miles from his home and family until the waters have abated; this is only one of the many trials which these earnest labourers have to endure for the Master's sake. We trust all friends will continue to pray for the whole band of colporteurs, that the Old Year may close with great blessing, and that the New Year may bring new grace and new success.

As this number of the Magazine will probably reach many readers who do not usually see it, we think it well to intimate that all Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's books, tracts, leaflets, &c., can be obtained of the colporteurs, and we call special attention to the following works:—*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*.

All communications should be addressed, "Secretary," Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 2, eleven.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. W. Pitcher	1 0 0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0	Mr. W. P. Hampton	5 0 0
Mr. C. H. Price	3 0 0	Garland Street Baptist Church, Bury	
M. H. B. S.	0 10 0	St. Edmunds, per Pastor S. J. Baker	2 10 0
W. S.	0 5 0	Mrs. Watts	1 1 0
Messrs. Heelas, Son, and Co., per Mrs. James Withers	1 1 0	Collection on occasion of Dr. Usher's visit to Ebenezer Church, Margate	2 2 0
Mr. P. Davies, per Mrs. James Withers	0 10 0	N. B.	50 0 0
From Chatsworth Road Tabernacle, Clapton, per Pastor W. Moxham	1 0 0	Residue of Legacy of late Samuel Knight Rushden	498 0 11
Collection at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor F. G. Wheeler	3 4 8	Well Wisher	0 6 0
Mrs. M. F. Smith, Java, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-	
Collection from Baptist Church, Bridgewater, per Pastor H. Trotman	1 0 0	Nov. 14	20 0 3
Mr. J. Robinson	1 1 0	" 21	18 15 6
Proceeds of Annual Tea and Meeting, including collection, £27 12 7	46 4 9	" 28	3 2 3
		Dec. 5	15 1 3
			53 19 3
			£687 15 7

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. O'Connor	0	4	0	Anon. per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Mrs. G. Pine	5	0	0	Miss Lydia Smith	0	6	0
Mrs. C. H. Price	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Huged	0	5	0
Mrs. M. F. Smith, Java, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	2	10	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :— Anonymous	3	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday- school Missionary Union, proceeds of two circles, July to September, 1897	37	3	7	"For Christ's sake"	0	5	0
H. McS.	0	6	0		<hr/>		
					£51	18	7

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. W. Jackson	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0
W. F., Kirkintilloch	0	2	6	S. M. P.	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Perrin	0	5	0	Miss A. M. E. Reeves	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2	17	3	Plaistow Congregational Sunday-			
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	0	7	6	school, per Rev. R. Partner	2	2	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	10	1	Collected by Miss Fowler	1	15	0
Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	0	6	1	M. A. G.	0	10	0
W. A., Battersea	0	10	0	M. T. Bevan	1	0	0
Mr. Jas Tuff	1	0	0	Part collection from lecture given by			
Lynton Road Sunday-school Benevo-				Miss Millar on Dr. Barnardo's			
lent Fund, per Mr. J. B. Collin	0	10	6	Homes, per Mr. J. Green	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Everest	0	5	0	Mr. W. W. Thompson	10	10	0
W. A., Ayr	0	5	0	In loving memory of W. T. Clark	1	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Warren	0	10	0	Mr. J. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Heasman	0	10	0	Per Mrs. J. Withers—			
Mr. W. Fischer	0	5	0	Mr. W. Moore	2	2	0
Mr. C. Iberson	0	3	0	Messrs. Heelis and Co.	1	1	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	5	0	Mr. P. Davies	1	0	0
Moiety of sale of work, Baptist Chapel				Mr. E. P. Collier, J.P.	1	0	0
Sunday-school Y.P.S., Guildford,				Mrs. S. J. Collier	1	0	0
per Mr. P. Pickett	1	5	0	Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
F. G. B.	0	2	0	Mr. C. R. Stevens	0	1	6
Mr. A. Marshall	0	10	0	Mrs. Raven-croft	0	10	0
Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	3	6	Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
E., a reader of "The Christian Herald"	1	10	0	Mr. Wells	0	5	0
Rev. Wm. Parry	0	6	0	Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Mrs. Robert Davies	2	0	0				
Collected by Mr. T. Barnes	1	0	0	Mr. J. Snell	1	1	0
Miss Green	1	0	0	A grateful heart	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Burr	0	5	0	Collected by Miss C. Havenhand	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend and sister in Jesus	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Jane Hall	100	0	0
M. R.	1	0	0	Miss Bashall	5	0	0
Mr. Jas. McFarlane	0	10	0	Mr. E. Laphorn	2	2	0
Miss E. Iltman	0	2	6	Mrs. Has-ell	1	1	0
"Conscience," Aden	1	0	0	Mrs. G. Cowan	1	6	0
Miss E. J. Shipton	0	5	0	Mr. F. Daffell	0	10	0
Mr. R. Stallwood	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Clark	0	7	6
Collected by Miss A. Lewis	0	10	0	J. B., Skewen	6	5	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. B. R. White	0	2	6
Per Mrs. O. H. Spurgeon :-				Collected by Mr. T. E. Inwood	0	5	0
Anonymous	10	0	0	Orphanage boxes at Tabernacle Gates—			
Mrs. Collen	2	0	0	Two packets each containing £5, and			
	12	0	0	loose cash, 10/8	10	10	8
Executors of the late Miss M. A. Deane	5	0	0	Mr. Vincent	0	10	0
Miss Green	5	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Mrs. S. A. Weldon	5	0	0				
M. H. B. S.	1	0	0	Christmas Festivities Fund :-			
Mr. F. Doody	1	1	0	Miss E. Norton	1	0	0
W. J. H. Willesden	0	15	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Williams	0	5	0	Mrs. Norris, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Northumberland labourer	0	6	0	"Bessie"	5	5	0
Collected by Miss Stephens	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Rennard	1	0	0
From the Trustees of the late Mr.				Mrs. E. Allmeyer	0	2	6
Robert Thompson	200	0	0	Mrs. Lang	0	5	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0	Mrs. E. W. Bell	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Little, per Mrs. J.				Mrs. E. Warmington	1	1	0
A. Spurgeon	0	2	0	Miss P. White	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorn	0	13	0				
Messrs. Phillips, More, and Co.	1	1	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanag ^s			
"Bessie"	10	10	0	Choir :-			
Mrs. Watt	0	2	6	Conference Hall, Mildmay Park	5	0	0
Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0	Faversham	9	10	6
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Sittingbourne :-			
Mr. J. Norriett	2	0	0	Mr. G. H. Dean	5	0	0
Sixpence per week	1	6	0	Mrs. G. H. Dean	5	0	0
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0	Mr. G. Dean	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Franklin	1	0	0	Proceeds of meeting, less			
Mr. Wm. Price	0	10	0	local expenses	7	16	6
Mrs. and Miss Rouse	0	2	6				
Miss M. Ferguson	5	0	0	Margate	18	6	6
Mrs. Winter, per Messrs. Passmore and				New Brompton	28	6	0
Alabaster	1	1	0	Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel ...	13	15	2
Mrs. A. Alston	1	1	0	Mostyn Road Wesleyan Band of Hope,	5	13	8
Mr. H. R. Daigleish	0	10	0	Drixton	2	2	0
J. H. R., Birmingham	0	10	0	Enfield	18	9	5
Executor of the late Mrs. E. Russell ...	300	0	0	St. Peter's, Thanet	6	10	0
Executors of the late Mr. Samuel							
Knight	498	0	11				
							£1,363 3 9

List of Presents from November 16th to December 4th, 1897.—Provisions:—43 lbs. Tea, Mr. G. Stone; a parcel of Grocery, Mr. A. Tilley; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam.

Boys' CLOTHING:—7 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Illigs; 8 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Graham; 3 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 1 Vest, Mr. D. Wilkins; 1 Suit, Mr. W. Wells.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—38 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Illigs; 38 Articles, Miss Torr; 4 Articles, Miss E. Reid and friend; 12 Hats, Mr. A. H. Dafforne; 37 Hats, Messrs. Jno. S. Harman & Son; 24 Articles, Mrs. Bartholomew; 17 Articles, Miss Passmore (for No. 1 girls); 26 Articles, a few friends at Newbridge, Mon., per Miss Daniell.

GENERAL:—A few Books, Mrs. Partington; 5 baskets of Chrysanthemums, and other Plants, Mr. G. Featherby; 1 parcel Books, Mr. T. Barnes; 1 load Firewood, Mr. W. Johuson; 4 Fruit Trees, C. K., Norwich; 1 Doll, a few friends at Newbridge, Mon., per Miss Daniell.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to November 30th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
District Subscriptions :-				W. S.	0	5	0
Cambridge Baptist Association	10	0	0	Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0
Friends at Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0	M. H. B. S.	0	10	0
	£17	10	0	Mrs. M. F. Smith, Java, per Pastor T.			
General Fund :-				Spurgeon	2	10	0
Collection at Withington Baptist				Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Chapel	0	11	0				
Mr. I. Quick	0	8	6				£6 19 6

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

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to November 30th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.	For translations of sermons:—	£	s.	d.
Anonymous...	M. Hoy...
W. S.
H. O. N.
							£11 0 0

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to November 30th, 1897.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	2,254	19	8	Mrs. Richard Rodgett
From Harston:—				Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, royalty from
Per Miss J. Jackson ...	0	7	0	German publisher
Per Miss A. Thoday ...	0	2	2	Thankoffering for Vol. I. of C. H.
Per K. Potter ...	0	4	1	Spurgeon's Autobiography
Per Miss K. Stockbridge...	0	1	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—
Per Miss L. Chapman ...	0	5	0	A Beulah friend
Per Miss L. Northfield ...	0	18	3	Ebenezer
				In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel
C. Lawrence				£2,289 18 2
Miss Sismur				

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon acknowledges, with heartiest thanks, the receipt of £1 for her Book Fund from S. K. J.; also coins, amounting to £1 5s 3d., very lovingly received from E. M.

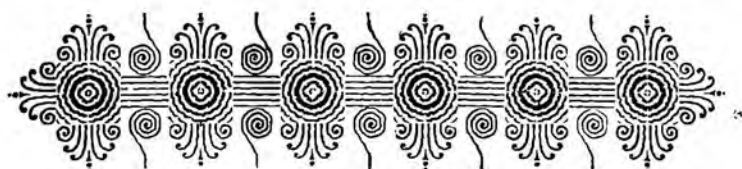
Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from Nov. 20th, to Nov. 30th, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—Mrs. Morgan, 6s; C. Scruby, 2s 6d; Mr. Jolliffe, 2s 6d; Mrs. Jolliffe, 2s 6d; Miss E. Saunders, 1s; Mrs. M. M. Dearnid, 2s; Mrs. Jones, 1s 6d; Joseph R. Thaxter, 1s; Mrs. Durrell, 2s 6d; Mrs. Luckin, sen., 6d; C. Oxford, 2s; "S. S.", 20s; Mrs. E. W. Bell, 20s; J. Tomlyn, 1s; Mrs. H. Cutts, 1s; Miss L. Salmon, 6d; Mr. W. Watson, 2s 2d; Mrs. Kershaw, 20s; Miss E. H. Thorne, 5s; Mrs. Reuben Deaton, 2s; Miss E. Gore, 1s; Mrs. E. Strugnell, 2s 6d; Mrs. Harriet Fielder, 6d; Mrs. Helen Burnell, 6d; Miss E. M. Burr, 1s; Miss A. M. Hickey, 1s; Mrs. Eliza Cartwright, 2s; Miss Dyson, 1s; L. Cox, 1s; Miss M. A. Williams, 1s; H. Gilling, 6d; Ada McWilliams, 6d; E. E. McWilliams, 2s; James Rattray, 7d; Mrs. Dandridge, 1s; Miss E. Saunders, 2s; Annie P. Moore, 2s; L. A. H., 5s; Mrs. Thomas Collins, 5s; E. Jacob, 2s 6d; John McGregor, 2s 6d; Mr. and Mrs. Radley, 2s; J. Stygall, 2s; E. Spanton, 2s; Lizzie Norris, 1s; Mrs. E. Woolfenden, 1s; Mrs. Metcher, 1s; Helena B. Wild Smith, 1s; Bertha Musson, 1s; Mrs. Crump, 1s; Mrs. Green, 1s; Miss Sarah Cluderay, 1s; Miss Annie Robins, 1s; T. P. Mortimer, 1s; Miss Bentall, 6d; S. Fleck, 6d; Janette Cockshaw, 6d; Miss Cockshaw, 6d; Miss M. Jones, 6d; B. Freeman, 4d; Miss Porteous, 1s; S. Williams, 3d; H. Smith, 2s 6d; Miss Dodge, 6d; Mrs. Wise, 6d; Arthur Hatten, 1s; Mrs. Sayers, 2s 6d; Miss Hook, 1s; Mary Addema, 2s 6d; Miss R. Simpson, 2s; Mrs. Smith, 10s; Miss Robins, 2s; Miss Smith, 2s; Mrs. P. E. M. Hoskin, 10s; Emily Ainger, 2s; Mrs. Denny, 7s 6d; Robert Hobbs, 3d; Mrs. E. Whitmore, 6d; Mrs. Marsh, 2s 6d; Mr. Smith, 2s 6d; F. G. L., 2s 6d; M. Smith, 6d; Mary A. Cook, 1s; S. J. Reed, 1s; Wm. Christian, 2s; A. D. Sandcraft, 4s; J. Sandcraft, 4s; Mrs. Few, 1s; M. Eaves, 1s; Peter Fordyce, 1s; John Blackler, 1s 6d; Geo. Prince, 6d; Mrs. Hockall, 5s; Mrs. G. A. Goodson, 9d; Mrs. Innes, 1s; Mrs. McGregor, 1s; Liela Smith, 1s; Mrs. Pritchard, 2s 6d; Susan Dawson, 1s; Mrs. E. A. Ainery, 4s 6d; Mrs. Crathern, 6d; W. H. Morgan, 1s; R. Vernon, 5s; Miss Harper, 6s; Rose Ison, 1s; A. J. Clayton, 1s; D. Wall, 1s; K. A. Legg, 1s; Miss R. Oyler, 1s; Mrs. Oyler, 2s; "Stroud Green," 1s; D. Davis, 10s; Mrs. W. Adam, 1s; Miss S. Gearl, 1s; Miss Smallbridge, 1s; Mrs. Prior, 8d; Elizabeth Rushbrook, 1s; Mrs. Comont, 2s 6d; Mrs. M. Hyde, 1s; Mrs. G. A. Bailey, 1s; Miss J. Harris, 6d; S. Robins, 6d; "A friend," 1s; Miss M. Glennie, 2s; Mrs. D. Marriott, 2s; Mrs. Glendenning, 1s; James Wilson, 1s; Ben Haigh, 6d; Mrs. W. Hayward, 1s; "Keren-happuch," 6d; E. Maybrook, 2s 6d; A. M. M., 3s; W. R. M., 3s; R. Ellwood, 1s 3d; Miss Everest, 10s; "A friend," 6d; E. R. P., 6d; M. Hooper, 1s; Dugald McCallum, 1s; Mrs. Adcock, 3s 6d; Mr. R. Thos. Tucker, 2s 6d; A. M. Barrett, 2s.—Total, £15 8s 7d.

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.

FEBRUARY, 1898.



"The Question Oak" at "Westwood."

PASTOR AND MRS. C. H. SPURGEON'S IMPROMPTU ANSWERS TO STUDENTS' QUESTIONS.

(Continued from Volume xxxiii., page 599.)



HIS year (1884), we were cheered by the graceful presence of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, who sat by the side of the never-to-be-forgotten and ever-to-be-loved President, in the balmy air beneath the shade of the spreading branches of the friendly "Question Oak."

One student asked the question,—*"Why does it say in the Bible that a good wife is better than rubies, rather than diamonds?"*

Instantly, the cheery voice of the President, turning to his wife, replied, *"You had better answer that, wifey."* With eager interest, we awaited her answer, being then not quite certain as to her ability, off-hand, to give the best reply. To our delight, after a moment's thought, Mrs. Spurgeon said, *"I suppose it is because diamonds only sparkle in the gaslight, but the ruby always shines."* The ready reply met with a hearty response from the student group.

* * * *

(On another occasion when Mrs. Spurgeon was present, we recall the tender way in which "the Governor," as we loved to call him, turned to her for an answer to the question put by one of our number,—*"Do you advise the systematic and consecutive reading of the Bible, rather than a meditation upon special portions of the Word?"*

"Wifey can tell you about that," said our President, "for she has read the Book *through* many times. My work naturally leads me to deal with individual texts, so I think she had better answer your question. How many times have you gone through the Bible, wifey?"

"Fourteen times, which means reading about three chapters daily to accomplish this in a year."

"Do you recommend the plan?"

"On some accounts, I do; it makes one acquainted with the historical and prophetic portions of God's Word which otherwise might be passed over, and it gives a more general knowledge of the whole Book; but for spiritual enlightenment and refreshment, I cannot commend it."

"Why do you practise it then, wifey?"

"It has become a habit with me, and I do not like to give it up; but I often get more comfort and blessing out of half a verse, when applied by the Spirit of God, than from the three chapters, which are more likely to be read as a duty, rather than a pleasure."

"Now, gentlemen," said "the Governor," "I would advise you to stick to your texts, and suck all the sweetness out of each one, before you proceed to another. The bees in my garden always load up with all they can carry away from every blossom; they don't get a sip here, and a dust of pollen there, but they ransack each flower thoroughly, and I think you will do well to follow their example.")

* * * *

Another brother asked,—*"What is the difference between instinct and reason?"*

I recollect the interested silence that followed this enquiry. Since that day, I have tried to discover, along the scientific and philosophic line of things, a rational answer to that difficult question. The dear President's reply was brief, but full of common sense; he said, "I am hungry. Instinct says, 'Eat a rump steak.' Reason says, 'Don't eat too much.'" They were simple words, conveyed in homely figure, but pregnant with philosophic thought.

* * * *

Another student asked the question,—“*What do you think of Storr's Book on 'Preaching without Notes'?*”

The brother was requested to give Storr's idea, which is, that the preacher should read over his notes on the Friday evening, then, looking at them no more, he should go into the pulpit on Sunday, and preach straight away that which memory brought again to his mind.

With a merry twinkle in his eye, the President said, “I should not care to adopt that plan, for my memory fails me sometimes, and I think I would rather have my notes somewhere handy, even if it were only in my waistcoat pocket.”

* * * *

I well remember a brother asking the President what he meant by *natural depravity* or *original sin*. It was with intense interest we awaited his reply; his answer was grand. He said, “By natural depravity, I do not mean that every child is born into the world in a depraved state; but that, by the fall of Adam, every child is so born that, as soon as it is possible for him to take one course or the other, his fallen nature forces him to take the evil one.”

* * * *

There was some amusement when a brother, who was then the students' secretary, asked the President,—“*Would you advise brethren to read the prayers of good men in order to cultivate the gift of public prayer?*”

It was with a vein of kindly sarcasm that the reply was given, “No, brethren, by no means. Do you want to know how to pray? Then, be much in prayer yourselves.”

* * * *

(The above Questions and Answers—with the exception of the second one passed on by the President to his dear wife,—are kindly forwarded by Pastor R. E. Willis, of Ipswich.—*Ed.*)

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

SUBSCRIBERS to the Book Fund will, I fear, have their patience somewhat tried by waiting for my Annual Report. I am obliged to claim their kind consideration and indulgence.

The opening chapters of Vol. II. of my beloved husband's “Life” will deal with the subject of our Love, Courtship, Marriage, and Wedded Life; and though no one in the wide world but myself can write them, I feel utterly incompetent for the task. What it means to me to undertake it, only my gracious God and I know. Many a time, I feel I must lay down my pen, and give it all up; for, in reading and transcribing my husband's letters, and living, as it were, over again those days of precious sweetness and sympathy, the inexpressible loss I have sustained is recalled and emphasized in a very distressing way. When I come out of my husband's own little study, of an evening, after having been for some hours closeted with these dear records, I seem to have left behind me a blissful life of love and brightness, and to

have entered suddenly into a land of shadows and unspeakable loneliness. It needs Divine grace and strength to put aside the grief of a heavy heart, and climb again into the high-lands of sweet content with God's will, and gladness (for my dear one's sake) that, for him at least, "the former things are passed away." For this reason, the work of preparing the Report goes on but very slowly, and gives scant promise of an early appearance. I think my kind friends will understand my embarrassment, and grant me a much-extended time in which to fulfil the duty of letting them know how their money has been spent. Meanwhile, if they would pray earnestly for me, that God would give me extra strength for my additional labour, they would render me a very loving and needful service.

Very warmly and heartily do I thank those dear friends who have helped the Book Fund in its time of need. Many, hitherto strangers, have come to its aid, and the trial of an empty exchequer has ended in the triumph of finding new friends. I bless the Lord for this mercy, and, since all hearts are in His hand, and the silver and the gold are His, "I will trust, and not be afraid," for the supply of many other wants which are pressing upon me.

The following letter will show that I have not only had help, but loving sympathy also; and this is a very sweet experience. Enclosed with the letter was a copy of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon, "My times are in Thy hand," No. 2,205, and the writer expressed himself thus:—"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Please accept from me sympathy, deep and true, with you in this your time of trial. 'Silver and gold have I none,' but the enclosed Sermon will, I pray and believe, most truly gladden your heart, and be made to you, as it has been to me, a great blessing. If you are too weary or unwell to read the whole Sermon, *do read page 285*. To-day, while having my dinner in a little room on the wharf where I work, the Lord laid it powerfully on my mind to send this message to you, and I do pray you to accept it as *from the Lord*." I read, as I was bidden; and, through my beloved's words, received help and strengthening.

"It is a joy worth worlds to be driven where none but the Lord can help you, and then to see His mighty hand pulling you out of the net. The joy lies mainly in the fact that you are sure *it is the Lord*, and sure that He is near you. This blessed realization of the Lord's interposition causes us to glory in tribulation. Is not that a cure for worry, a blessed cure for anxiety?" There is much more to the same effect on this precious page 285; but so marvellously can the Spirit of God apply comfort to the longing and waiting heart, that these few lines "turned my captivity," and enabled me to rejoice alone in Him.

I think, now, I will never again have a troubled heart about means to carry on my work,—I will bravely bear to see the ebb go out farther than ever before, and yet be confident that the big billows of God's mercy will come rolling in again at the flood tide! This is as it ought to be,—but, alas! I cannot be sure of myself in the matter; I need a fresh gift of faith in God, and from God, for every emergency, and can boast of no stores laid up for future use.

Lettish Sermons.—There is no diminution in the eagerness with which these translations are accepted and read; and, I may add, no lessening of the activity and zeal with which Mr. Frey pursues this blessed service for the Lord. If the "Censors" of Russia did not hinder him, he might run even faster than he does now, and make it difficult for my help to keep pace with his efforts. I have just paid a bill for £19, which represents the cost of printing and publishing four Sermons. There should have been 3,000 copies of each, but he says in his quaint, brief way:—"The first Sermon I did print in 5,000 copies. It is for sailors, and it would not have been enough in 3,000 copies!" So this £19 scatters 14,000 of dear Mr. Spurgeon's discourses, not only among the people of Liefland, but to the four quarters of the globe, since the sailors carry them to every port they visit. Mr. Frey tells me of the known conversion of a woman in one of the villages around Riga; "but," he says, "we cannot get all testimonies of all the blessing done by distributing of the Sermons, but I am sure the Heaven will testify of it, and there we will sing much 'Hallelujah.'"

This dear, good man has translated *Morning and Evening Readings*, but as yet cannot get the permission of the Censor to publish them. He is contemplating a journey to St. Petersburg, that he may obtain the sanction needed from the officials there; and he asks our prayers that this may be granted. You remember, dear friends, how great is the difficulty in getting any religious literature into Russia; but, hitherto, the Lord has signally blessed our efforts, and, after patience has had her perfect work, He has always appeared on our behalf, and made a way for the introduction of the Sermons. Will you again pray that His hand may be seen in this matter? I greatly rejoice that the "Fund for General Use in the Work of the Lord" is able to do such grand service as this, and I would ask my dear friends not to forget to supply the gold and silver which are necessary to the carrying out of our plans and purposes.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Because the LORD loved you."—Deut. vii. 8.

My gracious God, there is a honeycomb of delight and sweetness in these words; wilt Thou put the rod of faith into my hand, this morning, and enable me to dip the end thereof into this rich provision, that my soul may eat, and be satisfied, and that the eyes of my understanding may be enlightened?

"Because the Lord loved you." This is His great "reason" for all His dealings with His own. It is a full and convincing answer to all the doubts and questionings with which Satan can perplex and distress the Lord's timid ones. The enemy of souls has, alas! a powerful confederate in the wicked unbelief which lurks within us; but they will both be vanquished when we have learned to use this weapon of war against them. Come, my heart, try its blessed force and quality at this moment! The foe says, "Why does God send you affliction,

and sorrow, and suffering, when those who fear not His Name have continual quietness and abounding prosperity? " If thou canst boldly answer, " It is because the Lord loves me," thou wilt have given him such a sword-thrust as will free thee, for a time at least, from his cunning devices and fierce onslaughts.

Or, look at the text as a shaft of sunlight, piercing through a chink in the shuttered window of some dark experience. Bring thy fears and forebodings out of the dusky corners, and place them within the radiance of this light of love,—thou wilt be amazed to see them transformed into confident trusts; thy doubts will vanish as if they had never been, and the evil and bitter things of life will all be changed to blessings in a moment. "*Because the Lord loved you*" is a master-key which fits the wards of the hardest question, and opens the mysteries of the deepest problem. It is a talisman of wondrous efficacy, and every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ may not only rejoice in its possession, but use it constantly to obtain all the desire of his heart in spiritual things.

"What aileth thee," poor soul? Is it loss of health, or friends, or means? Hath God taken from thee some dearly-loved one, and left thee alone on this sad earth? Is He trying and proving thee by many and varied tests and troubles, "to know what was in thine heart"? Whatever may be thy immediate and peculiar sorrow, if thou hast grace and faith enough to say, "This is because the Lord loves me," I dare to promise thee that all the bitterness of the affliction will melt away, and the peace of God will fill thee with a sweet content which passeth understanding. No distress can withstand such Divine solace, no anguish can refuse the relief of this balm of Gilead. If all that happens to thee can be traced directly or indirectly to the hand of thy loving Lord, how gladly shouldst thou bear life's burdens, and how perfect might be the rest in which heart and mind should dwell!

O gracious Master, looking back over the years that are gone, the interminglings of grief and gladness pass before my eyes as the clouds sail by on an April day; and though the memories of great affliction and sore bereavement cast deep shadows across the scene, and seem for a time to blot out all the brightness, yet, above and beyond those changeful skies, the sun has never ceased shining, and darkness as well as day has proclaimed the immutability of Thy love. When the ears of my soul are attuned to catch the soft whisper of Thy voice, I hear Thee saying, "All this, My child, was, because the Lord loved you. Left to thyself, thou wouldst have destroyed thyself; but in Me was thy help found, and the tribulations thou hast endured were but My servants to whom I entrusted the necessary discipline of thy earthly life."

"Hast thou forgotten those words of Mine, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten'?"

S. S.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE MIGHTIEST MAGNET.

(ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, DECEMBER 31, 1897.)

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—John xii. 32.

EVERYTHING that concerns the Lord Jesus Christ is full of interest to God's people. There is, indeed, even to those who are not avowedly the Lord's a certain attractiveness about all connected with Jesus Christ, the world's great Saviour. Take His *history*, for instance,—His wonderful birth, His beautiful boyhood,—about which some wish they knew a little more,—followed and crowned by His glorious manhood. Look where you may, you will find no personal history to compare with His.

His *person*, too, was attractive. I know that He was "as a root out of a dry ground;" and that, according to the prophet, He had "no form nor comeliness." I know that, when they saw Him, He had no beauty that they should desire Him. I do not understand, however, that there was anything repellant in His look, or aught repulsive in His features; it was because men had expected something much more glorious and grand than the Messiah in this humble guise, that they despised and rejected Him. I am inclined to think that there was about His person much of grace and beauty, certainly nothing that drove sinners from Him, or repelled the children from His side.

What shall we say of His *words*? Each one of them was like a magnet which drew the listeners nearer still. He spake as never man spake. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Go, and sin no more." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These are honeycomb words; these are words of myrrh and spikenard, are they not? His lips were like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

His *works*, too, were attractive, so that He could appeal even to gainsaying Jews to believe in Him if only for His works' sake, for He healed the sick, and helped the poor, made glad the marriage feast, and wept in the funeral procession. Wherever He went, He was like a living cornucopia, shedding His bounty, and spreading His blessings far and wide.

His *character* was attractive. He was without spot or blemish. As this dark world of ours looks bright and sparkling in the early morning after a heavy snow-fall, so Jesu's character was without any sort of stain, or spot, or slur; He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners."

But the most attractive thing about Jesus Christ was His *death*. Albeit death is not usually attractive, and despite the fact that His death was in some senses most unattractive,—for it was a malefactor's death,—yet, mark my words, Jesus never drew the hearts of men during His life, as the story of the cross did when He Himself was exalted. His mightiest magnetic force streamed from His cross. The people gathered around Him before He came to Calvary, many

of them with sordid, and carnal, and mercenary motives; but after Calvary came Pentecost, and after Pentecost came times of even greater ingathering to the church of the living God. He had already laid down His life for sinners, and it was His sacrifice that drew men unto Him; and though that same cross became a stumbling block to certain, to others it was as a mighty magnet which sweetly yet irresistibly drew them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

You will remember, I am sure, that Christ was constantly speaking about His death. Even in the hour of transfiguration, He discoursed concerning "His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem;" and on many another occasion He referred to it. It was always before Him, it was the one thing on which His heart was set, it was the baptism concerning which He was straitened until it should be accomplished. The consummation of His life and work was always in His mind; so it came to pass that He even referred to the manner of His death: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me. This He said, signifying what death He should die." He was not ashamed of the cross; He gloried in what others counted a degradation and a shame. He never led His disciples to look for a splendid decease, but ever told them that he would be scoffed at, rejected, crucified. To Nicodemus, He revealed the fact that "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." He told His disciples, over and over again, that He would be betrayed into the hands of sinful men, and hung upon a tree; and even to His enemies He said, "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am He." Well, if Christ was not ashamed as He looked forward to His passion and His cross,—for He saw the crown beyond,—let us never be ashamed first to trust this crucified Saviour, and then to—

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour we have found."

We see the Lord Jesus Christ here in the rôle of a prophet. He was a prophet; yea, and much more than a prophet,—a prophet like unto Moses. Was His prophecy fulfilled? It was, to the very letter; for He was a true prophet, not a false one. The prophecy was twofold; first, He indicated that He would die the death of a malefactor, that He would be "lifted up from the earth;" and then He prophesied that, once being crucified, He would Himself become a loadstone drawing all men unto Him.

You know that THE FIRST PART OF THIS PROPHECY WAS FULFILLED. Jesus was betrayed by him who ate bread with Him; His fellow-friend put Him into the hands of the enemy, himself the bitterest enemy of all because supposed to be a friend. Then He was hurried to prison and to judgment, He passed through a mock tribunal, a mere travesty of justice, and was condemned on the testimony only of false witnesses who breathed out lies and blasphemies. Then they took Him up the hill of Calvary, painfully bearing His cross so long as He could at all support it, then helped by the Cyrenian. So He came to the skull-shaped hill of Golgotha; there they crucified Him,

and with Him two thieves, the one on the right hand and the other on the left. Literally, He was lifted up from the earth,—His arms outstretched upon that instrument of torture and of death, and Himself standing out against the lurid heavens,—like God's great sky-sign of salvation,—that all men might see that once, in the end of the world, Christ had appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

Now, why was Christ crucified? Was it not possible that He could die by some other mode than crucifixion? John had been beheaded, but Christ could not lay down His life after that fashion. They had sought to hurl Him from the brow of the hill just outside Nazareth, but His hour was not yet come. More than once, they took up stones to slay Him; but He passed majestically through their midst, running the gauntlet of His foes. He *was* to be crucified; it was not enough that He should die, the very manner of His death was predetermined and ordained. The type must be fulfilled; He was to be lifted up, like the serpent in the wilderness, for men bitten by the old serpent to look to Him, and live. Prophecy must be fulfilled; and the twenty-second Psalm, amongst other passages of the Old Testament, had declared even in detail the nature and manner of the Messiah's death. Moreover, the claims of the law had to be satisfied; the curse had to be removed; Jesus must put Himself into the sinner's room and place, and bear the load which was on the sinner's shoulders. There was a special curse pronounced on those who were crucified: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Oh, see ye not your Saviour's love? He stepped into our place completely, bearing on His shoulders the curse we could not bear. He was made a curse for us.

"Offer'd was He for greatest and least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest."

So *that* part of the prophecy has been fulfilled. Christ Jesus has been "lifted up," that is, crucified, for sinners' sake.

THE REST OF THE PROPHECY IS STILL IN COURSE OF FULFILMENT: "I will draw all men unto Me."

It was in part fulfilled in the early days at Pentecost, and afterwards, when Peter and others of the apostles went hither and thither preaching. What did they preach? You answer, "Christ." That reply is only partial; it was, "Christ, and Him crucified." They were no more ashamed of the cross than their Master had been before them. They knew that this gospel, with the cross in it, and the blood on it, was "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" so they raised and unfurled the standard in every place, till it became the rallying-point for all who felt their need of salvation. It was, moreover, as a harbour-light to which every storm-tossed mariner began to steer in hope of rest and pardon.

Yes, as soon as Jesus was lifted up, He began to draw all men unto Him. At once, the centurion cried out, "Truly this was the Son of God." I expect that the weeping women were already persuaded that Jesus was the Christ, but doubtless they were bound still closer to Him when He had died for them. Soon after that, a multitude of the priests became obedient to the faith; and all along the line, throughout the ages, there have been streaming Christwards—despite the

opposition of the world and of hell,—thousands, yea, millions of poor guilty sinners who have discovered, through grace Divine, that—

“None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.”

Now He is drawing, He is drawing many here. Some of you have already come to Him. Thanks to His mercy and longsuffering, He has drawn you to Himself. You know that you are now one with Him through living, loving faith. Since He was lifted up from the earth, He has drawn you *up* to Him; you have been crucified with Him, you have fellowship with Him in His suffering, and you want to live a holy life even as He did. The earth seems to be getting further and further from you, as you rise Godward, Heavenward, homeward, every day you live.

There are others of you whom He is still drawing, but you have not yet yielded, and rejoiced to have Him as your Saviour. Mind you, HE is drawing! If you resist my word to-night, it matters little. If the strivings and persuadings of your friends are ignored or contemned,—well, that is serious enough, I grant you; but, in comparison with this, it is scarcely worthy of mention. It is CHRIST who is drawing you; He of the bleeding heart and of the wounded side, He of the thorn-crown,—say rather, He on whose head by this time many crowns are sitting. It is HE who is drawing! I pray you, resist not the Spirit. Do not, I beseech you, turn a deaf ear to “the voice of love and mercy” that “sounds aloud from Calvary.” He is drawing you to Himself; away from sin, to holiness; up from hell, to Heaven; and drawing you so gently. There are two words in the New Testament for drawing, the one means drawing with violence.—say rather, dragging; the other means drawing sweetly, winningly, lovingly, gently, as the moon draws the tides, as the sun conducts the earth round about him. It is thus that Christ draws, how mercifully, how gently, how lovingly! Behold His open arms! Behold His hanging head as He gives up the ghost! Hark to His words of love!

Now I wonder who is coming to Jesus as the year is going. I think I see some approaching. God grant that the day-dream may come true! A dear old man, grey-headed in sin, totters up the hill of Calvary, and stands beneath the cross. His singing days are almost past, but he tries to sing,—

“In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see,
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me.”

Make way for that strong man; he is in his very prime; but, alas! he has sinned nearly all his life; sins black and crimson are thick upon him. Ah! but there is a welcome at the cross even for him. Listen as, looking at the bleeding sacrifice God provided, he says, with hope beaming from his eyes,—

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

I think I see a young maiden tripping towards the cross. Someone says to her, "*You do not need to go there; you have lived an unblemished life, we all love you.*" Ah! but she also is cross-bound; and as she stands beneath it she says,—

"Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole,
I want Thee for ever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Is there anybody else coming to the cross? Oh, yes! Look at that dear little child; tender are its years, but it has learned already that it is easier to do wrong than to do right. The Christ is waiting for the child to come unto Him. Now, little one, let us hear your simple prayer:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

See, Jesus smiles, and blesses all who have come to Him. Will *you* be one of these? The other day, I heard of one who said that he could not stand that "Come to Jesus" style of preaching; I hope that, in another sense, many of you will not be able to stand it, but that you will yield to Him who has been lifted up from the earth, and who is drawing you unto Himself. God grant it, for His mercy's sake! Amen.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.*

II.—BY ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, WEST NORWOOD.

THE first Sermon I remember hearing from Mr. Spurgeon was when I was a lad of a little over twelve years of age. It was delivered at the Surrey Music Hall, on the Sunday prior to Christmas Day, 1856. The text was, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." (No. 109.) I was wedged in among the crowd on the ground floor, drinking in every word, and I can still remember the desire that sprang up in my heart to be able to tell so good a story. That was to come, however, some few years later on.

In the following year, when sitting in the second gallery, to the preacher's right hand, I heard him on "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." (No. 158.) The influence of that Sermon never passed away. It made me resolve that, whatever else I might lack, I would

* The above is the second article in a new series which will, we trust, prove exceedingly interesting. Several other brethren, including Pastors Hugh D. Brown, M.A., James Douglas, M.A., W. Y. Fullerton, and John Horne, have kindly promised to write their recollections of the Sermons by Mr. SPURGEON which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression; and we shall be glad to receive communications to the same effect from others of our readers. We believe that these papers will tend still further to show the many-sided character of the beloved Pastor's ministry, and that they will help to increase the influence still wielded by him through his thousands of printed discourses.—*Ed.*

stick to whatever I began. His description of the man who "opened a grocer's shop, only to close it in three months, and turn draper," lives with me still.

The Sermon, however, that thrilled me through and through, and to this day can never be remembered without emotion, was one preached, also at the Surrey Music Hall, on November 15th, 1857. I was sitting in the first gallery, to the preacher's right hand. The text was, "Let us not sleep as do others." (No. 163.) As the iniquity of sleeping while men were perishing was being brought out, I became intensely interested, but never can I forget the more than electric shock that passed through the vast audience when, pacing the platform, and seemingly ringing a bell, Mr. Spurgeon suddenly called out, in a voice that made the place ring, "*Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!*" Then came an awful picture of London during the great plague, with the grass growing in the streets, and the cart for the dead rumbling along, with the doleful cry ever sounding, "*Bring out your dead!*" In a moment after, he made us see a physician, who had discovered an infallible cure for the plague, fast locked in sleep, while under his window the dead-cart stopped, and "*Bring out your dead!*" echoed along the deserted streets. I can hear him now exclaiming, "He is asleep! O ye heavens, why do ye not fall, and crush the wretch? O earth, how canst thou bear this demon upon thy bosom?"

Lad as I was, I longed to shout to help wake the sleeper. For weeks after, "*Bring out your dead!*" was ringing in my ears. Never have I heard even dear C. H. S. give a more dramatic illustration. That morning will never be forgotten.

The Sermon that most impressed me spiritually was from the text, "Compel them to come in." (No. 227.) This, too, was in the Surrey Music Hall. Were the place standing, I could pick out the seat I occupied just behind the pulpit. How he did labour to save us! His pleading was pathetic. I had a feeling that, if he went on much longer, I should be bound to be converted. The remembrance of that Sermon has tinged many an address I have tried to give since. I believe a multitude *was* saved that morning, though the lad of fourteen was not among the number.

One more notable time comes to me as I write. It was in the year 1858. This also was in the Surrey Music Hall. I remember that I was sitting against one of the pillars in the first gallery, to the preacher's right. On the two previous Sundays, he had preached from our Lord's titles of "Wonderful" and "The Counsellor." They were great Sermons, but I felt they were beyond me. On this morning, I fully expected the theme would be "The Mighty God;" but, to my surprise, the course was not continued, but the text announced was, "God be merciful to me a sinner." (No. 216.) I felt relieved. It was a gloriously-simple discourse, and the boy of fourteen could follow every word. Well do I remember how, at the close, Mr. Spurgeon suddenly said, "And now let us turn our text

into our own prayer. You who mean it, add an audible 'Amen!'" With closed eyes and uplifted hands he slowly prayed,—

"GOD—BE—MERCIFUL—TO—ME—A—SINNER."

There was a moment of silence, and then, like subdued thunder, there rolled through the building the "Amen" of thousands. The effect was marvellous. Some few days after, I learned from my father, who had it from the lips of C. H. S., that he had prepared another and an elaborate Sermon for that morning; but that, on awakening, it had all gone from his mind, and that it was as he rode up to the Hall that morning that the publican's prayer laid hold of him, and he felt he could preach from nothing else. It was a purely extemporaneous Sermon, but oh, how powerful with the might of the Holy Ghost!

I have only referred to Sermons far away in the distance, thinking that, perhaps, they might have the more interest as those who heard them are getting few. To me, *all* dear Spurgeon's Sermons were "striking"; and, in the autumn of life, I love to let memory do her work, and *hear them over again*. "No preacher like my President," is my heart's verdict.

(*To be continued.*)

My Advocate.

I HAVE an Advocate above,
And though I cannot see
His face, I know His heart is love,
And that He pleads for me.

Though mountains fall, and hills-depart,
His promise faithful stands;
My name is graven on His heart,
My soul is in His hands.

He loved me with a mighty love,
He saved me by His grace;
And, by-and-by, in Heaven above,
I hope to see His face.

And this is what I mean to do,
When I my Saviour meet;
I'll take the crown His hands bestow,
And lay it at His feet.

For all I have, and all I am,
And all I hope to be,
I owe to Him,—blest be His name!—
Who gave Himself for me.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

II.—THROUGH THE FIELDS IN A FOG.

THERE are days in Winter when the mist hangs like a half-lowered curtain, when every bush drips with moisture, when the grass is fretted with wet so as to show the delusive appearance of hoar frost. Such weather is not suggestive of a country excursion, neither of lingering by the babbling brook, nor of whispering leaves, which seem to tell their fellows what the lovers standing on the old wooden bridge are saying to each other. If you should venture under the curtain of fog, and lean with pensive head over the stream, the most striking sensation you will probably get will be from the falling of drops of water on the nape of your neck from the boughs above. We live on the force of contrasts more than we think for; and it is a contrast indeed to visit in mid-winter the spot where we lingered in Summer, and to view the very same surroundings in which we then revelled, shrouded in gloom, and eaten through with damp and decay. Yet the living trees are there, though every bud now bears a tear; the leaves of the water-lilies float lower in the swelling flood, but you can see them if you look; and the very grass, on which you step so gingerly, has within it marvellous possibilities. The melancholy which hangs over all, the fungi bred of muggy mists, will pass away as the sun returns. With the increase of light, the latent life will reassert itself; the very moisture which is now the minister of death will become the servant of the King, softening the swelling bud, feeding the stirring roots, and thus, that which was ice or reek will be absorbed in growth, and take the colour and character of the opening Spring. Then the sun will turn the darkness into day, and change Winter's winding-sheet into the gauzy veil with which fair April sometimes hides, for a brief hour, her charms.

So it is in grace. He who hath "healing in His wings" can transform the December of our despondency into the June of joy. Yes, and that which is against us, maketh He to minister to our spiritual increase, so that we sing,—

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Well, then, may we pray, when suffering from spiritual chill, "Return, O Lord, how long? And let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants. O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

* * * *

The only people likely to be in the fields under a heavy mist are shepherds and ploughmen, or such as sport the gun or golfing iron, with perhaps some analyst of Nature's moods and tenses, who may think that he will try her fickle temper by paying her a visit on a

washing-day. He must expect a chilling reception, for all that he will get from his frugal hostess will be a dish that it would be a libel to call mushrooms, a handful of hips, and some birds' nests which he might not think suitable for soup. These, together with plenty of cold water, must suffice. However, it is not so much to get a dinner for your appetite as an appetite for your dinner that you take a country walk in dreary days. The only fare that Nature herself provides for pilgrims to her shrine in the off months is a cold collation;—very cold, plenty of table and dish, but few guests, and fewer delicacies. He who would lunch with the Dame at Christmas must follow the example of the tourist who put on his glasses in order to magnify his chop.

But though we thus rail at the mud and monotony, we made quite a respectable gleaning of interesting observations on this particular afternoon. For instance, there was the fog itself. We moralized in it and of it, though we hope our deductions were clearer than our subject. How that can be, we leave to the argumentative. A field fog may get a worse name than it deserves. It may be in low circumstances, but it is respectable. It is a well-bred mist, and does not attempt to enter your house uninvited, but stays where the servants leave the poor when they call,—on the doorstep. It is not like its vulgar cousin, the City fog, which gets mixed up with all sorts of sooty acquaintance, and turns burglar whenever there is a chance. As a wraith, is the mist of the meadows. Sometimes, like Marley's ghost, you can see through it, and its presence is calculated to make you a little bit creepy. Yet it festoons the many cobwebs which hang from the rank grass of the ditch to the low brushwood. The multitude of these airy snares is made manifest by the mist. It is a surprise to see so many spiders' webs in mid-winter, and the inference must be that there is more life stirring than we are aware of. How limited, after all, is our knowledge of what is going on around us! Most of us are painfully circumscribed. Even when men have leisure, they sadly lack either interest, knowledge, or appliance wherewith to take advantage of it. If the interest can be aroused, the rest will duly follow. He who is interested is already at school, and the pressure to know will produce the appliance.

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Birds do not seem to be affected with the melancholy usually associated with a fog. One thick November Sunday morning, before service, we took a walk round a plantation. We thought the weather dismal enough, and did a growl to that effect to the policeman at the corner. But when we got among the firs and beeches, we felt ashamed of ourselves, for the birds were holding a service of song among the misty branches; and though none of the notes were high and gushing, the soft brooding trills of more than one songster made us feel that, if man grumbled, God was not left without voices to praise His Name.

What more shall we say of what we saw in our misty ramble? We startled sheep with fleeces as wet as that of Gideon's on the morning of the sign. Of course, the moisture cast down by a fog is

not true dew. It is more allied to rain. Real dew is that which is caused by the cooling of the earth. In the Bible instance, Gideon's first test produced what might naturally be expected. Not content, he ventured to ask that the contrary might happen. And the Lord gave him this also. The ground was wet, and the fleece was dry. He who was to act for God in the deliverance of Israel wanted to be sure that he was urged forward by higher promptings than those of his own heart.

* * * *

But the great find of our excursion was birds' nests. The trees and hedges abounded with them. Most were half-full of dead leaves, but in one were traces of recent occupation, for the bottom of the cup was covered with half-eaten hips. Many of these nests had been built by the blackbird and thrush, and one could at this season take the bird's house from among the thorns, and admire the admirable ingenuity of the builder, without feeling that you were doing an injustice to the owner. The empty nests looked very depressing on the dreary Wintry afternoon; but we could reflect that, in a few weeks, the hedges would be again the scenes of that eager, happy period of bird life when songs are sweetest and loudest, and when all Nature awakes to listen to the melody.

Further on, we came upon some beautifully-rimmed fungi. One had its edge scalloped in deep violet. Another had its hat pleated beneath in a fashion that might make a milliner despair; and all done in saffron, too. It seemed strange that these parasites should take such pleasing forms and hues; things bred of the damp, and associated with decay. But death will often simulate the colour of life. Those who have watched will tell you that even terror and agony may become prismatic.

There was one thing at which we paused. Only a bramble, but we were struck with the extreme beauty of the bine, which was deep rose pink inclining to a fleshy glaze through nearly all its length. It is these discoveries of colour which lead you to reflect how even the common-place is endowed, and to conclude that you owe to the tones and tints of ordinary objects that restful harmony as a whole which quiets the eye, and soothes the mind, as you look upon a homely stretch of tree and field. So is it in daily affairs. You come across a genius only now and then; but ordinary people, who strive to do their duty, are met with every day, and it is to the admirable qualities displayed by these that we owe so much. The blackberry brier was only coloured as we have described through that length of it which had been exposed to the sun. Where it went under from the light, it was a sickly yellow green. We left the fields moralizing what the sunshine could make even of a thorny bramble, and it occurred to us that our own life was not much better; and if there were any pleasing hue at all, if any sweetness in its season, it was due to the action of that Great Life which is the Light of men, who, by His transforming grace, can make even those who are but as the thorns of the wilderness, trees in the garden of the Lord.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

L.—PASTOR CHARLES INGREM, WIMBLEDON.

THE subject of this sketch has the priceless advantage of coming from a godly Puritanical stock, his father and grandfather being men of devout lives and local preachers of wide usefulness. Soon after his conversion, CHARLES INGREM began to preach because he could not help it, and he continues now for the same reason. His services in and about Lymington, Hampshire, met with such encouraging results that he was induced to apply for admission to the Pastors' College; and entering in August, 1878, he formed one



of “the best batch” that ever tried the patience and exhibited the graces of the Tutors of that famous Institution.

Although Brother Ingrem is now only in the prime of life, his head is crowned with “the beauty of old men” in the shape of a rich shock of grey hairs, honourably won in strenuous and unwearied service for the prosperous church over which he presides. The parting injunction he received from C. H. Spurgeon, on leaving the College, was, “Go and blaze away,” and the grey ashes eloquently witness to the loyalty with which that exhortation has been obeyed. The church at Queen's Road, Wimbledon, can testify with emphasis and affection that, under God, it owes its prosperity in a large measure to the indomitable pluck, energy, and spiritual fervour of its pastor. That he has organizing ability of the first order, is clearly evident in the smart, helpful, business-like arrangement of the details in each department of the church's activity. Having a voracious appetite for work, he counts for something in every organization within his own church, and in many others outside her borders.

In spite of the manifest overtaxing of his somewhat slender physique, there is a breezy, youthful freshness about Mr. Ingrem, which has great attractions for young manhood and womanhood, and consequently this element is very conspicuous in the church under his pastoral charge. Permeating and dominating all, there is an Evangelical and missionary zeal that keeps the goal of the extension of Christ's glorious kingdom clearly in view. To this end, all else is subordinated; for this result, hardness is cheerfully endured, and hope remains undaunted in face of difficulties. Our brother has an inherent incapacity for seeing the signal to “cease firing” until the battle is won. His preaching might be described as of the solidly-substantial order that satisfies rather than tickles the spiritual appetite. For several years, he has systematically expounded various New Testament portions, including Thessalonians, I. John, Ephesians, and the Acts of the Apostles. Recently, the Epistle to the Galatians

has been studied week by week, and the continuous crowded congregations showed that it was no weariness to the flesh to receive that strong meat. The Book now under consideration is the Gospel according to Mark. There is a bright interesting freshness about our friend's practical teaching that holds the attention and impresses the mind of his hearers, and he possesses and freely uses that peculiarly precious talent of preaching sermons to children that will abide in the youthful memories.

Like many more of "Our Own Men," Brother Ingrem wears the badge of the Y.P.S.C.E., and his services to the movement may be judged from the fact that he was President of the S.W. Union of London for the first and second years, and that he is now a member of the London Council. Among other important services rendered outside his own church, it should be mentioned that, for many years, Mr. Ingrem has been a member of the committee of the Home Counties Baptist Association; in 1887, he was Moderator; and he has been again elected to fill that office for the year 1898-9. He is also the first President of the local Free Church Council.

The attractions of his sphere of service, when he entered upon it in 1880, lay rather in the prospects than in the actualities, for there were only some 20 members of the church, the chapel held but 200 persons, and there was a debt of £400 upon it, while the school-room behind was but a gaunt class-room. However, with good courage and prayerful devotion, the call was accepted as from the Lord of the churches, and the history of the past seventeen years' work in Wimbledon is both a joy and an inspiration. Year by year, difficulties have been met and conquered. The membership steadily rose until it exceeded the sitting accommodation; the school grew until the chapel did not afford room enough for the scholars; enlargement was impossible, and removal became as imperative as it was costly; so, with a cautious enterprise born of strong faith, the cords were lengthened, and the stakes strengthened, by selling the premises in Palmerston Road, and building, on a new site in Queen's Road, a splendid set of schools, with an audience-room that would seat 400, to be used temporarily as the chapel.

This venture was crowned with abundant success; before long, the congregations became too large for the building, and the membership again outnumbered the seats provided, which, by the way, were forms, and not luxurious pews;—the Sunday-school and Bible-classes filled the rooms with between 500 and 600 scholars, and this necessitated "the forward movement" consummated in the past year by the erection of the sorely-needed chapel, which was opened November 17th, 1897. Without going into precise details, it may be stated that the sum of £4,000 is still needed, and when that amount is obtained, the site and the whole block of buildings, costing about £10,000, will be completely enfranchised. Will the Lord's stewards take special note of this eligible opportunity of investing some portion of the funds with which He has entrusted them? All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by Pastor C. Ingrem, "Arnewood," Griffiths Road, Wimbledon. It is noteworthy, as showing the spirit of "self-help" among the friends, that about half the £4,000

still required is lent, free of interest, the greater part being advanced by the church-members themselves.

In addition to the work at the centre,—Queen's Road, Wimbledon,—there are now three mission-stations where services have been inaugurated, and are being earnestly carried on,—Norman Road, Merton; Crown Road, Morden; and London Road, North Cheam. These have about 350 Sunday-scholars, with 38 teachers, so that there is not much place given to the drones.



BAPTIST CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, QUEEN'S ROAD, WIMBLEDON.

The Manual contains a long list of the various societies and organizations belonging to the church,—including Sunday-school, Bible-classes, Band of Hope, Temperance Society, Tract Society, Gospel Band, Y.P.S.C.E., Junior C.E., Dorcas Society, Missionary Auxiliary, and Zenana Working Party, all of which appear to be in active operation. The members of the church at Queen's Road, Wimbledon, are profoundly grateful for the record of the past, and with good reason, for the hand of God has indeed been upon them for good. Whatever advantages short pastorates may possess, Pastor Ingrem has found that his sojourn of 17 years has intrenched him in the hearts of a loving people who, in their turn, realize that, while the years have given him an intimate knowledge of them that nothing else could afford, they have brought to them a confidence in their pastor that only the trials and triumphs of years could supply.

J. GYLES WILLIAMS.

The Supplement to "Our Own Hymn-Book."

THIS paper is not intended to be a review of the forthcoming new edition of the book which bears the above familiar title; it is rather a few explanatory and introductory notes by the compiler. The Supplement to *Our Own Hymn-Book* was really wanted. As the original collection of psalms and hymns, compiled by Mr. Spurgeon himself, was a necessity when it was first issued, in 1866, so the Supplement is a necessity now. During these thirty-two years, large numbers of good and useful hymns have been written, while others have been restored from partial oblivion to a worthy place in various hymnals. Besides which, during this period, "the Service of Song in the House of the Lord" has received fresh impulses, and many poetic compositions which could not have had a place in *Our Own Hymn-Book*, have become exceedingly popular with the Christian public. These were needed by the worshippers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and by the many other congregations that use Mr. Spurgeon's hymn-book. Some additional hymns being required, it was felt that a Supplement, based on the plan of the older compilation rather than any separate hymnal framed on other lines, should be prepared.

As all readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons know, the great preacher was earnest and faithful in pressing home the appeals of the gospel to sinners of every name and degree, addressing them in God's name as those who were "ready to perish," but who were summoned by the trumpet of the gospel to hear, believe, and live. He feared not, when speaking in his Master's name, to cry, with the prophet Ezekiel, "O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord." Thus, everywhere and always, he prayed men, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. At the same time, he was no less bold and uncompromising in declaring the great truths of sovereign grace,—the electing love of God the Father, and the predestination to faith, holiness, and eternal life of all the chosen of God. The covenant of grace, sealed by the blood of Christ,—“the blood of the eternal covenant” (Heb. xiii. 20, R.V.), was always a note of heavenly sweetness to him; he loved to hear it, to dwell upon it in his discourses, and to make it the theme of joyful song. *Our Own Hymn-Book* is a proof of this assertion, and the Supplement proceeds on the same lines.

The hymns in this additional collection have been chosen from many sources, and are the devout and thankful utterance of men and women connected with almost every branch of the Church of Christ. They date from the second or third century to the present time. Between twenty and thirty are original, many of them having been written specially for this book. Among the authors of these, the name of Mr. Albert Midlane is conspicuous, alike for the number and the value of his compositions. Other contributors of original hymns—hymns, we believe, not to be found in any other hymnal,—are Rev. John P. Hobson, M.A., of the Religious Tract Society; Mr. Edward G. Sargent, of Clifton, Bristol; Mr. Charlesworth, of the Stockwell Orphanage; and Pastor E. A. Tydeman, of Foots Cray, whose excellent verses are familiar to the readers of this Magazine; and, in addition, there are two or three by the compiler.

The other hymns have come to us, in their original or translated form, from men and women of different nationalities, all sharers of the same faith and glorious hope. A few are from early Greek and later Latin sources. Germany has been drawn upon for a number of its gems, in the English setting given to them by Miss Cox, Miss Winkworth, Miss Burlingham, Miss Campbell, the late Miss Borthwick and her surviving sister, Mrs. Findlater, Mrs. Beaven, and Mr. Massie, all in Great Britain; and Dr. H. Mills, of the United States of America. One is from France, one from Denmark, one from Bohemia, one from Canada, one from Burmah, one from Geneva, and three from Wales. The great mass are purely English, but Scotland and Ireland have each supplied their quota, and among these are some of the best in the collection. Quite a number come to us from the United States, — Mrs. Van Alstyne (*née* F. J. Crosby), Dr. Ray Palmer, Dr. F. S. Smith, and Rev. Robert Marshall Offord, of the *New York Observer*, being worthy of special mention.

It is a noteworthy fact, and one that did not strike the compiler until the selection had been made, but which he does not in the least regret, that no less than seventy of the three hundred hymns, including translations, are the results of the sanctified genius of Christian women, including Miss Steele, Miss Ann Taylor, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Elliott, Miss Havergal, and Mrs. Cousin, to mention no others. Whatever may be said as to the pulpit being, or not being, a fitting sphere for women, there can be no doubt that the press, and, best of all, the composing of hymns, is a field well suited for the exercise of the talents of educated Christian ladies. Their hymns are usually tender, sweet, and inspiring. What the Church and the world owe to Christian women, no one can properly estimate; but their record is on high, where their rich reward awaits them.

Several hymns by the ever-beloved and revered C. H. Spurgeon, which have been more or less familiar to worshippers at the Tabernacle, and to the members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, through being sung at their annual Conference gatherings, here find an abiding place. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, too, is very appropriately represented by several hymns, from his published volume, *Scarlet Threads and Bits of Blue*. His modesty shrank from the honour thrust upon him, but he wisely yielded to loving pressure. He also rendered very valuable aid in the final selection of the hymns to be included in the Supplement.

The work of the compilation has been very much a labour of love, especially in reading many thousands of hymns, in which one was like a bee flitting from flower to flower to sip the choicest honey. Two other branches of the work have been less pleasant. First, the search to ascertain the correct, or at least, the best text. Some compilers have dealt very ruthlessly with certain hymns, cutting and hacking, paring down and altering without mercy or judgment, to say nothing of respect for the author. The tenderly beautiful hymn of Mrs. Cousin, "The sands of time are sinking," has suffered greatly in this manner. The poem, as originally published in *The Christian Treasury*, December, 1857, contains nineteen verses. Some of these are unsuited for congregational singing, having a personal reference to Samuel Rutherford,

whose last words suggested the hymn. There is scarcely a hymnal of recent date in which some verses of the poem may not be found; but it is so cut down, and the verses so transposed, that it is almost impossible to find two hymnals in which the same verses are used, and in the same order. Happily, Mrs. Cousin is still with us, and the arrangement in the two hymns we have made is, both as to the text and the order of verses, as Mrs. Cousin has herself authorized. Some of the authors or holders of copyright of the hymns selected, who have kindly and cordially given permission for their use, have strictly bound us down to their own text, without alteration, omission, or addition. In all such cases, when the author's text could be ascertained, we have faithfully followed it. One or two hymns, the authorship of which is either unknown or obscure, but which contained some of the elements of good psalmody, though deficient in certain important features, have been re-written, and brief additions made.

The other branch of the work, referred to above, is the tracing of authorship, and the possession of copyright. This has consumed much time, and involved a very large correspondence, as in many cases the author had passed away, and the copyright had descended from hand to hand. In the case of a very few hymns, chiefly of American origin, the authorship could not be traced.

In some "Introductory Notes" to the Supplement itself, the names of authors and publishers, whose letters of permission will be retained for future reference, will be given, and appropriate expressions of thanks tendered for the permission so generously granted.

To the publishers mentioned below, among others, the compiler is personally indebted for their uniform courtesy and prompt replies to letters of enquiry:—Messrs. Nisbet and Co.; Messrs. Morgan and Scott; Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.; and Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons; as also to Dr. Green, of the Religious Tract Society, and the Chairman, Committee, and Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and to the like officials of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*.

If we quote from a few of the letters we have received, it will be seen in what high honour Mr. Spurgeon was held by the writers, and how they revere his memory, while cherishing hearty sympathy and love for the bereaved lady who is his nearest and dearest representative. A note from Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, may be taken as a fair specimen of the kind feeling of himself and other dignitaries of the Church of England, including Dr. Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland.

"My dear Sir,

"You are welcome to reprint the hymns you name, 'O God, the Rock of Ages;' 'Peace, perfect peace;' 'Till He comes;' or any other hymns of mine, if you will kindly insert them without alterations, as printed in *The Hymnal Companion*.

"Yours sincerely,

"E. H. EXON."

The following letter from Rev. F. G. Ellerton, Warmingham Rectory, Sandbach, son of the late Dr. John Ellerton, is characteristic:—

"Dear Sir,

"You are very welcome to the use of 'O come, all ye faithful;' that is, my father's version of it; 'When the day of toil is done;' 'Now the labourer's task is o'er,' and 'Saviour, again, to Thy dear Name we raise,' provided you print them without alterations. There is no need to plead any charitable object, for my father would, I know, have been glad that one whom he respected so much as he did Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, should have the use of his hymns, and I can say the same in the present case."

A brother of the late Rev. J. G. Small writes, concerning the hymn, "I've found a Friend," &c.:—"I shall be delighted to know that the favourite hymn of my deceased brother . . . has found a place in the new collection that you are compiling for Mrs. Spurgeon."

Rev. Edward White, Mill Hill, replies concerning a hymn by his sister, Mrs. Ranyard ("L.N.R."), author of *The Book and its Story*:—

"Dear Sir,

"My sister, Mrs. Ranyard, has long since died; her English son and two daughters are also dead. I can confidently undertake to say that, if any person can be considered to inherit the copyright, of whom I know none in England, they would feel honoured by the insertion of any hymn of hers in a collection by Mr. Spurgeon. . . . There is one son in Australia, and he is a godly man, who would be *only too pleased* to know of the honour done to his mother."

Miss Sarah Doudney also writes:—

"Dear Sir,

"I have great pleasure in giving you the use of my hymn, 'Sleep on, beloved,' for your Supplement. Pray tell Mrs. Spurgeon that I was deeply touched when I heard that it was sung at her husband's funeral. I lost both my dear parents soon after his death.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"SARAH DOUDNEY."

Our last quotation must be from a letter by Mrs. Cousin, now of Edinburgh:—"I remember reading, in an article on the late Revd. C. H. Spurgeon, that 'The sands of time' was the last hymn he gave out at his last meeting in Mentone, and I felt deeply interested and touched. The thought that he valued it, is truly one of the most precious associations that I have. I was a *profound* and *loving* admirer of Mr. Spurgeon for very many years. To interest herself in this new compilation, will be a labour of love for Mrs. Spurgeon, and a congenial task for you to carry it through.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"A. R. COUSIN."

Thus far the work is done. May it prove a blessed sowing of good seed, from which shall result, in days and years to come, a rich harvest of grace, peace, comfort, and joy to true believers, and of glory to the Eternal Three-in-One—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

R. SHINDLER.

N.B.—Later on, some notes on certain of the writers of the hymns, with anecdotes concerning the authors and their hymns, will appear.—R. S.

Counting the Cost.

(The following lines were greatly prized by Mr. SPURGEON from the very early days of his ministry in London. Our readers who have heard him quote portions of the poem will be glad to see it in full. We do not know the name of the author.—*Ed.*)

HAVE ye counted the cost? Have ye counted the cost,
Ye warriors of the cross?
And are ye prepared, for your Master's sake,
To suffer all worldly loss?

Can ye bear the scoff of the worldly-wise,
As ye pass by pleasure's bower,
To watch with your Lord, on the mountain side,
In the midnight's dreary hour?

Can ye cleave to your Lord, can ye cleave to your Lord,
When the many turn aside?
Can ye witness that He hath the living Word,
And none upon earth beside?

And can ye endure, with the virgin band,
The lowly and pure in heart,
Who, whithersoever the Lamb doth lead,
From His footsteps ne'er depart?

Do ye answer, "We can";—do ye answer, "We can,
Through His love's constraining power"?
But do ye remember the flesh is weak,
And will shrink in the trial hour?

Yet, yield to His love, who around you now,
The bands of a man would cast;
The cords of His love who was given for you,
To the altar binding you fast.

Oh, the banner of love! Oh, the banner of love!
It will cost you a pang to hold;
But 'twill wave o'er the field in triumph at last,
Though your heart's blood stain its fold.

* * * *

Ye *may* count the cost, ye *may* count the cost
Of all Egyptia's treasure;
But the riches of Christ ye can *never* count,
His love ye can never measure.

The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

A child's posy of wild weeds and common
field flowers, put into ink instead of
water, in the hope that they might be
for a while preserved from the common
process of decay which awaits all
those inferior productions which
are not worthy to be pressed
and preserved in paper.

In the literary *Flora*,
they may serve
as a specimen
of their
species.

C.

H.

S.

I.—ANECDOTE ILLUSTRATING ISAIAH XXVIII. 16.

I LEARNED from Mr. Sutton, of Cottenham,* that, when his chapel was being built, they had a good foundation in every part but the corner; and, unfortunately, just in that spot, there had been at one time a fishpond which was filled up with sand. This acted like a quicksand, and ordinary means were useless upon such a spot. Mr. S. told the builders that he had a very large stone at home, on which his water-cask stood, which would just do. They fetched the stone, and duly installed it into its important office, which it has well sustained. Sinner, you also have a sandy part in the corner of your being, and your own bricks and mortar will not avail to make it firm; none but Jesus, the chief Corner-stone, will answer your need.

* * * *

II.—LAZY FOLK, QUARRELSOME.

Some men never object to ride on the gospel coach, but they will never help pull it; they like the working *in* them, but they forget the working *out*. These gentry are sure to get quarrelling about who shall drive, for *that* they are ready to do. How many churches are full of men of the lazy stamp, and what do you see there? Nothing but wars and contentions.

* * * *

III.—TO THOSE MOVING IN HIGH LIFE.

Is there not an analogy between grace and nature, and may not

* This Mr. Sutton, of Cottenham, was the quaint old minister whose eccentric character and preaching are so graphically described by Mr. Spurgeon in his *Autobiography*, Vol. I., Chapter xxiv.

this analogy be traced in connection with the various temperatures of lofty and lowly places? We should expect that lofty mountains, being nearer the sun, would be hotter than the adjacent country; but we find them much colder. So also, permit me to ask, although we might suppose that the rich, enjoying more of the sunshine of life, would have more warmth of piety, is it not true that the higher you go, taking the masses entire, the colder you get? Is it not to be feared that the cold winds of worldliness and custom sweep away so much warmth that those high in life have seldom so much spiritual heat as the humble cottagers in the vales below? If ye live on a mountain, keep a good fire burning; the atmosphere is always chilly, and sometimes there is a biting frost.

* * * *

IV.—A DILEMMA FOR HYPER-CRITICAL HEARERS.

You either have abilities for criticism, or you have not. If you have not, then do not make a fool of yourself by attempting it; and if you have, those talents are rare and valuable, and should be brought to bear on objects worthy of them. Let them never be confined; give them large scope, and a wide sphere of action. Do not let them be exercised on your poor minister, for that would but degrade them; no, seek an unbounded country, where you may ravage at pleasure. Do you ask me to find you something of this sort? Go, then, criticise your own heart; do not neglect an inch of it, be very hard upon yourself, be just as severe as you have been with the preacher. He is not altered by your criticisms, they are thrown away on him; but if you will speculate in the wider market now discovered to your eye, you may be sure that, by God's grace, you will gain not a little profit.

* * * *

V.—A QUERY FOR AFTERNOON STAY-AT-HOMES.

Though some at home, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, are enjoying meditation and communion with God, have you ever heard of any person who spent the whole of the time in smoking, and in a meditation on the comparative excellence of port and sherry? If you have never heard of such a thing, you are deaf, or you are charitably forgetful, or else you are yourself one among the many who do so. Do not say I charge you with it. No, Mr. Conscience can do that well enough.

* * * *

VI.—QUERY, FOR GOSSIPS AND ALL TALKERS.

Would not the harness-makers have their hands full of business if we all attended to what James says in his first chapter and twenty-sixth verse? ("If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.")

* * * *

VII.—TO THOSE WHO CONFORM TO THE WORLD.

You say that worldly company does you no hurt; put your head in a soot-bag, and bring it out unsoiled, and then I can believe you.

VIII.—2 PETER I. 10, 11, ILLUSTRATED BY AN ELECTION CONTEST.

<i>Close of the Poll.</i>				
Mr. Diligence	960	}	gained the election.	
Mr. Do-little	420			
Mr. Young-man	419	}	lost the election.	
Mr. Far-away	61			

These four are representatives of four great classes of men. There are those who are far from the kingdom, such as drunkards, and swearers, and other reprobates. Next, higher up, are those who, like the young man in the gospel, lack only one thing, and that is, real piety. Missing that one thing shows that he never was one of God's elect. Higher up, in the third order, are those who are saved, but then it is "so as by fire;" they have an entrance by grace, but only an entrance, because their faith was weak, and their works but few. At the top, you see, are those who, by great diligence, have attained to a full assurance of their calling and election; these have an abundant entrance. See how much Mr. Diligence is ahead, whilst the other elect one has barely attained it. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

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IX.—FAMILY DISORDERS OF GOD'S CHILDREN.

Great coldness of heart, producing a chill in the hands and feet. Frequent loss of appetite, so that even honeycombs are loathed. Weakness of back and shoulders, rendering it very difficult to bear each other's burdens. In some, the eyes do not look quite straight on one single object, but a slight cross-eyed appearance exists. Stiffness at the knee, arising from so seldom bending it. Very frequent palsy in the arm of faith. Some are much troubled with a swimming in the head, having but little stay in doctrine. Finger and thumb are often seized with weakness, especially when drawing the rings of the purse. Hydrophobia is common among many denominations; they are afraid of the water. Tight-lacing has produced much weakness among other classes. One large section has been for many years afflicted with the king's evil; and so far from the touch of the king having removed it, it is asserted by most eminent physicians that the royal touch originally caused it, and that the disease is entirely incurable until the golden hand be taken off.

God's true children can never die of any of these diseases; but there is often a sad epidemic among professors. Lately, some of these have taken the scarlet fever, said to have been brought over from Rome in a ship having a very foul bill of health. The African cholera is fearfully raging in the United States. It is asserted that

the Germanic ague is shaking many churches in the plains of the Continent, and it is even hinted that some of our ministers have a touch of it, although as yet the shaking day has not fallen so very often on the Sunday. But I pause, lest you should think I am attacked with a scribbling fit, or what the learned call the *cacoethes scribendi*.

(To be continued.)

"Glorious News."

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

"GLORIOUS news this morning!" Such were the words which went ringing upstairs from the heart and lips of a loving wife who was up early to prepare the breakfast for the household. It was too soon for any neighbour to call in with some startling intelligence or latest bit of gossip, and equally so for even the daily newspaper to furnish the cause for such an announcement.

The kitchen fire had been kindled, and the kettle was already beginning to sing its first song, for the day's duties had commenced; and its merry hum set the little canary on its mettle, for the uncovered cage became an academy of music, too.

The dim dawn was breaking as the blinds were updrawn and the table set for the morning meal; and on the mantel-shelf was one of our "Text Union Calendar Cases." The good housewife had just read the "Text for the day"—"I will remember their sin no more," and with the truth vividly realized in her own heart, she ran to the bottom of the staircase, and called up to those who were still inmates of the dormitories, "Glorious news this morning!" The sentence aroused curiosity, and quickened the risers in the performance of their toilettes. Our friend did not tell them the news until all came downstairs, and then, around the breakfast table, the family rejoiced in the blessed portion for the day. This is the kind of good done by the "Text Bond," and only those who use it can fully understand and appreciate the value of the daily appropriation and application of these short portions of God's Word.

We are not yet weary of advocating so simple and satisfactory a method of utilizing the Scriptures for every-day experiences, because we have superabundant testimony of the spiritual blessing derivable from its adoption. Even at the risk of becoming monotonous, once more we plead with readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* to join our "Text Union."

Send on five half-penny stamps, to Pastor Charles Spurgeon, with the glorious news that you wish to become a member, and he will rejoice, and you will receive an Almanack and Card of Membership. Do you forget his address? It is, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E. Now, please delay no longer; decide to join this month, and you, with more than 17,000 others, will be enjoying the "glorious news."

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.

OUR readers will rejoice to know that the *Autobiography* has had an exceedingly gratifying reception. If any of them have not at present obtained the volume, or ordered the monthly parts, we think a careful perusal of the following press notices and personal testimonies will induce them at once to secure copies for themselves and their friends. Next month, we hope to publish a selection from the reviews in secular newspapers, which are quite as favourable as those here given.

REVIEWS IN RELIGIOUS PAPERS:—

"We cordially congratulate Mrs. Spurgeon and Mr. J. W. Harrauld, as well as the publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, that at last they have been able to give to the world the opening volume of an authorized Life of the lamented Prince of Preachers, one actually compiled from his own Diary, Letters, and Records. Indeed, the work before us purports to be, and obviously is, very much in the nature of an Autobiography, which will stir and fully justify a world-wide interest. The quality and style of the printing, paper, and binding are of the best, while there are twenty-nine admirably-drawn portraits and pictures to illustrate the letterpress.

The book deserves a place in every Christian home. Our young people will find in it inspiration for the noblest kind of life and service; while those of us who are more travelled in the pilgrim pathway cannot fail to have our enthusiasm for high and holy things deeply stirred. We are glad that Mrs. Spurgeon and Mr. Harrauld have undertaken the task—gigantic though, in more senses than one, it is,—of preparing and publishing a work that, when complete, will stand for some of the grandest Christian history that was ever recorded. The pages needed to be written with heart as well as hand, and their influence for good to be quickened and sealed by a sympathy born of genuine love for the subject, as well as deep devotion to the cause he both lived and died to serve. We rejoice in the rich promise of blessing which the excellence of the work thus far accomplished bears, and we earnestly hope that our pastors and churches generally will, by making it known, equally well perform their part in the enterprise of adding permanence to so unique a ministry."—*The Baptist*.

"The appearance of the first volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* is, we think, the most important event in connection with Mr. Spurgeon and his work since he departed from us. The volume itself is in every respect worthy of the name it bears, and is highly creditable to the publishers and printers. The illustrations are excellent, and they have been skilfully 'brought-up,' and together with the letterpress have been carefully printed upon the best quality of super-calendered paper. The binding, too, is very handsome, while it is in perfect good taste. With regard to the contents of the volume, it is evident that all the facts, and especially Mr. Spurgeon's own narrative of them, could only be supplied by the two authors who have undertaken the task, and executed it with such fidelity and care. Having free access to all Mr. Spurgeon's own MSS., as well as all the important reports of his movements and sayings, carefully compiled throughout the years, there is no event which should be recorded with which they are not thoroughly familiar. By reason of their different relationships, too

* *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 110. With many Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, and of all booksellers.

with Mr. Spurgeon, they would approach the subject from different stand-points ; but, in each case, with that intimate knowledge of him, his opinions and feelings, which would enable them to supply a series of what we may call 'animated photographs' of the great preacher and worker. . . . The detailed story of his life is gradually revealed with marvellous freshness, even to those who were already familiar with most events of that period. Many of the stories told and movements recorded will come as new revelations to most who had thought themselves already intimate with the facts of Mr. Spurgeon's career. . . . The stories with which the book abounds are legion. We can only urge all who desire to know Mr. Spurgeon and his great work better—and who does not?—forthwith to procure this volume, which gives a vivid picture of his life-preparation for his great work. The four volumes will be a standard work, for they will supply an authoritative record from the best of all sources."—*The Christian Pictorial*.

"This noble biography is for the most part autobiographical, for it consists to a greater extent of portions of the great preacher's Diary than of interpolations by Mrs. Spurgeon, who edits the work. Never in the whole annals of literature has a more sacred duty fallen to a loving survivor ; and never has such a pathetic task been more faithfully performed. It is a pleasure to be able to say that it has been also achieved with extraordinary discretion and skill. To read this book, is much more like hearing the preacher talk than is the experiment of reading any of his Sermons. It must naturally be so ; for one of the dearest objects of C. H. Spurgeon in his homiletic speech was to hide himself, and to exalt his Divine Master. But in an autobiography he necessarily emerges from the obscurity in which his sincere and beautiful humility concealed him when discharging his ministerial functions. Perhaps there has never lived any great character who was so little of an egotist as Spurgeon. And, indeed, in this remarkable record of his life and work, covering, of course, only the earlier portion of his public existence, the key-note is that of the most unaffected and artless self-depreciation. . . . So far as this volume carries the reader, it leaves an impression of the life, love, and power which make up one of the grandest characters our nation has produced. . . . The four volumes, if the following three equal the first, will form the noblest contribution of our time to biographical literature. All over the world this work will be read with smiles and tears like those which used to be excited by the pulpit magician, who, being dead, yet speaks again in his own matchless style through this 'in memoriam' volume."—*The Christian Commonwealth*.

"This is a sumptuously got up work, more fitted for the drawing-room table than the library shelves. We know of no other life, the record of which could be brought out in so costly a manner, with any prospect of sale sufficient to defray the outlay necessary for its production. In this we have a tribute to the world-wide influence which was exerted by the noble man here portrayed. . . . It is a splendid book. . . . The two chapters, 'Through much Tribulation,' and 'The Great Change,' are the gems of the book. In them we have Spurgeon at his best. The analysis of spiritual struggle therein set forth is deserving of most careful study. . . . It is a marvellous piece of writing ; and after reading it we can understand much of the secret of the great preacher's subsequent power. The simplicity and strength of the phraseology, the mastery of detail, and the sureness of the tread, together with the deep spirituality, the weird pathos, and the unconsciously poetic descriptiveness, are wonderful."—*The Christian Million*.

"The work will be a charm for young as well as old, so liberally is that

which might be deemed 'serious matter' intermingled with incidents, and illustrations galore. The great preacher himself had ever a keen sense of humour, and many an amusing paragraph serves to carry home his graver thoughts. . . . Although he is no longer in our midst, we can traverse with him some of the scenes, from his early childhood onward, which went to make up that remarkable life, and which his own vigorous pen records with all the terseness that characterised his public utterances. . . . The volume is full of timely application, warning, and exhortation, and we imagine it will afford material stimulus to many a preacher's ministry, as much from the inspiring example which it sets forth as from the useful store of thought with which its pages and pictures abound."—*The Christian*.

"When Mr. Spurgeon died, about six years ago, the newspaper memoirs of his life and work were probably more voluminous than any details which had ever before been given about any other Englishman, admirers and non-admirers alike helping to swell the total. After all, however, the family would be sure to possess facts, reminiscences, letters, etc., of which no public use had been made; and hence the *Autobiography*, of which the volume now issued is the first instalment, may be cordially welcomed as the complement of all that has gone before concerning so great a figure in our national religious life. One never tired of listening to Mr. Spurgeon when he talked of his own experiences and adventures; and gathered, as they are, from many of his articles, sermons, and books, there are passages in the book before us of commanding interest. The pictorial illustrations are new, and are admirably executed; while in the matter of printing, the quality of the paper, etc., the Fann Street firm have excelled themselves."—*The Freeman*.

"A gratifying feature of the work is that Mr. Spurgeon is permitted to tell his own story. For this he has fortunately left abundant materials, and the volume now before us strikes old chords which we had believed would remain silent for long. We hear the old voice, and feel once more the charm which a gifted nature dwelling in the love of Christ alone can impart to look and tone and speech. . . . If we stay to quote all we could wish, we should have to republish the most of the present volume. . . . It is in keeping with Mr. Spurgeon's life-work, and his constant and consuming desire to lead men into the very heart of God's love in Christ, that he should dwell long upon his second birth. Here the great preacher will once more address a world-wide congregation. These chapters form a modern *Grace Abounding*, not unworthy to be placed by the side of Bunyan's immortal pages. . . . We close our notice of a book, which has laid us under a debt of gratitude to the writers and compilers, with a quotation that has its message for the time."—*The Christian Leader*.

"It is almost impossible even to glance in a brief column or two at a life which will need four large volumes to tell its story. We can but glean a handful or two in such a wide field, and advise our readers to gather the harvest of the autobiography for themselves. . . . Mrs. Spurgeon has rendered a deeply-touching tribute to the character and work of her husband. . . . Space forbids our quoting as we should like many of the numerous incidents and anecdotes of Mr. Spurgeon's early life."—Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, in *The News*.

"We welcome the appearance of this volume with great heartiness. It is the commencement of a work that cannot fail to become a standard 'Life' of the greatest preacher this country has ever seen, and whose memory will go down to succeeding ages with hallowing and inspiring power. We supply our readers with two extracts from this alluring volume, with the

hope that it will sharpen their appetite for more, and lead them to secure the book for themselves."—*The Church and the Household*.

"Christian people the wide world over will welcome the authorized 'Life' of England's greatest preacher. . . . The *Autobiography* abounds in the dry humour which was always characteristic of the lamented Baptist leader. . . . It is one of the most interesting volumes we have had for many a long day."—*The Baptist Monthly*.

"In this first instalment of the great Evangelical preacher's *Autobiography*, there is one theme, and one only, touched upon from the first page to the last. . . . That one theme is Spurgeon's relation to his Divine Master. . . . To the survivors of those vast numbers! whom in his lifetime he addressed in his spoken and printed discourses, this volume will afford most welcome reading. The compilers have used their materials with discretion and good taste."—*The New Age*.

"There is much that is fresh to arrest the attention and touch the heart, as, for instance, the *Diary* of his earliest spiritual experiences. . . . Not the least interesting is the specimen chapter from the essay on Popery, composed by Mr. Spurgeon at the age of fifteen. It is an extraordinary piece of reasoning and literary work for a lad of those years."—*The Christian Age*.

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PERSONAL TESTIMONIES :—

"It is difficult to say which portion of Volume I. is the most interesting, for the whole is fascinating. The story of dear father's conversion will be the means, I believe, of bringing others to Christ. The simple confidence in God, which permeates the *Diary*, will confirm the faith of both old and young. The fearless defence of the doctrines of grace must strengthen all who still hold fast to the grand truths of the gospel. The morning of this wondrous life, as recorded in the first volume, betokens a glorious day of Christlike service, and at eventide a brightness above the beauty of the setting sun."—CHARLES SPURGEON.

"The *Diary*, containing my dear father's early experiences, is an inspiration. Who can read it without wondering and rejoicing? How hard he leaned on God from the very first! It made me long to do the same. Here is spiritual stimulus for ministers of the gospel,—old and young,—worth all the price of the whole volume, or, for that matter, the entire series."—THOMAS SPURGEON.

"An elegantly-executed volume, brimful of thrilling interest. No one can read it without benefit. The distinguishing characteristics of this honoured man of God shine out in every page. The chapter on Conversion is especially beautiful in its genuine simplicity. In it we discover the key which unlocks the secret of C. H. Spurgeon's remarkable life. With unaffected modesty, and yet with courageous fidelity, he bears testimony to the saving grace of God, as exemplified in his personal experience; and the same tone of honest conviction pervades every chapter. There is a ring of reality, which appeals direct to the heart. To the multitudes who knew C. H. Spurgeon, either in his private or public life, this record will be heartily welcome, and will also awaken tenderly-cherished memories; I am persuaded it will be eagerly read, not only by the present generation, but by the generations which are yet to be."—SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Sowing and Reaping in North Africa.

THE agricultural distress among the country Arabs is very great ; but now, after three bad years, abundant rains have fallen. The people, however, had no seed ; so the authorities have stepped in, and offered to supply corn on credit till the harvest comes. This is eagerly taken up, and our port is filled with a crowd of camels and donkeys, daily carrying away the precious corn which has come from Russia. The Arabs believe for the *temporal* and we for the *spiritual* harvest ; may we be as wise and diligent as they ! The oldest station of the North Africa Mission has lately received a rich spiritual blessing ; after many years' sowing, some thirty natives are reported to have been converted. Praise the Lord ! It is blessedly as well as terribly true that " whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap."

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Special interest has attached to two visits to Kairouan, which seems, in some ways, even a harder field than Sousse ; but the opening there is most encouraging. It was a happy sight, this week, to stand amid about sixty men, women, and little ones, attracted from the unreached hills beyond, or the " seventy-shrined town " itself, and there to tell out the blessing of the Saviour's love and sacrifice. There is a glow, a gracious warmth of heart and frame, which brings deep joy with it, in such experiences. Nor is the message always cast aside, but many a time the poor worn face relaxes, and the love of Jesus awakens a response in the long dormant heart. Our hope is, to see some Moslem Paul or Luther bursting forth, to do great things for God ; yet have we need of patience, for it may be that, as in nature, so in grace, the seed must disappear, and seemingly be lost and ruined for a while that, after many days, it may be seen again, and then bring forth fruit abundantly.

'Twas strange to them,—he was placed upon a wide low bench, yet was he not happy till, stretched on mother earth, he felt safe, for " there was more room there." She was an Arab woman, and when she sat upon our stool, she swayed about till she and it seemed bent on taking, then and there, the lowest place. She really could not drink milk, she said, it was so baby-like. At last, she blushed, and covered up her face, and drank it off as if by stealth ; it was so strange, she thought, for a woman to drink milk. Small wonder if the gospel light seems strange to such people, who have been groping always in the darkness, their only guide the poor rushlight of Islam. But, surely, it is stranger still that here, within a week of England, are myriads to whom the true Light has never yet been offered.

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.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have now published the volume to which we called attention when it was being printed. It is rightly named, *Everybody's Book*, by C. H. SPURGEON, for there is something in it for children and adults, for saints and sinners, for rich and poor, for sick and well. It ought to be in

every railway waiting-room, and wherever people have a few minutes to spare for the perusal of a page or two of Mr. Spurgeon's plain gospel teaching. It would not be out of place in any house in the land ; and wherever it goes, it must do good. In paper covers, the price is 1s. ; handsomely bound in cloth, 2s.

John Vaughan and his Friends; or, More Echoes from the Welsh Hills.
By Rev. DAVID DAVIES, Brighton.
James Clarke and Co.

MR. DAVIES has laid all his English and other friends under fresh obligations by this second series of *Echoes from the Welsh Hills*,—those hills with which he is so familiar, and of which he is naturally intensely fond. It would have been a thousand pities to let such rich melodies and such tuneful harmonies die away into silence; and we are thankful indeed to have even their “echoes” reverberating in our ears, and awakening sweet and blessed emotions in our hearts. We need not wonder that Wales is the land of preachers and singers when the most interesting talk in the smithy and the shoemaker’s shop, and in the hay or harvest-field, is concerning the sermons and lectures of the most noted ministers of the Principality, or the glories and excellences of the Eisteddfod. The conversations here recorded abound in anecdotes of the mighty men of the Welsh pulpit, and contain so many original expositions of Scripture passages, that we should have taken John Vaughan for “a member of the cloth” rather than a disciple of St. Crispin. “The closing scenes in Hugh Roberts’ Life” are equal in pathos to anything that has come from the “kailyard” writers, and altogether eclipse them in the soundness of the theology taught. The book is copiously and appropriately illustrated, and will make many readers long for the sequel which the gifted author promises in the Preface; and if they are not already acquainted with his first series of *Echoes from the Welsh Hills*, they will want to procure that volume at once. The price of each is 4s. 6d., and both can be obtained of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Wine and Oil from Immanuel’s Land.
Palestine Narratives, by Rev. JAMES ORMISTON. Partridge and Co.

THERE is a truly refreshing aroma about this book. Gospel wine and oil are here in abundance. The work is enriched with many up-to-date notes

from reliable explorers and authors, and is embellished with a large number of excellent views. An introduction, by the veteran Bishop of Liverpool, guarantees the Evangelical tone and spirit of the volume. We trust this second edition will soon be exhausted, and that many others will be called for.

Seven Sermons. By W. P. LOCKHART.
Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THESE discourses, full of Gospel truth, and fragrant with the name of Jesus, are good specimens of Liverpool’s merchant pastor’s pulpit power. As four out of these seven sermons were delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, they will have an interest for any London readers, as well as for the church and congregation at Toxteth Tabernacle, to whom the volume is dedicated by Mrs. Lockhart. The cost of this little memorial is only 9d.

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners. By JOHN BUNYAN. Andrew Melrose.

BUNYAN’S *Grace Abounding* needs no commendation from us. It is a Christian classic, which will flourish long after the works of modern-thought scrabblers have perished. Where error has abounded, Grace and Truth will much more abound. Most heartily do we welcome this choice treatise in its beautiful binding, and wish for it an ever-increasing circulation.

After Pentecost,—What? A Discussion of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit in its Relation to Modern Christological Thought. By JAMES M. CAMPBELL.
Oliphant, Anderson, and Co.

IN substance, this work embraces a course of lectures given at the summer school of the University of Chicago, and elsewhere; and if not on every ground, yet on many grounds, it deserves a word of hearty commendation. The expression is singularly felicitous; and the charm of style is a constant factor in the interest excited. And, better still, the book is not wooden, but a thoroughly *live* work. There is a magnetic heart-power in it, and an earnest breathing of desire,

which must grip the reader, if he has spiritual affinity with a theme so sacred. We are very pleased with much of the exposition here given, and note with pleasure its pungent, and practical, rather than metaphysical, bearing. In the main, the treatment is arrestive, and, in some points, arousing, and calculated to enlarge, in an edifying manner, the horizon of the Christian's spiritual privilege and duty. The question of Inspiration is not put quite as we should like to see it; and in one aspect of this great question the author seems to us to be somewhat seriously misled,—a circumstance we the more regret in view of the many excellences of his work.

The Founding of the Kingdom. The Life of the King. By Rev. W. H. POTT. Bagster and Sons.

TWO sets of Lessons, in question and answer form, on the Life of our Lord, and the Acts of the Apostles, respectively. There is a great deal that is interesting and helpful, though not much that is new in these aids to Sunday-school teachers. We are not sure, however, whether this form of teaching, if used exclusively, would be very successful. It savours so much of the compulsory examination style. Within these limits, it will be useful; but we fear that it will not be in large demand on this side the Atlantic.

The Practice of the Presence of God; being Conversations and Letters of Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine (translated from the French). Nisbet.

THOUGH a mediæval work, we cannot speak too highly of the simple practical directness and spiritual value of these letters. There is nothing monastic, or Romish, or that savours of legal bondage in these directions. They are the single testimony of a glad heart whose verification of the Divine Presence became almost as continuous as the day is long, and as unbroken as the hours of waking thought. To one thus deeply versed in the secret of Divine communion, "every common bush is afire with God," and the ordinary routine of daily life is tinged with glory.

How to Obtain Fulness of Power in Christian Life and Service. By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a book for the young disciple who would "be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." It is also a book for all disciples, whether old or young; for there never was a time when the power of God was more needed for the salvation of the churches, to say nothing of the salvation of the world. What a transformation would take place in the churches if only the members would "put themselves at God's disposal," as this author phrases it! Where are God's volunteers?

With much wisdom, clearness, and force, Mr. Torrey treats of the power of God, in His Word; in His Christ; in His Spirit; and shows that the men who would possess this power must be men who surrender themselves absolutely to God,—breathing, willing, speaking, acting for God, and none beside, at all risks and costs. Let the godly, one and all, encourage each other to obtain this "fulness of power in Christian life and service."

Old Things and New. By M. B. SINCLAIR. Nisbet and Co.

A PERSONAL witness to the power of the Spirit first to convert and then to consecrate.

The Sinner's Seven Greats. By Rev. P. B. POWER. Religious Tract Society.

SEVEN plain, pithy talks about the great salvation which Jesus came to effect for us. Mr. Power is intensely Evangelical, single in his aim to win souls, and clearness itself in his style of putting the truth. We commend without reserve this excellent booklet.

Baptismal Regeneration in the Church of Scotland: An open Letter to Dr. John Macleod, of Govan. By Dr. THEOPHILUS. Oliphant and Co. Price 6d.

AN able polemic,—the charity of which is redeemed by the remembrance that "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

More Annuals have come to hand since our last notice. Three that may be safely commended for wide-spread circulation are *The British Messenger*, *The Gospel Trumpet*, and *Good News* (Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling). Full of plain gospel teaching, and plentifully illustrated, they are always welcome, either in the monthly parts or the yearly volumes.

Another Annual, which we do not remember having seen before, but which is equally worthy of praise, is *The Guide: a Help to Present Progress and Future Well-being* (Wm. Mackenzie). It is a magazine specially intended for young men, and they will be wise if they follow where this *Guide* leads them.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have published Vol. XIV. of *Bible-women and Nurses*, the record of the work of the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission. There is always much of interest about this self-denying service which perpetuates the memory of Mrs. Ranyard, and we are glad to note that a considerable amount was given towards its funds in connection with the appeal for help in honour of the Queen's Jubilee year.

The *F.P.S.C.E. Year Book* for 1898, Compiled and Edited by W. KNIGHT CHAPLIN (Andrew Melrose, 6d.), contains in a handy form a great mass of information interesting and useful to Endeavourers, or those who desire to know more about this remarkable movement among the young people of our own and many other lands.

The New Year Addresses issued from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, appear to be all good, with the exception of the one entitled *Be Strong for Jesus*, by Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., which is spoiled by unscriptural teaching concerning baptism.

"*Still Upward*," the New Year number of "*Regions Beyond*" (Partridge and Co.), in addition to much interesting information concerning

missionary work in various quarters of the globe, describes "the doings of a year" in connection with Harley College, Doric Lodge, Berger Hall, Cliff College, The Congo Balolo Mission, and The Regions Beyond Helpers' Union. The total receipts for the year have been over £20,000.

The Annual Letter to the Members of the Open-air Mission is written by Rev. ALFRED CLAYTON THISELTON, and is a plain, Scriptural exposition of the motto for the year, Romans i. 16. It can be obtained at 11, Adam Street, Strand, at 6s. per 100, and should be widely circulated.

Liberty, Light, and Truth, is a remarkable threepenny Protestant pamphlet, of 16 folio pages (Marshall Brothers), revealing the real character of Romanism, and the peril to England and Ireland by its continued encroachments.

Rome Underground: or, the Testimony of the Catacombs against the Errors of Romanism, by W. STANLEY MARTIN (W. Wileman, 6d., and 1s.), is a timely booklet which brings into vivid contrast the faith of the early Christians, and the heresies of the more modern Church of Rome.

A notable shilling pamphlet has been issued from the Roxburghe Press, — *Facts about Monte Carlo*, by A GROUP OF SHAREHOLDERS. The writers openly avow that the question with them is not the morality or immorality of the great "gambling hell" on the Riviera, but its success as a financial speculation. The details of the expenditure of a million and a half per annum reveal a most disgraceful state of affairs, but the present agitation has arisen through the demand of the Prince of Monaco for largely-increased subsidies for the renewal of the concession. If there were "a concert of Europe" worthy of the name, this infamy would soon come to an end, and one of the fairest scenes on earth might then become a blessing instead of a curse. From the latest reports, it appears that the Prince has obtained what he asked.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has published his third year's series of *Good Reading about Many Books, mostly by their Authors*. This rather elaborate form of advertising no doubt pays, and it is certainly interesting to see the portraits of the writers, "with a few pages of extracts from their new books," as the publisher says, "following the example of those modern reviewers who, in lieu of criticism, contribute a literary *rechauffé* or hash to the front pages of some of our Journals!"

Messrs. Morgan and Scott have issued two editions *de luxe* of Rev. F. B. Meyer's well-known work, *The Shepherd Psalm*. Those who can afford 5s. or 7s. 6d. for this little volume will have it in the most tasteful style of printing and binding that anyone might wish to see; at least, so we think, yet we have heard of others who have no liking for this kind of elaboration.

Messrs. A. H. Stockwell and Co. have issued a new penny illustrated monthly magazine, *The Baptist Monthly*, which rightly claims a place of its own amid the ever-increasing crowd of publications. The first number is excellent; the article upon Mr. Spurgeon, written by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., would alone entitle *The Baptist Monthly* to a position of honour in every home in the denomination; the tribute to our glorified leader is one of the choicest that has ever been given. The magazine is very suitable for localization by Baptist churches.

Another new claimant to the sympathy and support of all lovers of Evangelical truth, and specially of all Baptists, is *The Pioneer Review*, edited by Professor A. McCAIG, B.A., LL.D., and published by the Baptist Tract and Book Society. This is a penny quarterly magazine, issued as the organ of the Pioneer Mission, founded by our earnest and devoted Brother E. A. Carter. The first number contains portraits of Dr. McCaig, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and Mr. W. E. Chesterton student-pastor at Horsham. The *Review*, while primarily

addressed to all associated with Baptist Pioneer work, contains much matter of general interest. The editor's name is a sufficient guarantee both of its soundness in the faith and its literary excellence.

Yet another first number, *The Hampshire Free Churchman*, edited by another of "Our Own Men,"—Pastor CHARLES A. FELLOWES, of Eastleigh, Southampton. Incorporating *The Free Churchman* with itself, it makes a large and cheap penny illustrated monthly magazine dealing with topics interesting to Evangelical Nonconformists in general, and to Hampshire Free Churches in particular. The opening number is a very spirited production, and appropriately contains a fine portrait of Pastor Charles Joseph, with a sympathetic sketch of his life and labours up to the present time. We can quite understand that his co-workers in the Federation are sorry that he feels obliged to give up his Portsmouth work, and we pray that the Lord will speedily guide him to the sphere in which he may be blessed even more richly than in his previous pastorates.

On its first appearance, we commended Mr. CHARLES ELLIS's remarkable volume, *The Christ in Shakspeare*, so we are glad to see it in its new form,—*Victorian edition of A Reading from The Merchant of Venice, Shakspeariana, Sonnets with their Scriptural Harmonies*. (3s. 6d.) The compiler and "interpreter" must have devoted an immense amount of time and labour to his congenial task, but he will be well rewarded if he leads many students of Shakspeare to the Scriptures which were "the fountaine" of much of the wisdom of the immortal bard of Avon.

Another second edition of a book we commended on its first publication is, *The Transfigured Valley*, by WILLIAM MILLER (Hodder and Stoughton). It is specially suitable as a present for the bereaved, or for those who are dreading the passage through "the valley of the shadow of death." Its price is 1s. 6d.

Clear Waters. By FREDERICK LANG-BRIDGE. Cassell and Co.

A SHILLING booklet, consisting mainly of single verses upon proverbial sayings or Scriptural quotations, in this fashion :—

"One stripe on the sleeve is worth twelve on the back."

"Spare the rod, and spoil the child :
Smite, if need be, unbeguiled ;
Yet, when Justice dares to nod,
Spare the child, and spoil the rod."

"Draw water out of the wells of salvation."

"These hath God married,
And no man shall part :—
Dust on the Bible
And drougt in the heart."

To a thoughtful reader, the verses will suggest subjects for sermons or addresses. The booklet is quaintly illustrated by Zillah Taylor.

Morning Songs for a Happy New Year.

By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.
"Home Words" Office.

A NEAT booklet, tastefully printed and got up, and consisting of twelve hymns, one for each month, to be committed to memory and repeated. Prefatory remarks introduce each hymn. John Berridge's "Labourer's Hymn" is the first, and Thomas Davis's "God is Love," is the last, with their equals or even better ones between. Mr. Bullock may be trusted for the Evangelical tone of the whole ; his aim is to make the Christian life more praiseful. The little work is fitted alike for poor and rich, and its price (4d.) places it within the reach of all.

Hymns of Old England. Compiled by CHAMPNEYS IRWINE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE inscription of this book to the late Dean Vaughan is a guarantee of its Evangelical soundness. Mr. Irwine has done his work carefully and well. There are but few inaccuracies ; the most noticeable being Beddoes instead of Beddome, in one place, and the statement, in the useful "Biographical Notes," that Matthius Claudius, the author of "We plough the

fields and scatter," was minister at Reinfield, Holstein, whereas he was a son of the pastor of that parish, and was himself, for many years, auditor of the Schleswig-Holstein Bank at Altona.

The arrangement of the hymns follows the order of the Books of Holy Scripture,—historical, devotional, prophetic, apostolic, and Apocalyptic. The hymns date from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present time, the old ones exceeding in number, and, speaking generally, in worth and excellence, the more modern compositions. Watts, Doddridge, Wesley, Montgomery, Newton, and Cowper are well represented ; and Bonar, Miss Havergal, Miss Waring, and Albert Midlane, have a worthy place. Excepting a very few hymns, one or two on baptism, for instance, which show that the book is designed for use in congregations connected with the Church of England, it might be used by Nonconformists. The book was printed in Japan, and does credit to the young Japs who executed the work. It is a good sign that the grand doctrines of the gospel, as embodied in these hymns, are well to the front in that rising country, and are welcomed by Japanese Christians. There are 450 hymns, selected from more than 200 authors, and the cost of the book is only half-a-crown.

Songs of Living Things. By ALFRED H. VINE. Robert Culley.

THE "things" will live longer than the "songs." The verses are about on an average with those of other poets bearing the name of Alfred, and will doubtless please some readers. We were going to write, "Try again, Mr. Vine ;" but, on second thoughts, we say, with an emphasis, "Don't."

Brave Men and Brave Deeds. By M. B. SYNGE. Nelson and Sons.

IN these "Famous Stories from European History," there are records of the brave deeds of brave men, but there are also narratives of the cruel deeds of cowardly men. Bayard, Gustavus Adolphus, Garibaldi, and the defenders of Granada, Leyden, Vienna, and Missolonghi, are in the first

list; the second comprises the miscreants who were responsible for the massacres of the Huguenots and the Mamelukes; while we might have a difficulty in deciding where to put Montezuma, Mazeppa, and the first Napoleon. The half-crown volume is issued in Messrs. Nelson and Sons' usual first-rate style, and conveys a great amount of interesting information in a pleasing fashion.

Joseph Garibaldi, Patriot and Soldier.
By R. C. COWELL. C. H. Kelly.

"A SPLENDID subject for a biography, ably treated," — is our verdict on this breezy little volume. The story of the struggle for Italian liberty needs constant repeating, that the Papal system as a mental and national tyranny may be rightly understood. We should have less flirting with Romanism if the people would only read such records as this book contains. Fathers and mothers, give it to your children: they will be sure to read it!

Among the Sailors during the Life and Reign of the Queen. By G. HOLDEN PIKE, with contributions by AGNES WESTON, JOHN GRITTON, D.D., and E. W. MATTHEWS. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN interesting account of the need of Christian work among our seamen, and of the many earnest efforts that are being put forth on their behalf. The volume specially records the history and usefulness of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, whose genial and energetic secretary is

represented by a life-like portrait, as well as in the letterpress. From the chapter on "Christian Light in Lighthouses and Lightships," we gather that the work of our Brother John Green, in supplying Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons and other suitable literature to the lonely dwellers out at sea, is likely to be perpetuated and extended.

The First Book of Maccabees: with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. W. FAIRWEATHER, M.A., and J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, LL.D. Cambridge University Press.

THIS is one of the latest issues of "the Cambridge Bible" Series "for Schools and Colleges," and merits for its cheapness and excellence a wide circulation. The translation is good, and the notes are voluminous. As a piece of thrilling history, deeply dyed in godly fear, it answers to the Cromwellian period in the career of our own nation; and, indeed, exceeds it in the character of the exploits wrought and the faith embodied.

Sisters of the Master. By Mrs. SKINNER, Author of *The Master's Messages to Women*, and *The Master's Gifts to Women*. Partridge and Co.

ANOTHER delightful little volume from the pen of this gracious and gifted lady. The work is beautifully written, and is admirably suited for reading at Mothers' Meetings and for study at Young Women's Classes. See to it, ye "Sisters of the Master," that this choice work is widely circulated.

Notes.

The present number of the Magazine is issued just in time to remind our readers of the sixth anniversary of the "home-going" of the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON. On *Lord's-day, January 30*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon hopes to preach at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, both morning and evening, with appropriate allusion to the never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath in January, 1892; and Pastor C. B. Sawday expects to conduct the afternoon service in harmony with the memorable event that must ever distinguish January 31 from other days in the calendar of all who loved and still love

the glorified Pastor. On *Monday evening*, the actual anniversary, a memorial meeting will be held in the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

The annual members' tea and church-meeting will (n.v.) be held at the Tabernacle on *Wednesday, February 23*.

Friends in Brighton and the neighbourhood will hardly need to be reminded of the annual meetings of the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society, to be held in Queen Square Congregational Chapel, on *Wednesday, February 2*. Pastor Charles

Spurgeon, the President, will (n.v.) preach in the afternoon: the service will be followed by a public tea and meeting, at which all the Trustees of the Society are expected to speak, and a report of the work will be presented.

The last days of 1897 and the first of 1898 have witnessed the departure of many friends. Among others, *Monsieur Bernhard*, the landlord of the Hotel Beau Rivage, Mentone, has gone to meet again his wife and the illustrious visitor he so often entertained in the little hostelry on the beautiful shore of the tideless sea. Mr. Spurgeon's faithful old servant, *George Lovejoy*, finished his earthly pilgrimage on January 6. He had spent part of the previous week very happily at "Westwood," and though he had been manifestly failing in health for a long time, no one anticipated that the end would be quite so sudden. On January 10, *Mr. Herbert Passmore's* wife passed away, after only a few days' illness. May he and all other bereaved ones be graciously comforted, and may we all be ready for the summons which, sooner or later, will come to us!

The announcement of the death of Rawei, the New Zealand evangelist, will be felt by many of his English friends as a great personal loss; and all will sorrow for his trebly-bereaved widow, and for the work to which he had devoted his life.

We mentioned, recently, the Gaelic translation of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon No. 2,000. A friend has kindly translated literally a review which appeared in the Gaelic supplement of *Life and Work*, a monthly magazine of the Church of Scotland. We think our readers will be interested in the following extract from the notice:—

"Another of Spurgeon's Sermons has been translated into Gaelic by Alexander Macdougall, Baptist Minister, Colonsay. Its number is 2,000. The text is, Isaiah liii. 5: 'With His stripes we are healed.' It is needless to praise Spurgeon's Sermons, for they are all full of the glorious doctrines of the gospel; and it may be said that the interpreter has done full justice to the subject. He has good Gaelic, and knows well the secret of a true translation. It is not our intention to give a word of this good Sermon in these pages. Indeed, it would not be easy to do so, as from beginning to end it is so perfect that one cannot say that one portion is better than another. It is our earnest desire that it should be in the possession of all who read Gaelic, and that they should read it with much care. All who do so can clearly understand that it is neither through churches, ministers, nor priests, that the soul is healed of sin's loathsome disease, but with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . This Sermon can be had for the sum of one penny from A. Sinclair, 17, Waterloo Street, Glasgow."

Friends who know of any persons who understand Gaelic will do well to circulate amongst them copies of Nos. 1,500 and 2,000 while they can be obtained.

Our January number was published just too soon to include a notice of an exceedingly interesting gathering, so it must be inserted here, though rather late. On *Friday, December 10*, a large meeting was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in connection with a special mission for the blind and their guides in various parts of London. At this meeting, which was one of eight, the blind of South London, who, together with their guides, numbered over eight hundred, were assembled to partake of the hospitality of a lady who is bearing the entire cost of this Christlike work. After enjoying a thoroughly good tea, the real work of the mission was made apparent to the guests in a meeting, full of manifest earnestness and power, presided over by Pastor C. B. Sawday, who, in a few earnest, well-chosen words, struck the key-note of the service. Mr. W. Mead (himself blind), who has organized this special mission, acting as superintendent of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, spoke with a deep sense of thankfulness of his conversion through the ministry of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, and explained the object of the mission, giving a brief outline of previous meetings, and expressing the longing of himself and his co-workers to see many of the sightless ones present saved. Rev. Tole-free Parr followed with appropriate remarks, and the last speaker was Mr. William Olney, who at once reached the hearts of his audience by telling them of the well-known picture, "The closed door," graphically and simply describing the whole scene, and applying the truth with much power to the assembled company. In response to his appeal as to who would say, "I will open the door of my heart to-night,"—"I will," came in tones of deep feeling from several parts of the building, and it is hoped that many gave the loving Saviour a place in their hearts that night. At the close of the meeting each blind guest received five shillings from the hand of their generous lady-friend, who also gave everyone a kind word; and each guide was presented with a nicely-bound copy of the book entitled, *The one-talented People*.

The Indigent Blind Visiting Society, under whose shadow this mission is carried on, was started by the late Earl of Shaftesbury more than sixty years ago, and is doing good work among the blind of London, a staff of blind missionaries regularly visiting the blind in their own homes, reading the Word, offering useful counsel, and giving temporary help, as far as the finances will allow. Just now, we are sorry to say that the funds are much in need of help, and Mr. W. Mead, 95, Gurney Road, Stratford, E., will gratefully receive and acknowledge donations, and gladly give any

required information concerning this excellent work.

On *New Year's Eve*, the Tabernacle was almost crowded for the Watch-night service, at which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, Pastor C. B. Sawday prayed, Madame Annie Ryall sang two sacred solos, and the Pastor delivered the impressive address which appears on an earlier page of the present Magazine. Great solemnity pervaded the whole gathering. On the following Lord's-day, *January 2*, the Pastor was only able to preach in the evening, his place in the morning being ably filled by Mr. Sawday. He was then persuaded to go to the seaside for a brief change, and the services on *January 9* were conducted by Pastors C. B. Sawday and A. G. Brown. At the close of the evening gathering, at which Mr. Brown had preached the Word with great power, the Tabernacle was crowded for the special prayer-meeting to inaugurate the evangelistic mission about to be begun by Rev. John McNeill.

A similar sight was witnessed on *Friday evening, January 14*, when Exeter Hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience, and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon was one of the speakers who joined in welcoming back to London the earnest and successful missionary.

Pastor C. B. Sawday thus writes concerning Mr. McNeill's services at the Tabernacle:—"The ministers of the South of London (including several of the clergy) have secured this honoured evangelist for a fortnight's united mission, and the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been placed at their disposal. This—Mr. McNeill's first mission during the present campaign,—has begun with most delightful indications of abounding blessing. The great building was crowded at an early hour on Sunday night; and on Monday and Tuesday, the area and lower gallery were well filled. This evening (Wednesday, Jan. 19), both galleries and area seemed full of eager listeners to the old, old gospel. But, best of all, in the after-meetings for prayer and conversation with the awakened, we have had proof upon proof that the Word was with power and with the Holy Ghost. We need say but little of the preacher, for he is well-known and loved. John McNeill is John McNeill; he is—himself; a man of many parts, richly endowed physically, mentally, and spiritually, for the work of preaching Christ to great masses of people. All his powers seem to be fully consecrated to his Lord's service. His preaching is very homely, and very human; sometimes very humorous, always clear and faithful. He looks for definite and immediate results both among professors of religion and the openly ungodly. Christ is the sum and substance of every discourse. He preaches for eternity, as a

dying man to dying men. More than once he has said, 'The Judgment may be the next thing!' The mission at the Tabernacle has now been in progress for four days; there are to be eight days more, and we are hoping and believing that every one of the churches joining us in this effort to extend our Redeemer's Kingdom will share with us in large and abiding blessing."

While these "Notes" are in the printers' hands, special services in connection with a week of "Prayer, Praise, and Personal Consecration" are being held at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich. On *Lord's-day, January 16*, Pastor Charles Spurgeon preached; all through the week, public and home prayer-meetings were convened; Thursday was devoted to an all-day meeting, commencing at 7 a.m., and, with brief intervals, continuing until 9.30 p.m.; and the series was to be closed with sermons by the Pastor on *Lord's-day, January 23*. Much blessing has resulted in former years from a similar course of services, and it is hoped and expected that this year's gatherings will tend to the ingathering of the unsaved, the deepening of the spiritual life of believers, and the strengthening of their devotion to the Lord's cause.

On *Wednesday evening, January 5*, the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its monthly meeting. Though it was a very wet night, the lecture-hall was well filled. Rev. Tolefree Parr was to have given his popular lecture, "Wanted, a man;" but, as he was too ill to be present, his place was occupied by Dr. Dawson Burns, who gave his lecture on "The three Temperance Johns." Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and several pledges were taken at the close.

The next meeting, on *Wednesday, February 9*, will be under the auspices of the Baptist Total Abstinence Society, when several good speakers will give addresses. This will be one of a series of meetings held in various districts, with the object of bringing the different churches into touch with one another with regard to Gospel Temperance work.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. G. W. Ball, from Malborough and Salcombe, to Brixham; Mr. F. E. Blackaby, from Stow-on-the-Wold, to Zion Chapel, Chatham; Mr. A. F. Corbet, late of Greenock, to Lansdowne Chapel, Bournemouth; Mr. C. Pummell, from Vauxhall, to Manor Park, Essex; and Mr. A. B. Tettmar, from Clare, to Ebenezer Chapel, Cottauiham.

Mr. H. Bailey, who returned some months since from the United States, has settled at Lerwick, N.B. Mr. J. R. Cooper, who came back from Australia, has taken charge of the work at Helston,

Cornwall. Mr. E. H. Howard, late of West Green, Tottenham, sailed on January 6, to be the first pastor of the church at Kaikorai, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon desires, through these "Notes," to convey his hearty thanks to the many brethren who have responded to the circular letter concerning the forthcoming Conference. He has been specially cheered by the pointed and striking replies to the questions contained in the Presidential note, and he is doubly indebted to those who have also acceded to the request for their photographs.

A generous friend has sent to the Library of the Pastors' College a set of the works of James Neil, M.A. He has the sincere gratitude of Presidents, Tutors, and Students. *Pictured Palestine, Palestine Explored*, and the eight other volumes, are a most welcome addition to our shelves. C. H. Spurgeon greatly prized Mr. Neil's books. This "happy thought" might well be imitated. Good, helpful, sound literature is always acceptable for the College Library.

After the Christmas vacation, the students reassembled on January 18, when the President welcomed four fresh men to the ranks.

ORPHANAGE.—Christmastide was duly honoured at Stockwell according to the custom which has now happily prevailed for many, many years. The extra pages in the present number of the Magazine testify to the continued interest in the Institution felt by hundreds of donors who, in coin or in kind, practically wished the orphans "a merry, merry Christmas, and a happy New Year." Trustees and children join in thanking right heartily all who helped in any degree to add to the enjoyment of the festive season. On *Christmas-day*, the Board of Management was represented by the President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon), one of the Vice-Presidents (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon), and Messrs. W. Higgs, James E. Passmore, and Frank Thompson; and the boys and girls did full justice to the good things provided for them. As the new shillings, boxes of figs, oranges, cosaquees, and Christmas cards were appropriated at the usual signals, the ringing cheers from the glad recipients were so loud and long that it was not the orphans' fault if the generous givers did not hear them. The special item in the evening programme was Mr. David Devant's exhibition of moving photographs, with which all present were thoroughly delighted.

According to the annual custom, silver watches were presented to the premier girl and boy, the former being the gift of Mrs. James Withers, of Reading, and the latter a present from Dr. Soper, the Medical Officer of the Institution. The lassie and laddie thus honoured were selected by the votes of their schoolfellows.

On *Boxing-day*, a large party of mothers

and other relatives spent the afternoon and evening with the children,—a privilege that is always greatly prized by all who are permitted to share it. *Wednesday, January 6*, being the first "visiting day" in 1898, there was a second gathering of the orphans' friends, whose collecting cards brought in to the Orphanage funds a substantial sum, which is duly acknowledged on another page.

On *Lord's-day, January 9*, a special New Year's address upon "The Need of Reconciliation to God," was given by Rev. Thomas Hooper, of Camberwell Green Congregational Church, when an offering was taken for Dr. Churcher's medical mission work. These annual services are always of an impressive character, and must be a means of blessing to the children.

COLPORTAGE.—In reviewing our past year's work, we can but lift up our hearts in sincere thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for the many mercies vouchsafed to our workers, and for the many answers to their earnest prayers on behalf of the strangers, the sick, and the dying whom they have met with in their Districts. We believe 1897 has been a year of much spiritual blessing, and we still go forth in the name of our Lord and Master, continuing to do His bidding while it is day. We earnestly ask all our kind friends, and especially those interested in Colportage work, to always remember "God's messengers" in all their labours and trials. Several of them have been laid aside, and one has been close to the Borderland; but we trust that his work is not yet finished, as he appears to be slowly yet surely recovering.

With respect to the colporteurs' sales, 1897, taken as a whole, has not been a record year, by any means; this is partly owing to the Queen's Jubilee celebrations, when the book trade generally was very quiet. The closing months of the year have shown a great improvement.

During the past year, five new Districts have been opened; and we expect to start two more in a few weeks. On the other hand, two have been given up, as local pastors were preferred. We are hoping to have further orders for our late-beloved President's *Autobiography*, for, as a "Memorial Volume," it cannot be surpassed. In closing, may we ask all annual subscribers and helpers, who have omitted to send in their usual kind help for the past year, to do so as soon as possible; or, if more convenient, to send this year's and last year's together? All correspondence and subscriptions to be addressed, "Secretary," Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—December 30, eleven; at Haddon Hall, December 26, three.

	£	s.	d.
Baptist Church, Ross-on-Wye, per			
Pastor J. J. Knight	1	0	0
Rev. R. J. Beechlf	0	2	6
Executors of the late Mr. W. Casson,			
Kibworth	100	0	0
Mr. James Batty	1	10	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	10	0
The Misses Kirkley	2	10	0
Postal order from Kestone	0	10	0
Mrs. McConnell	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	5	0
Mr. Culverhouse	0	4	0
Mr. James Higgs	20	0	0
Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's			
Birthday Fund	20	0	0
Mr. W. Fitcher	1	1	0
Pastor W. White	0	10	0
Mr. T. D. Collen	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Brazil	1	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
M. and J. Steedman	0	10	0
Miss B. McConnell	2	0	0
Bombay Baptist Church, per Pastor			
H. E. Barrell	2	0	0
A. R. Duns	0	5	0
Rev. R. J. Beechlf	0	2	6
Mr. T. Brewer	3	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. W. Mannington	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Hale	1 0 0
W. H.	0 12 6
Collection at Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, per Pastor S. J. Jones	8 16 11
Mrs. K. Thomas	0 5 0
C. A. M.	3 0 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10 0 0
Miss M. Tarrant, per Miss Jeph's	1 1 0
Dr. MacGill	1 0 0
Mrs. R. Ward	1 0 0
Dividend from the estate of the late Rev. Thos. King	6 19 2
Collection at Wallington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	3 3 6
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0
Contribution from Catford Hill Chapel, per Pastor W. J. N. Vanstone	2 7 10
Thankoffering from Vernon Baptist Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore	6 0 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Dec. 12	14 0 6
" 19	4 18 6
" 26	17 1 0
Jan. 2	20 0 3
" 9	17 13 3
			<hr/>
			73 13 6
			<hr/>
			£315 14 11

Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1897, to January 15th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. W. Harden, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon...	1	1	0
Mr. Ezra Horn, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0	10	0
W. S.	0	2	6
Mrs. O'Connor	0	1	0
Mr. Percy	0	10	0
Mr. Dickie	0	10	0
Mr. E. Johnson	1	1	0
Mrs. Sarah Gaile, U.S.A.	1	0	7
Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	20	0	0
Mr. W. J. Sparks	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. R. Brazil	1	0	0
"Ella"	1	0	0
"Lovest thou me?"	0	10	0
Ruth and Mary Oyler	0	5	0
Mr. J. Russell	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
"96 and 7"	0	4	6
Collected by Miss Higgs	1	3	0
Collected from Sunday-school classes, East Finchley Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	13	12	6
H. McS.	0	6	0
Y.P.S.C.E.	0	10	0
Missionary Meeting, Thornton Heath, per Miss Harrauld...	3	0	0
Mr. W. Mannington	10	0	0
C. A. M.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hilliar	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	5	0
For Christ's sake, per Mrs. C.H. Spurgeon H. McS.	0	6	0
	£59	0	7

Statement of Receipts from December 8th, 1897, to January 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. A. Fennings	100	0	0
Mrs. Wilby	5	0	0
J. Hook, per Mrs. Dark	1	0	0
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	0	0
Miss N. Mizen	0	5	0
H. M., Finchley	0	2	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
C. E. P.	0	0	9
Collected by Miss C. Jesson :-			
Mr. W. Stanyon	0	5	0
The Misses Eames	0	5	0
Mrs. Bennett	0	5	0
			0 15

Mrs. H. Windmill...	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Chapman	0	10	0
The Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust	0	9	5
S. B. S.	5	5	0
Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
In memoriam, Bertie Street	0	7	6
A country friend	0	2	6
A widow's mite	0	5	0
Miss Walton	0	2	6
An anonymous friend	30	0	0
In memory of the late G. Hearson	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Owen Clover...	1	1	0	Mr. W. S. Hardy ...	1	0	0
Mr. Howard ...	1	0	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter ...	5	0	0
Miss J. Stewart ...	0	10	0	Mr. H. A. Harverson ...	2	2	0
Postal order, Montrose ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewatt ...	2	0	0
Mr. James Clark ...	60	0	0	Miss J. Muil ...	1	0	0
Miss L. M. Pittman ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Dewar ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mallett ...	0	2	6	Rev. W. Hill ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Barrat ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	1	1	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson ...	0	10	0	Miss H. R. Warmington ...	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. W. Casson,				Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees ...	1	0	0
Kibworth ...	100	0	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	1	0	0
Irish notes, Belfast ...	11	0	0	Mr. T. D. Collen ...	20	0	0
Mrs. A. Buckland ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Weir ...	1	0	0
Mr. M. Merry ...	0	5	0	Miss Helen McElvie ...	1	0	0
A. B. K. ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Plumbbridge ...	3	3	0
Mrs. James Stiff ...	3	0	0	Mr. J. Gavet ...	1	0	0
J. B. C. ...	1	10	0	Mr. Grant ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell ...	0	19	0	Mrs. S. A. Mitchell ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hickesson, sen. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Holloway ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe ...	5	0	0	Mr. T. H. Woodeson ...	1	1	0
Miss A. S. Macduff ...	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Harvey ...	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Hogg ...	1	1	0	Mrs. N. Garrett ...	2	0	0
Miss E. M. Roberts ...	0	10	0	Mrs. O. Prentice ...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. Hallam ...	0	7	0	Mr. J. S. K. Moss ...	2	0	0
Miss A. Davies ...	0	3	0	Mrs. E. Aston ...	1	1	0
Miss Harding ...	0	1	0	Miss L. Francis ...	1	0	0
Miss L. A. Scott ...	0	5	3	Mr. M. Romang ...	2	2	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Gale ...	0	13	0	Miss J. Spencer ...	1	1	0
John and Ann Potts ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Gould ...	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. J. Chamberlain ...	0	7	6	E. Y. W. ...	5	0	0
The Misses Kirtley ...	2	10	0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Brown ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Cockburn ...	1	18	0
Mr. E. West ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. Baxter ...	2	0	0
S. B. and Co. ...	2	2	0	Mr. C. Churchill ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. Stone ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Elwood ...	3	0	0
Mr. Jas. Jackson ...	1	1	0	Mr. D. Clarke ...	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Gregory ...	2	0	0	S. H. L. ...	0	3	0
Mr. Henry Hill ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon ...	0	5	0
Miss B. M. Swift ...	0	10	0	Mr. D. McKercher ...	1	10	0
Mr. H. P. Coumbs ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. R. Ward ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Best, J.P. ...	1	0	0	Miss E. C. Clutterbuck ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Southwell ...	0	5	0	Miss Salmond ...	0	7	6
Mr. John Lane ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Lamb ...	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Irwin ...	0	1	0	Miss S. Cabban ...	0	5	0
Miss R. Daniell ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. Jones ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Belyse ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. T. Flew ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Lachner ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. J. Peirce ...	0	12	6
Per Pastor J. Gard :-				Mr. and Mrs. Potts (Ore) ...	0	2	6
Master Johnnie Gard ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Westbourne Grove	0	5	0
Miss Lily Bird ...	0	2	8	Stamps ...	0	1	6
Miss Eva Roe ...	0	2	6	Mr. T. W. Denne ...	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Falla ...	0	10	0	Miss F. Hall ...	0	10	0
Miss Bagnall ...	0	10	6	Postal order, Sharpness, Llanelly	0	10	0
Miss Effie Mahy ...	0	3	2	Mr. and Mrs. Webb ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Barker ...	0	2	11	Mr. J. Langton ...	0	5	0
	1	16	9	Mr. E. Reynolds ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Hunter ...	3	15	0	Miss A. E. Hardiman ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Church, jun. ...	0	5	0	Mr. M. J. Beavan ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Green ...	5	0	0	R. B. D. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Garside, per Mr. T. H. Olney	100	0	0	Mr. G. R. Adams ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Stocker ...	5	0	0	Mr. E. J. Gorringe ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer ...	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Bowden ...	0	5	0
Mr. Samuel Sharp ...	3	0	0	Mr. W. Furse ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford ...	5	0	0	Mr. H. Higbed ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins ...	5	0	0	Mrs. B. M. Harrison ...	0	10	0
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann ...	5	5	0	Miss Bates ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Dunn ...	1	5	0	Miss A. Vowels ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Pollard ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Peters ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Beales ...	1	0	0	"In loving memory" ...	0	2	0
Misses Cunningham ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. Batten ...	0	10	0
Mrs. McConnell ...	1	0	0	Mrs. J. G. Blake ...	0	10	0
Master A. W. McConnell ...	2	0	0	Miss Darley (per Messrs. P. and A.) ...	0	6	0
Mr. W. Wheeler ...	1	0	0	Postal order, Stoke Newington	0	5	0
Mr. P. Blair ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Patterson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Voysey ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Bossingham ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Parker ...	1	1	0	Mrs. S. A. Rose ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Smith ...	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Munton ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Lewin ...	2	2	0	Miss E. Jackson ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Spurgin ...	1	1	0	Miss F. White ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. W. Jarvis ...	1	1	0	Mr. R. Johnston ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scruby ...	1	0	0	Collected by Miss F. Comber ...	0	5	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss S. A. Peck ...	0	11	0	Mrs. M. Sutherland ...	1	0	0
"Zeta" ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Dawson ...	1	0	0
Miss R. Wells ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. J. ...	1	0	0
Miss Gregg ...	0	1	6	Mr. D. Millar ...	1	0	0
Mr. M. Tier ...	0	1	0	Mr. C. Buchel ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. James ...	0	3	0	Mr. E. J. Upward ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Miller ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. B. Ferne ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. Rogers ...	0	5	0	Mr. B. C. Forder ...	1	4	0
"In memoriam," December 12th, 1897	0	5	0	Mr. John Woodward ...	35	0	0
Mrs. Ray, sen. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Betsy Jones ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss F. Holman and				A few friends at the Downs Chapel,			
school-fellows ...	1	1	6	Clapton, per Mr. H. Payne ...	4	4	0
Mrs. J. V. Curtis ...	0	10	6	Mrs. M. Perrin ...	1	1	0
Miss Fort ...	1	1	0	Mrs. J. H. Osborne and family ...	4	4	0
Mr. C. Hull ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Hester S. Creasey ...	1	0	0
Miss Meares ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Jones ...	1	1	0
Mr. Richard Roberts, per Dr. Soper ...	2	2	0	Mr. G. B. Vanheson ...	1	0	0
Miss Evill ...	1	1	0	Miss Mary A. Seale ...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Boulter ...	1	1	0	Mr. John Taw ...	5	0	0
Mrs. J. A. Ironside ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Poate ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Barnes ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. S. Mack ...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Misses Low ...	2	0	0	Mrs. Cook ...	2	0	0
E. T. S. S. ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Jackson ...	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholl ...	1	0	0	P.S.A., Wellington, Salop (per Mr.			
Misses Gould ...	3	0	0	A. J. Arthur ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jeffries ...	1	0	0	Mrs. and Mrs. Mason ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Chudley ...	1	1	0	Mrs. and Miss E. E. Sharpington ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Higgs ...	2	2	0	Mr. A. O. Bagster ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearce ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Drummond Grant ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. C. Messeder ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. W. Bell ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Boyle ...	0	5	0	Miss Butler ...	0	11	0
A. E. G. ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Sturge ...	0	10	0
H. M. F. ...	0	7	6	Mr. F. Rochester ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Sluce ...	0	5	0	Miss A. Morris ...	0	2	0
Mr. R. Howitt ...	0	15	0	Mr. and Mrs. Saunders ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Mortimer ...	0	2	6	Miss L. E. Knight ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Vague ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Bickle ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Alexander ...	0	5	0	Mrs. and Miss Moore ...	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Clout ...	0	5	0	Miss L. N. Furner ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Mills ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Newton ...	0	5	0
Miss Brown ...	0	11	0	Mr. J. F. Mills ...	0	1	0
A reader of Spurgeon's Sermons	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Dunbar ...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Skelham ...	0	3	6	Miss R. Drake ...	0	2	6
Postal order, Horsey ...	0	1	0	Mr. H. Knott ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. B. K. MacCormack ...	0	2	6	Mrs. S. Smith ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baiggs ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. W. Wright ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Mitchell ...	0	6	0	Mrs. Bowler ...	0	1	3
Mrs. S. A. Reeves Hughes ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Dawes ...	0	6	0
Mrs. C. J. Porter ...	0	6	0	E. M. ...	0	2	6
Miss M. Hayward ...	0	10	0	Mr. H. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Porter ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. J. Barnes ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Davies ...	0	2	6	Mrs. S. Gregory ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. and Miss M. Henderson	0	3	0	Rosie's money-box ...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss E. Lockett ...	0	11	0	Mrs. Soar ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Priddy ...	0	10	0	Miss G. H. Sterling ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. George ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Ives ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown ...	0	8	6	Mr. W. Miles ...	0	2	6
Mr. C. Hooper ...	0	2	6	Mr. G. Wood ...	0	3	0
Mr. J. Newcombe ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Osborn ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Nelson ...	2	18	0	Mr. J. Barber ...	0	10	0
The Misses E. and S. Charles ...	0	2	6	Collected by Pastor A. Hall ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Latta ...	1	0	0	Mr. D. T. Davies ...	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ...	0	10	0	Young lady tract-distributors (per			
A servant ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Frohock, Willingham) ...	0	13	0
Mrs. S. Watts ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. Birch ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Burgess ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Eckersley ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. Spencer ...	0	6	0	C. M. S. ...	0	1	0
Mr. J. Wickham ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Mott ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. Land ...	0	4	0	Per Mrs. A. Mott:—			
Postal order, Guildtown, Perth	0	5	0	A friend of the little ones	4	0	0
Mr. D. C. Edmunds ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Davies ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. W. Duncan ...	0	10	0	Mr. D. Miller ...	0	10	0
A well-wisher ...	0	10	0	Miss Hagger ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Hoskins ...	0	5	0				
Mr. J. Hardy ...	0	5	0	Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's			
Mr. L. Clayton ...	0	10	6	Birthday Fund ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Saville ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Painter, per Miss Ricketts ...	0	1	0
Miss Eyles ...	5	1	1	Mrs. E. Pullum ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. F. Slade Stevens	1	2	0	Mr. Edwin Davis ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Perrett ...	2	2	0	Miss S. Cochrane ...	1	0	0
Mr. F. Bartlett ...	0	15	6	Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. Poulter...	1	1	0	Miss Coath ...	0	2	0
Little Melton Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. Carr ...	1	6	0	Rev. E. Evans ...	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott ...	10	0	0	Mrs. R. Freestone ...	0	11	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Sons...	1	0	0	Mrs. T. R. Thomas ...	0	10	6
Mr. T. Harris, J.P. ...	3	0	0	Mr. W. Baldwin ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Stewart ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Oram ...	0	3	0
Mrs. M. E. Cousin ...	2	2	0	Mrs. A. Broom ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Bryan ...	1	1	0	Miss E. M. Scott ...	0	4	0
Mr. Jno. Smith ...	1	12	0	Young friends of Ton-y-pandy ...	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Inglis ...	1	1	0	Postal order, Andover ...	0	2	6
Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	1	1	0	Miss A. Marshall ...	0	5	0
Cotswold ...	3	0	0	Mrs. Hemsley ...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Biddle ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Vane ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Rogers ...	1	13	0	Mrs. Fisher ...	0	1	0
Mr. John West ...	1	0	0	Mr. H. Heritage ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Beswick ...	2	0	0	Mr. F. Arthur ...	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster ...	0	10	0	Miss A. Jervis ...	0	2	6
Mr. Joseph Hill ...	10	0	0	Rev. H. Vince ...	0	10	0
Miss R. Smith ...	1	1	0	Mrs. M. Bedwell ...	0	1	0
Grato Frederico ...	0	10	0	Witchington Congregational Church, per Mr. W. H. Vaughan ...	0	10	6
Sittingbourne Baptist Tabernacle Sun- day-school, per Mr. W. H. Packer ...	1	16	0	Mrs. J. B. Near ...	0	2	0
Miss Riddell ...	1	1	0	M.W. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Gardiner ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. E. Whitehead ...	0	2	6
Miss E. Macnicoll ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. Casburn ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jno. Higgs ...	1	0	0	Mrs. F. Mitchell ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Mumby ...	2	2	0	Mr. A. A. Stephens ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Phillips ...	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ward Layle ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Niblett ...	0	5	0
Miss Berry ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hunt ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. P. West ...	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Toller ...	0	5	0
Mundesley Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. Thos. L. Wakelin ...	1	1	0	Mr. Milne ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Clews ...	5	6	6	Mr. J. Pilley ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Stevenson ...	1	4	0	Mr. J. Riley ...	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith ...	1	8	6	Mrs. A. V. Uridge ...	0	10	0
Ella ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Tieman ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Tullis ...	3	17	0	Mr. H. Fenner ...	0	1	0
Postal order, High Wycombe ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Sippetts ...	0	5	9
Mrs. Harper ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Rice and family ...	0	9	0
Mr. J. R. Read ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. H. Shipway ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Elliott ...	0	1	0	Postal order, Knowsley ...	0	1	0
Mr. S. Steed ...	0	10	0	Master Johnnie Burt ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. Bradford ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Gardner ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Martin ...	0	5	0
E. H. G. ...	0	2	0	Mr. W. H. Hipkiss ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Dawson ...	0	2	6
Bible-class, Branksome Chapel, Park- stone, per Mr. Parnell ...	0	8	6	Mr. W. Reeves ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. Woolfenden ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Sprawson ...	0	2	0
Miss B. Parke ...	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bibby ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Patterson ...	0	10	0	"Dorothy" ...	0	10	6
Miss Balls ...	0	5	0	Mrs. M. A. Melhuish ...	0	10	0
Miss Selvwright ...	0	2	0	Mrs. Nash ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Vantall ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Best ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Plummer ...	0	3	0	Christ Church Band of Hope, Neath, per Mr. J. Budge ...	0	5	0
I. T. P. ...	0	2	6	A. & W. O. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Williams ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Bentley ...	0	2	0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey ...	0	5	0	Miss M. Parker ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. West ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stallwood ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Harvey ...	0	2	6	Mr. John Foulkes ...	0	5	0
Stamps, Kilmarnock ...	0	7	0	Mr. O. Barfoot ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Walker ...	0	2	0	Mrs. C. Skeet ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Watson ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Everett and son ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bakewell ...	0	5	0	Mr. Campbell ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Spear ...	0	2	0	Mrs. and Miss E. Kilborne ...	0	10	0
M. E. Annan ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. S. Short ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Hillier ...	0	10	2	Mrs. Allen ...	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Elford ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Keyse ...	0	18	6
Collected by Mrs. Penning ...	0	4	0	Pastor S. T. Williams ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss P. Burcher ...	0	2	6	Mrs. S. K. Hullett ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Banyard ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Stephens ...	0	2	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ...	0	1	0	Mr. S. Calver ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Laffin ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Sellar ...	1	1	0
Mrs. W. J. Sparks ...	0	2	6	Master P. Durant ...	1	0	0
Miss S. Pilcher ...	0	5	0	G. B. B. ...	25	0	0
Miss M. Gartshorn ...	0	10	0	Mr. B. Nicholson ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge ...	0	10	0	Mr. John O'Gram ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmaine ...	0	10	0	Miss A. Marriott ...	1	0	0
An old boy ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. McIlroy ...	1	0	0
				Mrs. Mackie ...	0	5	0
				Mr. James Owers ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hood ...	0	5	0	Mr. D. H. Lloyd ...	3	3	0
Mr. Henry Skinner ...	0	19	0	Mr. W. Rollo ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Ollington ...	0	5	0	Mr. M. Stroud ...	2	2	0
Mr. W. J. Murphy ...	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. P. Barber ...	1	1	0
T. A. L. H., Swindon ...	2	0	0	Collected by Master A. Knight...	1	17	6
Mrs. M. A. Crowhurst ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Smith ...	0	19	0
Mr. G. W. Camps ...	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Asten ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. Hookey ...	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Blant ...	1	7	9
Mr. W. J. Norton ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. E. Gaunt ...	5	0	0
Mr. John Macbeth ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Lowe ...	1	0	0
Mr. T. Church ...	1	0	0	S. G. A. ...	0	10	0
Mr. Roger Bate ...	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wale ...	2	0	0
Lizzie and Willie ...	1	0	0	Per F. R. T. ...			
Collected by Miss E. Borley ...	1	10	0	Mrs. Howard Blight ...	0	13	0
Mrs. M. Cousens ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Keen ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. N. Wright ...	0	4	0	Mr. S. Pewtress ...	0	5	0
Mr. Randle Wilkinson ...	0	10	0				1 0 0
Collected by Mr. T. Ackland ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Mandrell ...			2 2 0
Mrs. W. Balls ...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss R. Patten ...			0 8 0
Postal order, Cowes ...	0	5	0	Mr. T. W. Benson ...			0 5 0
Mr. C. Foster ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Luckham ...			0 10 6
Rev. R. Matthews ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Kearry ...			0 10 0
Miss E. M. Perkins ...	0	10	0	A constant reader, Bristol ...			0 2 6
Mr. R. Morris ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Holloway ...			0 2 6
Mrs. Coad ...	0	1	0	Capt. Jno. Parry ...			0 5 0
Messrs. Wills and Packham ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. A. Bradley ...			0 5 0
Mr. Welman ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Trew ...			0 5 0
Mr. Jno. Storey ...	2	0	0	Mr. W. Smith ...			0 3 0
Mr. James Scott ...	1	0	0	Miss P. Exton ...			0 10 0
Mr. Alfred Hobson ...	1	0	0	Mr. M. Walker ...			1 0 0
Mr. G. C. Heard ...	1	0	0	M. S., in memory of her father and			
Mrs and Miss Ford ...	1	1	0	C. H. S. ...			0 5 0
Mr. J. Kemp ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Brown ...			0 10 0
Mr. T. D. Adams ...	2	0	0	Mrs. M. Boniface, per Mr. A. M.			
Mr. John Lister ...	1	1	0	Coleman ...			0 10 6
Mr. W. Graham ...	1	10	0	A. S. ...			0 10 0
Mr. J. Sims ...	1	10	0	Miss E. Henderson ...			0 2 0
Messrs. H. Head and Co. ...	2	2	0	Mr. Mendham ...			0 10 0
Messrs. McCammon and Sprott ...	0	10	0	Mr. W. Jones ...			0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Sidery ...	0	13	0	From Keston ...			0 10 0
Captain J. Williamson ...	0	1	6	Collected by Mrs. Holden ...			1 2 6
Miss E. Worrall and friends ...	0	1	6	Pastor W. J. Sears ...			0 10 0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett ...	0	17	0	Mr. —, East Dulwich ...			0 10 0
Mrs. Keddle ...	0	12	0	Sutton Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Geo.			
M. D., Penybout ...	0	5	0	Carr ...			4 10 0
Mr. Isaac Austin ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Spencer ...			0 6 0
Mrs. Bickford ...	0	3	0	Miss J. Clark ...			0 10 0
Collected by Mr. W. Britcher ...	0	10	0	Moiety of collection at United Service			
Mrs. A. Mackenzie ...	0	10	0	Baptist Chapel, Teignmouth, per			
Pastor J. S. Bruce ...	0	10	6	Mr. Samuel Poole ...			1 4 1
M. A. G. ...	0	2	6	Mr. Thomas Bowler ...			0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Bush ...	0	10	6	Per Pastor E. Spurrier:—			
Mr. A. Wilson ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Blaxhill ...		1	0 0
Miss Ferguson ...	0	5	0	G. C. ...		1	0 0
Mr. W. White ...	0	1	6	Box at 36, High Street ...		0	1 6
Mrs. M. Clarke ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Arnold ...		2	0 0
A friend ...	0	0	6	Pastor E. Spurrier ...		0	5 6
Sandy Mac ...	0	10	0				4 7 0
Mrs. S. A. Cousens ...	0	1	6	J. C. M. ...			1 0 0
Mrs. M. Munro ...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Hopkins ...			1 0 0
Mrs. C. W. Bull ...	0	10	0	Mark, Coventry ...			1 0 0
Miss I. Salmond ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Iremonger ...			1 1 0
Mrs. G. Hackley ...	0	2	6	Mr. W. Tucker ...			0 5 0
Mr. Tuck ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Willy ...			0 10 0
A well-wisher ...	0	2	6	Miss Bushell ...			0 1 0
Mr. J. Pellow ...	0	1	3	Mr. R. Paterson ...			0 5 0
Postal order, Binton ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Webb ...			0 6 0
Mr. E. Ingle ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. King ...			0 5 0
Mr. Jas. Cooper ...	0	5	0	Houston Sabbath-school, per Rev. G.			
Rev. W. J. Mayers ...	0	6	0	Lang ...			0 10 0
Mrs. Heatley ...	0	5	0	R. B. ...			0 2 0
A. S. ...	0	1	0	Mrs. A. C. Davies ...			0 5 0
Mr. T. W. Beveridge ...	0	10	0	Mrs. R. Willison ...			0 10 6
Mrs. Hurst ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. W. Barnaby ...			0 5 0
Mr. W. McLaren ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. William ...			0 10 0
Collected by Mr. P. Jackson ...	0	12	0	Misses F. and E. King ...			0 8 0
Postal order, Buith ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. B. Stott ...			0 10 0
Mrs. Drummond ...	0	3	0	A friend, Buckhaven ...			0 2 6
Mr. N. Jones ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. J. Parkinson ...			1 1 1
Mr. Sawyer ...	1	1	0	St. Leonard's Baptist Church, per Mr.			
Mr. A. Austin ...	0	2	6	John Stockbridge ...			3 3 0

Mrs. Gamble	£	s.	d.	Mr. E. Jenkins	£	s.	d.
Collected by Master R. T. Jackman ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Snell	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Booth	0	12	0	Mr. G. Blake	1	1	0
Collected by Master P. Wigney ...	0	3	6	Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Runciman	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Youens	1	10	0
Miss I. Allen	0	3	6	Mrs. H. Woolland	0	10	6
Miss Esther Milroy	0	3	0	Miss B. Bisset	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Rice	2	0	0	Mrs. Spence	0	5	0
Mrs. Hunt and friends, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	0	10	0	In loving memory of Pattie Sanders ...	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Wakeham	2	16	2	The Misses Lewis	0	7	0
Mr. Thomas Farrow	1	0	0	Mr. H. A. Hall	0	2	6
Mr. D. Stewart	1	0	0	Pastor A. G. Haste	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. Jones	1	0	0	Mr. James Scott	0	5	0
Half Sunday collections for the year at Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth, per Mr. Sidney Smith ...	0	2	0	Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	2	6
Mr. A. G. Norton	6	15	1	Mr. L. W. Borton	0	10	0
Mr. B. Thomson	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. R. Freeman ...	1	0	0
Collected by Master I. Maynard ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Westmore ...	0	16	0
Mr. T. Edwards	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Shurmer ...	1	1	0
Mrs. G. Anderson	0	4	0	Otley Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. T. and Miss Barker ...	0	5	6
Part Christmas collection, Miss Duckett's Bible-class ...	0	10	6	Mr. J. S. Bracher	0	15	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	0	10	0	Mr. T. Brewer	1	1	0
Clapham, per Christian Herald Company, Limited ...	1	5	6	Mr. R. Pope Froste, M.A. ...	8	5	0
Per Pastor W. Sexton:—	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Crick	2	0	0
Collected by Master G. R. Shaw ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. Antony Lees	1	1	0
Miss Daft	1	4	3	Mrs. B. Imlach	1	0	0
W. S.	0	0	3	P. J.	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennand ...	1	10	0	A well-wisher, Portobello ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Middleton	0	10	0	Mrs. Hinton	1	0	0
Part collection Christmas morning service, Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. H. Mills	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. McDonald	0	13	6	Mrs. B. M. Johnson	1	0	0
From Tabernacle:—	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Johnson	1	0	0
Gold	14	10	0	Mr. J. G. Van Rijn	5	9	7
Four Bank notes ("for the little ones") ...	40	0	0	Mr. Jefferies	0	5	0
Silver and copper	0	7	7	W. J. T.	1	0	6
Half year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Cory Brothers and Co., Limited ...	54	17	7	Mr. R. Giles:—			
United Bible-classes at Talbot Tabernacle, per Pastor Frank H. White ...	1	5	0	Family Sunday dinner-table box ...	1	2	6
Mr. Tatnell	1	1	0	In memory of Bertie ...	0	5	0
Miss A. Rose	0	5	0	In lieu of Christmas cards ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Orr White	10	0	0	Mr. C. Trelease	1	12	6
A. R. Duns	0	5	0	Mr. J. Trelease	0	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0	Stamps, Grimsby	0	2	5
Mr. Thomas Moorley	1	0	0	Mr. H. Day	0	3	6
Miss S. A. Harrison	0	10	0	Mr. Jabez Dodwell	0	5	0
Misses F. and J. Weekes	0	10	0	Mr. Thomas Hankin	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	0	10	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	2	0
Mr. E. Horlock	0	4	1	Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0
J. M. H. D., Aston Manor	0	2	6	Mr. A. J. L. White	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Willmott	0	5	0	A thankoffering from a widow, Workshop ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Collins	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Helensburgh, per Mr. W. Thompson ...	0	16	4
Miss A. M. Richards	0	3	6	Mr. Jno. M. Coutts	0	10	0
A workman's wife, Swansea	0	5	0	Pastor Jno. Kempton	0	5	0
Mrs. Burdekin	0	2	0	Miss Wilmot	0	5	0
Straw plaiters, Irvinghoe, Aston ...	0	3	0	Collected by Master C. Eveleigh ...	0	10	0
Mr. S. Pearce	0	10	0	Mrs. James	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Older	1	1	2	Mr. W. Hudd	0	10	0
Box at Orphanage gates	1	4	8	Miss E. Hendrie	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Lane	1	0	0	Mr. Marikham	0	2	6
Mr. J. Hart	1	10	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson ...	0	11	0
M. A. C.	0	5	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	0
Miss A. Middleton	1	5	0	F. E., Bury St. Edmund's ...	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the maintenance of three orphan boys for a year) ...	5	0	0	Miss Chitty	0	10	0
Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0	"In memory of a good mother," per Mrs. Jas. Withers ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Powell ...	0	18	0
				Mrs. E. A. Calder	25	0	0
				Collected by Master P. W. Ward ...	0	14	0
				Miss Scoles	1	1	0
				Mrs. S. F. Clements	2	2	0
				Mrs. Dunlop	2	0	0
				Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0
				Mr. James Hill	1	0	0
				Mrs. F. J. Aldridge	1	1	0
				Christmas morning service, Kingston Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. B. Nichols ...	1	6	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Shaw	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Bawtree	2	2	0
Mr. G. Huntley	1	1	0	Mr. E. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Watson	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Scott	2	0	0
Miss S. Robinson	5	0	0	Miss J. Houghton	2	2	0
Mr. C. Hunting	2	2	0	Mizpah	0	10	0
One of the Lord's children	0	2	6	Mr. E. K. Stace	0	5	0
Miss Keys	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Brown	0	7	6
Mr. H. H. Davie	0	7	6	Mr. James Brown	0	10	0
M. A.	0	6	0	One of the Lord's poor ones	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Munday	0	2	6	Mrs. Squibb	0	7	6
Mrs. S. Butcher	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Parsons	0	10	0
Miss Kemp	0	4	0	Mrs. Lawrence	0	2	6
Mrs. Newman	0	7	6	Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
A few friends at Lake Road Chapel,				Mr. Baker	2	0	0
Portsmouth, per Mrs. L. Johnson	0	8	0	Mr. G. Medway	3	0	0
Mrs. Waller	0	6	0	Mr. W. Willcocks	2	2	0
Mr. A. Scott	5	10	0	Miss L. Perratt	0	10	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Down	0	9	0
Miss E. A. Millar	0	5	0	Mr. W. Munro	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Fowler	1	0	0	Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
Mr. S. Hampton	2	2	0	Miss D. G. Hardy	0	1	0
Sale of garments, per Ladies' Com-				A little boy's birthday money	0	1	0
mittee	6	4	6	Mr. C. Gayton	0	12	0
Miss J. Wood	1	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Cole	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Rugg	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	13	8
Mr. Simpkin's Bible-class, Lansdowne				Mr. H. B. Waring	1	0	0
Baptist Chapel, Bournemouth	1	0	0	Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell :-			
Mr. C. Chaplin	0	10	0	Mrs. White	0	5	0
Mr. A. J. Whitmee	0	10	0	Miss Mockridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	5	0	Mrs. A. Madge	0	10	0
Mrs. Y., Hindley Green	0	2	6	Mr. J. Headerson	0	10	0
A. B. P.	0	5	0	Mr. E. Pocock	1	1	0
Widow's mite	0	2	6				2 16 0
R. Paterson	0	5	0	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
M. J. L., New Barnet	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. F. Turner	1	5	0
A thankoffering, E. C. R.	0	2	6	Mrs. M. G. Cowper	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Anderson	0	5	0	V. H. M.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Duncan	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Millard	0	5	0
Mr. J. Beaty	0	2	6	Mr. D. Chamberlain	0	10	0
F. G.	0	5	0	"Moniaive"	0	15	0
Mr. I. Shepherd	0	5	0	Mrs. Dodds	0	5	0
Master J. Shepherd	0	1	0	Stamps, Glasgow	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Moore	0	5	0
Per Pastor W. Burnett :-				Mr. E. F. Morris	2	0	0
Mrs. Burnett's box	0	10	0	Mr. W. Miggins	1	0	0
Pastor's Bible-class box	0	6	1	Miss Hewlett	0	5	0
Part collection, Christmas				Mrs. W. J. Bridges	1	0	0
morning service	0	8	9	Collected by Mr. W. Meikle	0	14	0
Collected by Mrs. Probert	0	4	5	Collected by Mr. S. Church	4	7	0
Collected by Master T. Mil-				Collected by Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
ward	0	4	7	H. K.	10	0	0
	1	13	10	In memory of Miss J. Stoppard, of St.			
Collected at Watch-night service,				Helen's, Derby, per Mr. G. H. Grundy	5	0	0
Woodville Baptist Chapel, Cardiff	1	9	1	Mrs. J. Seager	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Morris	0	6	11	Mr. F. Stewart	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Willis	1	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Alder, per Mrs.			
Miss C. Thomson	1	0	0	J. A. Spurgeon	1	1	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0	Dear Granny	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0	E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
Mr. R. C. Jones	1	1	0				1 10 0
Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school,				A friend in Texas, per Miss C. Smith	2	2	0
Wallington, per Mr. R. T. Clark	1	1	0	Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school,			
Mr. A. Cave	0	10	6	Sheffield, per Mr. W. Martin	2	1	0
Mrs. J. Bishop	0	2	6	Harlesden Baptist Sunday-school, per			
Master J. Peebles	0	5	0	Mr. I. Balls	1	1	0
Ed. N. Chatham	0	6	0	Mr. Thomas Butcher	1	1	0
Mr. N. H. Saker	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Ronald	1	10	0
Mr. W. G. Healing	1	1	0	Mrs. Watson	0	10	0
Mr. John Jackson	3	0	0	Mr. J. Thomson	0	5	0
Mr. Septimus Holtum	1	3	8	Lizzie	0	5	0
Mr. George White	1	1	0	Victoria Street Sunday-school, Gala-			
Mrs. Conder	1	0	0	shields, per Mr. I. Lamb Thomson	0	16	0
Mr. J. Robertson	0	15	0	A Folkestone working-man	2	12	6
Miss Greenlees	0	5	0	Mrs. J. J. Davies	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	0	Miss Stevens	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Skinner	0	5	0	Mr. E. Gowing	0	10	0
Postal order, Shipley	0	5	0	M. W.	0	2	0
Miss A. Mackereth	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Cox	1	7	0
Miss J. M. Hutton	0	5	0	Townsend Street Sunday-school, Old			
Mrs. C. E. Semark	0	10	0	Kent Road, per Mr. W. Oldershaw	3	12	6
Mrs. P. P. Williams	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Davies	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter, at Brockley Road Baptist Chapel	7	17	0	Borough Polytechnic P.S.A. ...	0	13	0	
Collected by Mrs. Adlem:—				Surrey Square Mission ...	0	10	6	
P. M. ...	1	0	0	Sale of Programmes, Wesley Chapel, Vauxhall Walk ...	0	3	5	
Church of England ...	0	5	0	<i>Christmas Festivities Fund:—</i>				
Rector ...	0	5	0	Miss Puckstone ...	0	2	6	
Hunt and Son ...	0	2	0	Mr. Geo. Cox ...	0	10	6	
M. H. ...	0	1	0	A worker ...	0	5	0	
C. R. ...	0	1	0	Miss L. Bibby ...	0	2	0	
C. H. S. ...	0	1	0	H. E. S. ...	1	1	0	
Some friends ...	0	4	6	Collected by Miss A. Thatcher:—				
Adlem family ...	0	6	0	Mrs. Mannington ...	0	5	0	
			2 5 6	Mrs. Mannington (Isfeld) ...	0	5	0	
Two friends at Banchory ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Man- nington ...	0	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burt ...	0	7	6	Mrs. Caffyn ...	0	2	6	
Mr. J. F. Verry ...	0	5	0	Miss Caffyn ...	0	2	6	
Mrs. Bagster ...	2	2	0	Misses Hawshar ...	0	2	6	
Mrs. M. Reid Sharnan ...	1	0	0	Miss Porter ...	0	2	6	
Mrs. F. Weekly ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Faulconer ...	0	2	6	
Mr. W. Heywood ...	0	7	0	Mrs. Thatcher ...	0	2	6	
A. H., Cambuslang ...	0	3	0	Mrs. Guy ...	0	2	6	
Mr. T. Davis ...	0	4	0	Miss A. Thatcher ...	0	2	6	
Mrs. G. Rawlins ...	0	1	0	Master J. Faulconer ...	0	0	6	
Mr. S. Halstaff Coles ...	0	10	0					1 15 6
Mrs. Mills ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Shearman ...				2 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Sear ...	0	17	0	Miss Adderley ...				2 0 0
A friend, per Mr. Geo. Ord	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Sheppard and friend				0 6 0
C. S. ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Jas. Stiff ...				1 0 0
Postal order, Longham ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Wood ...				0 10 0
W. J. H. ...	0	12	6	Miss E. Clover ...				0 6 0
Hamilton Sunday-school Mission box, per Rev. J. R. Chrystal ...	0	10	0	Miss E. Keylock ...				0 2 6
Mrs. C. Anderson ...	0	2	6	M. V. ...				0 2 6
Watchnight service, Baptist Chapel, Maldon, per Pastor F. C. Morris ...	0	6	0	Dr. J. A. Dunbar ...				1 1 0
Mrs. S. A. Urquhart ...	0	10	0	Mrs. L. S. Lang ...				0 2 0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Mr. J. B. Edgar ...				0 10 0
Mrs. Nagle ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. C. Pearson ...				0 5 0
Mr. S. Cornborough ...	5	0	0	Mr. Samuel Sharp ...				1 0 0
Mrs. Hughes, per Mr. W. S. Jones ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Pollard ...				0 5 0
Mr. W. Parrie ...	1	0	0	Mrs. C. H. Gibson ...				1 0 0
Miss Fisher ...	0	4	6	Mr. H. Proctor ...				1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards ...	0	10	0	Messrs. W. and H. K. Olney ...				1 0 0
Mrs. Jones ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. S. Hardy ...				0 10 0
Mr. C. Martin ...	0	7	6	Miss H. Wood ...				1 1 0
A friend from Bedford ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Buckmaster ...				1 0 0
			14 8 0	Mr. J. Clark ...				0 5 0
Mrs. Yates ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Lane ...				2 0 0
Miss M. Tarrant ...	0	5	0	Sir Jas. Colquhoun, Bart.				8 0 0
Miss Geikie ...	1	1	0	Mr. Grant ...				0 10 0
Madame Annie Ryall ...	0	10	6	Mrs. H. Holloway ...				0 1 0
Orphanage box at Tabernacle ...	0	3	0	Mr. T. H. Woodeson ...				0 10 0
Executors of the late Miss Isabella Noble ...	450	0	0	Mrs. N. Garrett ...				2 0 0
From the estate of the late Miss G. I. Small ...	1	12	6	Mr. R. Brown ...				1 0 0
From the estate of the late Rev. Thomas King ...	6	19	3	Mr. W. H. Willcox ...				1 1 0
Orphan Boys' Cards (as per list) ...	55	11	7	Mr. J. Wilson ...				0 5 0
Orphan Girls' Cards (as per list) ...	34	9	4	Mrs. Guthrie ...				1 0 0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—				Mr. Cupps ...				0 5 0
Emsworth ...	9	17	11	Mr. D. Clarke ...				1 1 0
Ryde ...	14	10	0	Mrs. P. A. Bonetto ...				1 0 0
Winchester ...	10	0	0	Mrs. M. Bedwin ...				0 5 0
Southsea ...	9	18	3	Mr. J. Fear ...				0 10 0
Cowes ...	10	1	0	Mr. W. J. Pierce ...				0 5 0
Newport, I.W. ...	6	3	0	Mr. T. W. Denne ...				0 5 0
Gosport ...	11	18	0	Miss F. Hall ...				0 5 0
Waterlooville ...	9	7	9	Mrs. E. W. Lock ...				0 5 0
Havant ...	4	1	4	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe ...				0 2 6
Basingstoke:—				Rev. S. R. Young ...				0 5 0
Mr. H. M. Juban ...	1	1	0	Mr. P. Filit ...				0 4 0
Proceeds of meeting, less local expenses ...	8	19	0	Mrs. A. Burr ...				0 5 0
			10 0 0	Mrs. Holbrook ...				0 15 0
Orpington ...	6	10	0	Mr. J. Spencer ...				0 4 0
Abley Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, Total Abstinence Society ...	8	0	0	Mrs. B. Veall ...				0 2 6
Wheat-heaf Hall (per Mr. W. S. Caine)	3	3	0	C. F. ...				0 1 5
				Mrs. J. Crosthwaite ...				0 2 6
				Mr. T. A. Kelly ...				0 5 0
				Collected by Miss Chapman				0 15 0
				Mr. and Mrs. Webb ...				0 2 0
				Mr. E. Reynolds ...				0 2 6
				Miss A. E. Hardiman ...				0 2 6
				Mr. M. J. Beaven ...				0 2 6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. F. Alldis ...	0	5	0	Mr. E. J. Upward ...	0	5	0
Mr. S. Mason ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. B. Ferne ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Barrett ...	0	10	6	Mrs. Heffer ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Bowdon ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Page ...	2	0	0
Mr. I. J. Carter ...	0	5	0	M. A. Z., Northampton ...	1	0	0
Mr. P. Whitaker ...	0	1	0	Mrs. E. Lloyd ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. C. Ginn ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. Skeats ...	0	5	0	T. T., Newport, Mon. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Phillips ...	0	10	0	Mr. John Cave ...	1	1	0
Per Mrs. B. Fox :-				Miss E. Randall ...	0	1	6
Mrs. B. Fox ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Bickle ...	0	5	0
Mr. Whitbread ...	0	1	0	Mr. T. Bland ...	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Digby ...	0	1	0	Miss E. J. Farmer ...	0	2	6
A poor old man ...	0	0	1	Mrs. Rugg ...	0	10	0
			0 7 1	Miss and Master Boyerton ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Barefoot ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Gunter ...	0	5	0
Miss R. Wells ...	0	2	0	Mr. F. Prior ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Edwards ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Ives ...	0	5	0
Mr. H. A. Gribbon ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Loveland ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Porter ...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Fryer ...	0	1	0
Miss E. Larcombe ...	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Dodwell, sen. ...	0	10	0
Miss Gregg ...	0	0	6	Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Evans ...	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Zuber ...	0	3	0
Mrs. M. Tier ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Grout ...	0	3	6
Mr. J. Eneeny ...	0	1	0	Mr. Dean ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Wilson ...	0	4	0	Mrs. J. Harvey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Evans ...	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Street ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	2	6	Miss Cook ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. James ...	0	1	0	Mr. Carrington's Young Women's			
Mr. G. M. Rabbich ...	0	5	0	Bible-class, Eld Lane Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. T. W. Rogers ...	0	1	0	Colchester, per Mrs. Smith ...	0	10	0
Miss McLaren ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Warriner ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Renshaw ...	0	2	6	Mrs. O. Knock ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bloomfield ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Miles ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Miller ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hawkes ...	1	1	0	Mrs. S. Dales ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Jeffries ...	1	0	0	Mr. Geo. Wood ...	0	2	6
Mr. G. Russell ...	2	0	0	Miss Scarfe ...	0	1	0
Mr. S. Cole ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Pleasant ...	0	10	0
Endymion, Alcester ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Cutler ...	0	10	6
Mr. F. Flanders ...	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Apsey ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Kite ...	0	6	6	Mr. A. Davis ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hooper ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Jones ...	0	2	6
Miss C. Brown ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Barber ...	0	10	0
Miss M. Fraser ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Johnson ...	0	5	0
Miss Carpenter ...	0	2	0	Master C. S. Jones ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Street ...	0	2	6	Mr. R. Stewart ...	0	3	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Tee ...	0	5	0
Rev. V. F. Linn ...	0	3	0	Mrs. A. Butler ...	0	4	0
Miss A. Baker ...	0	2	6	Miss M. F. Calder ...	0	10	0
Miss Bodger ...	0	2	0	Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Jones ...	0	10	0	Miss Cunningham ...	0	5	0
A country minister ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Clarke ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Newcombe ...	0	2	6	Misses Horton ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wood ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Franklin ...	0	10	0
Miss Speh ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Stevenson ...	1	1	0
Miss L. Deveson ...	0	2	6	Mr. F. Hoy ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Bevan ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Goodchild ...	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Wight ...	0	10	0	Mr. Edwin Davis ...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Workman ...	0	13	0	Mrs. E. H. Edwards ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis ...	0	2	6	Miss S. Cochrane ...	1	0	0
Miss and Masters Clare ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Herbert Bell ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. H. Dove ...	0	5	0	Mr. John Charters ...	1	1	0
Miss M. Hodges ...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Royce ...	1	1	0
Miss Sydenham ...	0	10	0	Mr. O. Clabon ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Brown ...	0	10	0	Miss R. Smith ...	0	10	6
Mr. H. S. Robinson ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. C. Smith ...	1	10	0
Mr. T. Brown ...	0	2	6	Grato Frederico ...	0	10	0
Miss Mathew ...	0	2	6	Miss Riddell ...	0	5	0
Mr. Seaton ...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Yallop ...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Bull ...	0	5	0	Mr. Thos. Weir ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Billing and family ...	0	8	0	Mr. and Mrs. Clow ...	0	5	0
B. J. T. ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Harris ...	0	7	6
Mr. G. Colyer ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Shaw ...	0	5	0
Mr. L. Clayton ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Banyard ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Hertzell and Mrs. Mallison ...	0	2	0	Mrs. M. Parker ...	0	2	6
Mr. S. A. Harris ...	2	0	0	Mrs. May ...	0	5	0
Mr. F. T. Tucker ...	1	1	0	A Christmas gift, Tuubridge Wells ...	0	15	0
Mrs. Stopford ...	1	0	0	Mr. T. Basson ...	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Tingey ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Deacon ...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Brake ...	1	0	0	Mr. C. Jacobs ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Parkins ...	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Baker ...	0	2	0
Mrs. A. Wallace ...	0	2	6	The Misses F. and R. E. Haywood ...	0	2	6
Miss L. M. Walker ...	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Mann ...	0	2	6
Mr. W. Johnson ...	0	1	0	Miss E. Worrall and friends ...	0	2	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ...	0	3	0	Mr. I. Clifton ...	0	16	6
The Misses A. and L. Rowland ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Jones ...	0	10	6
Mr. W. M. Finlayson ...	0	5	6	Mr. G. F. Shepherd ...	0	10	6
Miss Hall ...	0	2	6	Mrs. L. Bush ...	0	10	0
Tea-table collection, per Miss Pocock ...	0	2	6	Miss M. A. Hardy ...	0	3	0
Mrs. Cartwright ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Perriman ...	0	5	0
Miss E. L. Tarver ...	0	2	6	Miss Anderson ...	0	2	6
Miss S. Pilcher ...	0	5	0	Miss G. Turner ...	0	2	6
Mr. F. I. Hurst ...	0	5	0	Mrs. A. E. Franklin ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Walker ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Williams ...	0	2	0
Master C. Palmer ...	0	5	0	Mr. O. Friston ...	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Bowyer ...	0	2	6	Mr. E. Brouard ...	0	6	0
Mrs. E. McClure ...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Weightman ...	3	0	0
Miss Beall ...	0	3	0	Mr. Drew ...	1	1	0
Mr. Hutton ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Kewer ...	0	10	6
Mrs. Layzell ...	0	2	6	Miss M. McEwing ...	2	0	0
Mrs. R. Evans ...	0	2	6	Mr. A. Clay ...	0	2	0
In memoriam, W. L. M. ...	0	10	6	Mr. Hartley Windle ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Bayes ...	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Rice ...	0	2	6
Miss E. Botsford ...	0	5	0	The Misses E. A. and E. Dunstan ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Allen ...	0	2	6	Mrs. M. Hall ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Vinden ...	0	10	0	Mr. C. Smith ...	0	2	0
Mr. G. H. Shipway ...	0	2	6	The Misses C. and E. Norton ...	0	2	0
Master and Miss Barritt ...	0	1	0	Mr. W. Hoare ...	0	5	0
A friend, Dover ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Wilsheer ...	0	5	0
Miss Payne ...	0	3	6	Mr. S. Pearce ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Roberts ...	0	2	6	One-third of Christmas morning collection, Teignmouth United Service, Wesleyan, Congregational, and Baptist Churches, per Pastor S. J. Thorpe ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Cutmore ...	0	2	6	Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons, a new shilling for each boy ...	11	0	0
Miss Camps ...	0	5	0	The Trustees of the Orphanage, a new shilling for each girl ...	11	0	0
Mrs. M. Speed ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Straw ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Martin ...	0	5	0	Sunday scholars and young people at George Street Baptist Chapel, Ryde, per Mr. W. H. Daish ...	3	0	0
Mrs. M. A. Chapman ...	0	10	0	Mr. A. Jungling ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Mumford ...	0	5	0	Mr. R. Dawson ...	6	2	6
Mr. W. Reeves ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. O. Weight ...	0	9	4
Mr. J. Hooker ...	0	5	0	Brentford Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor T. G. Pollard ...	0	8	6
A friend, Bexley Heath ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Brierley ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Le Feuvre ...	0	2	0				
J. W. Hatton Garden ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. Coombes ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. Tutton ...	0	5	0				
Mr. T. Field ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. Lees ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. Stapleton ...	0	1	0				
Mrs. Stone ...	0	2	6				
E. K. ...	0	5	6				
B. E. and J. S. ...	0	5	0				
Miss D. Leng ...	0	2	6				
Mr. J. Buswell ...	0	5	0				
Miss B. Proudfoot ...	0	3	6				
Mrs. Fakeley and family ...	0	13	0				
Mrs. Allen ...	0	1	0				
Miss N. Clark ...	0	5	0				
Mr. F. Holmes ...	0	2	0				
Miss Grounds ...	0	1	0				
S. M. ...	0	10	0				
Mr. F. W. Trotman ...	1	0	0				
Mr. E. Frisby ...	2	2	0				
Anon., per Mr. J. Passmore ...	1	0	0				
Mr. J. McIlroy ...	0	10	0				
Mrs. Mackie ...	0	5	0				
Stamps, Newport, Mon. ...	0	2	0				
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick ...	0	5	0				
Mrs. Willis ...	0	10	0				
Mr. John Ollington ...	0	0	6				
Mr. G. Lawrence and friends ...	14	0	0				
Miss R. Stocker ...	2	0	0				
Mr. W. J. Eldridge ...	0	10	0				
Mr. T. Heaton ...	0	10	6				
Mrs. J. S. Smith ...	0	5	0				
Stamps, Leicester ...	0	2	6				
Mr. R. Morris ...	0	1	0				
Mr. Jas. Bazeley ...	0	10	0				
Miss E. S. Wain ...	0	10	0				
Mr. Alexander Lair ...	4	8	6				
Mr. J. Kemp ...	0	10	0				
Messrs. Hine Brothers ...	1	1	0				
Mrs. Anthony ...	0	2	6				

Christmas Dinner Table Collections:—

Junior and Senior O.E. Societies, Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Miss Harrauld ...	0	16	0
Mr. H. R. Daigleish and friend ...	0	2	0
Master E. George ...	0	5	6
Mr. and Mrs. Allmey ...	0	1	6
Mr. C. Howe ...	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Gould ...	1	2	0
Mrs. W. S. Caine ...	0	3	6
Mrs. W. Donaldson ...	0	2	6
Collected by "Little Gwen" ...	0	2	9
Collected by Mrs. Elding ...	1	15	0
Newbridge, Mor., per Miss R. Daniell ...	0	11	9
Pastor E. Ashton ...	0	11	6
Miss A. E. Chapman ...	0	4	1
Brentford, per Pastor T. G. Pollard ...	1	0	6
Mr. E. H. Bartlett ...	0	2	3
Lower Tooting Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Hunt Rumsey ...	3	17	8
Brabourne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. F. Cotton ...	1	2	0
Highgate Road Baptist Chapel, Men's Bible-class, per Mr. C. Weight ...	4	6	1
Mr. L. Hiley ...	2	1	2
Y.P.S.C.E. Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Mr. E. E. Armitage ...	5	5	0

£2,454 11 6

Orphan Boys' Collecting-cards.—Adams, R., £1 1s; Archer, C., £1 1s; Allnatt, W., 3s; Brand, A., £1 1s 6d; Bradley, F., 12s 9d; Barton, C., 5s 4d; Blackwell, A., 7s 9d; Butler, L., 2s; Beauchamp, J., 3s 6d; Box, J., £1; Boddy, W., 15s 6d; Bristol, S., 9s 2d; Balderstone, L., 10s; Blakeley, F., £2; Barnard, P. J., 3s 7d; Deazley, H. J., 6s 11d; Burton, A. C., 2s; Barrow, J., 2s 6d; Boulter, E., 5s; Baggaley, J., 11s 6d; Burleton, S., 2d; Bartlett, C., £1 2s; Boggs, A., 7s; Cole, J., £1 15s; Cracknell, E., 4s; Coppin, G., 6s 8d; Chapman, D., £1 4s; Clapson, A., 15s; Cooper, B., 6s 4d; Cross, W., 9s; Dawson, S., 5s; Durrant, H., 6s; Davies, W. F., 6s 3d; Dubensky, E., 1s 6d; Davis, A., 4s; Daniels, M., 5s; Davies, J., 5s; Doel, B., £1 1s; Everett, E., 1s 6d; Edwards, C., 1s 6d; Elkins, S., 3s; French, S., 3s; Field, R. E., 3s 2d; Garton, F., 4s 6d; Goodwin, J., 3s 6d; Grundy, T., 3s 6d; Heritage, W., 6s; Halsall, J., £1 5s 6d; Harselden, W., 4s; Holland, A., 3s 6d; Hewitt, W., 3s; Haddock, B., 6s; Johu, J., 1s 8d; Kirkpatrick, W., 10s; King, F., 10s 6d; Kirby, M., 10s; Locke, S., A., 11s 9d; Levi, V., 6s 6d; Lucas, D., 1s 3d; Laslett, A., 7s; Milligan, J., 2s 6d; Manley, H., 3s; Mann, J., £1 1s; Matthias, R., 7s; Newton, G., 2s 6d; Newbery, J., 9s; Noble, O., £1 7s 9d; Nokes, G., 2s; Newton, H. B., £1 1s; Nobbs, W., 6s 6d; Ollott, A., 4s; Preston, V., 10s; Pullin, F., 1s; Parrymore, W., 14s 9d; Peck, P., 2s 6d; Pritchard, A., 2s 6d; Popler, L., 10s; Pateman, R., 14s 1d; Platt, A., 5s; Page, J., £1 1s; Peters, G., 11s 6d; Rogers, H., 5s; Rickwood, J., 3s; Robins, O., £1 1s; Rowe, A., 10s; Redmill, G., 12s 4d; Rodwell, B., 7s; Sharp, L., £1 1s; Stannard, H., 5s; Stannard, W., 10s; Sankey, P., £1 1s; Simmonds, G., 12s; Shaw, W., 2s 1d; Swan, A., 6s; Sheath, F., 6s; Smith, A., 12s 6d; Smith, S., 2s 6d; Smith, W. A., £1 1s; Temple, A., 10s; Tansley, H., 13s; Talbot, H., 11s; Upton, W., £1; Vercos, H., 11s 4d; Veats, S., 3s; Varney, A., 6s 6d; Viney, F., 4s 6d; Watson, J., 10s; Winney, T., 5s; Williams, E., 10s 6d; Wyard, J., £1 5s; White, F., £1 1s; Wright, C., 2s 9d; Woods, W., 7s; Walker, T., 7s 6d; Wild, C., 4s 11d; Warburton, C., 2s; Wickens, G., 5s.—Total, £55 11s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting-cards.—Arling, A., 2s 8d; Adcock, S., 8s 6d; Barten, E., 2s 6d; Brookling, F., 11s; Burgess, E., £1 5s 6d; Buhierosan, U., 4s 6d; Boxall, S., 7s; Birch, A., 8s 6d; Bradford, E., 5s 6d; Bentall, B., 1s; Bulow, E., 6d; Brinsdon, A., 5s; Barnes, A., 2s; Corke, H., 10s 6d; Cory, C., 10s; Clark, M., 5s; Cress, S., 6s; Crispin, M., 12s; Cracknell, H., 4s 3d; Candier, E., 19s 4d; Cobb, L., 2s; Choat, R., 7s 4d; Civil, E., 3s 6d; Dunslow, R., 2s 6d; Day, M., 2s; Davies, G., 9s 6d; Ensom, E., 4s 3d; Ebdon, M., 9s 1d; Fielding, B., 2s; Fleetwood, B., 7s; Francis, K., 3s; Friend, M., £1 1s; Fields, A., 10s; Fernley, O., 3s; Figgins, E., 12s 9d; Grover, K., 5s; Gouny, A., 3s 3d; Geldart, C., 2s 6d; Green, F., 6s 3d; Gouyn, E., 3s 3d; Hyland, E., 3s 7d; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Hopson, B., 3s; Hull, A., 4s; Harris, D., 5s; Horwood, S., 1s 9d; Jervis, A., £1 1s; Knott, A., 13s; King, E., 6s; Kimber, A., 5s; Lawrence, C., 2s 6d; Mountfield, G., 7s 6d; Milligan, E., 2s 6d; Millett, M., 3s; Mudge, M., A., 4s; Muge, B., 4s 3d; Mitchell, K., 4s 10d; Mundy, J., 1s; Mason, M., 1s 2d; Moorcroft, R., 2s 2d; Mayell, B., 5s 6d; Marlow, B., 6s; Mott, B., 2s 9d; Nutt, M., 9s 7d; Norris, F., 19s 6d; Plowright, G., 3s; Porter, I., 10s; Petty, V., 3s; Parr, E., 8d; Puplett, M., 2s; Platt, O., 4s; Payne, C., W., 3s; Ruffell, A., 10s; Reis, E., 2s; Robinson, E., 2s; Rogers, C., 1s; Saltmarsh, E., 6s; Sands, M., C., 2s 6d; Spencer, G., 5s; Smith, A., 18s; Sellars, C., 3s; Stickland, F., 1s; Scott, L., 1s; Smith, C., 12s; Squire, L., 10s 6d; Wicks, R., 3s 3d; Wallace, E., 3s 3d; Tait, M., 2s 5d; Tozer, W., £1; Williams, L., 10s 6d; Wicks, R., 3s 3d; Wallace, E., 3s 3d; White, D., 3s; Wiffen, R., 7s; Worsley, F., 10s 6d; Winfield, L., 13s; Weeks, M., 5s; Williamson, E., 2s; Wilkins, E., £1 1s; Williams, L., £1 1s; Woolley, A., 1s 4d.—Total, £34 9s 4d.

List of Presents from December 9th, 1897, to January 14th, 1898.—Provisions:—1½ cwt. Potatoes, Mr. F. F. Norman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. H. Collins; 1 cwt. "Eureka" Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombs; 100 boxes Figs, Mr. Frederick Fisher; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 1 hamper Fruit, Mrs. R. V. Barrow; 3 boxes Raisins, Mr. H. V. Moss; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 3 boxes Raisins, 2 boxes Currants, 12 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. mixed Peel, 1 lb. mixed Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 1 sack Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover; 1 box Oranges, Mrs. J. Gatward; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 4 case Oranges, Mr. Newman; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 3 casks broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 2 barrels Apples, Mr. Samuel Perry; 1 case Oranges, 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 90 dozen bottles Ginger Beer, Messrs. Maugham and Co.; 1 Sheep, Mr. T. S. Price; 3 dozen 3-lbs. jars of assorted Jam, Messrs. Charles Wix and Sons; 84 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 1 cwt. mixed Sweets, Mr. James Pascal; 4 Ox Livers, 15 Hearts, and some Suet, Mr. Stephen West; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. W. Vinson; 2 bags Turnips, 1 bag Pens, Mr. H. Stead; 25 lbs. Tea, per Butler's Wharf Ltd.; Butter Scotch and Almond Rock for each child, Mrs. E. Pullum; 22 quarters Bread, Mr. Hearn; 1 Capon, Mrs. Benstead; 39 Pork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 box Sweets, Mrs. S. Holder; 5 lbs. Tea, Miss N. Cheal; 25 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 37 lbs. Beef, Mr. G. Hagger.

Boys' CLOTHING.—12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Kine; 5 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. J. White; 20 pairs Trousers, Mr. A. Gale; 18 Articles, Miss M. Hunter; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Miss G. Gunner; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 3 pairs Socks, Miss Meares; 9 Articles, Sunday-school and friends at Derby Street Baptist Chapel, Burton, per Mrs. A. Blant; a parcel Warm Clothing, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 6 Shirts, Mrs. Crisp; 6 Scarves, Mrs. E. W. Bell; 164 yards Cloth, Messrs. Henry Fisher and Co.; 14 Articles, Mrs. Boyle; 6 Articles, Mrs. T. W. Lister; 1 pair Socks, Miss E. Cutmore; 4 pairs Socks, Mrs. Porter; 1 Suit, 1 Overcoat, Mrs. C. H. Howard; 10 pairs Woolen Gloves, 16 Scarves, 9 dozen Bows, Mrs. F. Upton; 26 Articles, Anon.; 2 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 11 Shirts, the Wynne Road Baptist Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 8 Articles, Miss A. Hughes.

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—11 Articles, Miss M. A. Harris; 12 Articles, 12 yards Flannelette, Mrs. S. Cross; 50 Articles, Miss H. Butler; 12 Articles, Mrs. D. T. Corke; 6 Aprons, Mrs. Keovil; 21 Articles, Mrs. Mellor; 14 Articles, Mrs. J. White; 79 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 28 Articles, Miss M. Hunter; 10 pairs Stockings, Mrs. E. Gregory; 9 Warm Garments, Mrs. J. Robinson; 97 Articles, the West Crocydon Baptist Chapel Young Women's Bible-class, per Miss Chandler; 92 Articles, the Spurgeon Orphanage Sewing Circle, Brighton Road Chapel, Crocydon, per Miss Pollard; 76 Articles, Sunday-school and friends at Derby Street Baptist Chapel, Burton, per Mrs. A. Blant; 2 dozen Pinafiores, Baptist Chapel, Leytonstone, per Mrs. Batson; 5 Articles, Mrs. Howard; 25 Articles, Miss Passmore; 71 Articles, the Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Mrs. Aylett; 2 Articles, Mrs. Sprawson; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 4½ yards Flannelette, Miss M. E. Coath; 43 yards

Flannel, Miss Hulbert; 35 Articles, Young Women's Sewing Class, Grange, per Miss Cowhead; 12 Articles, "A widow's mite;" 2 Articles, Mrs. Boyle; 6 yards Dress Material, "Anon.;" 16 Articles, the Young People's Society, the Baptist Chapel, Uckfield, per Mrs. H. Gardner; 21 Articles, Mrs. T. W. Lister; 1 Article, Miss Chandler; 75 Articles, Mrs. M. Corbyn; 3 pairs Woolen Shoes, Mrs. L. Holder; 3 Articles, Mrs. Marsland; 44 Articles, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 6 Articles, Mrs. Kitching; 25 Articles, "Anon.;" 9 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 9 Articles, the Wyne Road Baptist Working Meeting, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 27 Articles and a few Remnants, Mr. James Street; 11 Articles, Mrs. M. Perrin.

GENERAL:—Toys and Books, Miss M. A. Harris; 1 box Books (value £1), Mr. D. Rees; some fancy Toys, A Friend; a quantity Books, Miss Scott; 3 Scrap Books, Miss J. Chandler; a few fancy Toys, Sunday-school and friends at Derby Street Baptist Chapel, Burton, per Mrs. A. Blant; 8 fancy Articles, Miss E. Barrett; 1 Book, 1 Quilt, Mrs. M. A. Wilmshurst; 5 fancy Articles, Mrs. M. Perrin; a few Books, E. C. S.; a quantity Christmas Cards, Mr. Bagster; 1 Scrap Book, from Broomhill Farm Children; 5 Articles, Mr. L. Harrison; 6 Articles, "Lovest thou me?" 50 Motto Cards, 6 large ditto, 1 Scrap Book, 3 bottles Sweets, 2 Books, Mr. Newman; 2 boxes Games, Mr. H. Adams; 1 Scrap Book, Captain Wake; a quantity of Books, Texts, Cards, &c., the Religious Tract Society; 1 parcel of Sweets, &c., Mrs. Maidment; a few Patch-work Pieces, Mrs. Boyle; 12 numbers "Boys' Own Paper," 1 bag of Bran, Mrs. J. L. Pring; 1 box fancy Toys, Church Baptist Band of Hope, at Neath, per Mr. J. Budge; 33 bundles Firewood, Messrs. Jonas Smith and Co.; 1 Volume, Mr. P. Whitaker; 1 Volume each "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Boys' Own Paper," "Girls' Own Paper," "Cottager and Artizan," "Friendly Greetings," "Child's Companion," "Light in the Home," Mr. J. G. Van Rijn; 2 Articles, "Anon.;" 2 Story Books, A lover of children, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; 1 parcel Literature, Mr. A. P. Brown; 1 Writing Box, Miss A. Hughes.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 1st, 1897, to January 14th, 1898.

<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11 5 0	Mr William Gale	0 5 0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3 15 0	Executors of the late Mr. Thomas Bayeham	20 0 0
Hereford, per Mr. H. M. Riley	11 5 0	A friend, per Mr. E. Ives	30 0 0
Horsforth, per Miss C. E. Bilbrough	11 5 0	Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	10 0 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	10 0 0	Collection by the friends at Bethel Chapel, per Mr. W. Whitehead	1 9 0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3 15 0	Mr. J. G. Priestley, Donation	5 0 0
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman	11 5 0	W. S., per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	0 2 6
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	2 0 0	Mr. H. Higbed	0 5 0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10 0 0	W. S.	0 2 6
Gt. Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10 0 0	Mr. J. Batty	1 10 0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10 0 0	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
Hadleigh, per Rev. W. F. Durant	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brazil	1 10 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	10 0 0	Mrs. Louisa Haward	0 7 6
Melksham, per Mrs. Hester Keevil	11 5 0	W. S.	0 2 6
Catford Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5 0 0	Mr. W. Mannington	3 0 0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths	11 5 0	Mr. E. Priestley's shop fund	0 8 0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. Reynolds	10 0 0	C. A. M.	10 0 0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	11 5 0	Miss Rachel Daniell	0 10 0
	£163 5 0	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>	
		Mr. F. R. Fishwick	2 2 0
<i>General Fund:—</i>	£ s. d.		£88 8 6
Miss Brown, per Mr. J. Passmore	0 9 6		
Thankoffering, per E. F.	0 5 0		

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

Statement of Receipts from December 1st, 1897, to January 13th, 1898.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Per Miss Elliot:—			W. J. S.	0 2 6
Mrs. Scott	1 0 0		Mr. D. J. Pillai	20 0 0
Mrs. Staylor	1 0 0		Mrs. Pilgrim	1 19 0
Miss Elliot	1 0 0		A. M.	0 5 0
		3 0 0	In remembrance of a dear sister	2 0 0
Mr. Wm. Elmslie		1 0 0	Grateful	0 2 6
Mr. Wm. Mannington		3 0 0	H. O. N.	0 3 6
W. S.		0 5 0	Mr. W. J. Sparks	0 2 6
Mrs. Nagle		5 0 0	Mrs. Bell	0 2 0
Mrs. Geale (U.S.A.)		1 0 7	Mr. Opie Rodway	0 7 6

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.	
Mr. George Ranson	...	1	1	6	Mrs. Fawcett	...	0	10	0
W. S.	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	...	0	10	6
Miss Rose Shimmien	...	0	2	6					
A friend from Bedford	...	5	0	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>				
E. H. W.	0	4	6	Mrs. Nicoll	...	1	0	0
From F. G.	0	5	0	Mrs. Fawcett	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton	...	0	12	0					
Miss Poate	...	1	0	0					
Mrs. Keovil	...	10	0	0					
									£41 8 7

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from December 1st, 1897, to January 13th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Amount previously acknowledged	...	2,289	18	2	Mrs. Jefferys	...	0	14	6
Mr. P. Lamont	...	0	5	0	Mr. James Hill	...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Vincent	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Fawcett	...	1	0	0
Mrs. F. G. Buckmaster	...	0	10	0	Miss A. H. Morris	...	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Moir	...	1	0	0	Mr. George Nilson	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Nagle	...	1	1	0	A friend from Bedford	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Downing	...	1	1	0	Mrs. W. Munro	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. McInnes	...	0	2	6	"A faithful servant"	...	0	2	0
Mrs. Lloyd	...	0	5	0	Pastor and Mrs. S. J. Thorpe	...	0	4	0
Mrs. Strugnell	...	1	0	0	Mr. F. Awdry	...	0	5	0
Mr. B. England	...	0	5	0	Miss Jessie Taylor	...	0	10	0
Rev. xiv. 13	...	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	...	1	1	0
From a hospital nurse	...	0	5	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				
Miss Lander	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Smith	...	1	0	0
Grant from Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's					Miss Martin	...	0	5	0
Birthday Fund (including £2 2s.					Miss Flint	...	1	0	0
from Mr. F. Fisher)	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Dent	...	1	0	0
E. R. P.	...	1	0	0	Miss Robertson	...	0	10	0
Dividend	...	21	5	4	Miss Squirrel	...	0	5	0
E. H. T.	...	5	0	0	Miss Morris	...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Higgs	...	5	0	0	Ebenezer	...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cowen	...	1	0	0	For books given by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	1	10	0
A. M.	...	0	12	6	Mr. Barnaby	...	0	2	6
E. W.	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Hockey's Bible-class	...	1	10	0
Mrs. Powrie	...	0	10	0	Profit on photographs	...	0	6	0
Mrs. T. Evans	...	1	1	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	...	0	19	7
Pastor and Mrs. A. C. Batts	...	1	0	0					
Mr. C. Foster	...	0	5	0					
									£2,355 8 7

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon acknowledges, with heartiest thanks, the receipt of £1 for her Book Fund from P. E. S.; also "garments from a sympathizer."

Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from Dec. 1st, 1897, to Jan. 14th, 1898, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—Mrs. A. Hales, 6d; Miss Mary Rangeley, 1s; Miss Norton, 10s; Lena Channings, 1s; Catherine Croper, 3s; Miss Lizzie Young, 1s; E. Butcher, 1s; Miss Susan Richford, 1s 6d; Mrs. and Miss Brennan, 1s; Mrs. H. Cheney, 6d; Henry Payne, 2s 6d; Mrs. J. E. Moore, 1s 6d; Miss A. Jervis, 2s; Jane Girdlestone, 2s 6d; Miss York, 1s 6d; E. Holmes, 1s 6d; John Whitehead, 2s 6d; A. M. D., 1s 6d; R. D., 1s; Mrs. Windmill, 1s 6d; Louisa Wright, 6d; John Dickie, 5s; E. Woods, 1s; Mrs. R. Taylor, 1s; K. M. D., 1s; E. R. Ferry, 6d; H. M. Gill, 1s; Samuel Hares, 10s; Annie Brown, 2s 6d; Agnes Harris, 1s; Miss R. Daniell, 1s; L. Godfrey, 1s; Margaret Weir, 9d; Christina Mackay, 3d; Mrs. E. Perry, 1s; Miss Everest, 2s; Miss E. Roberts, 1s; Miss A. Wood, 1s; Mrs. Marshall, 1s; Edith Hancock, 1s; Mrs. Henderson, 1s; Alice Martin, 1s; Miss Habershon, 1s; Mrs. E. Mitchell, 2s 6d; "Friend," 2s 6d; Hugh Comick, 6d; Miss Vallance, 2s 6d; Henry Jones, 1s; Elizabeth Jones, 1s; E. F., 1s; Wm. Smith, 2s 6d; Josephine E. Jones, 2s; Ellen Jones, 2s; Mrs. Vinal, 2s; Miss Alice Ellis, 2s; Edward Vincent, 1s; Mrs. Miller, 1s; Mrs. R. Jaimeson, 1s; S. A. Bazley, 1s; E. K. W., 1s; S. F. Catterson, 10s; E. Clatworthy, 1s; G. Wright, 1s; Gertie A. Silvey, 2s; Annie South, 2s; J. H. Thresh, 1s; J. McMaster, 2s; Miss Wolfenden, 1s; Elizabeth Crossley, 1s; Miss Ayris, 1s; C. S. Harris, 1s; Miss A. H. Morris, 2s; Miss Hefford, 6d; Miss Hepkins, 3d; Mrs. Rimmel, 3d; Miss Macilwain, 2s 6d; John Spence, 2s 6d; Mrs. J. Spence, 2s 6d; Mrs. Seutt, 2s 6d; Maggie Milroy, 5s; P. Shaw, 6d; Mr. Mealing, 8d; Mrs. E. Truaten, 1s 2d; Miss S. M. Jackson, 1s; F. Awdry, 1s; S. E. Lewis, 1s; A. McCallum, 1s; May Woollacott, 1s; Mrs. E. Bell, 2s 6d; G. and L. Swift, 2s 6d; J. Todd Reid, 5s; Lizzie Gordon, 5s; Mrs. Lanfear, 6d; Alice Steedman, 6d; Mrs. M. L. Steedman, 1s; Ruth Sweetman, 1s; Laura Pratt, 6d; Rebecca Wood, 2s 6d; Sarah Glover, 1s; Mrs. Sreaton, 6d; John Smith, 6d; Miss Waugh, 1s; Fredk. Foulger, 6d; Rhoda Foulger, 6d; J. Foulger, 3d; Susan Foulger, 3d; Mrs. Bailey, 6d; Beatrice Bailey, 6d; Mrs. S. Lust, 6d; George Bantick, 1s; "A friend," 5s; Edwin Chubb, 1s; Miss Tanner, 1s; William Batts, 1s; Miss E. Watson, 2s; Miss Smith, 1s 10d; Joseph Smith, 1s 10d; Emily Smith, 1s 10d; J. A. Lamb, 3d; E. R. Hills, 2s; Mrs. Pollitt, 6d; Mrs. Green, 2s 6d; Mrs. Draper, 6d; Christina Adam, 1s; Mrs. Nightingale, 2s; "A few working girls," per Miss C. Fullerton, 2s 3d; Miss Barrett, 2s; Miss Ann Cornick, 1s; S. W., 6d;

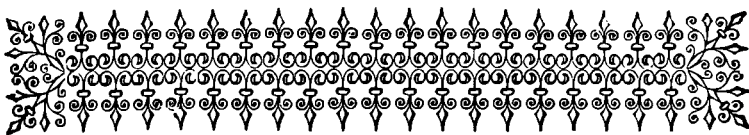
J. W. and Mrs. Barnaby, 1s; Mrs. Ellen Batt, 1s; Miss Tillotson, 1s; Miss Leonard, 2s; Harriett Sampson, 6d; Mrs. Cornwell, 2s; Mrs. Fagg, 5s; Mrs. Chisholm, 2s 6d; Miss Amy House, 6d; Sarah Gager, 1s; E. Bowes, 1s; Harriett Long, 1s; Elizabeth Merrett, 6d; Elizabeth Everett, 6d; Miss A. Brown, 3s 6d; R. Phillips, 6d; Mrs. Chinn, 1s; T. House, 7d; Mrs. Todd, 1s; Miss Skillen, 3s; E. J. Hayter, 1s; J. W. H., 4s; Mrs. Mary Hamer, 1s; M. A. Davis, 1s; E. S. Hewson, 1s; Mrs. Bowen, 2s 6d; S. E. Bowen, 1s; Mrs. Myers, 1s; E. A. B., 6d; E. A. A., 6d; Mrs. E. Thomason, 2s; Mr. Moore, 2s; E. Mould, 1s; F. Huggett, 1s 6d; Mrs. Wright, 1s; Miss E. Stokes, 6d; Mrs. Moore, 1s; C. Alby, 5s; Miss Coumbes, 1s; Mr. C. S. Robinson, 1s; Mr. H. Dunn, 1s; Adelaide Trimlett, 2s; J. N., 4d; "King's daughter," 2s 6d; A. Cook, 6d; G. Darris, 2s; Mary Pearson, 1s; M. C. L., 2s; H. Menzies, 1s; L. D., 3s; Jessie Steele, 1s; Mrs. D. Riddle, 2s; "Anon," 2s; E. and J. McConnell, 5s; A. E. Sampson, 6d; Miss Taylor, 1s; E. J. Payne, 1s; W. H. Alby, 1s; Miss S. Kolph, 1s; Miss Clyma, 1s; Miss C. Nunn, 1s; Lottie Moore, 1s; A. E. Hayter, 1s; Miss M. Gardner, 2s; R. Ransell, 6d; A. Pickering, 6d; Mrs. Milne, 1s 6d; "In loving memory of the 15th Dec." 2s 6d; Mrs. Boyes, 1s; Pastor W. Bonser, 1s; Miss B. McConnell, 2s 6d; E. E. Fidge, 2s 6d; "Text Union Social," 5s; C. Fullerton, 2s; Mrs. J. Whyman, 6d; Mr. H. H. Carter, 6d; Mrs. W. Webb, 1s; E. Pritchard, 1s; Henry Bell, 2s; Mary Webb, 2s; Miss R. Richardson, 2s; Mrs. H. M. Crabtree, 2s; Mrs. Dakin, 3d; W. Vincent, 6d; Mrs. Hickling, 1s; Mrs. Davies, 2s; C. Bingham, 2s 6d; E. Hardy, 6d; Mrs. M. E. M., 1s; H. Carpenter, 1s; Jessie Colquhoun, 2s; Minnie Rantin, 2s 6d; M. A. Royle, 1s 6d; Mrs. Bedford, 1s; Mrs. Porteus, 1s; Miss Dodds, 2s; Mrs. Dodds, 2s; Mrs. Toon, 1s 6d; Mrs. Gowing, 2s 6d; John McGregor, 6d; E. Rogers, 2s 6d; G. W. Scott, 1s; Miss R. Westwood, 6d; Thomas Holt, 6d; E. Jolly, 2s 6d; Margaret Davidson, 6d; E. 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West, 5s; Mr. Sprules, 2s; Miss Eliza Newman, 1s; "Inasmuch," 6d; Mrs. Fuller, 2s; Mrs. Wilding, 9d; Miss Susie Wilding, 9d; Mr. H. Wilding, 9d; Mrs. Exall, 1s; Violet Exall, 1s; Miss Oyler, 1s; Mrs. Imison, 6d; Mr. A. Durham, 1s; Mrs. Allen, 6d; Mrs. P. P. Carrott, 1s; Mrs. Maplethorpe, 1s; Geo. Bailey, 6d; Miss E. S. Florey, 1s; Mrs. Ward, 6d; Edwin Raven, 1s; M. Gardiner, 1s; A. Gardiner, 1s; "A poor widow," 6d; Mr. J. H. Williams, 3d; Mr. Watson, 1s; Miss Livingstone, 1s; M. Mitchell, 2s; F. Butcher, 1s; Alfred Harrington, 1s; Miss J. Stephenson, 6d; M. A. Todd, 2s 6d; Miss Davison, 1s; J. J. Taylor, 1s; Miss Collins, 1s; H. J. Wallbank, 1s; "A member," 2s 6d; Mrs. F. Thorpe, 6d; T. E. Pitt, 1s; Miss H. Olney, 1s; William Ritchie, 1s; Bella G. Ritchie, 1s; Annie A. Ritchie, 1s; Miss E. H. Smith, 1s 6d.—Total, £33 2s. 7d.

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.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1898.

Revival Work.

A SERMON, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE PIERCE HALL, HALIFAX,
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 7TH, 1858.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

Preparatory Note.—On Wednesday, April 7th, 1858, MR. SPURGEON preached two Sermons in a large building erected for the purpose within the Piece Hall, Halifax. It was really wintry weather in the month of April that year, and there had been a very heavy fall of snow. This, together with a high wind, caused an accident which, had it happened in an earlier part of the day, might have resulted in a loss of life even more terrible than that at the panic at the Surrey Music Hall. At the close of the evening service, as the people in the gallery were dispersing, a number of boards and planks gave way with a loud noise, and a large number of persons were thrown heavily upon one another. Frightful screams were heard from the women, and a report was soon circulated that the gallery had given way. The high wind and the heavy fall of snow appear to have been the cause of the accident, and not any defect in the temporary building erected for the occasion. By the good providence of God, no lives were sacrificed, but a man and a woman were carried to the hospital with broken legs, while a number of thieves took advantage of the panic, and secured some spoil. The following is the Sermon preached in the evening of that day.—T. W. M.

"O LORD, *revive Thy work.*"—Habakkuk iii. 2.



OUR hearts have, during the last few weeks, been full of joy and gratitude at the good news which has come across the sea from the land of the West. We hear that one of the most extraordinary religious awakenings has taken place in the United States. As many as fifty thousand persons are reported to have been added to the churches there in one month. There never has been known, since about a hundred years ago, in the days of Jonathan Edwards, such a thorough shaking throughout the length and breadth of the land, in religious matters. Now, what is there standing in the way of Great Britain,

that we should not see the same? Why may not every Christian in England pray for the same? Why should he not work for the same, and why should not we have it at last? There is one curse in America that we have not,—we call no men slaves; but, if even there, the great work of God's Spirit has been carried on, we have at least one more probability why we should have the like. Only let us strive in prayer, let us labour diligently, and the day shall yet come when we shall see a great revival, when the name of our God shall be glorified, and His Church shall be greatly increased. It is on that subject I shall address you to-night, from the well-known words in the prayer of Habakkuk: "O Lord, revive Thy work."

It is very clear that there are three truths taught in our text. First, *salvation is God's work*. Secondly, *God's work of grace sometimes needs reviving*. Thirdly, *no one can revive God's work but God Himself*.

I. THE GREAT SALVATION WHICH GOD HAS SENT INTO THE WORLD IS ENTIRELY HIS OWN WORK.

Whether it be in the mass or in the individual, there is no true religion except it cometh from above. A thousand mistakes have been made about this matter; and there is but one way of proving this truth, which is so explicit as to deny every error. Some say that religion is, in part at least, the work of priests. Certain men, gifted with peculiar powers, conferred on them by the bishop's ordination, are set apart to the office of the regular ministry; and when they read certain prayers, or when they preach, it is supposed that there is in them a special measure of power by which the Church and the world are blessed. Ah, my brethren, God does make use of His ministers to establish His own work; but no so-called "priest" or minister ever yet had power to intermeddle with God's work. We may be the instruments, just as Milton's pen was the instrument for writing *Paradise Lost*; but the pen might as well claim the authorship of that wondrous poem as any of us claim the slightest iota of glory in the work of salvation. God, from first to last, must have, and shall have, all the glory;—neither priest, nor minister, nor evangelist; and there will be a curse and a blight on that man's labour who does not always stand behind his Master, and declare that without Him he can do nothing.

There is another phase of error which also is opposed to this truth. I believe that many of my brethren, of whom I am now about to speak, do not see the legitimate tendency of certain doctrines they inculcate; but there are some preachers who teach doctrines, which, when distilled, come to this, *that man is to help God in the work of salvation*. I care not who the man may be who says that, he is in error. Man, when he is moved by the Holy Spirit, and empowered by Him, may help as an instrument in his own salvation after he has been quickened; but the first work of conversion is altogether irrespective of man, as to its agency. God the Holy Ghost quickens the sinner who is "dead in trespasses and sins." He asks of the sinner neither will nor power; but, finding him without anything, He gives him everything. "Salvation is of the Lord" alone. Jonah learnt that truth in the belly of the fish, and if some preachers I know were sent to a place like that, they might learn it too. A little more

soul-trouble, a little more deep experience, would make them come out with this grand old truth, that is sometimes called Calvinism, but which, after all, is only Christianity in its bold, naked form : "Salvation is of the Lord."

We call that man an infidel who says that the world was not created by God ; but he is worse than an infidel who takes away the glory of salvation from God. If I wished to choose one out of two sins, the sin of denying God's glory in creation, or in salvation, I would prefer to deny, against my senses, that God created the world, rather than deny that God saves souls. If I must commit a sin, let me commit the lesser one ; for it surely is the greatest guilt to try to steal the brightest jewel in the crown of God, and that is the jewel of the glory of man's salvation. No, my hearers, you may cavil at this doctrine if you will ; but there it stands, and you must confess its truth, or else, denying it, you will be forced to find it true in this life, or in the next. Salvation is God's work, from the very first holy desire that is breathed into the sinner, till the last dying wish with which he enters into Heaven. God shows the sinner his need ; he neither could nor would know his need unless God showed it to him. It is the Holy Spirit who gives the sinner an insight into the all-sufficiency of Christ ; he would never understand that unless he were taught of the Spirit. It is, then, the Spirit who touches the will, influences the conscience, guides the sinner out of himself unto Christ Jesus, who saves him ; and after that, it is still all of God. He who was the Alpha must be the Omega. He must work all our works in us, or we shall never see God's face with acceptance. Of this I am persuaded, if I should even get my feet on the golden threshold of Paradise, and my finger on its pearly latch, unless I had all-sufficient grace to take the last step, I should die and perish on the very portal of Heaven. Cannot every Christian say,—

" Grace led my roving feet
To tread the Heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

" Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go " ?

But without grace from God, there is no salvation ; for " salvation is of the Lord " alone. This doctrine, I hope, we are all ready to receive.

II. THE WORK OF SALVATION OFTEN NEEDS REVIVING.

If you know anything of *the work of God's grace in your own heart*, you will frequently have to pray, " O Lord, revive Thy work." To-day you are full of faith, to-morrow you may be full of doubts. One day you can sing like an angel, the next day your throat is dry, and not a note rises from your soul. One day you stand on Pisgah's summit, and another day the dens of the leopards are your dreary habitation. You are at times full of zeal, and then nothing is too hard for you ; you feel that you could give your body to be burned, if it were

necessary, to magnify His name. But, alas! perhaps there comes a long season of backsliding, and your soul grows cold and dead; joy flies away, lukewarmness comes and cools your ardour, all your happiness departs, and your fervour becomes quenched in a frost of cold insensibility. You often need to be revived; nay, more than that, you know that the text may be read, as it is in the Hebrew, "O Lord, preserve Thy work;" for there are times when, not only does the work want reviving, but it seems as if it were almost gone out, and it must be rekindled and preserved. Blessed be God, if any of you need reviving, you have the promise that you shall have it, if you seek it with diligence. "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench." He carefully takes the flax, and blows it with His own sweet breath; and when one spark appears, He gently bloweth it until there is another, and at last the flame becomes bright, and strong, and mighty. So may it be with each of us in our own hearts, in the hidden man of the soul!

I am sure that it is so, too, *with the Church at large*. We need to pray earnestly, "O Lord, revive Thy work." There comes, every now and then, a mighty stir in our churches. God sends a George Whitefield, or a John Wesley, and a great wave seems to arise upon the surface of the Church, and it rolls over the sands of man's indifference. Gradually it falls back, and perhaps there follow fifty more years of sloth, and dull routine, and red-tapeism. Again God appears in a marvellous manner, and once more He shows His power and might; but then once again the revival dies out, and the light of Israel seems once more to be quenched, and the glory to have departed. It strikes me that, at this period, we are somewhere between the two great waves. I pray the Lord God that we may very soon, by His infinite mercy, see another great wave of blessing arise mightier than any that have ever gone before. Look at our churches; you will see almost everywhere—I would not speak too harshly,—you will see well-nigh everywhere a coldness which cannot be too much lamented. There is a little awakening just now; some of our ministers are finding out that they have tongues, and they are beginning to speak to "the common people," speaking, too, in good old-fashioned Saxon. They have begun to find out, also, that if they would be the means of saving souls, they must preach as if they meant it; they must not leave their hearts in their studies, bringing their old dry manuscripts with them, and stand droning in a square box for an hour. There is a little awakening, but there is still need of far more of the arousing spirit than they have yet received. I am sure, if you look around you, if any thoughtful man considers the signs of the times, he will admit that the doctrine of the text is a doctrine of fact, and that the Church often needs reviving, and that she always needs preserving.

III. NO ONE CAN REVIVE GOD'S WORK BUT GOD HIMSELF.

I shall presently come to an earnest exhortation; but just a word first on this doctrine that is included in my text: "O Lord, revive Thy work." I have not the slightest atom of faith in any professional revivalism; I have never seen any real good come of it. This I have seen,—while the revivalist has been holding special services, the people have been stirred and warmed, and many have professed to be

converted; but, alas! in far too many cases, a blast and a blight have been left on those churches for years afterwards, and an injury has been done them from which they seemed never to recover. A got-up revival is a sort of spiritual intoxication, producing a kind of arousing of men and women, yet really leaving them flatter and duller than they were before.

But though this kind of revivalism does no good, I know that there are true and genuine revivals, and in each of these there is this prominent mark, that they are most visibly and eminently of God. In the great revival in New England, you remember it was at first produced under a sermon preached by President Edwards. There was an ordination, I think, and he attended it; but the expected minister did not arrive, and President Edwards was asked to preach. He had one sermon in his pocket, for he always wrote his sermons, and read them; and he was by no means a mighty speaker, in the common acceptation of the term. So he took out his manuscript, held it up close to his eye, and stood still, almost without motion, except now and then the lifting of his hand; thus he read his sermon through from beginning to end. The Lord seemed to move among that assembly of people. A mysterious influence entered into all hearts. Men returned to their homes, and they told of the great things they had heard and experienced within. Ministers went home, and they began to preach differently from what they had done before. Church-members went home, and they began to pray more earnestly; and, on a sudden, from the spark that seemed to be kindled by the accident of President Edwards being called upon to preach, there came, as it were, one mighty sheet of fire, which spread throughout the land, as the consuming element sweeps over the prairie. So, in the present revival, the same fact must be noticed. There are no great revivalists in America now, who are making any wonderful stir. God just sent them somewhere else, and said, "Now, gentlemen, I am about to revive My own work." He began it Himself, and He is carrying it on. He has aroused New York, and all New England with a mighty blessing, the end of which no one can tell. The Lord Himself has done it; and however we may talk about revivals, the Lord must do the work Himself, and Himself alone. We must pray, "O Lord, revive Thy work." We must pray the revival down; it is ours to use all right means, methods, and instrumentalities, but it must be also ours to recollect that all the strength, and all the might, and all the success, must come from on high, even from God the Holy Spirit.

Are there any of you here who were converted by a man? If you were, you have grave cause to suspect your conversion. If one man can convert you, another may unconvert you. That which man can do, man can undo. Have any of you had your churches revived by a man? Then probably they may fall back again; but if the revival be a genuine work of God,—a supernatural work of the Holy Spirit, then not death, nor hell, can ever destroy God's own work; stand it must, and prevail it shall. "O Lord, revive Thy work." "Wilt thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

Thus I have set before you the three truths in my text; and now, with all my might, I desire to speak to you on the subject of a revival,

and to endeavour to stir up your minds, by way of remembrance, that you may be led to seek after a genuine revival of religion from the Lord. I beseech you, men, brethren, and fathers, strive with God, both by day and by night, for a revival of religion in our midst. My first argument is this : you may well be urged to pray earnestly when you CONSIDER SOME OF THE EFFECTS OF A TRUE REVIVAL.

When revivals come into a church, they make a great stir, and effect many changes. *There is the minister.* He used to preach at an average rate of three miles an hour ; he certainly never went beyond that. He was diligent, too, all the week through, in trying to pick out long words of many syllables, and thrusting them into his discourses, because, good man, as there are stones in fruit, he thought there ought to be hard words in sermons ! It was very seldom that he ever stirred himself in his pulpit ; had he taken but a pinch of snuff, the people would have noticed it. It would have been a new thing with him, for he was so regular a stager that he had gone in the same old cart-rut for full twenty years. But there came a revival, he did not at first know what to make of it ; but, somehow or other, he brushed himself up, brought his energy into play, and, it is currently declared, the next Sunday he actually told an anecdote ! He finds a tear unwittingly come into his eye ; and, he does not exactly know how it is, but the people actually seem to catch up his words. Another Sunday, and the man grows more earnest still ; and the good old woman in the gallery, who had never been disturbed in her sleep before, asked, "What has come over our minister ?" It was said by some that he was "growing quite young again" ; but the fact was, the dear man was growing quite good again, and God was pouring of His good Spirit into his heart. He put all his old sermons under the bottom of the bed, and set to work to find a few good, homely thoughts, that he might earnestly speak to the people. His congregation were so struck that they could not make it out at all ; he was once so dull and drowsy, and now so changed ! But Monday night comes, and with it the prayer-meeting. Never were seen so many present before. The vestry was half full ; how wonderful ! And the Monday after, better still, quite full ! Ah, but the best of it was yet to come, they had to turn into the chapel at length, for lack of room in the vestry ! And, what was almost regarded as a miracle, *the good old senior deacon*, who used to begin with "the unthinking horse rushing into the battle," and go on with "the oil poured from vessel to vessel," to the full extent of twenty minutes, actually forgot the horse, broke the vessels, and prayed half-a-dozen times over, "O Lord, save souls, for Jesus Christ's sake !" And more than that, all the praying brethren, when they prayed, pleaded earnestly that God would bless their pastor, and prosper him in his work ! Well, next, the blessing reached the Sunday-school ; *the teachers* began to look up all the children ; the addresses were more solemn than they ever were before ; and the children became more thoughtful, nay, more, some of the dear boys and girls were converted to God. And then followed the good effects of the revival all around. *The members of the church* began to attend more regularly, and they not only came to the services both morning and evening on the Sunday, but they actually came in time !

Thus the empty seats in the chapel soon became filled, for the members brought strangers with them to the house of God. And, better still, the church got full, too. The minister called an enquirers' meeting, and, oh! such a number came; and the good man was ready to say, "Who hath begotten me these?" But the most gratifying thing of all was, that those whom the Lord added to the church stood firm; they did not run away from her services. It was God's revival, and God's revivals are not spurious. "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved," and these whom He added were steadfast in after days, and many of them, in the future, became ministers of the gospel, and some of them were sent into foreign lands, to preach among the heathen the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, how I should like to see such revivals as these in your good Yorkshire chapels! Some of our churches down London way, in Essex chapels especially, have never done anything, I do believe, for the last fifty years, that their great, great grandfathers did not do. If you went into a village, and proposed to preach in the open-air, you would be met by sundry objections. "It is not Calvinistic, for the Wesleyans do that." Well, well, if others do a good thing, why should we not follow their example, and do as they do? If a special prayer-meeting is proposed, the portly deacon asks, "What is the use of it?" Another old stager says, "The people are fully occupied, the market, too, comes on a Wednesday, and it would prove such a great interference with business." Then a third chimes in, "No, we had rather not, there are too many meetings already." They are very good men, but not quite up to the times, or else they would have seen that, now and then, extraordinary means must be used to produce extraordinary effects.

Some of our respectable churches would be frightened out of all manner of propriety, if God the Holy Spirit should once begin a work of this nature in their midst. There are good old deacons and church-members everywhere to be found who, if more than one candidate a month presented himself for church-fellowship, would exclaim, "Sure, they can't be good 'uns;" and they would forthwith begin to try to pump the poor souls dry, by plying them with deep theological questions about "a law work" and "a deep experience" and difficult doctrines; and if the candidates made any little blunder, they would at once say, "Ah! you are not up to the mark, and ought not to be received; you had better wait a few months until you gain more knowledge of the deep things of God." The effects of a true revival among all our churches would be positively astounding; it would do ministers good, members good, deacons good, and, above all, it would do sinners good, by bringing them to Jesus Christ our Lord.

Christian men and women, I beseech you, pray that God would pour out His Spirit upon us. The devil is wide-awake, hell is active, infidelity is rampant, Popery is making mighty strides, every system of error is on the alert. Up, up, ye guardsmen of the truth! Up, up, ye mothers in Israel! Up, up, for God and for His cause! Cry unto God that, as the enemy is becoming mighty, He would prove Himself almighty. Remember how your time is flying; it is but little

you can do for Christ, should you even be spared to live to eighty years of age. What are eighty years? How little to spend for Him who gave His life for us! Oh! when we think how little we can do, it should stir us up to do all we can, and to ask that God, if He will not lengthen out our years, may double their effect, by making us doubly laborious, and doubly useful. Remember, too, that while time is flying, men are dying, souls are being lost, sinners are being hurried away to the bottomless gulf. Does not this thought move your hearts? Would you not seek to save sinful men and women, if you could hear the shrieks and groans of those who have perished in their sins, and are now past hope? And some of these, whom you might seek to save, are your own sons and daughters, your own flesh and blood. You have every cause for a revival, for there are among you wives who have drunken husbands, and there are husbands here who have drunken wives; there are parents here who have ungodly children, sons and daughters who make their hearts to ache. If you will not plead for the conversion of other sinners, at least pray for a revival that your own offspring may be saved by grace. If this argument touches you not, what other can I use? He that careth not for his own household "hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Oh, how sweet it is to parents when they see their children brought to Christ! I met with a remarkable instance of a happy woman, not many months ago. A widowed mother had two sons, who had nearly come to man's estate. They had been excellent children in their boyhood, but they began to be headstrong, as too many young people are prone to be, and they would not brook maternal control; they would spend their Sunday as they pleased, and sometimes in places where they should not have been seen. Their mother determined that she would never give up praying for them, and one night she thought she would stop at home from the house of God, shut herself up in the house, and pray for her sons' conversion. The very night she had thus set apart for prayer on their behalf, the elder son said to her, "I am going to hear the minister that preaches down Southwark way; I am told he is an odd man, and I want to hear him preach." The mother herself did not think much of that minister, but she was so glad that her boy was going anywhere within the sound of the Word, that she said, "Go, my son." He added, "My brother is going with me." Their mother stayed at home, and earnestly prayed for her sons. Those two young men came to the house of God, and that odd minister was blessed to the conversion of both of them. When the mother opened the door, on their return home, the first one fell upon her neck, weeping as if his heart would break. "Mother," he said, "I have found the Saviour; I am a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ." She looked at him a minute, and then said, "I knew it, my son; to-night I have had power in prayer, and I know that I have prevailed. I knew it would be so." "But," said the younger brother, "oh, mother! I too, have been cut to the heart, and I also have given my heart to Jesus." Happy was that mother, and I was happy, too, when she came to me, and said, "You have been the means of the conversion of my two sons; I have never thought of baptism before, I see it now to be the Lord's own ordinance, I will be

baptized with my children." It was my joy to lead the whole three down into the water, and to baptize them into "the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Why should it not be so in your case? If God should send a revival of religion in the midst of your church, you may hope that your children will be included in the blessing.

Now, if other arguments have failed, let me give you one more why you should seek a revival. There, on the cross, hangs your Saviour bleeding to death. He looks upon you. Methinks I hear Him say to you to-night, "Love sinners; I love you; do you not love Me? Do you not love sinners for My sake?" I think I see Him with His blessed hands nailed to the cruel cross, and as He hangs there, He looks on you, my brother, over yonder, and He says to you, "Sinner, I am bearing all this for thee; what wilt thou do for Me?" What wilt thou do for Jesus Christ, who died to save thee? Brothers, sisters, what will you do? Ask your hearts the question, and answer it as you mean to carry it out, "What can I, what shall I, do for Christ Jesus my Lord?" One of you says, "I will give my money for Christ." Amen! Another says, "I will use my pen for Christ." Amen! Another cries, "I will give my all to Christ; all I am, and all I have, shall be henceforth and for ever Thine, my Saviour." Amen and Amen! Practise your resolves; go and live in the world, but no longer as of the world, "for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." God grant that so great a revival may spring up in our land! "O Lord, revive Thy work."

Now I shall conclude by trying to show you how you can, as CHRISTIANS, EACH OF YOU, IN THE HANDS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, PROMOTE A REVIVAL. It is hard to tell, dear friends, what is the best thing that a man can do towards the salvation of souls when his heart is right; for, sometimes, the very strangest act becomes the most useful. I will tell you a strange but true story. That holy man, George Whitefield, was once staying at Rhode Island, at the house of a captain who was a rich and worthy man. The family were very much attached to the preacher, and they did everything to make him comfortable. Whitefield was accustomed always to speak to the persons where he stopped, and to warn them to "flee from the wrath to come." But this captain was a man so worthy that he did not like to introduce the subject; the devil said to him, "George, don't say anything to the captain, he will get right by-and-by, he will be sure to come round; see what a nice sort of a man he is; it would not look respectful of you, either, to be intruding your religion upon him; and, besides, he hears you preach, and that is sufficient." So George let day go after day, and did not say anything to the captain, his wife, or his family. At length, the last night came, and George Whitefield went to bed with an aching heart, for conscience said to him, "Whitefield, you have not done all you could for the salvation of this family, and therefore you are guilty." The flesh said, "No, no, Whitefield, you do a great deal now; God will excuse you letting that alone." Again the Holy Spirit said, "Not so, not so, Whitefield, you must say something." Well, poor fellow, what to do he could not tell, for he felt he could

not summon courage to speak to the captain on the last day. He said, "If I had done it before, I could have done it well, but not now." At last, this thought struck him; he had a diamond ring on his finger; I never knew the use of those things till I heard this story! He went to the window-pane, and wrote these words, "One thing thou lackest." Whitefield went his way; this was all that he did, and his heart still ached, for he felt sure he had not done all he ought to have done. He was no sooner gone from the house than the captain, who loved and venerated him, went upstairs, and said, "I will look at the bed where this holy man slept." The writing on the window-pane at once caught his eye; he stood and looked, and looked, and wept, and wept again. He then went to the head of the stairs, and said, "Wife, come up here." She came, and he, pointing to the window-pane, said, "There, you and I thought we had made this good man comfortable, and we fancied that he had forgotten our souls; but, you see, he was troubled about us; he did not like to speak to us, yet he could not go away without leaving a message, for his heart was sad about us." "Oh!" she said, "I wondered he did not seem in earnest about us, but I see it now;" and she began to weep with her husband. He said to her, "Let us call the children up," so they called them up, and said to them, "Look there! Read that!" They read it, and there and then the Spirit of God convinced them of sin, and led them to Christ. I know the person who now has in her possession the pane of glass bearing this very writing cut with the diamond, and it is kept by the family as a relic of the most sacred kind. Who can tell how little a thing may do good? Only get your heart right, have an anxious desire to do good, and you cannot tell how you may be the means of promoting a revival, and so bring about the conversion of your friends.

But if you want a large blessing, let me say, first of all, "*Meet for prayer.*" What a grand thing a good prayer-meeting is! I like the "Amen!" of our Methodist friends, when they do not shout it out too loudly, and when they put it in the right place. To hear it sometimes makes a man respond, "Amen! Amen!" he cannot help it. I was once at a Primitive Methodist meeting where a good brother stuck fast in prayer, so they said to him, "Plead the blood, plead the blood, brother!" It frightened me at first, till I remembered where I was. The poor man did plead the blood of Jesus, and we had a blessed prayer-meeting indeed. What we want is, more life and earnestness in all our prayer-meetings; briefer, more fervent, burning, believing praying. If we all prayed as we would plead for our own lives, if we all said no more words than were wanted, and left off when we had done praying, then we should have good prayer-meetings. Some of our brethren evidently have an idea that they must keep up to the orthodox twenty minutes, and there they stand, telling God everything in the world, but not praying even one little petition. One night, I told one of our friends who had asked the Lord to forgive him for his shortcomings, that he should have prayed to be forgiven for his longcomings. He kept on such a great while that he prayed us into a good spirit, and then prayed us right out again. Our prayer-meetings must not be shams; all the deacons must be present, whosoever else may be absent. If they do not lead in attendance at

all public services on Lord's-days and on week-nights, how can we expect the members to be present? The prayers must be real prayers, five minutes a-piece, ten at the outside; and those who do pray, must be earnest; one cold prayer damps and spoils a whole prayer-meeting.

Then, again, if revivals are to become more numerous, *we must become more consistent*. We have rich men, members of our churches, grinding the faces of the poor; and while this is the case, God will assuredly withhold His blessing. Some men, when they resolve to become rich, seem as if they constructed a great cauldron, into which they are ever ready to pitch their poor clerks and work-people, with their wives and children, crying, "Never mind them; do not trouble about their comfort;" and thus they go on, until curses follow them as they walk the streets. They seem to say, "Boil them all up, and then let us go and take the sacrament." Detestable hypocrisy! And, you, tradespeople, too, when the poor come to deal with you, be sure that you adulterate all the things they buy; if you must sell cheap, do it; that's the way some get on in this world. People say they must *live*; I wonder if they have forgotten that they must *DIE*! We cannot expect to have God's blessing until tradesmen, masters and workmen, employers and servants, feel that One is their Master, even Christ, and that all they are brethren. Some men, who are members in our churches, are as bad as their masters; they are mere time-servers. Some people think it is very hard for a master to oppress his servant, but it is equally wrong for the servant to cheat his master. There are some men who pray most delightfully, but I would not give them sixpence a day for their *work*; they don't mind eating other people's bread, but never know what it is to earn their own. The commandment in the Bible is, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." Some people make a fine fuss about the injunction, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," but they are not so careful about the other half of the same commandment; they do not read it through: "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." Those who do not labour the "six days" break the fourth commandment as much as they who do not "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Work during the six-days, then rest on the Sabbath-day. God will not hold the man guiltless who observes only one half of His commandment. A partial obedience is positive disobedience.

You see, I am treating you all alike; there is a piece for everyone, and if the cap fits anybody, let him wear it to his heart's content, and "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance." I was preaching in the shoe country, some time ago, when the shoes were going down sixpence per sole, and the men clapped me; so I said a few more things, and they clapped again; then, when I tried to talk straight to the men, the masters began to clap. I have to-night said something for all of you, for it seems that all need the word of admonition. Oh, if we could all love one another! Down in the cotton districts, in the wool country, and in the iron districts, we do not love one another as we ought. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." In London, the old idea about loving one another, the master loving

his man, and the mistress her servant girl, is deemed Utopian and ridiculous, and the question is asked, "Who can do it?" I wish, though, we could get the old idea back again, and love one another. Why, men would work ten times more cheerfully, if they could only feel that their masters loved them, and took an interest in them, and masters would be better served. When this comes to pass, then we shall see a great revival of religion. But the present clashing of interests, the knocking one against another, prevents the growth of religion. The poor man says, "I shall not go to chapel; look at the deacon, he is such a hard man." Then there is the church where most of the members are poor, and the master says, "I shall not join them, they are only my men." So both of them are kept from the place where God would bless them, because they have not learned the great truth that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Until that truth is fully recognized, men will not know how to have love one to the other. We must try to set this matter to rights, and then God will bless us, He will bless us, and that right early.

Let us go to our pulpits, my brethren in the ministry, praying for a revival. Deacons, go to your offices, asking for a revival. Church-members, betake yourselves to your prayer-meetings, and plead for a revival. And, oh, you who are unconverted, remember, it is for your sakes we want a revival! Hear me, ye who are unsaved, while I preach the gospel to you for a minute. You are lost, you are ruined, you are utterly undone. Christ Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, to save sinners, to save *you*. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved, and your house. Cast yourself entirely upon Jesus; say, "Sink or swim, I take Jesus to be my only trust. I give up everything else, and take Christ to be my all, and in all." If you are able to say that from the heart, believing wholly and entirely on our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, you may rejoice that you are safe now, and you shall be safe when the earth shall reel and totter, when the pillars of heaven shall stagger, when the stars shall fall, and when all created things shall pass away. *Believe! BELIEVE! BELIEVE! Look, LOOK, LOOK, AND LIVE!* The Lord is ready to save you. He Himself invites you, yea, commands you to look and be saved: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." I have often told the story of how that text was blessed to my soul's conversion; it is a Baptist text, and a Primitive Methodist text, and an Independent text, ay, and a Church of England man's text, too. We may not agree in all things; but, poor sinner, we are agreed in telling you to look to Jesus Christ for salvation.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good."

Oh, that there may be some here to-night who will now look unto Jesus! Spirit of the living God, hear our prayers! Save sinners; grant a revival to the whole Church of Jesus Christ, for His Name's Sake! Amen and Amen.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

A SUNDAY MORNING AT BEXHILL.

IT is many a long day since I drove a distance of fourteen miles to attend a service. Such experiences were common enough when my lot was cast under the Southern Cross; but that was in the days of long ago, and appears even further in the distance than the actual number of years indicates.

In those cases I was occupied, howsoever many were the miles, with thoughts not only of the coming service, but of the sermon, for I myself was to be the preacher. (I had almost written that I was to *preach myself*, when I remembered how severely I was once taken to task for such a slip.) This time I was to be a happy hearer,—a change so delightful that even the reason for absence from one's accustomed labour could not altogether rob it of its sweetness. The morning was raw and dull, the wind having in it just a touch of Easterliness. A "touch" is enough for those of us who have been used to sunnier climes. So far as my experience goes, the East wind is disliked the wide world over. I have come across only one country where it was welcome; and there it was hardly the wind itself that was delighted in, but rather the good hauls of fish which it invariably provided. Despite the greyness of the sky, and the nip in the wind, we had a very pleasant journey. Neither of us (I almost forgot to say that Mr. C. F. Allison was with me,) could have supposed that an hour and three-quarters was passed on the road.

Only during two pauses at level crossings did the time hang heavily. An expected train ~~is~~ as tantalizing as "a watched pot." We have had much to talk of together during our little holiday, and the Sabbath morning found us, as usual, recalling the things of yore, and retailing reminiscences of him whom we loved so well. Was not my friend his constant companion in his holiday-time, and was he not with him at the last? The work of the Master—and better still, the Master Himself—occupied our hearts and thoughts till Bexhill (I beg its pardon,—*Bexhill-on-Sea*) was reached. That it is "on sea" none can doubt, for though with the wind offshore we could not hear its murmur, and the mist prevented the sun making it sparkle in true South Coast fashion, yet there was a something everywhere that seemed to cry, "The Sea! The Sea!" Had the wind been South or Sou'-West, we should have heard the boom of old Ocean, and sniffed its briny breath the journey through, for our course was by its margin nearly all the way.

Bexhill, as to its suburbs, is not at present particularly inviting, for the simple reason that it is unfinished. But how the place has grown! I presume that Jonah's gourd has an inalienable right to stand as aptest emblem of rapid growth, but some American and Colonial cities are not so far behind, especially considering how substantial they now are; and Bexhill is surely in this competition. Two or three years have wrought marvels. Bricks and mortar are everywhere; and as the buildings increase, so the population multiplies. Thank God, it is

now no longer possible to search in vain for the Baptist Chapel,—for there *is* one. I knew my way to it, for “I have been there, and still would go.” Just a year ago, it was my privilege to preach at the opening service; and only a few months since, I rejoiced to accompany my dear mother to the laying of the stone of the larger sanctuary,—a fit memorial of him who was not the least (nor the last) of the Puritans.

How a good deacon and his wife opened their eyes as we passed by! And the Pastor's eyes would have opened, too, had it not been that a severe cold did its best to seal them. The people wondered also, and “Who'd have thought it?” was writ large on every countenance. We had indeed surprised them, but it was evidently a pleasant surprise. Possibly Mr. Hockey's surprise would have been still more pleasant had he found in one of us a pulpit supply, for, poor man, he was not in fit health for preaching. But then, neither was I, or I should not have been there. Like the good fellow that he is, he did not press the matter, but only asked us to uphold him at the throne,—the which we were both well minded to do.

The pretty little place seemed cosy after the long drive, and the service commenced with “a word of prayer,” and the good old hymn,—

“Oh, worship the King,
All glorious above;—”

sung very heartily and briskly. Too short portions of Scripture were read, and briefly but aptly expounded, another stirring strain dividing them. Then came the longer petition,—simple, artless, earnest, tender, comprehensive. I was struck with the Pastor's expressive utterance of the words of Wesley's hymn commencing—

“I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.”

The emphasis on the last line, and specially on the closing word, sent the solemn message right into my heart. I wished he would read other verses ere we sang, or that he would even revert to the good old-fashioned custom, more honoured now in the breach than in the observance, of reading each verse as the hymn proceeds. How folk can speak of these holy exercises as “preliminaries”, and treat them lightly, I cannot tell. To me, they are not only helpful preparations for hearing the Word, but they are themselves most profitable. The service should be worship from first to last. The collection preceded the sermon;—it was, as it ought to be, part of the worship, too. As to the “intimations”—they were neither too numerous nor too formal. A hearty invitation was given to the young men—(of whom there was a cheering number present) “if not otherwise engaged,” to attend the afternoon Bible-class, and services were announced for Monday and Thursday, *à la* Metropolitan Tabernacle. The amount of the previous Sunday's offering was quoted, and special attention was directed to boxes for contributions to the new building, in such a way as to incline

visitors to suspect that they had not been too liberally patronized. But perhaps it was a hint to the visitors!

Now let me give my readers a *précis* of the sermon. While I reported it, I could not help remembering how, as a little lad, I sat behind the Tabernacle pulpit (where my boy sits now), and "took down" dear father's glowing sentences. Perchance the practice of years ago enabled me to secure, without the aid of shorthand, so much of Mr. Hockey's address. Set your children to this holy, helpful task, dear readers, and they will bless you for it in days to come.

The text was Lev. x. 1-3: "And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the LORD, which He commanded them not. And there went out fire from the LORD, and devoured them, and they died before the LORD. Then Moses said unto Aaron, This is it that the LORD spake, saying, I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me, and before all the people I will be glorified." The opening sentences of the discourse sufficed to show that a solemn subject was about to be handled with a due sense of its solemnity. "This is an awful passage," said the preacher; "it concerns the sins of holy things. To such crimes, possibly, the apostle referred when he spake of 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' No Christian can sin a small sin."

We were led to enquire, in the first place, as to THE SIGNIFICATION OF THE FIRE. "It represented God's holiness, the Divine justice, and the inevitable punishment of sin, for it consumed the sacrifice that was upon the altar. 'Our God is a consuming fire,' had been improved upon (?) by the interpolation of the words 'out of Christ.'" "No, no," said the Pastor, "He is a consuming fire *in* Christ. This doctrine needs to be harked back to in these days. The penalty due to sin is here prefigured. For rejectors of the gospel, there is retribution still more terrible than the fire of the figure. Here, too, was proof of God's acceptance of the sacrifice and substitute. In this blessed truth our hearts love to revel. 'Him who knew no sin He made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.' There is but one Mediator offered once for all on the cross. The fire in the censer was an emblem of supplication, made acceptable by reason of Christ's sacrifice. The fire must be of God's kindling; we must be careful not to serve with merely human power."

The next enquiry was, "WHEREIN DID THE SIN OF NADAB AND ABIHU consist? They 'offered *strange fire* before the Lord.' The censer was Divinely appointed, as also was the incense,—so far, so good. We may be right up to a certain point, yet wrong altogether because in error as to the great essential. There is a zeal not Heaven-born,—there is an earnestness which is only the energy of the flesh,—there is a faith which is rather impatience or presumption;—none of these are of Divine giving. What God accepts, God provides; and what He provides, He accepts. Of His own have we given Him.

"The Lord deliver us from false fire, which is sometimes so like the real that only God can tell the difference!

"Moreover, it was *strange fire*, *which He commanded them not.*' They went beyond Divine direction; they had no 'Thus saith the

Lord.' Possibly, they said among themselves, 'This is very harmless, there is nothing improper in our action, hasn't the Lord ordained such offerings? Even if we introduce a little novelty, it is really very innocent.' There are few grave errors that have not crept in by the door of sentiment;—prayers for the dead, sprinkling instead of immersion, &c. Well-intentioned people have gone beyond what is commanded of the Lord.

"Shall we misjudge these men if we suppose that they were carried away by the glamour of circumstances? Picture the scene,—try to take it in,—the coming of the fire,—the shout of the people. Remember that these were young beginners in the priesthood (only a day old, in fact); they were carried away, perhaps, by appearances. This is a subtle snare by which we are all in danger of being influenced. Some seek to be soul-winners only to gain a name for being such. Others seek to be fluent in prayer only to be admired of men, mistaking volubility for spirituality. Have we not been concerned to appear very holy, zealous, or orthodox,—there being all the while at bottom a desire to make a fair show in the flesh? Put this question to your heart. We can't afford to have anything other than the real thing, lest we be found at last to be hypocrites,—mere actors.

"Moses gives, in verse 3, the real reason for the rejection of the offering and Nadab and Abihu. The Lord was determined to have the honour that was due to His name. He said, 'I will be sanctified in them that come nigh Me, and before all the people I will be glorified.' The sons of Aaron had been seeking *their own* glory. The best way to get glory to ourselves is to bring glory to God. If we undertake the Lord's business, He will see to ours.

"What is the ambition of your life,—what the purpose of your being? It is indeed a poor aim if it consists of anything short of the glory of God."

Such searching questions and solemn truths brought the preaching to an end,—yet surely the sermon was not "done." Let us hope that the doing of it still occupies all the hearers. A few minutes sufficed for a closing hymn and the Benediction, and then we walked about the larger "Zion" whose bulwarks have been slowly rising. We were pleased to see the "principals" ready for hoisting to their places. for this argues that the roof will soon be on. Then the rest could be quickly finished if the funds were to hand. Of course, there is to be no DEBT, but let us hope there will be *no delay*.*

It was rather a cold fourteen-mile drive back from the service, but I warmed my heart with grateful praise for what God has wrought at Bexhill thus far, and with the glad expectation that possibly a record of my visit, in the *Sword and Trowel*, might excite wider interest in the work, and induce some to have a hand in rearing so appropriate a memorial to my dear father as Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

* I understand that the principals are now in position. Surely the *interest* should also rise.—T. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LI.—PASTOR F. J. FELTHAM, OF STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



IF the faithful proclamation of the gospel, consecrated zeal, and years of earnest, useful service in the Master's vineyard, deserve recognition, no one is more worthy of a place in the series of articles on "Our Own Men" than is PASTOR F. J. FELTHAM. He cannot, like many of his brethren in the ministry, be called "a child of the Tabernacle Church," yet indirectly he is so, for both his parents were led to Christ through the preaching of its beloved and never-to-be-for-

gotten Pastor, during the early years of the wonderful New Park Street ministry. Though in later years they went to live in the country, they still retained their connection with the Tabernacle, and were liberal supporters of its varied institutions until they received the call to join the Church in Heaven. Owing to the ill-health of Mr. Feltham, senior, he and his good wife for some years spent the winter in the South of France, where they came into daily contact with their beloved Pastor during his visits to the Riviera, with the result that a very close friendship sprang up between them.

It goes without saying that, with such parents, Brother Feltham was the subject of many prayers; and these were eventually answered in his conversion to God when he was about twenty-one years of age. That conversion was, so far as his own apprehension of it, gradual; the home-life and godly example of his parents having much to do with bringing it about. His father's death, at Nice, in 1874, seems, under God, to have been the final cause of his decision for Christ. Just at that time, he was undergoing a two years' course of business training in one of the leading London Banks, and thus he gained an experience which has been of immense benefit to him during his ministerial career. The two years being completed, the son and daughter, with their widowed mother, took up their abode in Essex, between Chelmsford and Colchester, and it was while residing there that the subject of our sketch found the first opportunities for exercising his gifts and manifesting his love for the Saviour.

It has been said that many of our beautiful English villages are as destitute of real gospel teaching as are some of the villages in heathen lands, and it is all too true. In some of them, a cold formalism gives rise to utter indifference among the people, while in others, where Sacerdotalism prevails, the outward and visible form is substituted for the inward and invisible grace. Nothing could be more disastrous to the spiritual life of a community than a Ritualism which puts the priest in the place of Christ, the authority of "the Church" above that

of the Word, and which exalts a simple ordinance of Christ into a life-giving sacrament;—and that is the only teaching of a religious character which some villages receive. Yet, as a rule, the inhabitants of our rural districts are wonderfully responsive to the gospel of Christ, if it is only preached in an earnest, intelligent, and simple fashion. It was certainly so in those Essex villages in which Mr. Feltham began his evangelistic efforts, especially in the village of Terling, where a great awakening took place, and many precious souls were saved.

In these village services, Mr. Feltham was greatly assisted by his late brother-in-law, the Rev. Evans Hurndall, M.A., who was then a graduate at Cambridge, and who afterwards did such a magnificent work for God in the East of London, and at Westminster Chapel, and whose death, under sad circumstances, while pastor there, a year or two ago, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers.

The character of the work that was being done by Mr. Feltham in his native county, soon reached the ears of our beloved President, with the result that he wrote suggesting that the young man should seriously consider the desirableness of giving himself wholly to the Lord's work. The letter also contained an invitation to enter the Pastors' College, should he so decide. Mr. Feltham had just been baptized by Pastor G. H. Hook, then of Thaxted, now of Calcutta; and, having given the subject of Mr. Spurgeon's letter the most prayerful consideration, he decided to accept the invitation to enter the College, and did so in 1876.

Having received a thorough education in his younger days, he at once passed into the classes of Professors Rogers and Gracey, and also those conducted by the Vice-President. The fire of zeal, that burned in his heart, was not in any degree quenched by the work done in the College; and it found vent, in the early part of his career as a student, in lodging-house visitation, on Sundays, in connection with the Mission of Mr. George Holland, in Spitalfields. This was a fine opportunity for gaining experience in Christian work, and was made the most of, and with splendid results. During the latter part of his College course, Mr. Feltham was practically the student-pastor of the small church at Looseley Row, Buckinghamshire, where many of the Pastors' College men have, for many years, exercised their varied gifts.

In 1878, two invitations to settle reached Mr. Feltham, one being to York Town, Surrey, and the other, to Winslow, Buckinghamshire. The cause at Winslow was, through various circumstances, in a most depressed condition, which appealed to the sympathies of the young student, who, with the approval of Mr. Spurgeon, and after earnest prayer, accepted the call. The associations of Winslow are an inspiration to those who love the gospel, for it was there that Benjamin Keach preached the truth, and illustrated it by his metaphors, and it was there the good man suffered for the truth by standing in the pillory for two hours in the market-place. Mr. Feltham remained at Winslow for six years, living in the affections of his people, and labouring amid many signs of blessing. Meetings were held for the deepening of the spiritual life, and evangelistic services were arranged, through which,

as well as by the ordinary ministry, many were converted, and became united with the church.

A beautiful little chapel was erected at the village of Mursley, at a cost of about £400, and new schools, which were greatly needed, were built at Winslow, at a cost of about £500, all of which was raised in a comparatively short period. The newly-formed church at Sandown, in the Isle of Wight, being vacant, through the removal to Australia of Pastor Alfred Bird, Mr. Feltham, at the request of Mr. Spurgeon, and in response to the call of the church, accepted the charge, and left Winslow. His stay in Sandown was, however, but brief, as the sphere did not furnish sufficient scope for his abundant energy; and in 1885, he settled at Wellington Street Chapel, Luton, in succession to Pastor T. L. Edwards, who had gone to Stockton-on-Tees. Splendid work was done during his ministry of seven years in this town. Every institution connected with the church was thoroughly re-organized, and put in working order, and additions to the church were constant. The chapel and schools were both enlarged and renovated, at a cost of nearly £2,000, most of which was raised before the re-opening.

The ministry at Luton began, however, under the shadow of a great loss. One of the most interested attendants at the recognition services was Mrs. Feltham, the saintly mother of the pastor, who, at the conclusion of the evening meeting, returned to the home of her son. Shortly after retiring to rest, she was seized by an attack of apoplexy, lapsed into unconsciousness from which she never rallied, and gently passed away early the following day. She was one of the excellent of the earth, interested in the Lord's work generally, but specially in the ministry of her son. What Mr. Spurgeon thought of her, may be gathered from the tender and sympathetic letter which follows:—

"Villa les Grottes,

"Mentone,

"March 16th, '85.

"Dear Mr. Feltham,

"It is a great sorrow to lose such a mother, but also a great joy to know it is well with her. She could not have passed away under happier circumstances. She must have been glad to see her son so happily settled, and then gladder still to be with her Lord for ever. No lingering sickness, no fierce pain, but gentle dismission, and instant admission into the glory. I envy her as much as I dare. The Lord be with you and your beloved, and comfort you to the full!

"Your sympathizing friend,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

This baptism of sorrow was but the prelude to the baptism of blessing which continued during the whole seven years of Mr. Feltham's ministry at Luton. In 1892, our friend accepted the invitation of a committee at Leicester to commence a movement for the establishment of a new Baptist church in one of the growing suburbs of that large town. The work was commenced in the smallest way in the Co-operation Hall, which was speedily crowded to excess, and everyone connected with the movement worked so heartily,

that everything rapidly grew. Mr. Fullerton was specially interested in its welfare, and did all he could to ensure its success. A fine site was procured, and in two years, or thereabouts, Clarendon Hall was built, the estimated cost of which was £5,000. Through the generous help of a few gentlemen interested in the movement, and the hearty support of all concerned, that large sum was raised by the opening day, without such extraneous and doubtful methods as bazaars, etc. Good, honest, and substantial work was done in connection with this new cause, the whole of which was carried through on definite spiritual lines. The strain of such a work was necessarily very great, and the cause being thoroughly established, Mr. Feltham sought relief by resigning his charge, much to the regret of the church and congregation. After a few months' rest, he received and accepted a call to Wellington Street Chapel, Stockton-on-Tees, and thus for the second time succeeded Pastor T. L. Edwards, who had removed to Southport. There he found a strong and vigorous church, and already the premises are far too small for the congregations that assemble, and steps are to be taken for the erection of a new chapel and schools. The church at Stockton has been privileged indeed in having as its pastors three such men as George Wainwright, T. L. Edwards, and F. J. Feltham, and one can only pray that a prosperous past may be eclipsed by a still more prosperous future.

As a preacher, Mr. Feltham is plain, practical, and intensely earnest, and as true as steel to the old Evangelical truths of Christianity. He is never far from the cross, either in his teaching or in his life. The evangelistic spirit is strong within him, and his one supreme desire is the glory of God in the salvation of souls. In personally dealing with individuals he displays much tact, and many have been won to Christ in this way. No one is more welcome in the sick-room, or in the house of mourning; and with truth it may be said that, in season, and out of season, he is ready to speak a word for the Master. In foreign mission work, he takes the deepest interest; and but for the physician's advice to the contrary, he and his family would have been in the mission field to-day. In 1879, he married the eldest daughter of T. Boys, Esq., of Collingwood Park, Camberley, in whom he has found a worthy helpmeet in the Lord's work. In the home and church life, the influence of Mrs. Feltham's earnest, quiet spirit has been most helpful, and in Mothers' Meetings and among the young people she has rendered most valuable service. Only a few months ago, our brother had the great joy of baptizing four of his children.

In the ministry of Mr. Feltham, we have an illustration of the splendid work the Pastors' College has done for many years in the Baptist denomination;—old churches have been revived and strengthened, new buildings have been provided, and new and vigorous churches have been established;—and this kind of service has been and is still going on in all parts of the country. As for Mr. Feltham himself, he would be the first to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am;" but such men as he are "the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ." Long may he be spared to carry on his Christ-honouring ministry!

W. J. TOMKINS.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.*

III.—BY JOHN HORNE, SPRINGBURN, GLASGOW.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."—Matthew vi. 10.

"I SHALL never forget the day I listened to this Sermon. There was a crowded house, and great power." While at College, I was in the habit of noting specialities among the President's Sermons, and the above was written on the front leaf of No. 1,778,—*"A Heavenly Pattern for our Earthly Life,"*—delivered in Exeter Hall, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society, on Wednesday forenoon, April 30, 1884.

There were two or three "asides" which helped to fasten the occasion in my memory. Here is one:—As Mr. Spurgeon stepped on to the crowded platform, he noticed a black man among those gathered there. With the warm, generous instinct that ever characterized him, he thought the black brother might be feeling a trifle from home, so he nodded and smiled to him in the passing—to him alone; and after the Sermon, he soon found his way to the dark brother's seat, and shook hands with him. They were not acquaintances, for the man of Africa was quite taken by surprise, and seemed confused with delight. Who but a truly great man could have withdrawn his thoughts from such magnificent and responsible surroundings to cheer the heart of one lone, insignificant stranger? And how many of the great men would even have thought of it? "Lesson Number One," I said to myself.

The service was held in the forenoon of a week-day, yet the spacious hall was crowded to excess. I had never seen the like before; it was a strange, incredible sight to me. Sabbath services I knew of, but even these were seldom full. Now I was one of a packed week-day crowd,—not at an entertainment either; at a religious service, and to hear a Sermon! I had only just arrived in London from my Northern home, and this unique sight overwhelmed me, stormed my imagination, quickened my ambition, challenged my faith. And the secret? *A man in earnest.* "Lesson Number Two," I said.

It was, of course, a begging Sermon, and deftly it did its work. But the marvellous thing was that it did not beg! It spoke of doing the will of God—"Thy will be done." But only a few sentences about giving, and these of a most independent make. "Is it not probably true that the selfishness of Christians is the main reason for the slow growth of Christianity? . . . Do not offer the prayer of the text if

* The above is the third article in a new series which has already proved exceedingly interesting. The first and second were written by Pastors E. A. Tydeman and Archibald G. Brown. Several other brethren, including Pastors Hugh D. Brown, M.A., James Douglas, M.A., W. Y. Fullerton, and J. D. Gilmore, have kindly promised to write their recollections of the Sermons by MR. SPURGEON which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression; and we shall be glad to receive communications to the same effect from others of our readers. We believe that these papers will tend still further to show the many-sided character of the beloved Pastor's ministry, and that they will help to increase the influence still wielded by him through his thousands of printed discourses.—*Ed.*

you do not mean it. Better omit the petition than play the hypocrite with it." No cringing and fawning, no pleading and urging, no "Dear friends, consider," or "Brother and sister, *give*." Instead, a straight, masterly call to be consistent, or nothing; a bracing of the hearer down to the actual meaning of his profession; an honest warning against hypocrisy; an independent intimation that, in any case, the Lord's work would go on, for *God* could not fail. I was, with all others, deeply touched, and parted with every coin in my pocket. "Lesson Number Three," I said.

As I have observed, I had just come to College, and so was on the outlook for hints as to the learning of my craft. I had heard Mr. Spurgeon preach once or twice before, but this was a special occasion, and I resolved to be more than usually watchful. He announced the text, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven," and straightway began, "Our Father's will shall certainly be done." There was no "exordium", preparatory remarks, allusion to the former verses, or any of the customary manœuvres of introduction. There was not even an attempt to argue or debate; everything was taken for granted in a spirit of believing authority. The very first sentence took a straight line for the heart of the subject. No time was lost; it was *business* from the first stroke. "Lesson Number Four," I said.

At the time of hearing this Sermon, I was reading Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, Dr. Sinclair Paterson's *Studies in Life*, and kindred books; and all the while I listened to this discourse I was thinking, "Why, dear me, this man evidently knows more than he says, for he is preaching the purest science in spiritual phraseology. He speaks of the *will* of God; scientists and semi-scientists, of the *law* of God. All classes are agreed that the *law* of God is unfailing, and must find fulfilment; and, if so, the *will* of God must be 'done.' What is His law but His will, and His will but His law?" And I there and then made the discovery which has been made by not a few others,—that Mr. Spurgeon's preaching had two lines, a visible and an invisible, so to say. Those who only listened to what he *said*, thought him simple, and lacking in penetration; but those who found the key of his *thought*, were struck with his insight and ability. That he often thought scientifically though he spoke Scripturally, and that he packed a double meaning into many a simple phrase, is now acknowledged by all who have troubled to study him. The revelation came suddenly to me that day, and I have profited greatly by it. I can therefore add, "Lesson Number Five."

One other item I must mention. He said, "Between earth and Heaven there is but a thin partition. The home country is *much nearer* than we think. . . . Before the clock shall tick again, you and I may be there. Can that be a far-off country which we can reach so soon? Oh, brothers, *we are within hearing of the shining ones*; we are well-nigh home!" At the words "much nearer," there was an outstretched, circling movement of the hand (like one gripping sand and running it through the fingers), as if Heaven were round about, and could be felt. "There is a happy land, *far, far away*," melted for ever out of my thoughts; Heaven came about me as an atmosphere,—an atmosphere of reality. The words did not accomplish

this; it was the movement. Then, when the fine sentence, "We are within hearing of the shining ones," was delivered, the preacher paused one moment, placed his hand to his ear, and listened! I have read that great actors will picture a scene in a single sentence. *I heard the angels singing that day by means of a single gesture!* "Lesson Number Six."

"Goin' to Lunnnon."

A SOMERSETSHIRE IDYLL.

BY LEO GRANGE.

"GOIN' to Lunnnon, be they?"
 "Ay; sure enough."
 "Be 'ee quite sure?"
 "Course I be; do 'ee take me for a gander?"

The male bird in Somersetshire is supposed to be more stupid than the female, and "gander" is a more opprobrious name than "goose."

No one seemed prepared to answer this question all at once; and whilst they are pondering over it, let me introduce the little group.

There were three women; two were interrogators only,—the other of them had the proud bearing of a woman who was the monopolist of an important piece of news.

This last person was Betsy Wardell, a good old soul, but one who dearly loved a piece of news,—loved it because she could convey it to all the little parish of Tanscombe.

Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Gill had been called away by Betsy from their occupation of bread-making (for the baker's carts had not yet driven this art away), and they stood in the sunlight, at Mrs. Carter's front door, with arms bare to the elbows,—great brawny arms,—covered with particles of dried flour, through which the healthy red showed bright and ruddy.

All three had good-humoured red faces; Mrs. Gill—dare I write it?—had red hair, but her daughter had told her to call it "auburn", which she, good soul, without the slightest idea as to what it meant, called "hawburn." Pressed once as to its meaning, much to the scandal of her daughter Alice, who had been to school, and had got what her mother called "notions", she said, "I suppose it means zomethin' that burns, 'cause me hair be zo much lik' vire."

The parish of Tanscombe was a long straggling village, with one street about a mile in length, up one side of which ran cottages,—some thatched, others with red tiles,—and the doctor's and parson's houses, which were distinguished by slates.

On the other side, the meadows stretched far away, and the cows, on this particular day, were enjoying the sunlight as cows do. Some few hungry ones were standing, and eating slowly, as if it were too hot to exert themselves; the majority were lying down on the green carpet, and luxuriating in the warm sunshine, but every now and then lifting their heads and biting off a small mouthful of the succulent

grass just to remind them it was there, and to keep their teeth from wasting for want of work.

But our group have overcome their astonishment, caused partly by the perplexity Betsy had put them in by asking if they thought she was "a *gander*."

"Well, how do 'ee know?" queried Mrs. Gill.

"How do I know? Why, hur told me zo hurzelf, this very blessed mornin', as is the 12th of May, the zame day as Jim Coombs was overlooked by that old witch of Tiverton. Why they should let they coom into our Zumerzet, I dun' know; Devon's good enough for zich as they."

"To be zure; to be zure;" echoed her neighbours.

"Well, I was coomin' past hur'ouse, that looks all so purty like, wi' them 'oneysuckles and things,—what de call 'um?—them purple big flowers—*klimmatises* (*clematis*), that's it,—an' hur cooms out in the garden, though 'twur on'y eleven o'clock, an' hur had on hur adernoon dress, as hur calls it, a apern trimmed wi' lace, and hur purty face all lit up wi' the mornin' light, an' hur zays, quite pleasant like,—for though hur be a notch above us, she beant a bit proud,—'Betsy, Jack and I be goin' to Lunnon nex' Monday mornin'!"

"'Lawks, hur don't zay zo,' zays I.

"'Yes, we be,' hur zays.

"I wur took all of a dother like, for it seemed turrable for a young 'ooman like that to be goin' up to that wicked city. Ah! 'tis a turrable place, I yurs;" and Betsy wrung her hands.

"Gi' me the chance, wouldn't I go? My Tom spends all his money at the 'Crown', an' he don't bring many crowns hoom to me, 'cept broken wuns. He's gone away this very mornin' covered wi' plaster that I've stuck on him. No chance o' me goin' to Lunnon," said Mrs. Carter, and she sighed heavily at the thought of her poverty.

"No, 'taint everybody gits a 'usband like Jack Maine. I alluys zaid, and I zay now, religion's a good thing to they that carries it out; and thur beant a better man than Jack for many a mile," said Mrs. Gill.

"No, thur beant," acquiesced Betsy, whilst her white sunbonnet was shaken vigorously, as she emphasized her assent by sundry violent nods of her head; "but jist fancy thur takin' it into thur 'eds to go to Lunnon. Ah! 'tis a queer place, be all tellin'. There wur Nanny Greig, that went up one day, an' coom back the nex', for hur zaid hur couldn' stop thur, for 'twur jist for all the worl' like Zodom and Gomorrer."

"Whatever made hur zay that? I've a yurd as 'ow thee can pick up gold thur like thee can pick flowers down yur," said Mrs. Gill.

"Ah! don't 'ee believe all thee yurs. I tell 'ee, 'tis a wicked place is Lunnon. Nanny zaid, hur dawter, as was married and went to Lunnon, would hev hur up; an' Nanny was frightened at the hours they keeps. Did thee ever yur tell o' zich a thing? They thinks nine o'clock *early* to go to bed! An' that's what made Nanny fust feel oncomfortable. Hur alluys goes to bed at eight o'clock; an' quite late enough, too, I zays. Well, hur stopped and yawned in the

corner, till quarter ta nine by the cloc', and than hur goes to sleep, and snores so loud hur woke the baby, an' Martha zaid hur'd better go to bed, and zo hur went.

"Martha an' hur 'usband was 'avin' thur supper when down cooms Nanny in a awful fright, in hur nightshirt, and hur big night-cap (that hur tuk wi' hur), and declared that ever since hur had bin upstairs 'tad been thund'r'in' and light'nin' that awful hur couldn' sleep. Martha laughed and told hur 'twas alluys like that at night, an' that's what made Nanny b'lieve that 'twas like Zodom and Gomorrer, an' that the Lord was showin' His wrath unto it; so hur packed up hur things, and coom hoom."

"An' is that zo? Is it alluys thund'r'in' and light'nin' like that in Lunnon?" queried Mrs. Gill.

"Well, Nanny zays zo, and I never knowed hur tell a lie. Martha told hur all the thund'r'in' hur hurd was the noise o' the buses, and all the light'nin' hur saw was the flashin' o' the lights of the buses an' 'ansoms as they whisked by; but Nanny zays hur knows better, an' that Martha on'y told it to hur to ease hur mind; but hur zays hur aint a chil' (child), to be put off like that, and hur b'lieves 'tis like Zodom and Gomorrer, and prays every night to God to bring out hur dawter, as He did Lot, 'fore the destruction cooms. Ah! I tell 'ee, Lunnon's a turrable place."

The conference was here broken up by terrified cries from Mrs. Carter's house; and as they rushed in, they found that Jack, her five-year-old, during his mother's absence, had been dancing on the flour-barrel, and, the lid giving way beneath his vigorous stamps, had precipitated and almost buried him in it. He was hauled out, and whilst, by sundry smacks and vigorous shakings, Jack is being put right, and properly punished for destroying so much flour, doing damage to his clothes, and interrupting an interesting gossip, we will pay a visit to the honeysuckle-clothed cottage referred to above.

There, Mrs. Maine was very busy packing for the wonderful journey to London. Two large boxes were crammed full, and the bed and floor were still covered with innumerable articles that *must* be taken. As Mrs. Maine looked at all this array, and remembered that the only possible way to lock the boxes was for her to stand upon their covers, whilst Jack exerted all his strength in pushing and banging until, by a supreme effort, he was able to bring box and lid together, she was almost in despair, and wished "Lunnon was further,"—an altogether unnecessary wish, seeing it was already 160 miles away, and every mile by train cost a penny.

In the midst of it all, Mrs. Jackson, a kind, motherly woman, came in.

"Lawks! Mrs. Maine, whatever be 'ee a doin'? Be 'ee riddin' house?"

"Riddin' house? Don't 'ee know this is the place where we 'opes to stop for life? Riddin' house? I should think not! We be too 'appy yur."

"Well, an' what be 'ee doin' then?"

"Packin' to go to Lunnnon for a week."

"Goin' to Lunnnon! Thee won't speak to zich as I when thee cooms back agin. Folks is turrable important what goes to Lunnnon. Zee Margaret Jenkins. Hur coom back, all frills and furbelows, an' ostrich feathers in hur 'at, an' high 'eel boots, an' hur carried a walkin' stick, 'stead o' a parashoot or a umberella. I thought as 'ow 'twas th' 'onourable Kate Appleby fust. An' hur all the time on'y a zarvant gal. I 'opes as thee'll remember Lizzie Jackson when thee cooms back, for we 'as alluys bin friends."

"Oh, Lizzie, do 'ee think zo ill o' me?"

"No, no, lassie; thee 'as a good 'eart. I don't think they'll spoil *thee*! Thur's one thing thee mus' promise me. I tell 'ee, as a friend, thee mus' be sure to go to St. Paul's, and kiss the pump."

"Kiss the pump! What pump?"

"They tells I thur be a pump close by St. Paul's, an' everybody as cooms from the coountry, and don't kiss that pump, 'ill coom hoom an' die a vool vur zartain."

Mrs. Maine laughed loud and long at this odd idea, which prevails amongst the Somersetshire folk, and often have I seen some country friend kissing the ancient pump. In fact, having a horror of the fate awaiting those who failed in this duty, I once kissed it myself!

"But 'ow is it thee is goin' to Lunnnon?"

"It's like this. Jack and I hev each bin savin' for five yurs. He's saved a pound a yur, and zo hev I; not without a bit o' pinchin'. I've dun without sugar in me tay, and he's done without his 'bacca. He don't get mor'en fifteen shilluns a week, and we 'as to be careful, and he alluys will hev me dressed as well as he can."

"Ah! he be a good 'usband, he be; and thee alluys looks nice and tidy. Thee own natty ways and handy fingers counts for a lot."

"Well, we've saved £10, and I hev, ever since I was a girl, wanted to go to zee somethin' different from what we zeas in the country. I hev alluys wanted to zee Lunnnon, and Jack zays he'd like to go if 'twas on'y to zee the gurt Tabernacle, and yur Spurgeon preach; and so we zaid we'd go up for a week or a fortnight; and Jack zays, if we be economical, he can buy me a new dress in Lunnnon out o' the money. What do 'ee think ov us?"

"Ah, lassie! thee deserves a 'oliday; thee be alluys workin', thee and Jack, for the little chapel up on the hill, ay, and givin', too, and I for one be proud and glad thee be goin' to hev a trip to Lunnnon. But, lawks! thee beant goin' to take all them things? It 'll cost 'ee the ten poun' in luggage; let me help 'ee a bit."

And the two women went over the things, and it was wonderful how many articles Mrs. Maine saw, beneath the guidance and help of Mrs. Jackson, were, after all, unnecessary. A Londoner would still have stared at the two large boxes, packed to their fullest capacity, and have wondered if Jack and his wife were going for a prolonged visit to the Continent.

On Saturday evening, Jack went to order the bus;—it was three miles to the nearest station;—"An'," said he, "coom on a bit zooner, and bring a man w'ee, to 'oist up the luggage, fur we 'as a tidy bit."

"All right, oi'll be thur in time; thee shan't miss thee train."

So everything was packed and labelled, and the bus ordered, and the Sabbath was on the morrow. Husband and wife knelt down together, and asked for guidance, help, and protection in their journey, and a blessing on the Sabbath-day. Little did they know how their prayer was to be answered.

Sunday morning they enjoyed the service much, and on the Sunday evening they were found inside the little Baptist Chapel with many others, for the pastor was dearly loved by his people. He was a young man, tall and fair, but his cheeks were sunken, and his face pale and worn. Hard work, and a small pittance, had helped to make that face so haggard. He was troubled to-night. All could see it. When the announcements came, the people guessed what it was. A special appeal was made for funds as they were in debt to the treasurer. The congregation knew what that meant,—the pastor would have to do without his salary, small as it was, for Josiah Hunt, the treasurer, would never advance money to pay the minister's stipend.

The service proceeded, the pastor preaching from the words, "The love of Christ constraineth us." He was a minister who threw every particle of himself into his sermon, and he and his subject burned. Christ was exalted with all the tenderness, beauty, and power a supreme love of Him places at the command of a preacher. The hearts of all were filled with a sense of His gracious presence; and as Betsy Wardell went home, she looked up to the stars, and her eyes were filled with tears. What she saw, I never knew; but that her vision was of Christ, may be gathered from the words she uttered as she went home, "My blessed, blessed Saviour!"

Jack Maine and his wife went along the quiet street to their home.

Jack seemed shy, as if something was on his mind; and Mrs. Maine was not herself. When they came into the house, she looked at the corded boxes, and blushed; and, stranger still, Jack blushed, too.

"Jeannie," said he, "do 'ee think, with strict economy, we c'ud do wi' five poun' for our trip to Lunnon?"

"That's jist what I was goin' to ax thee," said she.

"Why, Jeannie?"

"'Cause I wants to gi' my five poun' to the Lord. Ah, how I feel His love to-night!" Jack jumped up from his chair, took Jeannie in his arms, and said, "Wife, I be proud of 'ee," and then relapsed into silence.

"Jeannie, do 'ee very much want to go to Lunnon?"

"Oh, Jack! it has been the dream o' my life."

"Then, thee shall go; but, to-night, when I yurd the cause was in need, and zaw the minister's pale face, and when I felt the love of Jesus tuggin' at my 'art, and burnin' there, I thought I zaw His face, zad and zorrowful, and Jeannie, I thought I'd zooner gi' up goin' to Lunnon, if my five poun' 'ud bring joy and gladness to Him that loved us and gave Himself for us."

"Jack! let's stop hoom. Let's gi' it all to Him."

"But how about thee dream?"

"Jack, I'd like to go. 'Taint easy to gi' it up; but we shall zee

a vairer City one day, and I've heard ov layin' up treasure in Heaven. We can do well enough without goin' to Lunnon."

Jack kissed his wife, and then reverently they brought their money, laid it before God, and gave it to Him.

Their prayer of the night before was answered; the blessing of God had come, but in the shape of a cross.

" Oft when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task,
Involving care and strife."

But the shadow of His cross always brings strength. He who carries it will find flowing from it rivers of living water.

But the cross taken up so bravely to-night will hurt to-morrow!

When the busman came, and drew up at the door, all the neighbours who were not at work were at their doors to see Mr. and Mrs. Maine off, for "goin' to Lunnon" was quite an event at Tanscombe; and Jeannie needed all her heroism to go out and tell the man, before them all, she was not goin', but she would pay the bus fare.

Tom Binks whistled. "This is a rum go," he said, as he drove away; "wonder what's up, hev they quarrelled, or is it all a bit o' brag? But hur's a stunner, 'taint many as 'ud pay up like that," and he gave the near horse a flick with his whip, which made the bus soon disappear down the road in a cloud of dust.

Tanscombe was full of curious gossip, and most folk thought the talk and the packing were for the purpose of show, and wondered "how zich volk as they c'ud call thurzelves Christians. It was volk like they that hid the true light, vur they was dark lanterns;" and so it was reckoned up, and such was the judgment of that little world.

But Jeannie indoors was unpacking her boxes. A few tears fell upon the things as they were taken out one by one, but her heart was at peace; and when Mrs. Jackson came in, and heard the story, her tears fell fast, and the love of Christ was a real thing to her as she saw it in this act of sacrifice.

To many folk, this sacrifice will appear a small thing; but in Heaven the angels sang over it, the heart of God was moved by it, and if this true story has rescued from oblivion this act of love, simple as it seems amidst the glowing pages of deeds which take the world's eye, I am rewarded.

When I think of Jack Maine and his wife, when I know how many noble men and women there are like them in all the churches, I thank God for them; and I grow ashamed of my own little gifts and deeds, so far behind in heroism and generosity, as I think of the sacrifice made in Tanscombe in giving up "goin' to Lunnon." *

* I have refrained from making the dialect too broad, lest readers should not understand it. —LEO GRANGE.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

III.—SPRING OUT OF SEASON.

LET us start by exploding a fallacy. It is only an old-fashioned belief we would bring down, and we feel half-ashamed of ourselves for laying our charge against it. However, some may think, after we have made our little fizz, that, like others who attack higher things, we have fired a train of weak powder, and that the truism is not much the worse for our assault.

The ancient adage amounts to this,—

"Haws on the whitethorn, and hips on the rose,
Augur a winter that freezes the nose."

But, as steel saws find it hard work to get through wet wood, so it is difficult to drive this saw through a green January.

We began to doubt the infallibility of the village oracle when we saw the high hedge, in very early Spring, still laden with dull red berries, and the scarlet hips hanging yet on the trailing briers of the dog-rose. There had not been snow enough then to cover a sixpence, nor frost sufficient to crack the water-jug of old Aquarius. All through last Winter we were interested in the same query.

In the Autumn of 1896, the tall sprays of thorn hung over with berries. Surely, *now* we shall have a justification of the proverb. So we argued; yet only one really cold snap was experienced. A blizzard blew for two days, and thinned out the crop; but soon there came a thaw, and right on to the time when the blackbirds began to build, the haws hung thickly in places. We had intended to mark how long these tenacious seed-cases would hold on to the bough, but our mind was taken off; yet as late as the month when the sweet May had come, and the air was redolent with the scent of the bush, the shrivelled haws of last year's prime lingered among the sprays, like the survivals of a dead generation amid the children of to-day. A colonist, coming over in our Spring, could have told at a glance that the Winter had been mild, that the winds had not blown charged with cutting hail.

This particular hedge has been to the present writer as a book of "Daily Readings" for many a year. In the Spring, we have been wont to note the swelling buds, and mark the uncurling of the green leaf, applying the picture to the possibilities which lie hidden away in young life, and develop with the years. Anon, as the sun has risen higher, we have paused beneath the tall stems, and inhaled the scent coming from the multitude of May blossoms, dripping yet with the dew of the morning. Then the hedge has been an emblem of the exquisite beauty of early piety; a simile of the spiritual bride. And further on, in the thick leafage of the long June days, when the blackbird and the thrush have their homes among the branches, and finches flit to and fro in the luxuriant light,—the hedge then, with its fruit just forming, its thorns, its ragged undergrowth, its crooked sticks all

hidden beneath a wealth of leaf, has seemed as a church may be when blessed with the light and life of the King of Heaven, when those who make melody in "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" abide within its precincts. But further on, the frosts of Autumn turn the foliage brown, the cold rains and fogs loosen the leaves, and at last the great winds scatter them abroad,—some worm-eaten, chipped, and spoiled, others launched by the gale, ruddy-coloured and whole as when they hid the nests in June. Then we have moralized that thus are the generations borne away. But while the leaves describe the eddies of the cyclone, the ripe fruit bides through it all. Though much is stripped off, more remains. The berries hang till berries come again. So, too, we have noted that, though the storms of life leave the Winter of our days so bare, the fruits of the Spirit, that have ripened under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, remain to the last. A well-planted church, which spreads itself out to all the influences of Heaven, shall have a godly membership even unto the third and fourth generation, and the sons shall grasp hands with their sires in the faith as they spread outward, and onward, and upward in a continuity of power.

But the hedge has given rise to sadder thoughts. When it has stood gaunt against the wintry sky, we have seen gangs of roughs, with pockets full of stones, spending the Sabbath afternoon in harrying poor birds that have taken shelter from the cold blast. There are a good many stones flying about in some churches, and woe be to the few who sit in the bare pews!

There have been days, too, when the footpath at the end of the hedge has been covered thick with fallen haws. No Sou'-Wester has thinned the sprays overhead, for though the wind roars loud, it has a warm heart. But the freezing fog, day after day, followed by a pitilessly cold rain, has robbed the hedge of its fruit as effectually as a church is thinned when acted upon by the fog of false doctrine, and the chilling drip, drip of a Christless ministry.

So has the hedge preached to us, having a homily for all seasons; its ever-varying lessons weaving themselves at last into the pattern of the text, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

* * * *

We passed this "pulpit of wood" on our way to the plantations beyond, on a Saturday afternoon in the middle of January. The weather had long been mild. Up on the top branches of the hawthorn there were dull red berries in plenty; as we went by sheltered gardens, primroses could be seen in bloom; the flower tufts of the elm had swollen well-nigh to bursting; the catkins were out on the hazel; the elder and honeysuckle were coming into leaf; and the hyacinth of the wood was beginning to throw out a spraying circle of pale green leaves. The moles had been busy, for, along by the bank, hillocks of fine earth were thrown up, so close as to form a miniature chain. It always follows that, when moles are moving, their prey is also awake, and that snails, worms, and larvæ are to be had for hunting. It

comes as a surprise how much more life gathers within a given sphere than can be seen at first sight. From one creature's presence, too, the whereabouts of others can be inferred, just as the high-circling swifts prove the existence of flies that soar as far. When vanity flaunts her fine colours, Beelzebub, the great flycatcher, is hard by. The mole which started our moralizing is a high-class excavator. Engineers might borrow ideas from him. To imitate "Master Mole" in one thing, however, would be only to court disaster. He belongs to the select few who can afford to work underground in a good suit of clothes. He has the advantage of the finest gentleman, for his glossy coat is none the worse for rubbing against a wall.

We found many birds' nests during our walk, but all empty and disused. There was, as yet, no sign of the building season, for had there been, our companion, who has eyes like a hawk for anything feathered, would have discovered it. Whatever may be true of other parts, the birds about the suburbs of London appear to be shy of mild weather in January. They are not to be lured into premature matrimony because "Mr. Hazel" hangs tempting tassels in his front window. "Wait until Father Sol gives permission," the songsters of the grove seem to say; and they are wise, for, as the old couplet expresses it,—

"A January spring
Is worth naething."

Our forefathers held that "a green January" meant "a full Kirkyard." And they were justified, for the warm muggy wind which keeps everything in a state of reek, is most trying to human nerves. It is often followed by days of dense fog without much change of temperature, and then a slight turn of current will bring on a raw Easterly air, which will spread out in grey mist, as if to wrap the luckless wight abroad in death's own winding-sheet. "John Ploughman" long ago had his fling at a January Spring in many proverbs; among them such as—

"If the grass grows in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for 't all the year."

"If January calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be winterly weather till the calends of May."

But let Spring come at its proper season, then above the bluster of Boreas the clamour of the rooks in the swaying tree-tops will be heard; then the sun and light will do their work, and the fresh air will act as a stimulant to activity; birds will brood, and bees hum; primroses will cover the slope, and the "palm" spring, full-bearded, from the hedge. Then the grandfather will chuckle as he plants his foot once more on nine daisies, and the man, who "goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening," will greet the lengthening morning of the year as his opportunity to sow for the harvest which he shall reap when August suns shine strong, and mellow Autumn tints the orchard's fruit with misty bloom.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.*

REVIEWS IN SECULAR 'NEWSPAPERS' AND MAGAZINES.

“**E**XACTLY six years after the death of Charles Haddon Spurgeon we have this first volume of what portends to be a really colossal *Autobiography*. . . . The work promises to be much more than an autobiography; it is, indeed, a stupendous effort to exhaust the whole life-history, feelings, failings, emotions, and achievements of a great pulpiteer. Many of his admirers will, in all probability, welcome this mode of bringing their favourite teacher's most characteristic work before them, almost with the ring of his silvery voice echoing in their ears. The present volume may, in some measure, be regarded as the most important of the four, although it presents for our comprehension only the first twenty years of Spurgeon's life. In his case the child was undoubtedly father to the man. . . . Needless to say, the volume is full of capital parsons' stories, narrated with genuine Spurgeonesque fervour. . . . At the age of fifteen, young Spurgeon blossomed into all the fragrant delights of authorship with an essay bearing the formidable title, 'Antichrist and her Brood; or, Popery Unmasked.' Judging by the few specimens given in the volume, it was a fairly well-written, energetic assault. We must pass over as beyond the sphere of review the chapters which, at copious length, deal with the great change in spiritual temper known to the Nonconformists of his day, and to many Churchmen also, as conversion. . . . So, too, must we refrain from touching other than by respectful allusion on that early Diary, which Mrs. Spurgeon says has lain, sealed up and unrevealed even to herself for certainly forty years since the day when she first saw it. . . . An obvious criticism is that it was intended for private perusal, but we see no reason why others who can enter into such imperfect, passionate, solitary meditation should be denied the privilege of access. The *Confessions of St. Augustine* and the *Meditations of St. Francis de Sales*—works to which, it must be owned, this *Autobiography* offers many points of contrast,—were probably written with much the same anticipation of publicity. . . . The glimpses of Essex and Cambridge life are full of quaint, picturesque incident.”—*The Daily Chronicle*.

“Mr. Spurgeon is one of the great figures of the Victorian era. He was one of the few men who had a world-wide audience, whose words were eagerly listened to in all parts of the Empire and the Republic. His life and work is one of the cherished possessions of the English-speaking peoples, and is a link which binds many of them together, although scattered throughout the length and breadth of the earth. Now at last, six years after his death, Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography* has been given to the world. It had always been Mr. Spurgeon's intention to write the story of his life, and when he was staying at Mentone, during his last years, he wrote a record of many of the more striking events. . . . The *Autobiography* is full of characteristic touches. Almost every page contains some instance of Spurgeon's ready humour and his faculty for apt illustration. All the experiences of his youth and childhood he turned to account in his sermons, in order to enforce the truths which he wished to impress upon his congregation. The story of the first twenty years of Spurgeon's life is full of interest. In those few years he rose from the position of the son of a poor

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by HIS WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. I. 1834—1851. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With many Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers.

country minister to be one of the foremost preachers in the metropolis. . . . The valuable part of his *Autobiography* is the description of how he was fashioned and moulded into one of the great preachers of all time. The book is well printed and illustrated, and in several instances correctly records facts which have been distorted in the hands of other biographers."—*The Review of Reviews*.

"Scarcely anything that Mr. Spurgeon wrote was uninteresting, and it was not to be expected when he had himself for a subject that he would show any falling off as a master of picturesque and telling narrative. . . . The book contains some charming glimpses of life in Essex half a century ago, and many quaint sayings and anecdotes. . . . The pictures we get of old-time residents in Spurgeon's native county are certainly not the least attractive part of the book."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

"It is a wonderful record of a vigorous personality, and shows how early in life promise was given of that remarkable gift of preaching which was to render him so celebrated in after years."—*The Publishers' Circular*.

"We are told that the publication of this work 'carries out a plan long ago formed by Mr. Spurgeon,' and that had he been spared long enough, he would have given it to the world himself. We can only say that the reverent and loving hands that have undertaken the task of compilation have most admirably carried it out. . . . One thing that will strike the reader of this book is the readiness of reply Spurgeon possessed, and his fearlessness in rebuke where he thought rebuke was needed. This is exemplified by numerous anecdotes that alone would make the volume worth reading. The publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, have spared no pains in making the appearance of the volume worthy of its subject; and, handsome in red and gold, it will be cherished in many a home as a lasting memorial of the eloquent and much-loved minister."—*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.

"*The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon*, of which the first volume is now published, promises to be a monumental and valuable work of the highest interest to all the admirers of the eminent preacher. . . . The scene of Mr. Spurgeon's earlier days was laid in East Anglia, and the volume before us should especially appeal to the inhabitants of that part of the country, though, of course, the interest will in no wise be confined to them. . . . It is impossible to do justice to this elaborate *Autobiography* in a short notice; but the two editors have performed their work conscientiously and carefully. . . . We shall expect to see this work become widely popular in those circles where the name of Charles H. Spurgeon is revered."—*The Weekly Sun*.

"Many an autobiographical passage is to be found scattered over Mr. Spurgeon's discourses, or lighting up the pages of other productions of his busy pen, and rarely indeed have these personal references failed to enforce some moral, or furnish a humorous or quaintly apt illustration of some vital truth. Mr. Spurgeon's admirers will therefore look forward to the appearance of the *Autobiography*, of which we have here a substantial first instalment, with pleasing anticipations, nor will they be disappointed. . . . Good stories are not lacking; and wise maxims, conveyed in the great preacher's homely, forcible way, are equally abundant."—*The Daily News*.

"No doubt this immense 'Life' is projected mainly for the benefit of those who agreed more or less completely with Mr. Spurgeon's views; but it will also have its interest for the general reader. . . . In his earlier days, nobody ever mingled the grave with the gay more liberally than did

C. H. Spurgeon. It is even so with his earlier recollections. . . . The volume ends at a most interesting period, and is well calculated to incite the reader to ask for more."—*The Daily Graphic*.

"The chief value of the book lies in its revelation of the whole character of the writer. He did well to call himself a Puritan, for the name, not as a modern term of contempt, but in its historic sense, fits him as tightly and as naturally as his skin. . . . Often, the homely language, the simple Saxon words, the beautiful idiom, all testifying to the influence that the English Bible and John Bunyan had on his style, minister to the delight of all who read them. . . . The book is well worth reading by all who care to study the character of one who was not only an astounding preacher, but always an interesting, and, within certain limits, a really great personality."—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It is Spurgeon's 'intellectual integrity,' as Emerson calls it, which comes so often to the front as you read his excellent *Autobiography*."—*The New York Times*.

"Those who admire the sturdy character and brilliant gifts of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon—and they may be reckoned by tens of thousands,—will welcome the *Autobiography* of the famous preacher, which has been lovingly and wisely compiled by his wife and private secretary. The first instalment of this monumental work, which has been produced with such fulness of detail and general completeness, should satisfy the most sanguine anticipations. Fully illustrated, and handsomely printed, the first quarto volume is in every sense worthy of the remarkable man, whose busy life was crowded with memorable incidents and crowned with such enduring achievements."—*The Eastern Daily Press*.

"*C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, the first volume of which has just been issued, is likely to eclipse in size any recent work of the kind. It is not improbable also that it will have a larger circulation than any other biographical work published within the past twenty years. . . . The book has a charm of its own which carries the reader along without the least feeling of weariness. . . . Mr. Spurgeon is his own Boswell, and he excels in giving vivid glimpses of his career."—*The Dundee Advertiser*.

"A certain amount of self-consciousness is needed before a man writes his own biography. Happily, no false modesty on that score troubled Mr. Spurgeon. We say, 'happily,' because we really believe that there are numberless persons who will hail this *Autobiography* with almost fervid delight, and would not willingly spare a single syllable. . . . The book is very handsomely got up, and altogether will, we doubt not, be highly treasured by that very wide circle to whom the name of Spurgeon was as inspiring as the title of the Pope is to those upon whom the fifteen-year-old theologian expended some of his juvenile objurgations."—*The Brighton Herald*.

"The long-promised memoir of Mr. Spurgeon . . . is sure to be widely read, and with great interest. The famous preacher had for all his publications during his lifetime an enormous circle of readers; and if only a fair proportion of them take this 'Life' of him in hand, it will certainly be one of the best-read biographies of a time profuse in works of that class. Like the man himself, however, the book has its distinct and rather unusual character. It is described as an autobiography, and so it is, but it is also an autobiography compiled by other hands. It has been put together by Mrs. Spurgeon, aided by her husband's private secretary, but

it may be said that the great bulk of the matter in it comes from the pen of Mr. Spurgeon himself."—*The Glasgow Daily Mail*.

"The first and last word criticism has to say about *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* is that it is brimful of human interest. . . . There is not a dull page in the whole volume. . . . A quaint saying, a sensible observation, a droll anecdote; these meet the eye constantly. The book will be appreciated by thousands who cannot accept Spurgeon's theology. . . . Spurgeon was intensely human. Side by side with the piety and the earnestness so characteristic of him, were the qualities of humour, of sturdy common sense, of a dry, crisp, genial wit. Therefore he is interesting to the man in the street, and the general reader will find his *Autobiography* excellent reading. Literary qualities apart, this book is not unworthy to be classed with Carlyle's 'Reminiscences,' Newman's 'Apologia,' the 'Autobiographies' of Gibbon and Franklin, or the 'Confessions' of Augustine. . . . The printer has done his share of the work in the most admirable manner, the get-up of the volume being really exquisite."—*The Nottingham Daily Express*.

"Many outside the limits of his own communion will find much that is interesting in this first instalment of the 'Life' of the great preacher. . . . Much of his experience is recorded in a Diary which, shortly after his marriage, he gave to his wife. . . . Mrs. Spurgeon believes that the time has come to publish the contents of what was even to her a sealed book for full forty years; and no student of human nature will be otherwise than grateful to her for this decision. . . . Even to those who are unable to share his convictions, or to sympathize with the form in which he expresses them, it will long remain a document of deep interest. . . . The story of his marvellous success is only just begun in the present volume; the next will have a tale to tell which is probably unique in its combination of meteor-like rise and permanent brilliance. But it can hardly exceed in interest the narrative, told so largely in his own vigorous and pointed style, of the preparation of the young preacher for his work. . . . The book is one of fascinating interest, and it well deserves the popularity which it is sure to secure in a very wide circle of readers."—*The Manchester Guardian*.

"The first volume has appeared of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, which will certainly be welcomed by all who take an interest in the life and labours of the subject of it. It promises to be a monumental work, for this instalment deals only with about twenty years of the eloquent preacher's life. . . . He did not live to complete that full record of his life as it appeared to himself. However, there is enough to show what manner of man he was, and the fervent piety, robust faith, and enthusiasm which coloured his life so deeply."—*The Leeds Mercury*.

"The first volume of *Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, here offered to the public at 10s. 6d., will be eagerly welcomed by thousands of devoted admirers. . . . Everyone who knew the great preacher through voice or through print must be aware that nearly all his writings and utterances took a semi-autobiographical form. His own religious experiences were the main fountain from which his streams of eloquence poured. This book is largely a record of his soul's joys and sorrows. . . . The volume is handsomely printed on fine paper, and is of a size and appearance suitable for parlour use, beside the family Bible, in Dissenting families, that will ever reverence the name of this noble Puritan preacher and saintly Christian."—*The Sheffield Independent*.

In Memoriam—C. H. Spurgeon.

A LARGE congregation assembled at the METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE on *Monday evening, January 31*, to commemorate another anniversary of the "promotion to glory" of the ever-beloved PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON. Most of the students of the Pastors' College, with a considerable contingent of the boys and girls from the Stockwell Orphanage, were grouped around the upper platform, and led the assembly in the service of praise, the programme including Mr. Spurgeon's stirring hymn,—

"Forth to the battle rides our King,"

his special arrangement of—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!"

and a new hymn by Mr. Charlesworth, "After the Cross, a Crown!" Prayer was presented by Pastor John Wilson, of Woolwich; and then Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who presided, said:—

We are all anxious to glorify God alone at these memorial gatherings, but it occurred to me that, if we could, in a quiet, homely, and somewhat informal way, gather ourselves together around the mercy-seat, as is our wont on Monday evenings, and then, in addition to our special prayer, have a few words about the various good works that our late beloved Pastor founded, it would, perhaps, be one of the best ways of glorifying God in him.

Six years ago, our great leader was promoted to the ranks above. We do not wonder that some predicted that his work would go to pieces. His memory, even they admitted, must remain; but much of his work would necessarily fall to the ground. So they thought, and said. There were others, not less conscious of the loss the churches, and specially this Church, had suffered, who nevertheless believed that, since it was God's work rather than the Pastor's, He would see to the carrying of it on. And now, without any sort of boasting as to what we have done, we are face to face with the glad fact that, though six years have passed away, and though there has been, specially at the first, no little perplexity and difficulty, the work still lasts, and still lives. We, of course, admit that there has been diminution in some respects; who can wonder that it is so? But the Tabernacle is still open for the worship of God, with a goodly company every time the doors are opened. The College still lives and flourishes, and men of God are being trained there for the Christian ministry. The Orphanage is doing as good and great a work as ever, and is still supported as heretofore. The Colportage Association has still its agents, not a few, tramping the country and travelling the counties selling and spreading the word of God and other good literature. Our other good works that we might name are still in the field, with the old banner flying, and with not a small measure of the old blessing resting upon them.

Now, to whose praise do we speak thus? Not to our late dear Pastor's praise alone, though we gladly recognize that it was because he laid the foundations so firmly that it has been possible for others to build thereupon; but mainly to the praise of God, who taught him to be a wise master-builder, and who has enabled less skilful labourers to go on with his work.

I want to say a special word or two about the Tabernacle Church,—this beloved Church that God has so greatly honoured in the past. You know, dear friends, with what fear and trembling I entered with you into the responsible task of carrying on the Tabernacle Church. You know, as I do, that God gave grace;—we will speak it to His praise;—and that He has brought about amongst us a most delightful feeling of common sympathy, oneness of aim, and great joy in the work of the Lord. You will not

wonder to hear me say that I have found the duties difficult and arduous sometimes; you will not marvel to hear me go further still, and say that, occasionally, I have feared that they must prove too much for me. But I have always been cheered by knowing that you are heartily with me, and that, best of all, God is with us. Thank God for all that has been accomplished through weak instrumentalities since our dear Pastor's departure! I suppose the Lord knew—nay, I must not suppose, for I am sure He knew that, at a certain stage, only a few months ago, His servant was somewhat perplexed and depressed. The Lord took means to cheer him, of which he would like to tell you now.

I hardly need to remind you that, at the memorable church-meeting at which I accepted your kind and hearty invitation to the pastorate, I disclosed a letter which I had long had in my possession, but which I had seen fit to keep in the background till then,—a letter from my dear father, in which he, in his own expressive way, indicated, as I judge, his own hope that I might some day help him in his great and glorious work. Well, when I was in this state of disheartenment, the Lord caused me to put my hand upon another letter, the existence of which I knew of, and the words of which remained in my memory, but which I had not been able to find till then. Let me read it to you:—

“Westwood,

“Beulah Hill,

“August 26, 1887.

“Dear Son,

“I awoke this morning saying to myself, ‘If Tom could live here, I should die happy, for I should drop the reins into his hands.’ Now, I am not going to drop as far as I can see, but it shows that I was dreaming of you as a successor.”

Can I help believing that he hoped for this; perhaps prayed for it? Can I help cherishing the hope that he knows of it now, and rejoices in it at this moment? This is an interesting little touch:—

“When I was up, I had the joy of receiving your letter, and seeing you driving a pair. God bless you!” I had sent him a photograph of myself driving a pair of ponies in a *buggy*, as we call a trap in New Zealand. He had been dreaming of dropping the reins into my hands, and when he went downstairs there was a portrait of his son driving a pair of ponies! The task of driving this church is very different from driving that pair. Dare I continue the attempt if I did not believe that God Himself has seen fit that the reins should drop into my hands? Dear friends, you will help me still; you will stand by me, will you not? I do believe that we shall yet see greater things than these.

Dr. McCaig spoke concerning the College; Mr. Charlesworth represented the Orphanage; and Mr. Pearce, the Colportage Association; prayers were presented by Pastor C. B. Sawday and Mr. William Olney; and a most memorable meeting was fittingly closed with the Benediction and the Doxology.

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All who gathered at the special “In Memoriam” meeting at SOUTH STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, GREENWICH, on *Monday evening, January 31*, found a new fulfilment of the words, “The memory of the just is blessed.” The sixth anniversary of C. H. Spurgeon’s home-going called forth expressions of continued and increased affection for his sacred memory, and the crowded meeting testified to the unabated esteem in which both he, and his wonderful work, are still held. The sweet fragrance of his Christ-like life pervaded the entire assembly, and the prayers that were offered

seemed perfumed with a large measure of that faith which made him "a prince with God."

It was an easy, though in one sense, a sad task, for Pastor Charles Spurgeon to speak of his beloved father's matchless worth, and to prove how it is daily becoming more and more evident that an irreparable loss was sustained when "God took him." Some notes of joy, however, mingled with those in the minor key of mourning, as his dear son told of the ever-growing usefulness of his printed Sermons, and other valuable works. This part of the proceedings formed a brief, but fitting introduction to the reading which followed. Choice extracts were given from the recently-published *Autobiography*; and, judging by the riveted attention of the audience, they were unmistakably relished by all. The surprising grace manifested in the early career of the greatest preacher of the age, was a marked feature; and no less, the sanctified gumption, and the sterling grit of his character. Those who were privileged to be present only regretted that the time did not allow of a continuance of these dainty portions.

We heartily commend this method of giving a taste of the good things in the *Autobiography*, for it creates an appetite for the full feast; and, as the result, many people become possessors of the enchanting volume. We are glad to know of other instances in which a similar plan has been successfully pursued. Pastor T. W. Medhurst writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"The *Autobiography* is a precious treasure; I am getting purchasers for it among my people." Pastor W. Fuller Gooch, of West Norwood, has repeatedly referred to the book; our Brother D. J. Hiley took two opportunities of bringing the new work before the notice of his friends at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol; and, in consequence, quite a number of them said, "We must get the volume, so as to read it all." If every Pastors' College brother would do likewise, the result would be equally gratifying.

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The sixth annual meeting of the "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY was held on *Wednesday, February 2*, in Queen Square Congregational Chapel, Brighton, kindly lent for the occasion. A splendid audience, filling the entire area, with several in the galleries, gathered in the afternoon at 3.30, to hear a sermon from the President, Pastor Charles Spurgeon. Deep interest was manifested in the utterances of the preacher, as he discoursed upon the words, "Because of him" (John vii. 43). Suitable and pathetic reference was made to the fact that this was the sixth anniversary of the never-to-be-forgotten season when PASTOR CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON was elevated to the peerage of Heaven; and that, "because of him," the Sermon Society sought to perpetuate his memory, and influence, and work, by circulating the printed message he so grandly delivered when he was here. The preacher then applied the words of his text to the Lord Jesus Christ, and told again in powerful fashion "the old, old story" of the salvation of sinners "because of HIM."

A tea-meeting in the school-room followed, and this served as a pleasant link between the afternoon service and the evening public meeting held in the same chapel, under the able chairmanship of Rev. S. B. Lane. Once more, the spacious edifice was well filled by a sympathetic and appreciative assembly. After singing, Psalm lxxii. was read by Pastor J. W. Davies, of Lee, and a most touching prayer was offered by Pastor David Davies, of Hove. A brief but encouraging report was given by Pastor J. S. Geale, who also related one or two personal incidents relative to the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon.

Then came the vigorous speech of the chairman. By apt illustration, and forceful phrase, the speaker brought home to his audience the fact that, as the Divine power was laid hold upon by a strong faith, so the spiritual activities of life were maintained with ever-growing success. Pastor J. W.

Harrauld was introduced as "one who was for many years most intimately connected with Mr. Spurgeon." Quoting the motto-text inscribed upon the title-page of the *Autobiography*,—"The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with Me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity" (Malachi ii. 6).—Mr. Harrauld trenchantly proved that the personal qualities of C. H. Spurgeon answered in every respect to the above delineation of true Christian character, and specially dwelt upon the three points suggested by the text,—he was (1) a lover of truth, (2) a friend of God, and (3) a winner of souls.

At this point the collection was taken,—the offerings for the day amounting to over £8. Thus far the meeting had been one of great enjoyment, and still there was "more to follow." With evident pleasure, the audience listened to Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., as he spoke on the careers of those faithful servants of God who had occupied the pulpit of the building in which the congregation was assembled. The address consisted of a series of biographical sketches, portrayed in the fascinating style peculiar to Mr. Figgis; nor did he omit suitable mention of the man of God, to whose memory these meetings added fresh fragrance.

The chairman then called upon the President of the Society, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, to speak. The subject-matter of his address was made to cluster around the words, "a man after Mine own heart," and was illustrative of the life of his glorified father. As a son, he was able to relate many a new home-story, or family incident, which greatly interested his audience. Each speaker pleaded for a continuance and increase of support and prayerful sympathy on behalf of the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society, and their advocacy could not fail to secure that most desirable end. The anniversary was altogether very successful; for which all glory be ascribed to God!

All communications relating to the Sermon Society should be addressed to the Secretary, Cambridge House, Wilbury Road, Hove, Brighton.

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.

Three more Annuals have arrived,—Vol. XXXIII. of *Onward* (published at 124, Portland Street, Manchester), *The National Temperance League's Annual for 1898* (published at 33, Paternoster Row), and Vol. II. of *Light and Leading* (H. R. Allenson). The two Temperance publications keep thoroughly up to the high level of former years. A little more care is needed in the "Pebbles and Pearls" page of *Onward* to prevent the repetition of paragraphs previously used. The *League's Annual* is as full as ever of statistical and other information on Temperance questions.

Light and Leading appears to us

to have improved theologically, though there is still some darkness mingled with its light, and we should not be willing always to follow its leading. For instance, an article on "The Deadly Heresy of Baptismal Regeneration" ends thus:—"Jesus said of little children, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' They are Christ's *before* baptism: and the ceremony of baptism, intelligently comprehended, is only a dedication of unconscious infants unto God, and a prayer on the part of the parents that He will keep the little ones always His." The writer of such sentences still needs the light and leading which the New Testament gives upon this subject.

To the Angel's Chair. A Story of Ideals in a Welsh Village. By JOHN THOMAS, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have never forgotten the charm of some of the chapters of this "Story of Ideals" as they appeared at irregular intervals in *The British Weekly*, and we have often wished to read them again, and to learn further particulars concerning "the young king" of Garth-y-coed and the queenly maiden of Plas Newydd. We therefore heartily thank the gracious and gifted Liverpool pastor for the splendid manner in which he has carried out his own purpose "to pourtray customs and traditions, struggles and aspirations, ideals and idylls, in a typical centre of Welsh village life."

This book is a worthy companion to Pastor David Davies' *John Vaughan and his Friends*, which we reviewed last month; and "gallant little Wales" should feel highly honoured, first, in having such thrilling stories to be told, and then in having such powerful pens to record them. There is one passage in this volume which gives so accurate a *résumé* of the whole narrative, and also furnishes so good a specimen of the author's style, that we transfer it to our pages in the hope that all who read it will want to buy the book for themselves. Describing the singing of two of the Welsh harpist-bards, Mr. Thomas says:—

"The theme was the wide and fascinating one of human passion. These two gradually knew themselves only as a living voice of its many and thrilling phases. The glowing images took more vivid forms, the flights of imagination grew bolder, and the throbbings of the human heart became more audible. They began with the delights of the home, its circle of holy worship, and its links of love; and to this the strings made soft and sweet accompaniment. Then, in still more exquisite cadence, they sang of the holy dawning of love in the life of 'pure man and maid,' and, while thrilling imagery spoke of its celestial quality a subtle, quivering rapture

swept through the strings. Harsher words and harsher strings rebuked the sordid counterfeit of the heart's pure love, and many a jarring discord came from 'telyn' and 'crwth' as wild images of the cruelty and fierceness of jealousy were flung out upon the night. The theme of jealousy, envy, hatred, was pursued until, at length, sanguinary and deadly war was sung, and the strings crashed with the rush of battle, and grew dolorous with the groans of the dying. Then they passed into full tones of triumph, as they sang of the kingdom of love which should prove victorious over all the rage of human life. Then, concluding as they had begun, in music soft and low, they sang of a final peace in which the weary earth shall rest in everlasting beauty."

Daily Thoughts for a Year from the Letters of Samuel Rutherford. Selected by EVA S. SANDEMAN. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

DUST of gold; "and the gold of that land is good." Rutherford needs no praise; all that is necessary is to say that the selections from his letters have been wisely made, and that many a reader ought to profit by them.

Uncle Ben's Budget, a Monthly Magazine for Young Protestants,—edited by W. STANLEY MARTIN, and published by John Kensit,—should be in the hands of all our boys and girls, that they may be warned in time against the Romanism and Ritualism by which they will sooner or later be assailed.

"Come out and be ye Separate,"—a word on Theatre-going and Dancing, addressed to Professing Christians, by THEODORE A. HOWARD (Nisbet and Co.),—is a twopenny pamphlet of 35 pages, by a Liverpool clergyman, which should be put into the hand of everyone who disgraces the profession of Christianity by either theatre-going or dancing. A good use is made of Mr. Clement recent severe strictures on the stage and its evil influence.

The Christ Life. By Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

ONE of the author's very distinctive books on the "deeper Christian life" theme,—a subject which he knows so well how to expound and commend. An enthusiast for consecration and true holiness, he is altogether free from fevered fanaticism; and even where you do not accept all his teachings, you trace the witness of a sincere and devoted man of God. Not milk for babes, but meat for grown men and women in the Christ life, and full of profitable suggestion for them. Worth reading, pondering, and then lending to others.

A Young Man's Bookshelf. By Rev. G. JACKSON, B.A. Kelly and Co.

IN many respects an admirable introduction to a course of literature for the young; but, unfortunately, it is seriously marred by a quite gratuitous attack on the accepted interpretation of the Old Testament. Mr. Jackson is positively angry with everybody who thinks the Song of Solomon is anything more than the story of an earthly passion, and that far from a pure one. To read it as a parable of the love of Christ to the Church or the individual soul, is "radically vicious." Perhaps so; but possibly his interpretation might be deemed of this character. In any case, devout lovers of the Saviour will continue to be thus "radically vicious," notwithstanding this otherwise clever, though flippant, little volume. It may be that, when Mr. Jackson is older and wiser, he will expunge this section. Who can tell?

The Ministry of Intercession, a Plea for More Prayer. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

A BOOK of some 200 pages, with an Appendix containing hints and helps for a School of Intercession for a month. The esteemed author has dedicated the volume to the workers with whom he took sweet counsel at various Conventions in South Africa; in it he aims at enforcing the twofold Scriptural lesson that Intercession is at once the Church's mightiest force and highest honour. The issue of this work is most timely, and we would especially urge ministers to purchase it, to ponder its pages, to pray for the grace set forth, and to practise its precepts. Spiritual revolution of life and revival of God's work must follow.

Separation and Service. Thoughts on Numbers VI., VII. By J. HUDSON TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott.

TRUE to its title. Just a collection of suggestive hints and sentences on the Nazarite's separation, the threefold Benediction of God, and the princely service of God's people. This is no dry exposition, but a sweet, savoury, spiritual application of Scripture truth to the universal Christian experience. A shilling will be most profitably expended in the purchase of this little book, if it is carefully and prayerfully read and pondered. There is an Appendix, which gives an admirable and succinct description of the work of the China Inland Mission with which Mr. Hudson Taylor's name is inseparably associated.

Notes.

We have such a superabundance of other matter for the Magazine, this month, that our "Notes" must be as brief as possible. We have also to omit many pages of "Notices of Books" which we hoped to insert.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ask us to call special attention to their offer to supply a large-type, illustrated, half-guinea Teacher's Bible, with very valuable "Helps to the Study of the Scriptures," together

with 20 copies of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, to anyone who sends them 5s. 6d., and undertakes to distribute the Sermons. Many of our readers will probably take advantage of this opportunity of obtaining a remarkably cheap Bible on very easy terms.

We are glad to hear that the first edition of our friend H. T. S.'s shilling brochure,—*A Crimean Veteran, and other Stories*,—is nearly exhausted. Our esteemed contributor's sketches of village life and scenery

are so good that they ought to run through many editions.

The following letter gives an indication of the widespread interest that has been aroused by our new series of articles on "C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons." One of our brethren intends to include in his article a sketch of the service at Southampton mentioned by Mr. Morris:—

"26, Duke Street,

"Cardiff,

"February 8, 1898.

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—In this month's *Sword and Trowel*, Pastor A. G. Brown gives a brief account of memorable Sermons preached by the beloved President. (It seems to me that all the Sermons he ever preached were memorable ones.) Only three weeks since, I read one of those noted by Mr. Brown: 'Let us not sleep as do others' (No. 163). What it must have been to have heard the Sermon from his own dear lips, I can only imagine; but I can truly state that it sent a thrill of delight through me when I read it, three weeks since, and I cannot but believe that the reading of that and many other of his Sermons must be a great power whenever and wherever they are read.

"Once only did I have the joy of hearing the beloved C. H. S. I travelled from Cardiff by a midnight train in order to be at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. London would have been empty (so far as I was concerned) if C. H. Spurgeon had not been at the Tabernacle that day. It was in a continuous downpour of rain that I made my way to the Tabernacle;—still, I was thankful even for the rain, for it gave me more hope of getting inside; and so it proved, for, being such a wet day, the building was not too full to hold one more. First I was permitted to stand inside one of the doors, and later was given a seat quite near the platform. Well do I remember the opening of the door behind the platform, and the appearing of the beloved Pastor, evidently in great pain. After the reading of John xv., came the prayer,—SUCH A PRAYER,—I can hear it even now; and then the text, 'WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING.' (No. 1,625.) Truly it was a memorable Sermon, well worthy of being preached again the same week at Southampton at the Autumnal Assembly of the Baptist Union. I could write much more, but must not; I only add that I love his dear name, and believe that his view of the Truth is more firmly held to-day than ever, and the more so because of the faithful stand taken, and so nobly held by him.

"Yours obediently,

"W. MORRIS."

Our readers are sure to be interested in Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's account of his Sabbath morning at Bexhill, and no one will be more pleased than himself if their interest is of the practical character mentioned in

the concluding portion of his article. Announcements as to the opening of the new chapel are premature at present, as Mrs. Spurgeon is quite resolved that there must be NO DEBT on the building, and nearly £1,600 will still be required to complete the whole scheme.

The annual church-meeting at the Tabernacle is being held just as the Magazine is in the press, so we must defer till next month our report of the proceedings.

Pastor C. B. Sawday has kindly furnished us with the following further "Note" on Rev. John McNeill's mission at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, January 16—28:—

"The interest manifested in this united mission of the South London churches was not only well-sustained to the end, but it deepened day by day. The crowd increased, so that the doors had to be closed early, and late-comers had little chance even of standing-room. The ministers of many of the churches (like pastor, like people) were present at nearly every service. The choir rendered good service, the stewards from many congregations filled their posts well, and the Christian workers found delightful employment in leading seekers to the Saviour. Not a few backsliders stayed after the services, greatly troubled about their wanderings from God. We seemed to need no after-meetings in the usual sense of the word. The preaching was so doctrinal, personal, and practical, and the appeals were so earnest, tender, and persuasive, that any further address to those who might remain appeared inappropriate. Nothing was left but for the hearers to walk in the way so plainly pointed out. Every service was an object-lesson to preachers and all others who desired to be wise to win souls. We were glad to see our brethren in the College back from their vacation, and heartily helping in the good work. Sometimes we remained for prayer. Those present will never forget the outbursts of supplication for unsaved friends. Generally, the great meetings closed with silent prayer. Many, we think, must have yielded to Christ during the last five or ten minutes of these wonderful services. Our dear brother John McNeill has found his way into our very hearts, for he has preached the doctrines so dear to our late beloved Pastor, and to ourselves, with a heart full of the love of Christ and the power of the Holy Spirit. May we soon have such another time of blessing!"

On Wednesday evening, February 9, the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY'S usual monthly meeting, in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, was really one of a series of district gatherings arranged by the South London Auxiliary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, and comprised the churches of Walworth, Newington, and Kennington. Mr. J. Chamberlain presided; good, stirring addresses were

delivered by Pastor W. J. Mills, R. Foulkes Griffiths, Esq., and Mr. J. T. Sears, J.P., L.C.C., the honorary secretary of the Association; several pledges were taken, and a pleasant and profitable evening was spent.

On *Wednesday evening, March 2*, a lecture on "Martin Luther, his Life and Times," will (p.v.) be given, in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, by Pastor A. E. Saxby, of Cossey, near Norwich. The lecture will be both interesting and instructive, and illustrated with beautiful limelight pictures; we hope our friends will keep this date open, and meet with us in large numbers. The Committee have invited our friend to come on this occasion in order to help him in establishing a Protestant day school in the village where he is labouring, as all the children in the place have to go to a Roman Catholic school. This is a special reason why the attendance at the lecture should be unusually numerous. Mr. Saxby deserves all the assistance that can be given him towards the project he is seeking to carry out.

On *Monday evening, February 14*, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was largely attended by the scholars and members of the Young Christians' Association in connection with the Sunday-school, to whom Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave a special address, in which he expressed his great pleasure at seeing so many young people present, and his hope that every week would witness as numerous a company. The second Monday evening in each month is to be specially regarded as the Young People's Prayer-meeting.

COLLEGE.—Any of our friends who read the article referred to in the following letter will be glad to see the answer that the students have made to it:—

"To the Editor of *The Christian World*,
 "Dear Sir,—I am requested by the students of the Pastors' College to point out that the article under the heading 'The Pastors' College,' in your issue of the 17th inst., is a serious misrepresentation. We are surprised that an influential religious weekly should insert a report so misleading, and can only conclude that you have been erroneously informed as to the nature and purpose of our meeting. The matters which were represented to the President had no reference whatever to what you are pleased to call 'the short-sighted policy' of the College. Your reference to our tutors is in keeping with the other misrepresentations of your article, for we are unaware of any agitation for 'broad-minded and liberal tutors.' The record of our College contradicts your statement that we are behind other Colleges in the efficiency of our training for the ministry. That our senior tutor has resigned, is true; but solely on account of ill-health, and not through any action of the students. Notwithstanding your remarkable statement

that 'there are churches in the country that will not look at a Spurgeon's man,' may we not remind you that the pulpits of some of the most important churches in the country are occupied by 'Spurgeon's men,' and some of these by quite recent settlement?

"The reference to our President is beneath our notice, as is also the prediction of your prophet. The College is unanimous in its respect for and loyalty to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon.

"Yours respectfully,

"F. W. J. BUTLER,

"Students' Secretary."

The following brethren are removing to other spheres of service:—Mr. J. Edmonds, from Grimsby, to West Green, Tottenham; Mr. J. C. Forth, from Leicester, to Kirby Muxloe; Mr. Sydney J. Jones, from Toxteth Tabernacle, Liverpool, to the East London Tabernacle; and Mr. C. Joseph, from Portsmouth, to St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge, the church of which C. H. Spurgeon was a member when he began to preach. These latest settlements show the repute in which "Spurgeon's men" are held in two of the most important churches in London and the provinces, as well as in many more that might be named, including the largest Baptist church in the world, the one worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Mr. J. Coker has gone from Fitchburg, to Dalton, Massachusetts; Mr. C. Smale, from Prescott, Arizona, to the First Baptist Church, Los Angeles, California; and Mr. E. C. Murphy, formerly of the Falkland Islands, has settled at Freeland, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Mr. J. Manton Smith, after a series of most successful meetings in New York, Philadelphia, and other places, is now conducting a six weeks' united mission in Toronto. He reports crowded meetings and much blessing.

Pastor and Mrs. Alfred Hall, late of Merthyr Tydfil, paid a farewell visit to the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, February 13. At the morning communion service, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon referred to Mr. Hall, not only as "one of our own men," but as a dear personal friend, and called upon him to pray. Our brother also led the supplications of the great congregation at the Tabernacle in the evening, and the following night he delivered a brief address at the prayer-meeting. We wish the very choicest of blessings to our friends in their new field of labour at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, though we shall sorely miss their faithful fellowship in service and testimony in our own country.

Conference.—The annual assembly of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association will (p.v.) be held from April 18–22,—the Monday evening gathering, in addition to the meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, being held at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. B. B. Hindley	0	3	6	Collected by Miss F. Cook	0	17	8
Collected by Miss J. Permaine	0	8	0	Mr. J. Jones	0	1	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Coggeshall, per				Mrs. M. A. Purvis	0	5	0
Mrs. K. Willsheer	0	18	9	Per Mrs. E. H. Collier?			
Collected by Mrs. Willsheer	0	15	0	Mrs. Collier (proceeds from			
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	1	0	7	netting lace)	4	14	0
Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0	Mrs. Hall	0	2	0
Employees of Messrs. Southall Bros.				Miss Skidmore	0	1	0
and Barclay	1	0	0	Mr. Reed	0	3	0
Mr. Jno. E. Stokes	0	10	6	Mr. Skidmore	0	2	6
Orphan	0	2	6	Mr. Hackney	0	1	0
Miss M. Joscelyne	0	2	0	Mr. Scooter	0	1	0
Baptist Chapel, Blaenau Gwent, per				Mr. Skidmore, junr.	0	3	0
Mr. W. Spencer	0	13	0				
Mrs. E. E. Chapman	0	1	0	Mr. W. J. White	5	7	3
Mr. T. Philips	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Driver, per Pastor	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. Wilson	0	10	0	C. Ingram	0	10	6
Half proceeds of sale of work by Miss				Mr. W. Barclay	0	2	6
Elsie Curtis and friends	2	8	3	R. S.	0	1	0
W. A.	0	5	0	Collected by H. H. K.	0	15	0
Mr. W. Gray	1	1	0	Watch night service, Coombe Martin,			
Mr. S. F. Hurnard, J.P., per E. C. B.	1	0	0	per Pastor W. Ewens	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Woodrow	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. A. Forbes	1	10	0
Mr. C. Iberson	0	3	0	Mr. J. Brown	5	0	0
Zion Baptist Sunday-school, Eastry,				J. W. E.	0	3	0
per Mr. W. Clark	0	12	6	A widow	0	2	0
Collected by the late Mrs. Francis	0	6	3	Baptist Sunday-school, Faringdon, per			
Collected by Mr. Simpson	1	3	3	Pastor H. Smith	0	7	8
Postal order, West Croydon	0	1	6	M. E., a thankoffering	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Norledge	0	2	6
Per F. K. T.:				A friend, Glasgow	1	0	0
Miss Adrian	0	5	0	Mr. J. Varley	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hy. Brown	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. J. P. Perrin	0	12	6
Mr. Probin	0	5	0	Baptist Chapel, Ecton, per Pastor J.			
In memoriam, E. P.	0	10	0	Field	2	2	6
In memoriam, J. K. T.	0	10	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Burnham-on-			
In memoriam, C. T.	0	10	0	Crouch, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	2	3	0
In memoriam, C. H. S.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Alexander	0	10	0
F. B. T.	0	10	0	Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0
Belle Isle Young Women's				Mr. J. Calpin	1	0	0
Bible-classes (for orphan				Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	6
girl)	5	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Pilgrim	0	11	0
				E. G., Montrose	2	10	0
Mrs. Spooner	8	10	0	Anon., Chelsea	0	10	0
Mrs. H. Mills	1	1	0	Mrs. A. Upchurch	0	6	0
Mrs. E. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0	Miss M. E. Sully	0	2	6
Mother's Meeting, Garland Street	1	0	0	Mutley Baptist Chapel, Plymouth, per			
Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's	0	4	4	Mr. B. Adams	5	16	10
S. M. P.	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. H. Thompson	0	1	6	Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0
Mrs. A. Burr	0	5	0	Miss C. Coleman	1	0	0
Anon.	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. H. Nash	1	7	4	Mr. Thomas Clements, per Pastor J. H.			
Mr. W. H. Harvey	0	5	0	Plumbridge	0	10	0
Wishaw Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr.				Miss Thompson	0	2	0
Thomas Prentice, junr.	0	15	0	Postal order, Accrington	0	10	6
Gold Hill Baptist Sunday-school, per				Per Mr. E. Taylor			
Mr. H. Mills	0	11	3	Milnsbridge Baptist Sunday-			
A. S. D.	5	0	0	school	1	10	10
One drop in the ocean	0	10	0	Mr. G. H. T. Hanson	1	0	0
Miss Bovey	0	5	0				
Collected by Miss A. M. Hughes	0	5	0				
Baptist Sunday-school, Evesham, per				Woolwich and Plumstead Tabernacle			
Mr. W. Ashby	1	5	0	Sunday-school, per Mr. Jno. Reeves	2	0	0
Mr. H. Holt	2	0	0	A Suffolk friend	1	0	0
Miss E. Geddes	35	0	0	Miss E. M. Perkins	0	10	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	0	10	6	Miss Thompson	0	10	0
Mrs. M. J. Strappa	0	2	6	Mrs. Goodiff	0	5	0
Postal order, Leabury	0	10	0	Mr. James Philips	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	1	6	7	Mrs. A. Morris	0	2	0
Mrs. Rees	1	0	0	Mrs. Wood	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Armstrong	0	7	6	Mrs. K. Watmore	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Kelley	1	1	0	Mrs. Green	0	1	0
Mrs. Beves, per Miss Jephth	0	2	6	Mrs. F. R. Stovin	2	0	0
Per Mr. C. Dauncey:				Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	2	2	0
Mr. C. Dauncey	2	10	6	Mrs. E. Medwin	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Dauncey	2	10	0	Mr. T. Eatock	0	2	6
Mr. S. R. Dauncey	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. W. R. Dauncey	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	1	0	0
Rose Dauncey	0	10	0	Postal order, Glasgow	1	0	0
				Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
				Mr. R. Guy	1	10	0
	6	10	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Adams	1	1	0	Mrs. Jno. Parry	1	0	0
Mrs. Staines	0	15	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox (for the main- tenance of an orphan boy for one year)	20	0	0
Postal order, Portsmouth	0	10	0	R. J.	0	5	0
Northampton	0	10	0	Mrs. Morgan	0	2	0
Per Miss Tarrant:—				Mrs. Taylor	0	3	0
Mrs. Rogers	0	2	0	Collected by Master D. S. Herries	0	2	0
Miss Rogers	0	1	0	The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	10	10	0
Miss Tarrant	0	2	0	Mr. A. Fennings	100	0	0
Miss E. Tarrant	0	2	0	Messrs. Horn and Co. and employees	3	13	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant	0	2	0	Mr. J. H. Anstice	0	10	0
Mr. J. Tarrant	0	1	0	Collected by Miss F. E. Searle	4	6	10
Mrs. Langley	0	2	0	I. V., Lewes	1	1	0
				W. T. H., Willesden	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Ewins	0	12	0	Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	0	3	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. M. A. Jones	0	2	0	The Countess of S—	2	0	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood	1	0	0	Mrs. S. F. Armitage	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Gray	0	10	0	Mr. Underhill	1	1	0
Pastor W. Slater's Bible-class, Bulwell	0	10	6	Miss Davis (in memory of dear Mr. Spurgeon)	1	0	0
Mr. L. Haigh	1	0	0	Miss Mary Ollard	0	2	0
Free Church Sabbath-school, Lockeriebie, per Mr. E. Moffat	0	10	0	The Misses Heap	3	3	0
Mr. G. E. Byerley	0	10	6				
Mr. B. Brown	2	0	0	Mr. W. E. Eastman	17	6	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen	1	0	0	B. W. M., per J. T. D.	0	5	0
K. E. and J. S. (a thankoffering for the baptism of our tenth child)	0	10	0	Miss M. E. White	2	2	0
Miss E. Sizmur	0	3	0	Mr. W. Clissold, per Pastor W. T. Soper	0	10	0
Mr. W. Barritt	0	7	6	W. P.	0	10	0
A reader of "The Christian World," per the Editor	1	0	0	Mr. D. C. Apperley	2	2	0
Mrs. Harvey	2	0	0	Collected by Miss Wollacott	2	0	7
Mr. G. H. Edwards	0	5	0	Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	0	6	6
Mr. R. M. Boodle	1	0	0	Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	19	18	0
Mr. C. A. Goodbody	0	10	6	Mr. Jno. White	1	0	0
Anon., per Mr. J. Horn	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Crosby	0	2	6
Mr. J. W. Crossley	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mr. Wm. Allen	100	0	0
Misses S. and A. Sadler	1	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. Thos. Rogers	4	10	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0	Orphan boys' collecting cards (as per second list)	14	17	10
A friend in Texas, per Miss C. Smith	10	0	0	Orphan girls' collecting cards (as per second list)	10	7	3
Mrs. Thirza Haynes	10	0	0	Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. E. Goodman	1	0	0	Bishop Stortford Baptist Sunday- school, per Mr. W. J. Harris	1	1	0
A. B. T., Tain	0	10	0	Arthur Street Sunday-school, Camber- well, per Mr. T. R. Stone	1	16	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Free Church Sabbath-school, Beauly, per Mr. James Fraser	0	8	6
A sermon-reader, Edinburgh	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Paignton, per Pastor W. F. Price	0	6	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Derby Street Tabernacle Sunday-school, Burton-on-Trent, per Mr. F. J. Glover	0	16	5
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0	Ceylon Place Baptist Sunday-school, Eastbourne, per Mr. A. D. Wenban	0	13	0
Collected by Mrs. T. Humphrey	0	9	0	Leyton Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. F. P. Bull	0	10	3
Mrs. E. Barns	0	10	0	Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Mr. T. Medley	1	15	0
Mr. T. D. Lewis	0	2	6	Men's Bible-class, Burley Road Baptist Chapel, Leeds, per Pastor F. W. Walter	3	15	0
Postal order, Plymouth	0	10	0	Surrey Square Baptist Mission and Sunday-school, per Mr. C. A. Pavey	4	0	0
Miss F. Cook (Kennington)	0	5	0	Duke Street Baptist Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dufforne	2	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0	Market Harboro' Baptist Sunday- school, per Mr. H. Godfrey	1	0	4
Messrs. R. and S. Haynes	1	0	0	Irwell Terrace Baptist Sunday-school, Bacup, per Mr. J. R. Taylor	0	5	3
Mrs. E. Holiday	0	5	0	Kenyon Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Keevil	5	2	6
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0				
Mr. T. Fordham	2	2	0	Christmas Dinner Collections:—			
Mr. James Woodward (Banbury)	0	5	0	Putney Baptist Chapel, per Rev. S. Hamill Wilkinson	2	0	8
Miss N. Cross	0	2	6				
A country minister	0	5	0				
Mrs. E. N. Green	0	2	6				
Mrs. Bucknell, per Mr. C. H. Shelton	2	0	0				
Miss H. Winter	0	10	0				
B. T.	1	0	0				
Mr. E. Rayner	20	0	0				
Rev. J. H. Moore	1	1	0				
Dumplin	0	1	0				
S. P.	0	5	0				
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0				
Messrs. W. Runciman and Co.	20	0	0				
Mr. M. McIntyre	0	10	0				
The Misses Porter	0	5	0				
Miss Hayball	0	2	6				
Miss A. Collins	0	5	0				
Stamps, Putney	0	1	0				
Per the Editor of "Footsteps of Truth"	1	1	0				
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	1	1	0				
Mr. H. Chapinan	0	10	0				
A. B. B.	0	10	0				
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	0				

(orsley, per Pastor E. Ashton (second amount) ...	£ s. d.
Miss S. Rose, per Miss Ricketts ...	0 1 0
West Cowes, per Rev. G. Sparks ...	1 0 0
Peckham Park Road Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Phillips ...	6 19 2
Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore ...	7 10 0
Winchester, per Mr. A. Parfitt ...	2 15 0
Mr. W. H. Vardill ...	0 10 0
Waltham Abbey, per Pastor G. H. Kilby ...	18 0 1
Waterlooville, per Mr. George S. Lancaster ...	12 2 0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	1 2 6

Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	£ s. d.
Abbey Road Mission, Belvedere ...	4 0 0
Haddon Hall Sunday-school, Bermondsey, per Mr. W. Olney ...	3 3 0
Belmont Hall, Clapham ...	3 12 0
People's Hall, Thornton Heath ...	5 1 0
Wesley Chapel, Vauxhall Walk (part expenses) ...	0 10 0
Beckenham ...	5 1 0
Sale of programmes, Clifton Congregational Church, Peckham ...	1 1 2
	<hr/> £683 11 6

ERRATUM:—*Sword and Trowel*, February, page 94, first column, Mr. John Smith, £1 12s., should be Mr. John South.

Orphan Boys' Collecting-cards (second list):—Bingham, A., 3s; Baker, G., 6s; Barnett, R., 4s; Beard, B., 18s 9d; Butcher, F., 5s 3d; Channer, F., 14s; Cowley, C., £1 1s; Clark, S. G., 1s 9d; Copping, G., 9s; Darby, R., 4s 3d; Farrell, W. and P., £1 1s; Hockley, F., 2s 6d; Hunt, E., 1s; Harris, F., 3s; Kay, H., 1s 6d; Leak, A., 2s; Leigh, A., 15s; Lee, L., 5s; Maddox, F., 6s; Mutch, W., 3s 6d; Pearce, L. and T., £1 1s; Pile, C. N., £1 1s; Ryland, A., 6d; Slade, B., 1s; Stark, C., 10s; Saville, A. and R., 6s; Steere, P., 1s 6d; Sheppard, G., 10s; Shurley, E., 10s; Talkington, C., 6s 2d; Trinder, G., 2s; Utton, A. J., 3s; Wright, H., 10s; Williamson, A., 6s; Wilmot, J., 2s; Wright, W., 7s 9d; Warner, T., 12s 6d; Wakeing, H., 4s 9d; Warmingston, S. J., 4s 2d; Weston, H., 3s.—Total, £14 17s 10d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting-cards (second list):—Ayres, E., 3s 2d; Ashton, K., 2s 6d; Baker, G., 6s 3d; Burroughes, E., 1s; Brown, L., 1s; Bishop, A., 5s; Court, B., 6d; Crawford, R., 10s; Clutterbuck, L., 2s 3d; Coombs, E., 2s 6d; Dew, E., 5s 3d; Dines, E., 1s; Day, N., 5s; Day, P., 3s; Elliott, A., 5s; Field, M., 3s; Gearing, B., 1s 6d; Galer, E., 6s; Greey, L., 6s 6d; Grove, K., 2s 6d; Harper, A., 1s; Hussey, V., 3s 8d; Hall, G., 7s; Hallis, J., 4s 1d; Lacey, M., 2s; Mulcock, M., 7s; Marjoram, E., 2s; Mullett, G., 7s; McCondaoh, A., 5s; Pennymore, M., £1; Page, M., 7s 6d; Plumley, W., 4s; Page, E., 1s 11d; Rosser, L., £1; Rose, N., 3s; Senyard, E., 6s 2d; Smith, L., 11s 6d; Suffell, M., 2s; Witting, J., 3s; Widdeson, M., 10s 6d; Woodward, M., 6s.—Total, £10 7s 3d.

List of Presents from January 15th, to February 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—5 sacks Flour, Messrs. J. Taylor and sons; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Pouter; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Owen Clover and Son.

Girls' CLOTHING:—17 Articles, Miss Poole; 5 Articles, Mrs. Marsland; 12 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 9 pairs Ouffs, 1 Scarf, Miss L. Haward; 6 Articles, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 23 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higge; a few assorted Articles, Mr. J. Bush; 4 Articles, A well-wisher, A. B. Leicester.

Boys' CLOTHING:—5 Shirts, Mrs. Marsland; 7 Shirts, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higge; 12 Shirts, Mrs. E. Y. W.; 1 pair Knitted Socks, from Ventnor.

GENERAL:—3 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; 60 Volumes, Mr. W. I. Smith; 1 Scrap Book, Mrs. Westall.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th, to February 14th, 1898.

<i>District Subscriptions:</i> —	£ s. d.
Howling Hill, per Mr. E. R. Lewis ...	10 0 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	13 15 0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot ...	15 0 0
Tewkesbury, per Pastor J. E. Brett ...	1 5 0
In memoriam, Messrs. Greenwood Brothers ...	10 0 0
Cudiff and Penrhwiweiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J. E. ...	11 5 0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris ...	11 5 0
Egham, Horsell, per late Mr. J. Corpe ...	20 0 0
Eist Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman ...	7 10 0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw ...	10 0 0
L. H., for Eastchurch ...	45 0 0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	10 0 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock ...	49 0 0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	3 15 0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5 0 0
Tewkesbury, Friends at Overbury Chapel ...	5 0 0
Codivote, per Mr. A. Lockhart ...	7 10 0
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney ...	10 0 0

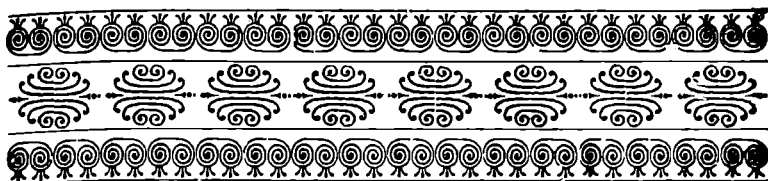
Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney ...	£ s. d.
Earl's Colne, per Mr. Jas. Tawell ...	10 0 0
	<hr/> £256 5 0

<i>General Fund:</i> —	£ s. d.
Dr. MacGill ...	0 10 6
Mr. and Mrs. Hillier ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Marshall, per Mr. H. Mears ...	1 0 0
Mr. Philcox, per Mr. H. T. Dunn ...	0 5 0
Mr. Rogers ...	0 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Tarrant, in loving memory of C. H. S. ...	0 2 0
Miss Tarrant ...	0 2 0
An old member ...	0 5 0
"Ebenezer," per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	5 0 0
Mr. C. H. Price ...	2 10 0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:</i> —	
Mr. T. S. Penny ...	1 1 0
Miss Hooper ...	1 1 0
	<hr/> £12 18 6

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. Walter Hinson	2 2 0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>	
Mrs. Hockley	1 1 0	Mr. Arohibaldi Stewart (for Gaelic sermons)	0 1 6
Mr. Wm. Fleming	0 5 0	"Carey's Penny," from April, 1896, to December, 1897 (for Bengali sermons)	0 7 6
Mrs. J. Mackay	0 2 6	Ipslam Ferry	2 2 0
A grateful reader of <i>Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack</i>	0 2 6	"For Christ's sake" (for French sermons, with £1 3s. for Book Fund)	1 3 0
Northampton	0 10 0	Mrs. Smart	10 0 0
M. E.	0 10 0		
Mrs. Perrin	1 0 0		
A. H. W.	0 5 0		
"In lieu of flowers at a funeral"	1 5 0		
A well-wisher	1 0 0		
			<u>£21 17 0</u>

[illegible]

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.


APRIL, 1898.

The Young Pastor's Posy.

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Continued from page 76.)

X.—TO DRUNKARDS.

ATAN is a fowler, and beer is his bird-lime. If Isaiah had said, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the beer-shop, and ye that have no money, come, take strong ale and porter, without money and without price," he would not have had to cry in vain here, for some of you would run a mile for a pint of drink, but would not move an inch for rivers of love and mercy. Remember that these three D's go together,—Drunkenness, Death, and Damnation.

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XI.—TO THOSE WHO FIND FAULT.

You go to chapel every Sunday, but you complain that you get no food; you blame the minister, and find much fault with the preaching. My friend, are you at all like the man who went to a feast, and was very busy in detecting faults in the arrangements, trying the soundness of the plates, and so on, but he kept his mouth shut, and went away without a bite, while others were delighted and satisfied?

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XII.—CHRISTIAN HEDGEHOGS.

Many professors deserve no better name than that of Christian hedgehogs, for they are curled up into a circle around themselves, and

their whole anxiety is about self-security and comfort; whilst, if you attempt to expand them, you get a spiny coat rolled on you, for they are armed with rough, pricking tempers.

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XIII.—RED-HOT CANNON BALLS.

When a Christian is firing at either friend or foe, let him make the cannon balls red-hot with love; then much greater execution will be done.

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XIV.—THE KEYS OF DEATH AND HELL.

James Wells says that Satan does not keep the key of his own house. Christ has the keys of death and hell, so that, should the devil drag a believer to the pit, he cannot unlock the door to thrust him in, for Christ keeps the key.

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XV.—ARE THEY YOURS?

Members of churches are apt to boast of "our Sunday-school," "our success," "the conversions among our young people." Do not steal these things; they are not yours, for you help the teachers very little, and pray but little for them. They are yours if you work for them; not else.

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XVI.—GOD'S CRYING CHILDREN.

Some fathers complain if their little ones are much given to crying, they count it a horrid noise; but God likes a crying family. The louder and the oftener they cry, the better is He pleased; He loves the music of His children's prayers.

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XVII.—A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

The sun appears greater at setting than when in full meridian height; and is it not true of a good man that he is most glorious at death? Yea, the very clouds around his last hours are tinted with the splendour, and seem to increase the grandeur of the scene.

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XVIII.—CHIMNEY-POTS, A FOOL'S FOUNDATION.

He who makes good works his trust, puts the chimney-pots where the solid stones should be; he must be a fool who chooses such a foundation. The believer builds with the true materials of God's grace, and puts the chimney-pots and the slates of his own good works on the top, to make a perfect, comfortable house.

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XIX.—THE GOLDEN CALF TO-DAY.

Christ walks on bare floors oftener than he does on Turkey carpets.

Had the young man, who had great possessions, kept all the commandments, he would not have been so rich. The golden calf has abundance of homage, and our mitred Aarons are the priests of it; though they say "our wealth is but incidental," "we do not preach for gain," yet out comes the calf, and who thinks it is produced without a graver?

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XX.—FLOWER-POTS OUT IN THE RAIN.

I observed, when it rained, that my friend placed the flower-pots out in it; he knew that it did not rain in the parlour; so also, though it rains on Mount Zion, you must set your souls out so as to get the rain. You must not think of receiving any if you lazily stay at home. My friend had some little pots, and they were set out, too. So I would advise you to bring the children to the house of prayer. Set the little pots in the rain.

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XXI.—CHRISTIANS SHOULD BE IN THE CHURCH.

A Christian who does not make an open profession, and join a church, is like a blade of wheat growing by the roadside. He is a plant of the Lord's right-hand planting, and cannot be rooted up; but the goats may nip him, and passers-by tread on him; and should the wind blow upon him, he cannot nod his head against a neighbour's, and so get help to stand. Beloved, I should like to transplant you to the other side of the hedge.

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XXII.—FRUITFULNESS IS BEAUTY.

Those are the most beautiful trees which have the most fruit on. This is true also in God's garden.

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XXIII.—THE SINNER'S ARMOUR.

How many of the arrows, that ministers shoot, miss their purpose, and glance off from the sinner! Why? Because our hearers wear steel jackets, and are cased up to the throat; and beside that, they have by nature a skin tougher than the hide of a rhinoceros.

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XXIV.—THE SAINTS' MANSION.

God has not said, "My worn-out servants shall receive a comfortable almshouse," but He promises us a mansion, and, doubtless, everything in our circumstances will agree with the mansion, for, when God calls us kings, He makes us so.

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XXV.—POISONED WATER TO BE AVOIDED.

I have read of a company of white men, who made their escape from the Cingalese, that, when their enemies could not beat them in fight, they tried what stratagem would do. They knew the men were

thirsty from their long march and the heat, so they set a large vessel of poisoned water for them. However, the captain suspected the trick, and upset the whole, lest any should drink and die.

So does the devil tempt Christians to-day; he knows our desires, and suits his devices to them. He offers to satisfy our wants; but, oh! let us doubt him, and ever suspect that the water he prepares is poisoned; and if it be in our power, let us spoil his plans to entrap others.

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XXVI.—BEWARE OF THE SERPENT.

Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of the choicest flowers; so does the serpent lurk in our most pleasurable delights.

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XXVII.—RELIGION, NOT AN OFF-HAND FARM.

Many men make their religion an off-hand farm, a sort of extra concern, but their main business lies in quite another direction. This is trying to serve two masters, and must end in failure.

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XXVIII.—CHRISTIANS—OLIVE-TREES, NOT HOLLY-BUSHES.

A Christian's beauty should be as the olive-tree; that is, evergreen, for a good man's leaf never withers. I fear some Christians are not so approachable as olives; better call them holly-bushes.

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XXIX.—SCARING THE EVIL BIRDS.

Christian husbandman, keep thy clappers going loudly, or the birds will come down on the harvest. Satan trembles when he hears thy warning cries, and the sound of thy clapper of prayer; but if thou dost sleep, the wicked one will rob thee.

(*To be continued.*)

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

A VISITOR was welcomed to the "Work-room" quite recently, whom the Lord very graciously sent to cheer the heart of the solitary worker. An American gentleman, for many years a lover of my dear husband, and the doctrines of grace which he preached,—but it will be more interesting if I may be allowed to introduce him to my readers in his own words:—"Permit me to say that I am looking forward to the privilege of a visit to 'Westwood' with peculiar pleasure. Your name has long been a household word in my home. My wife for many, many years has found, in your sainted husband, the shepherd who has led her into green pastures. Having been shut in by illness, and unable for almost twenty-five years to attend church, she has had Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons weekly, the *Sword and Trowel*, and now, in addition, the Sermons of your honoured son Thomas, so that she feels almost as a parishioner,—one of the great

multitude whom we cannot number, who have been fed by him, and by you and yours."

The object of this kind friend's visit was to tell me particularly of the great interest he and his dear invalid wife felt in the Memorial Chapel at Bexhill, and of their desire to show their appreciation of Mr. Spurgeon's life and labours, and their love for his memory, by helping in its erection. He had twice been to Bexhill,—last year, when he saw and was delighted with "Little Beulah," then just completed; and again, a week or so ago, to be astonished at the size and beauty of the larger building, now safely roofed in. He has generously undertaken to provide the cost of the rostrum and its accessories, promising me not less than £100 for this purpose, to be given in the joint names of his wife and himself!

That the Lord should thus stir up the heart of comparative strangers to help me so nobly in this sacred work, moves me to deepest gratitude and praise; the old, dearly-loved text comes to the front again, with added emphasis in its God-honouring declaration, "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes." Yes, *it is* marvellous, although faith has expected some such manifestation of His power, and still looks for repetitions of it till the purpose of His heart is accomplished.

Another generous friend, who wishes to be anonymous, to whose kindness I am already much indebted (for "Beulah" owes its artistic comeliness to him), has promised £100, so that, as we now stand, we need quite £1,300, which *must* be raised before the Chapel can be opened. Doubtless the Lord has fixed the time to throw wide its doors, even as He at first determined its place and its boundaries; we wait the guidance and the gifts of His hand to make *His way* straight before our face. If He should send in the money to complete it, the top-stone will be raised with shouts of "Grace, grace unto it;" if not, the building will remain empty till every penny is paid; nay, rather, it will not be fitted and furnished till this can be done without owing any man anything. Mr. Hockey and I made a solemn compact to this effect in a recent interview; and, as we are sure "the Lord hearkened and heard," we feel content to leave the matter entirely in His hands.

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I have had a letter from a lady-missionary in Demerara, gratefully acknowledging the regular supply of the Sermons, and telling me of the eagerness with which they are read in a settlement for lepers, whither she sends them with many a prayer for blessing. The manager of the place—himself a leper—speaks of the joy and comfort thus brought to these poor outcasts of society, whose lot is so sad and pathetic; and my heart blesses God for His goodness in thus using my beloved's discourses to alleviate the sorrow and bitter grief of what I suppose is the most dreadful and loathsome disease that can claim a human body as its victim. As we read the dear Pastor's Sermons in our happy homes, and with more or less healthfulness of frame, let us remember, with pity and prayer, the poor lepers whose eyes will rest on the same blessed truths, and ask for them the gift of spiritual life and healing.

I was interested in hearing, some time ago, that one of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Braille type fell into the hands of a poor blind woman who used to be a member at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and I was told her delight was very great when she found she was able to read for herself one of her loved Minister's discourses. There are now more than a dozen of these, embossed and published, and two volumes of "Personal Notes on a Text," which I am assured are "greatly valued." My correspondent writes:—"It is most encouraging to find that, while so many other books are being prepared in Braille type, ours are always sought for by the blind, as they say they 'get so much good' from them; and though the employment helps many, yet the real spiritual benefit of these afflicted ones is our first and main object in the work of producing books for them."

I am grieved to know that this blessed ministry for the sightless is, like so many other good works, almost at a standstill for lack of means to carry it on. Should any readers of this note feel drawn to contribute to its failing funds, will they kindly send to Miss Beckwith, 8, Milner Square, London, N.?

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I expect some friends will remember the fact of the distribution, in Syria, of the Arabic translation of the Sermons,—the opposition of the priests, and the burning of many hundreds of copies by those priests, that the people should not read them. Well, the work was not stopped by their malice; though, perchance, it suffered some little diminution at the time. Now there is a renewed desire on the part of the people to possess these messengers of mercy, and I lately sent the means to provide for the fulfilment of their wish. The following is the reply I received:—"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Allow me to thank you heartily for your note of February 11th, and its enclosure of £5. I will, at the very earliest possible moment, convert the draft into the printed pages, and send them out on wings of faith and prayer during the '40 days' fast' before Easter Sunday. As it is winter still, people are freer for reading. I will tell you, later on, which Sermons we choose for this special time." Here is a subject for prayer! Dear friends, do ask the Lord to let the true Light shine into the hearts of these Syrian people, that they may see and receive Him as their Saviour.

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"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Who touched Me? . . . Somebody hath touched Me.*"—Luke viii. 45, 46.

"Master, the multitude throng Thee and press Thee, and sayest Thou, Who touched Me?" In all that vast surging crowd of people, jostling each other in order to get a view of the wonderful Man in their midst, and even pressing upon Him in their rude inquisitiveness, there was but one poor suffering woman who understood His mission, and tested for herself the power she believed Him to possess.

Blessed Lord Jesus, this sick and sorrowful "somebody" shall be my guide to Thy feet this morning! I rejoice to know that her touch of faith must have been the result of Thine own Divine love and

compassion. Thine hand must have moved her heart, or her finger would never have been laid on the hem of Thy garment. Thou must have awakened within her the desire and the trust which produced such happy results. This "somebody's" sad case, dear Lord, was well known to Thee, and, "for the sake of them that stood by," as well as a sweet incentive to all those who should hereafter believe on Thy Name, Thou didst graciously draw this sin-sick, soul-sick, unclean creature to Thee, that Thou mightest bestow on her both pardon and healing! Oh! wilt Thou not *repeat* the miracle at this moment, Lord? Both writer and reader are needing the exercise of Thine Omnipotent power on their behalf, and are now stretching forth trembling hands of faith to receive the blessing Thou alone canst give! O bid us touch and live!

Do you wonder, poor sinner, whether your need, and your longings, and your first faint hopes of mercy are known to the dear Saviour whom you seek? See here how instantly the Lord was aware of a touch upon the edge of His robe, and how immediately He knew that virtue (power) was gone out of Him. What strong encouragement this should give to a timid, shrinking soul! The slightest contact of faith with Christ ensures salvation. So full is He of blessed power and willingness to save, that, even from His raiment, the sacred healing flowed in response to this poor woman's trustful touch. How much more will spiritual cleanliness be bestowed on thee when thou sayest,—

"My faith doth lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And here confess my sin."

I want to cheer my own soul with this comfort of God. I am realizing very painfully that "in me dwelleth no good thing;" nay, more, that "evil is present with me." The fight against inbred corruption is fierce, and I am well-nigh spent in the struggle. Is not this the very time to test and trust the Saviour's power? I shall have to force my way through a crowd of iniquities, and doubts, and discouragements; but mine is an urgent case, and I know that, "if I may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole," for so surely as my faith meets my Saviour's free grace, my deliverance is assured and complete. Ah! how insensate and ignorant it would be to draw back in full view of life eternal, and choose to perish rather than to persist!

"But," says one, "I think I could more easily push my way through a crowd of people, and really reach out my hand to touch Jesus, than I can spiritually and mentally imitate that woman's action." Yes, I see, you are an unbelieving Thomas; you must put your finger in the print of the nails, and thrust your hand into His side, ere you believe. This always has seemed to me a wilful and hard-hearted resolve on the part of the apostle, yet how tenderly the Lord dealt with it, how fully and freely He gave Thomas leave to set his doubts at rest in his own way! I do not think he availed himself of the permission; the glory of the Saviour's risen body scattered all

his scepticism in a moment; but there was gentle reproof in Christ's after word, "Because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: *blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*"

O my gracious Lord, it is a marvel of marvels that Thou dost allow my faith to draw forth Thy Divine power to heal and save! It is sweet comfort to remember that Thou didst know all about that silent woman, stealthily creeping up behind Thee to snatch a blessing even from Thy garment; but it is still greater solace to understand that Thou didst permit her feeble finger to unlock, as it were, the sluices of Thine eternal love, so that spirit, soul, and body were at once flooded with Heavenly grace and favour, and with perfect peace and pardon! O Lord Jesus, words fail me to extol Thy wondrous compassion, Thine unspeakable pity and love; but do, I beseech Thee, now draw some other poor sad "somebodies" to Thy dear feet, that they, too, may be made whole! S. S.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE STUDENT'S STOOP.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE
ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25, 1898.

OF all inquisitive, familiar, and outspoken folk, the American interviewer surely bears the palm. He looks you through and through, he scans you up and down, he turns you inside out. Nothing escapes his keen eye, and what he fails to discover by enquiry, is readily supplied by a fertile imagination.

I was not a little surprised to note one morning, in a paper of the "spread eagle" type, a description of myself so picturesque that I really failed to recognize the subject of the sketch. Certainly I had no reason to complain of the delineation, except indeed that it was too highly coloured.

One item in the description struck me forcibly. I was credited with possessing "the student's stoop." This was a new phrase to me. I had heard of "the Grecian bend," and of "the Alexandra limp," but not of "the student's stoop." Again I felt flattered, for it was evident that I was credited with a very liberal use of midnight oil, and a special devotion to literature.

A word in passing about the student's stoop proper,—or rather, improper,—for it can hardly be called an advantage or an embellishment. I suppose there really is such a thing, or the phrase would not have been coined. A Danish proverb has it that "a cow is not called dappled unless she has a spot." I have sometimes thought that the picture of the Pastors' College which adorns the cover of our Annual Report does its best to prove that our students have this distinguishing mark. The artist has certainly done full justice to the College Building, and especially to the grounds about it. The shrubs are most luxuriant, the sky overhead is cloudless, and the clinging



ivy climbs to the Gothic windows, &c. But of the three figures in the foreground, one especially has a decidedly cadaverous appearance. His knees seem to have a chronic bend, which is not necessarily an outward and visible sign of prayerfulness; and, altogether, his "wide-awake" hat notwithstanding, he has a decidedly sleepy appearance. His somewhat rounded shoulders and hang-dog look are, I presume, the draughtsman's rendering of "the student's stoop."

Now it is very well known that we must "stoop to conquer," but is it necessary that the study of theology should make us hang our heads? Possibly, all hard study is calculated to affect the frame disadvantageously, but there are ways of counteracting these baneful effects. This picture must have been drawn before the cricket and football clubs were encouraged. Really I must see about getting another drawing made, with such athletes in the foreground as—; but it would be invidious to mention names. Joking apart, it is indeed well that more attention is being paid, nowadays, to physical training. Half our ministers are poor, ailing, failing creatures. They do grand work, despite their infirmities; but it would probably not have been less grand had they been more robust; and this, some of them might have been had the laws of health been studied in company with the laws of syntax and geometry. A well-developed chest is, in its way, as useful an equipment to the Christian minister as a well-trained mind, or a well-stored memory. An applicant for entrance into the militia, who was distinguished for a narrow, flat chest and round shoulders, was informed that he would make a very good soldier if his head could be turned round! Good soldiers of Jesus Christ have to endure hardness, so they should be fitted physically, as well as intellectually and spiritually. I therefore encourage you, brethren, to indulge your sports, and stretch your legs, and broaden your chests, and straighten your shoulders. Your games should be engaged in, not merely for the pleasure and excitement they afford,—not even because you are convinced that other Colleges will be all the better for being beaten,—but with the earnest desire to keep a sound mind in a sound body, that present studies may be

prosecuted to profit, and the service of the future be entered upon with an all-round equipment. It is good to stand as much as possible when reading and writing; when sitting, there should be no lolling, and the daily use of clubs or dumb-bells is—so the doctors say—essential. When some kind friends outside our immediate circle are so anxious that “Spurgeon’s men” should not be spoken of slightly, it behoves us to see that “the student’s stoop” is banished from our brotherhood. If it is not given to us to be as “scholarly” as some others (?), perchance we may be as muscular. Even muscular Christianity is useful at times.

But there are certain forms of stooping that will befit the student and the minister. These need cultivating;—they come not naturally;—and when acquired, they are not deformities, but adornments.

I. Some there are who suppose that we stooped exceedingly *when we determined to enter the ministry*. It may be readily conceded that, from a worldly point of view, this may be so. It is pretty certain that a man who is successful in the ministry could have made at least as good a living in some other avocation, and it is to be hoped that those poor souls whose stipends as village pastors are barely enough for subsistence, would have had homes not less comfortable, and resources not less reliable, than those they now possess. Certain it is they would not, in other walks of life, have had to submit to such humiliations as some of these faithful men endure,—humiliations which they might have been spared if so much as a grain of consideration and sympathy had been in the official heart. To have one’s miserable pittance doled out unpunctually, but not ungrudgingly, is humbling indeed. The old story has it that one member prayed for his pastor, “Lord, keep him humble, and we’ll keep him poor;” but, surely, there was no need for the petition in company with such a decision. What is more humbling than to be *kept* poor, when a generous policy is possible, or a little system could easily secure the needful?

There are other ways, not much more to be commended, of making the minister stoop. I will not apprize you of them; you will know them soon enough. Your friends were right, in a sense; you have stooped to the ministry,—especially the Baptist ministry. There are few plums in it, and even those are *not stoned*. He who enters our ranks with thought of “making his pile,” will soon discover his mistake. He may count himself happy if he secures a competence. “Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.” But I am persuaded better things of you, brethren, though I thus speak. We are no sticklers for priestly assumption,—we hate and abhor it; but we could do with a little more respect from some quarters. If we do not insist on being called “Rev.,” it is not because we think no reverence is due to the God-appointed ambassador of Christ. Only those who dwell in such places know how squire-dom, and clergy-dom rule the roost in certain villages. I remember, to this day, the supreme disgust of a Church of England lady who told me, in a railway carriage, that the only fault of a certain charming district was that it was “literally eaten up by Dissent.” Awful!—wasn’t it? I tried to let a little light in on the subject; I don’t know if I succeeded, but I recollect the benevolent old soul offering me some refreshment,

which also (as I was rather "peckish") was soon "literally eaten up by Dissent." "The Baptist ministry," as I once heard a deacon of a church assure a young pastor, "is not all beer and skittles."

Brethren, you are entering this high vocation with your eyes open; but you have opened your mouths unto the Lord, and you cannot go back. He hath set before you an open door, you are none the less sure of that because there are many adversaries. Stoop, then,—if stoop it be;—the Lord shall lift you up.

But *is it such a stoop, after all?* The poorest and most despised of the brotherhood is a child of God, an heir of Heaven, a king, a priest, an ambassador. We wear the livery of Heaven, the *imprimatur* of the King is upon us, the Omnipotent Spirit speaks and acts through us. We will become fools in glorying. We may well magnify our office. They have no cause to be as bulrushes whom the Lord has planted like cedars in His courts. Why should we pose as the reeds of the marsh when we are authorized to stand like the oaks of Bashan? Let us preserve our dignity, and rejoice in our high calling of God. "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" "Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees." If we stoop, we "stoop to conquer."

II. Secondly, brethren, I need not do more than just remind you that *you stooped exceedingly when you entered the Pastors' College*. Have you not been told so again and again? I will not use "vain repetitions, as the heathen do." "Spurgeon's men" always have been spoken slightly of,—*as also was Spurgeon*. He undertakes a wearisome task who thinks to remove the reproach. The reproach has come upon us mainly by reason of adherence to principles most sacred. There is no way to remove the reproach but by forsaking the principles. I am not sure that, even then, it would be rolled away; those who profess to despise us for holding them would be the first to cry, "Cowards! Traitors!" if we cast them from us. The College, from its inception, has gladly stooped to men of low degree; it has aimed to make the men whom God has chosen, still fitter for His use. It has stooped to despised doctrines, and old-fashioned but apostolic methods. It has stooped to supply poor churches and village chapels with faithful men. Wherefore God hath highly exalted it, till, to candid observers, it occupies the loftiest place from almost every point of view. You stooped to join its ranks,—so some suppose;—but mark my words, if you are true to its traditions, whatever place you may hold in the churches, you will have this for your comfort, that you, for Christ's sake and the gospel's, identified yourself with an Institution which, because it imposes no qualifying examination, and no financial obligation, and because it favours not new fashions of faith and methods of criticism, is spoken of slightly. God's smile is all we crave, and *we have that!* Addison's Juba declares of Cato,—

"I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers."

We'd rather have our God approve our deeds, than *worlds* (!) for our admirers.

Gentlemen, I congratulate you that you stooped to apply for admission to the Pastors' College. You will not regret it, if grace is continued and increased to you. Even if it should happen that you have to walk the way of the valley,—'tis calmer there than on the heights, and you will be nearer to the water-brooks. Forget not that it is written that "Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cush." You may be first though you started last. In any case, the truth holds good,—

" He that is down need fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his Guide."

III. Thirdly, "the student's stoop" may be said to consist of *strenuous application to elementary studies*. There is nothing like starting well. A good beginning is half the battle. It is essential to be well grounded. Jerry-building is possible with books and themes as well as with bricks and mortar. We all thought we could learn to write without the long-continued slavery of pot-hooks and hangers! Those five-finger exercises were by no means necessary to born musicians! Why didn't the drawing-master let us sketch ships and scenes, and the human form divine, instead of posts, and pots, and pans? How little did we know of the need there was for gradual advancement! If, when I began to learn the art of wood-engraving, my teacher had let me start away with graver, and scooper, and tint-tool at one of his best blocks, he would have had his picture spoiled for one thing, and I should never have mastered the art. Therefore did he set me to single lines, and *facsimile* work, and then to cross-hatching, and to various simple tints. And one thing I remember on which he laid great stress,—too much to please me at the time,—he would have me learn well how to sharpen my tools. That was sharp on his part; but I should have been a poor tool if I could not sharpen my instruments. Now, brethren, stoop to this. Lay a good foundation. Dig deep. Drive in the piles. Clear out the rubbish. Get well rooted and grounded. It is hard work, but it pays in the long run. You may make too much apparent progress now, and too little real advance later. He knows little of horseflesh who urges the steed at the start; let her take it steadily at the outset, she'll soon settle down to a swinging trot. It is better to sip at the cup of knowledge than to drain the goblet at a draught.

All these are ways of saying—Stoop, brethren, stoop to the arduous toil of mastering first principles. Do not lightly esteem such matters as correct spelling, and clear writing, and accurate quotation. Go in for the roots of things; the fruit depends thereupon. Go down into the Red Sea of earnest effort to master foundation facts (you will go dry-shod, for some of them are dry enough), and presently you will climb the thither side with shouts of triumph. "All's well that ends well," but that only is likely to end well which is wisely started. Again I say,—*stoop*. The burden of so precious a treasure as knowledge is worth carrying, but it will not come up to you; you must go down to it. The learner's is a lowly place, but it is a lovely one.

"Humility is the child of knowledge." It is said of Themistocles that, seeing something glitter like a diamond in the dark, he scorned to stoop for it himself, but bid another stoop, saying, "Stoop thou, for thou art not Themistocles." Old Master Brooks uses this deftly to illustrate the truth that it is below a noble Christian, who hath God for his portion, to stoop to the things of this world. We run the stream into another channel. If knowledge, however elementary, be indeed a treasure, it is worth stooping for, and none can do the stooping for us.

IV. Next, *stoop to the study of the Word*. Here again I speak foolishly. The "higher criticism" is a stoop indeed. The reverent searching of the Inspired Volume is more like climbing than stooping. But the simple, earnest, loving reader is *supposed* to stoop. Then we will be stoopers all. Intellect never sits on so high and bright a throne as when it reverently regards the Divine Revelation. The gospel of reason, the gospel of humanity, the social gospel, the gospel of common-sense,—to these and other hateful substitutes for the one Gospel, some have *risen*,—so they think. Well, if they have risen, we are indeed stooping. God forbid we, too, should rise! The blessed Book will lift us if we stoop to study it. If we trample on it, it cannot lift us up. We gladly bow to drink of this life-giving stream; he who will not bend his back cannot even wet his lips. A reverent attitude becomes the searcher of the Scriptures. Moreover, the mirror of the Word does not release its secret save to the earnest, humble gazer. The man whom James describes as looking into the perfect law of liberty is, according to the original, *stooping down* and bending over the looking-glass, and he *continues therein*. It is said of Peter that he "ran unto the sepulchre; and *stooping down*, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass." He who bends most, and looks closest, sees most. The angels desire to *look into* the things of God, and even they must stoop to do so, like the cherubs peering into the mercy-seat. Be it ours to stoop at the cradle of the Holy Child Jesus. What a stoop was His when the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us! He stooped to the ground ere He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." He stooped under the cross ere He was lifted on it from the earth. He stooped to the grave ere He rose to the glory. Let us be buried with Him that we may be raised with Him.

V. *If sticking to the old gospel is stooping*, to this also we are pledged. We can do no other; so help us, God! Our stock-in-trade is gone if the gospel is wrested from us. We are bankrupt indeed if this treasure be stolen. We know it is simple, we know it is humbling to human pride, we know it ministers not to self-glorification. We know it exalts sovereign grace, and glorifies the crucified Saviour. We know it is levelling, for it shuts all up under sin. We will even grant that it is "sanguinary"; but we murmur not at that, for it is God's own rule that "without shedding of blood is no remission." All this and more we readily admit. Therefore do we love this gospel. 'Tis dearer than our lives to us. We would rather stoop to this than soar to aught beside. We shall be in worthy company. Behold the goodly

fellowship of *the stoopers*,—those who determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified! What a gathering that will be when all who counted it all honour to preach the Doctrines of Grace and the Gospel of the Cross are united before the throne!

“They all shall be there, the great and the small;
Poor I shall shake hands with the blessed St. Paul.”

Then shall we greatly rejoice that, in spite of all temptations, we remained firm in the faith,—humble enough to teach “none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead.” I have several times solemnly undertaken to preach a different gospel when they find me a better one.

“Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I'll preach a Saviour slain.”

When one complained to Robert Hall that his preaching, *i.e.*, his doctrine, was fit only for old women, he replied, “The doctrine will not suit people of any age unless it be true; and if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age.”

VI. *Having thus learned the art, it will be comparatively easy to stoop whensoever required.*

Should a small pastorate or an obscure sphere present itself, it will not be looked at askance. If God says, “Go,” there will be no hesitating, no questioning, no murmuring. There will be enough souls to watch for, and to give account of, in the smallest parish, and the thinnest congregation. Besides, some of these small beginnings have great endings. Happy is the man who has served a good apprenticeship,—he will prove a good master by-and-by. Stoop, friend, stoop; it is the surest way to rise.

He who has caught this spirit—this grace of the Lord Jesus—will not be above *caring for the young*. Tending the lambs is work that Jesus gives to those who are quite sure they love Him. No others are fit for such a task. President Lincoln, walking one day with his secretary, stopped at a little shrub, and looked into it; then stooped, and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves as if to take something out. His secretary said to him, “What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?” “Why,” said he, “here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I am trying to put it back again.” Such a man was fit to rule the great Republic, and to help to found a nation. Go and do likewise. No work for Jesus is undignified. There are plenty of fallen fledgelings; find them, grasp them,—even if the twigs threaten to scratch,—lift them, and replace them in the nest.

Stoop also to the poor. They are often of the true nobility. They can teach you lessons no others can impart. You will probably get more from them than you can give to them. Be not high-minded. “Condescend to men of low estate.” Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think. Pride in anybody is detestable; in a Christian, it is inexcusable. We must stoop all the way to glory.

“Humble we must be if to Heaven we'd go;
High is the roof there, but the door is low.”

“ I Know their Sorrows.”

MEMORIES OF EASTERTIDE, 1897.

“ NOT so well this morning, wife ? ” asked the husband, as he looked at the little boy in his mother’s arms ; — “ I had so hoped we could go *together* to Conference this year.” That hope had been much to the mother ; but their firstborn was ailing, and her heart was heavy, — and yet heavier as the day wore on, — and “ Good Friday ” morning dawned chill and grey.

* * * *

“ It cannot be, darling, that God is calling our treasure Home ? Surely he will rally ? ” said the father, as he held a little hand in his own strong, tender grasp.

The room was very quiet, — a little pilgrim was on the Borderland, the large blue eyes seemed riveted on the face bent over him ; — the parents knew the Good Shepherd was folding their lamb, — His footsteps were very near now, so they yielded their lent treasure, praying that one of the watchers present might find eternal life in believing, in the sad hour. . . . A few more moments, and the sweet eyes were raised upward, the strange solemn smile came, and baby-boy was with Jesus.

* * * *

The members were very kind, fair flowers were brought, and the stricken hearts felt the power of loving sympathy ; — so many had passed “ this way heretofore,” — yet *the shadows were deep*. During the simple service at chapel, they sang —

“ Around the Throne of God in Heaven,”

then the little coffin was tenderly borne to the grave, hidden by wreaths and Easter blossoms, and baby was laid to sleep, “ *until He come.* ”

* * * *

“ We want you to go away for rest and change,” said the thoughtful deacons.

“ We can go to Conference now, dear,” said the wife, vainly trying to steady her voice.

Another glance at the empty cradle, — another visit to the sacred spot on the hill by the sea, — another heart-cry to the loving Father for *absolute* rest in His will, — and husband and wife were speeding through the shires on their way to the great city. How lovely the country looked, mountain and moorland flooded with Spring sunshine !

* * * *

“ We are in good time, so you will get comfortably seated.” The two separated at the door of the Conference Hall ; ere long, the sound of four hundred voices rose in mighty volume, and the pastor’s wife thought of the swelling song “ Up Yonder.”

“ Will Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon be present at any of the meetings ? ” she asked of a lady sitting near. “ I do not think so ; she could not sustain the strain or fatigue ; and, of course, memories of the late dear President would overcome her.”

"Then I shall not see her," thought the little woman in mourning. "How I long to meet her whom *he* so loved, and thank her personally for those words of sympathy last week."

"There is a letter for you, wife, and from Upper Norwood! What can it be?"

* * * *

Elephant and Castle platform,—a quiet, hearty greeting from the private secretary,—an introduction to several servants of Christ, and on we sped toward "Westwood."

"Would you like to see the spade with which Mrs. Spurgeon cut the first sod for the new Bexhill Chapel?" asked the pastor of that church; and so, with happy converse, the pilgrims journeyed, till the Crystal Palace loomed before them, all shining in May sunlight.

"Are we really on our way to 'Westwood'?" whispered one whose heart was filled with new joy. "Yes, dear, we are nearing the gate."

Familiar indeed it seemed; often had she seen it in the various publications; but how different to pass through, and walk down the laurel-skirted drive, how sacred it was!

* * * *

"Mrs Spurgeon will be with you presently," said a kind voice; "will you wait in this room?"—and then, ere they could command themselves, the gentle lady greeted both with loving, sympathetic words,—her own deep sorrow is ever fresh,—and as the mother listened how God had comforted a heart so sorely stricken, it was as the balm of Gilead. "Glory, not the grave; rest from pain, not earth-sorrow; glad re-union, not separation; is what we can rejoice in to-day," she said.

* * * *

Everything is as the great preacher left it,—the study, the books, the writing-table,—in every detail,—even to the inkstand, pen-wiper, and scissors. The place where *his* chair stood, is empty,—a pathetic though silent reminder,—but directly over it, is the familiar face;—*now*, the frame is circled by two palm-branches; but who may tell of the moments spent there, by one who was his dearest, now the chair is empty?

"Westwood,"—ever sanctified home, hallowed were the hours passed within thy walls; treasured are the moments we were permitted to company a while with her whose life is lived for others. But the shadows were lengthening; "The Question Oak" and Arbour were becoming veiled in evening mist as the happy guests sang softly in the study; earnest prayers rose, like the incense of old, for the King's work and workers;—worn ministers felt God's own peace fall as "dew of Hermon," and hearts grew brave and strong, kneeling there where their glorified leader had pleaded for them in the old days.

* * * *

"Are these pressed ivy leaves?" "Yes," I reply, "they have precious memories; they were gathered from Mr. Spurgeon's Arbour at 'Westwood,' scarcely a fortnight after our lily was transplanted;"—and to yet another friend is told the story of our Heavenly Father's tender care and love in the shadow and sunshine of last Eastertide.

F. T.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LII.—PASTOR E. A. TYDEMAN, FOOT'S CRAY, KENT.



AMONG the portraits of "Our Own Men" appearing, month by month, in the *Sword and Trowel*, none will be more welcome to the readers than that which stands at the head of this page. In thousands of Christian homes, PASTOR E. A. TYDEMAN's ministry of song has been a spring of inspiration and refreshment, so that his name has become to many "familiar as a household word."

It was in the county town of Chelmsford,—some twenty miles from the birthplace of our ever-

revered President,—that the subject of this sketch was born. He was the third son of the Pastor of the Baptist Church in that town. His parents were staunch Nonconformists of the old-fashioned type, who had in early life forsaken friends and position to confess Christ in the manner taught in the New Testament. His mother was a woman of no ordinary type of piety and consecration, and her influence had no small share in the formation of the Christian character of her son. At the age of thirteen, the lad left home to begin the battle of life. He was apprenticed to an optician in the East End of London, close by the then notorious "Ratcliff Highway." A promise, made to his mother, that he would regularly attend chapel and Sunday-school, was rigidly kept, and thus many of the temptations that beset a youth on leaving home were avoided.

His own feelings inclined him to enjoy the ministry of C. H. Spurgeon, but the distance made regular attendance impossible; so, during his first residence in London, to his great regret, he heard the world-renowned preacher only on some few special occasions. Mr. Tydeman's article, in the January number of this Magazine, proves how seriously he was impressed by Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons at New Park Street Chapel; and, although not led to decision by them, their influence was deep and permanent.

At the close of his apprenticeship, he accepted a situation in Newport, Monmouthshire, where he fell in with a few friends who were meditating the establishment of a new Baptist cause in that rapidly-growing town; and being interested in Sunday-school work, he joined them, became the first secretary of the school, and had the joy of seeing it grow from a small beginning of about seven scholars to a large and flourishing company of several hundreds. An ardent abstainer, he also helped to found a Young Men's Temperance Association, which for some years did good service in the town. On July 4, 1861, he was baptized by the Rev. Evan Thomas in the Charles Street Chapel (the Stow Hill Chapel being not yet built), the blind Dr.

Davies being the preacher on the occasion. Here, at Newport, he formed a large circle of friends, some of whom "remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep," and the glow of fellowship with the warm-hearted sons of the Principality is to him an abiding memory of joy. After a brief residence in the neighbouring town of Cardiff, where he joined the church at Bethany Chapel, under the pastoral care of Rees Griffiths, he came to Maidstone, where—with the exception of a year's residence at Reading, and a few months at Gosport, he remained until his entrance into the Pastors' College in August, 1870.

As a student, few men were more thorough and conscientious in their work, and certainly none were ever more popular and beloved than Mr. Tydeman. His sound judgment, genial disposition, and overflowing humour won for him a large place in the confidence and affection of the whole brotherhood. In the College discussions, his rising to speak was always the signal for a hearty outburst of welcome, as tutors and students alike knew that he would not only contribute wise and instructive words, but would light up the debate with some quaint, humorous story,—of which he seemed to possess an inexhaustible store,—and thus aptly illustrate the topic under consideration. Even in the case of the famous weekly sermon, when some critics found their greatest delight in using the sharpest sentences, no one ever dreaded the criticism of Brother Tydeman. If he sometimes raised a laugh at the preacher's expense, he did it so kindly that the man who joined in it most heartily of all was probably the preacher himself.

But no one in the College enjoyed Mr. Tydeman's addresses as did the beloved President. It was a treat to see his eyes light up, as only *his* eyes could, and to see him shake with uncontrollable merriment at some droll, but yet appropriate incident narrated by the subject of this sketch. During those College days, a friendship was formed between the two which grew more intimate as the years went by, and continued until—for the President—there was the call, "Come up higher."

In December, 1870, Mr. Spurgeon called our brother aside, one memorable Friday afternoon, and said, "Tydeman, I want a man to go down to Portslade-by-Sea, close to Brighton, to start a Baptist cause; your name has been suggested to me, would you like to go?" "Honestly, sir, I should not." "Oh! then you will not go?" "Nay, sir; I did not say *that*, for when I entered College I signed an agreement to accept cheerfully any work assigned to me; and if you command me to go, I will go, and do my best, though I should much prefer to be unfettered for my studies." "Oh, well!" said he, "then that's soon settled; I command you to go. I have paid the rent of the 'Clarence Hotel Assembly Room' for three months; so go, and God be with you!"

The morning of December 18th came, and the student found himself facing a cold Nor'-Wester on the windswept road that lay between Brighton and Portslade. Visions of the "Clarence Hotel Assembly Room," with its elegant appointments, and the possibly fashionable and critical audience, filled the heart of the traveller with

apprehension ; but his fears were groundless, the " Hotel " proved to be a third-rate public-house, and the " Assembly Room " was up a narrow staircase at the rear, and was simply a club-room, twenty-six feet by twenty, furnished with forms of various ages and styles,—only two of them having backs,—a superannuated grand piano, half-a-dozen dilapidated cane chairs, and a ricketty three-legged table. The windows were all wide open, and through the smoke which filled the room could dimly be discerned the figure of a stout man, on hands and knees, fanning the flame of a stubborn fire with more zeal than judgment. He proved to be the moving spirit of the new venture, and greeted the minister right heartily. One by one, the people came in, till there was a congregation of eleven adults, with a sprinkling of children, and the service began, the text that day being " The Lord will give grace and glory." For two years, the student-pastor travelled to and fro, and preached the Word with joy to growing congregations till the room was filled to its utmost capacity. The surplus of the weekly offerings, after paying third-class fare, was put in the Bank, and this, with some contributions from friends in the vicinity, sufficed to purchase a plot of freehold land in a central position, and to leave something towards the building of the future chapel. When, on the conclusion of his College course, the work had to be surrendered into other hands, it would be hard to determine whether pastor or people felt the separation the more keenly ; and, in after years, when the permanent chapel was built, he was heartily invited to lay one of the memorial stones.

In January, 1873, Brother Tydeman was invited to take the oversight of the church at Morice Square, Devonport, in succession to Dr. Stock. At the recognition service, the venerable and reverend George Rogers gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. John Aldis the charge to the church. Here, a happy pastorate of nine years and seven months was spent, and never had any pastor a more loving people. In 1875, the chapel was renovated, and a new front erected,—at a cost of about £1,000,—the whole of which was raised in less than four years with scarcely any outside help, although the people were for the most part poor.

In the autumn of 1882, there came to our friend a hearty invitation to the pastorate at Zion Chapel, Bacup, where he laboured for nearly eight years,—the longest pastorate in the history of the church. The faithfulness of his ministry and the charm of his Christian character left a happy and abiding impression upon the large Baptist communities for which the Rossendale Valley is famous, whilst the cheerful and efficient service which he rendered to every good cause in the district endeared him to the hearts of many outside his own denomination.

On the Borough School Board, Mr. Tydeman represented the Baptists from its first formation in 1883 ; he acted as Secretary to the local Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society ; while the esteem in which he was held by his ministerial brethren may be gathered from the books and address presented to him by the Rossendale Nonconformist Ministers' Evangelical Association, of which he had been for six years the Secretary.

The address was as follows:—

"Rossendale Nonconformist Ministers' Association.

"To the Rev. E. A. Tydeman,

"Dear Brother,

"We, the members of R.N.M.A., with whom you have been so long connected, desire to express our deep and sincere regret at your removal from this district.

"We remember with gratitude that from the first you have taken a real and practical interest in our meetings, and in all that concerned the well-being of your brethren in the ministry.

"For six years, you acted in the capacity of Secretary, and thus rendered us invaluable service, and contributed in no small degree to the success of our gatherings.

"By your wisdom, kindness, and geniality, you have greatly endeared yourself to each of us, and we shall never forget the brightness which your presence always brought into our midst. We can testify to the high appreciation of your labours, and the esteem in which you are held, in all the churches in the Valley, without respect of name or creed. Whilst we regret your departure, we rejoice that you have entered upon a congenial sphere of labour in Foots Cray, and our united prayer is that you and your dear family may enjoy all blessing, grace, and prosperity in your new home.

"We pray your acceptance of these volumes as a slight token of our regard, and as a memento of the many happy hours we have spent together.

"Yours in Christian love,

"CHAS. ROBERTS,

"Assistant Secretary."

On the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee, in 1887, Mr. Tydeman wrote the special hymns for the town's celebration, when a procession of about 11,000 scholars and teachers of the Sunday-schools of the Borough, headed by the Mayor and Corporation, paraded the town, and on one of the grassy slopes of the Rossendale Valley joined in singing the hymns,—a scene that will ever live in the memory of all who took part in it. So greatly were the hymns appreciated that, in 1897, our brother was again asked to furnish the hymns for the Diamond Jubilee celebration, and by special request was present to hear them sung, his reception on that occasion bearing eloquent testimony to his hold on the affections of the people of that unique Northern town. It was during his residence in Bacup that he first became a contributor to the *Sword and Trowel*, and in the subsequent numbers of the Magazine, right down to the present time, very many of his "psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs" have appeared, supplying comfort and help to multitudes, and bringing him into grateful correspondence with many unknown friends in this and other lands. His articles on "C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons" prove his power in writing prose as well as poetry.

In January, 1890, came the call to Foots Cray,—a neighbourhood beautiful for situation, in the centre of the fruitful fields of Kent;—and here, amidst conditions the very opposite to those which

surrounded him in the busy Lancashire town, he has continued until this day. The geographical position of his present church renders any large growth almost out of the question; but it speaks volumes for the pastor that he has been able, with perfect naturalness, to adapt himself to such entirely different circumstances, and to exercise his gifts for the profit of all.

As Mr. Tydeman is just in the full vigour of powers which years of varied experience have served to ripen, his brethren, who also are of "the sons of the prophets," and the yet wider circles to which in some form or other he has ministered, will unite in the hope that there stretches out before him a long season of ever-growing influence, that shall bless the Church and the world.

South Norwood.

J. CHADWICK.

A Pilot-light.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

SITTING in a large hall, waiting for the time of meeting to arrive, I was much interested in the care-taker's preparations for lighting up the place.

High up in the domed roof, I observed a large sunlight, which I presumed would be the chief illuminant; but how was it to be lighted? Surely, no rod long enough could be raised to reach it, and it seemed an impossibility for any man to get near it. I was not left in the dark for any great length of time, for, as if by magic, the whole cluster burst into flame, and brightness filled the apartment. The fact was, a pilot-light was ever burning up among the jets, and it only needed the gas to be turned on at the main for all to be kindled.

Now, I want every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* to become a pilot-light for the "Text Union." Around you are very many friends and neighbours, who only need to be asked to join, and in the district where you reside quite a galaxy of members may be set alight by our "Text Bond."

If only a few earnest workers could be found, in every Christian church, willing to take up this service, they would receive a blessing themselves, and become a means of grace to many others. The lives of most people can bear a little more brightening, and the world's darkness would be diminished by the shining of the Word of God, as it was passed on from one to another.

Pastor C. Spurgeon will gladly forward some papers of information to anyone wishing to enlist others in our army. Write to him to say that you are willing to become "a pilot-light," and he will be delighted to find that you will seek to obtain members for the "Text Union." If you send five half-penny stamps to "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, S.E., he will forward a card of membership, and an Almanack for 1898, which you can then show to your friends. There are nearly 18,000 lights in the cluster already. Do become another, good friend!

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

IV.—PRESENTATION DAY.

THE coming of Spring should cure us of the spleen. Where is the melancholic who calls March "piercing", April "sloppy", and May "treacherous"? Away with him! Carry him back through the months, and drop him into the "outer darkness" of a November fog.

Listen to the larks! Not one, nor two, as in February, abroad to see what the weather is like, or, as solitary singers, rehearsing their parts in an empty auditorium, but dozens of them, some high up in the sweet clear air, others mounting or descending the stairway of the sky. Surely it is "presentation day" in the court above, and the birds are paying their respects to the sun, making their own music as they come and go. "Presentation day, O ye bovines!" they seem to cry to the cattle, as rising from the growing sward they sing straight off. "Presentation day," they carol as they descend. "O ye that munch, munch, munch, do you not wish you had wings?" "Presentation day!" Again they appear to make this their refrain as, with tremulous wings, they beat time to their own notes, then one and another descend, and hastening through a lane of grass, they carry the spirit of their ascent to their humble homes.

Does not all this suggest to you, O companion of the Spring day, that other soarings, and even higher songs, are possible,—that, like the lark, the holy soul can mount, and sing, as her worship carries her into the very presence of the King, "I, too, have the privilege of presentation"? Yes, up from the homes of earth, passing the perpetual feeders, leaving those who chew the cud of complacency far beneath, those who find their element in the boundless realm of communion with God can soar and yet soar, propelled by the expansive power of love, on pinions of faith and hope, filled with the breath of the Spirit, till into the third heaven they penetrate, and are lost to the lustreless eyes of the world in the glory that excelleth. And when such happy souls at last emerge from worship's shrine, and descend to the commonplace, their upward flight has not unfitted them for the weavings and watchings of daily life. The sweet singer in the April heavens is a clever nest-builder, and an assiduous parent. Ah, bird of sober plumage, but with a voice that possibly charms celestials, as unwearied through the summer's day thou dost both sing and search for food, say, may we not with thy notes set the moral to music,—"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord"?

Some birds chirp over their homes; some cackle; and some croak. So do other creatures, whose only apology for wings is their coat lapels, which often flap to and fro like the paddles of a penguin.

As we turn from the gate over which we have leaned to watch the larks, we cannot help hissing our indignation at the selfish appetites which can make a meal of such sweet singers. What shall be said

of the *gourmands* on whose behalf 50,000 larks are annually sacrificed at our London restaurants? Epicures indeed! Receivers of stolen property, rather; men who live by their nostrils, who would not scruple to cook a seraph if he could be served palatably!

Either what words are strong enough to stigmatize the votaries of fashion who wear birds in hats and bonnets, and the wings of small birds on dresses? The other day, to our utter horror, we saw the hat of a schoolmistress, from which two white wings arose, while between the wings a lark was stretched. We are told that "example is better than precept." There are "precepts" and "ratings" enough in these days, but examples are presented very sparingly. One would have thought that woman's tender instincts would have preserved her from conniving at wholesale bird-slaughter in order that she might appear fair with charms not her own. Yet is it not true that, when Vanity goes out shopping, Constable Conscience looks another way? If birds continue to be killed in tens of thousands to supply feathers for the arrows of feminine glances, it will remain a ghastly satire on the supposed tenderness of woman.

* * * *

How charming is an April day! "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." The linnet, "brother of the dancing leaves," flits from bush to bush; a quick eye but catching the glimmerings of his wings. Yet what we lose in sight we gain in sound, for from some safe perch upon the hazel stems he "pours forth his song in gushes." Now, too, the chaffinch cries, "Pink, pink;" the little wren flirts his saucy tail as he skips among the brushwood; while, as you watch his antics, another voice arrests you,—the cuckoo announces his own arrival in the train of my Lady Spring. Then the mind goes off to orchard scents, for the cuckoo's call invites to a sight with which no showroom can compare,—the cherry-trees dressed as Spring's bridesmaids on the occasion of her marriage with the Sun. And all the birds sing; the waters laugh like a group of girl-gossips; and the firs of the plantation, spruced in fresh tabs, line the way, retainers of the grove. So, in imagination, Spring's bridal train goes by, preceded by winged choristers, and accompanied by the dance and gambol of her feathered and furry tenantry. The rooks—her sages—have their grand stand in the old elms, from whence they express their collective loyalty in repeated "Yah, yahs."

Now the bees are on the move, for, all about, Flora has touched the woods and fields with her wand. The violets have opened their pretty eyes, while many a waxen lid has lifted and brought to view cups brim full of nectar, a wedding feast indeed. When the air was raw, and the birds but whistled wistfully, as though they thought the bridegroom long in coming, the bees were like the virgins, fast asleep. During a January walk, we passed a prostrate fir. The wood was rotten. We pulled away long flakes, and there, beneath, were the wild bees in dozens. When the cold air touched them, they flipped their wings, as a young lady might her wraps when the door opens, and a draught comes in. We replaced their bed-clothes, and left the bees to their nap. But our curiosity was quickened, so, with a heavy thorn

walking-stick, tipped with brass, we struck off a long strip of bark from a living tree. What a find of spiders and bugs we made! Moreover, that which only looked like spoiled film turned out, when the hand-glass was applied, to be insect life curled up, waiting for the mystic call, "Go ye out to meet the Spring." So, beneath the layers of bark, the overhanging thatch of the cottage, the joists and tiles of barns, in the hollows of trees, in the very vitals of prostrate giants, around the grass roots of the ditch, in the earth itself, myriads of minute things lie sleeping through the cold days. The roaring winds disturb them not, nor drifting snow, nor King Frost, though he stretch over the land a sceptre of ice; under these mesmerisms of Nature, they do but sleep the sounder. But a bird can wake them. "Tap, tap," comes the bill of the woodpecker upon the door of their hiding-place, and in a minute the spider or beetle is as summarily evicted as an Irish peasant, and the "man in possession" straightway eats him up. The blue titmouse, too, will peer under the thatched eaves, and sadly disturb the straw beds on which little boy beetles are sleeping. Woe be to the uncovered toes that the titmouse spies!

The birds themselves sleep much of their time away during the dark season. The bats hang head downwards, one over another, sleeping dozens together in ancient caverns. The hand of the Great Nursing Father rocks the cradle for His children. The winter's moon looks on a somnolent world. The increasing dead lie quiet beneath the snow, and those who miss them waking dream they are alive again in uneasy drowse. Summer sleeps in her seed-bed under a quilt of dead leaves. Silence reigns among the stark trees. It will be otherwise in June. Then, moths will be abroad, and night-beetles will "Chur-r-r." Then the glow-worm will light the bank to guide her flying mate; and, in the copse, the nightingale will fill the hours with song. Then the goat-sucker will sweep around the trees, playing at sweetheart hide-and-seek, and the bat, on leathern wing, will circle in the midnight twilight.

Yes, He who casts the spell of sleep over His creatures, can wake them, too; some again to go through here the discipline of a changing clime; others to enter upon the joyful activities of a perfect day. He calls, and they awake;—some with wings that bear them to another nightfall; some with pinions which lift them, "in the twinkling of an eye," to the empyrean where God dwells; some with scales and serpent's trail, and some as creatures of the slime;—"some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Transmutations, transfigurations, and translations, are the commonplaces of Omnipotence.

But it is a Spring day, and we are abroad as God's probationers. The cuckoo calls to us from the distance, and the blackbird near by. The wryneck, "the cuckoo's footman," with his crop full of ants, runs away from "the home of industry" which he has left a ruin. The carrion crow sails along to his solitary nest with another bird's egg impaled upon his beak. What is rightly punished as sin in man, is allowed as habit in lower creatures; but habit determines status even in bird-life, and the raven and crow live lives apart.

Yet, if these things set thee brooding, there are other signs, and

sights, and sounds, O brother of our walks and talks, that shall feed thy hopes! The red nettle blossoms by the wayside, exposed to the back-wash of traffic. Let a magnifying glass give aid to sight, and you will find the common flower endowed with a nectarous edging that reminds one of an orchid. Under such circumstances, the nettle shall be a simile of a brusque character in daily life, with hidden virtues which only get their deserts at rare intervals.

Companion of the Spring day, draw back both head and chest. Take a deep breath, and yet another! Life is in the air, as the husbandman well knows, for he turns the very clods to meet it, and these shall pass thereby through mystic change till the hard clay, porous with influence, yields every atom to the breeze that blows. And from the furrow of the plough rises the thing that sings! Up from the cart rut, the indented hoof-mark, the mole-hill side, the songsters mount into the full freedom of Spring's upper world. Did you ever think, as you have watched the larks spring from their lowly nests, that the ploughed field becomes a place of worship, full of responses, articulate and inarticulate, to the life abroad?

Let us go now. The light quivers with meaning. The purple plumelets of the re-clothed larch point Heavenward. The whole world is vocal, which erstwhile was dumb. The Voice from the bush commands attention, and, behold, there is borne in upon us the perpetual fulfilment of the prophecy uttered long ago to Daniel, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake."

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.*

IV.—BY E. A. TYDEMAN, FOOTS CRAY.

IN 1875, the Baptist Union held its Autumnal Session in Plymouth, and the services on that occasion stand out prominently in the memory for several reasons. For one, Dr. McLaren was the President for the year, and he then delivered his historical plea for the establishment of the Annuity Fund, which, if it did not actually call the Fund into existence, at least gave it a worthy introduction to the denomination.

Then, too, at these gatherings, leave was taken of several "outward-bound" missionaries, among whom was Thomas J. Comber, whose life—and, alas! death—are permanently associated with the story of the Congo Mission. By those who had the privilege of listening to them, neither his modest and graceful words of farewell,

* This new series of articles has already proved exceedingly interesting. Pastors Hugh D. Brown, M.A., T. W. Medhurst, James Douglas, M.A., W. Y. Fullerton, W. Walker (Bishop's Stortford), J. J. Knight, and J. D. Gilmore have kindly promised to write their recollections of the Sermons by Mr. SPURGEON which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression; and we shall be glad to receive communications to the same effect from others of our readers. We believe that these papers will tend still further to show the many-sided character of the beloved Pastor's ministry, and that they will help to increase the influence still wielded by him through his thousands of printed discourses.—*Ed.*

nor the massive and forcible utterances of Dr. Brock, who gave the valedictory address, will ever be forgotten.

But to many, if not to most, the chief interest centred in the fact that Mr. Spurgeon was in attendance nearly the whole of the Session, and took an unusually prominent part in the public services,—speaking or preaching five times,—no doubt, partly owing to his deep personal affection for Rev. John Aldis, who was then Pastor at Plymouth. Our beloved President was present at the morning conference, and listened, with evident delight, to the characteristic and solemn address of Dr. Brock to the missionaries. Writing, not long afterwards, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, Mr. Spurgeon described the address referred to as “so wise, so faithful, so full of the Spirit of God that, had he known that he should never meet his brethren again, it was such a valedictory as he might have chosen to deliver.”

In the afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon was to preach in the Plymouth Guildhall, a noble Gothic structure, which had been recently opened by the Prince of Wales. Long before the time of service, the spacious building was crowded to excess, every point that would afford foothold was occupied, many hundreds were waiting outside, in the vain hope that room might yet be found, and when, on the stroke of the hour, the preacher stepped on to the platform, he was faced by a congregation that might have stirred the heart of any man. Living—as I was then—in the neighbourhood, I could look round on the multitude, and mark how representative it was; officers of the navy and army were there, clergymen and ministers from all sections of the Church, and some priests of the Church of Rome, who were as absorbed in the engagements of the afternoon as any who were present. The devotional part of the service was brief, and led up with directness to the Sermon, which, though it lasted for fifty minutes, seemed all too short. Taking as his text part of Genesis xix. 15, “Then the angels hastened Lot,” Mr. Spurgeon said:—

“One cannot help observing, before going to the point which we would specially emphasize, how careful God is to save His own. Here is Lot,—what business had he in Sodom? He had already been warned, for he had been carried captive, and thus had had notice that God was displeased with him; yet still he continued to live in filthy Sodom, and though ‘vexed with the conversation’ of the Sodomites, we can hardly pity him, for he was there by his own choice. Yet, although the circumstances were such that, if he had died with the others, we might have said, ‘it served him right,’ God would not let him perish. Yes, Lot must be saved; the sluices of God’s justice were ready to be drawn, so that His vengeance might flow down in fiery streams upon the city, but not one drop of that dread shower must descend till Lot was safe in Zoar. ‘I cannot do anything,’ said the angel, ‘till thou be come thither.’ When God shall come at last to destroy the world, there will be seen that wondrous sight of the four angels holding the four winds, ‘that the wind should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor on any tree,’ till the servants of God are ‘sealed in their foreheads.’ Even in that dread hour, when the pillars of the earth shall tremble, and the day of mercy is about to close, God

will take care of His own,—glory be to His name for this! Yet, this doctrine should only be preached with the mention of the fact that Lot himself, though saved, was not saved *in* Sodom, but *from* it.

“Now to our main subject, which is this: ‘The angels hastened Lot.’ Lot, with all his faults, was a gracious man; probably, he was about as good as the average Christian. Lot needed pressure; many of us, nay, *all* of us, need it, too. Are we slow, then? Redeemed with the blood of Jesus, and called to Christ’s work by His Spirit, are we slow? It is to be feared that we are. Wherein, then, are we slow? In the same things in which Lot was slow; *slow to obey commands*. I wish to speak very solemnly, and very sorrowfully, as much to myself as to anybody here; it is to our shame that we are slow in keeping the commands of Christ. Why, brethren, there are some who do not even *know* them yet! They have never given an intelligent reading to the Scriptures. And, then, I greatly fear that there are some who do not *want* to know them; who are, in fact, a little afraid of knowing too much; who fear lest some old prejudice would have to be laid aside, or some new duty undertaken. Dear friend, if a text of Scripture has a controversy with you, you had better give way, for be well assured the text will not. If you have been afraid to look one solitary text in the face, is it not due to your Master that you should go at once, and sit at His feet, and say, ‘Lord, what is Thy will? Teach *me*, for I desire in everything to do Thy will.’ Linger not, as some do, excusing their neglect of some known duty by saying that ‘it has not been laid home’ to them; do you, who are parents, allow your children to talk in that way? I think it more than probable that, in such a case, you would lay it home to them, in a fashion that would not be very pleasing. Oh, may we feel that the commands of Christ are so dear to us, that we shall have no desire to evade them, and if we have been backward, may we be hastened!

“Again, like Lot, we have been *slow to separate from sinners*. Happy are they who, like Abraham, have maintained a life separate from the world for years without a break; but there are many over whom the world has sadly too much power, and they need to be stirred up, if not by the angels, yet by the angels’ Master, to a life more separate from the world. Fain would I, if I could, act the part of the angels, and hasten you to leave these lower things, and seek the highest life possible this side of Heaven.

“We need hastening, too, *to seek the salvation of others*. Lot had to be stirred up to get his wife and children out of Sodom; have *we* seen to *our* households? Are *we* clear? Are our ministers clear there? Are our deacons clear? Mothers and fathers, have *you* done all that you could do in this way? God quicken us, to seek the salvation of our households! What makes us slow? Lot, I doubt not, would say that it was the atmosphere of Sodom; but it will not do to lay the blame of our tardiness on the atmosphere, the fault is our own. How often it springs from *unbelief*! I fear that, after all, Lot did not altogether believe the angels; surely, if he really believed that the city was to be at once destroyed, he would not have lingered; and if *we* believed the verities of God as truly as we profess that we do, *we* should not need to be hastened.

"What are the angels that hasten us? Their name is legion. Every mercy that comes to us from God, is an angel to quicken us. Look back upon your election, your redemption, your calling, remember how you have been pardoned, and sanctified. 'What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!' Look at yourself, and then, look at what has been spent upon you. I am told that hundreds of thousands of pounds were spent on Saltash Bridge, and I can well believe it, for there is something to be seen for the money; but here is a man, about whom I am told that the everlasting purposes of God were concerned, that infinite wisdom bent its strength to the formation of such an one as he, that Jesus died for him, that the blessed Spirit regenerated him; and when I hear all this, I expect something very great in that man. I don't know, in fact, what I do not expect, but, alas! I expect what I do not often see. O dear brethren, do let us live more according to the scale of infinite love, and the wonderful purposes of the eternal God who gave His Son to purchase us by His precious blood!

"*'The angels hastened Lot.'* I know One who is called *'the Angel of the Covenant.'* Oh, that He stood before us this afternoon,—the King of the thorny crown, He of the face battered with bruises, and bespattered with spittle, He of the pierced hand, and open side! He is here; He is looking upon you; and can you look on His face, and remember that He died for you, and loves you, and not be hastened in your service for Him? I must confess that if, this afternoon, my Lord were here in bodily presence, *my* first impulse would be to ask Him to forget my life. I dare scarcely ask Him any more than this, that He would cover its good and evil alike in the ocean of His love, and help me to begin again. Then those viewless messengers of His, who are *'sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.'* How they must wonder at our unreadiness! Have you, who are masters, ever set a servant to do something, and seen that servant do it in such a way that, as you have looked at him, you have felt your very flesh creep, and you have wanted to do the work yourself, and send him packing? So, I fear, the angels must sometimes feel when they see and hear *us*. Did they not hover over the mercy-seat with faces looking downward, desiring to look into the secrets of the covenant; and thus, do they not chide our neglect, as they see our minds occupied with trifling things, instead of the weighty matters of the law and the testimony? When Christ was born, they led the song, *'Glory to God in the highest,'* and their sweet music rebukes our feeble praise; they stood in the wilderness, and ministered to Christ after His conflict with the tempter, and methinks they must wonder at us, who bear His name, and yet perhaps fall under each of the three temptations which He repelled; in the garden, they helped Him when the bloody sweat was on Him, and they seem to say to us, *'Ye have not yet resisted unto blood.'* When He ascended on high, those angels said, *'Ye men of Galilee,'* and they seem to say to us now, *'Ye men of Plymouth, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven?'* They bid us remember that Christ will come again, and be prepared, as stewards of His grace, to render our account. Oh, how the angels hasten us! *They* rejoice when sinners turn to God; and have *we* no

longing to see them repent? They sound their golden harps when prodigals return, and shall we play the part of the elder brother? Like flames of fire, they fly at Christ's command; do you not see them as they cleave the sky on lightning wings? Oh, how their zeal rebukes us, as we lag, and loiter, in the service of our Lord!

"This year, another angel has been busy, who well may hasten us,—the angel of death. I will not try to mention the names of those who have been called away to swell the ranks of the triumphant. I have stood astonished as the arrows have been flying right and left among us; not once, nor twice, but many times, the Lord has spoken, and to all quarters, North, South, East, West, He has sent His angels, to call our brethren home. Oh, let this angel hasten us! Look at the fields, how white; look at the reapers, how few; and ere the sunset comes, make haste to garner the grain. Then there is yet another angel, I will not try to picture *him*, yet methinks I see him; he is lifting the trumpet to his lips, it almost touches them; and when it does, then shall be heard that awful blast that tells us time shall be no more, then shall close the day of mercy, then shall dawn the day of our account. If *that* angel do not hasten us, then are we lingerers indeed.

"These angels who came to Lot were model ministers. God sent them to get Lot out of Sodom, and they went down to where he was, nor left him till he was well out of the city. The soul-winner must go where the people are, get down among them. I saw in Scotland a man fishing for salmon, he was standing in great top-boots in the very middle of the stream; that is the way to fish, and that is the way to win souls; we must get close to the people, and if they linger, lay hold on them. Our one great business is to get the sinners out of Sodom. Some brethren seem to speak slightly of this, and have a good deal to say about the need for higher spiritual culture; all right, brother, you take Lot up the mountain, and black his boots, and brush his coat, I'm going down into Sodom to find another sinner. It is quite a proper thing that he should look respectable in his dress, but the first thing is to get him saved.

"Now, in closing, dear brethren, if we wish sinners to be eager, we must be eager ourselves. When we are in dead earnest, we shall not fail to find the right way of working. We need the right spirit, and that spirit is Love; how shall we get it? Where shall we learn the art? I think we had better go to Abraham's school; let us stand where he stood, 'before the Lord.' He will teach us, not by books or lectures, but by a sacred instinct, which will flow from His heart into ours. If you want any more instruction, go and look towards Sodom. It seems to have become unfashionable to believe in the punishment of the wicked, but, depend upon it, if a man goes wrong there, there will be little soul-winning. To preach about this matter, with a hard spirit, in words that sound like curses, is to me dreadful; but to feel it, to have it as an awful background to the picture that represents eternal life, is the very source of strength. Commune with God, look *that* way, and *then* look the other. I shall say no more than to ask you this,—if, at this very moment, Christ should come, what sort of account would you be able to give of your service? You believe in

Christ,—you say,—you are a church member, you have been baptized, you go to the communion table; but what have you done for Jesus? Give an account of your stewardship at once. Oh, I pray you, take stock this afternoon, and when you have done it, God grant that the process may so ‘hasten’ you that you may go forth and hasten sinners, to lay hold on eternal life! Amen.”

To say that the Sermon was heard with the closest possible attention, would be to convey but a slight impression of its effect on the great congregation. From the beginning to the end of the service, the peerless preacher had complete control of his audience, and during the more dramatic passages,—as when he pictured the angel of the Revelation,—the people seemed to hold their breath with expectation; and when—with that pathos which was so effective, because so natural,—he spoke of “the Angel of the Covenant,” I could see the face of a Catholic priest, who stood by one of the pillars near me, wet with tears. It was a grand occasion, grandly used to the glory of God.

Scriptures Seized in Kairouan!

WHEN John the Baptist sent to our Lord Jesus Christ to know if He was really the Messiah, one of the signs He gave to the messengers was, “The poor have the gospel preached to them;”—so that I was well content to find, on my last visit to Kairouan, a crowd of ninety-five poor sick folk awaiting me. It was, perhaps, too many for one afternoon; but when all are so needy, it is difficult to say “No,” to anyone. Most of them keenly realized that they were sick, but one woman made me think, for she assured me that she *could* see, when really she could not, and walked up to the blank wall, mistaking it for the door. The missionary took her hand, and gently led her away to where the door was; and as they went, I moralized on the picture thus presented of the Moslems’ sad state, and our work in leading them to HIM who said, “I am the Door.”

Two days after I had been to Kairouan, Mr. Cooksey opened a Bible depôt there,—only to have all his Scriptures seized by the police. Up to the present, we have only been prosecuted and prevented from giving away or selling Scriptures in *public* places, and we were told that there was perfect liberty to sell in shops. How true are the Saviour’s words, “I have given them Thy Word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world!”

(The above paragraphs were crowded out of last month’s Magazine, so we asked Dr. Churcher to let us know the sequel to this incident. He writes:—)

The Scriptures seized in Kairouan were returned a day or two afterwards, without explanation or apology, and now a “boycott” by the Moslems has been commenced. Whenever an Arab is seen in the shop, the first well-dressed Moslem, who passes, calls him out, and he does not generally return. Meanwhile, there are more applicants for tickets for the Medical Mission than can be supplied, and our drug account is overdrawn.

The work in Sousse goes on steadily, yet have we much need of Divine wisdom; and I sometimes recall the late beloved President’s advice in his Sermon on “My soul is among lions” (No. 1,496), “If your soul is among lions, *don’t pull their tails.*”

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography.*

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES:—

"Much has been written about Mr. Spurgeon in many forms. The narratives have been sometimes faulty and always inadequate. It was a happy thought of Mrs. Spurgeon to call her memoir of her sainted husband—and the only official 'Life' of him,—an *Autobiography*. It is almost wholly in the very words of the great preacher, carefully collected and skilfully threaded together. The first volume deals with the early life and ministry before he came to London. It makes me long for the volumes which will tell of the Life and Work of 'the Prince of Preachers,' as Mr. Justin McCarthy, although a Roman Catholic, has, with generous impartiality, called him, in his history of the reign of Queen Victoria."—DR. MACAULAY, for thirty-five years Editor of *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday at Home*.

"In common, probably, with large numbers of people, I have been waiting for something like an authorized and reliable biography of the great preacher and pastor. The 'Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon,' edited by his wife and his private secretary, more than satisfies my patient expectation. As the work is largely a compilation from materials left by Mr. Spurgeon himself, it is properly called an *Autobiography*. After this indication of its origin, it is needless to say the volume is as racy, as crowded with mother-wit and wisdom, as full of common sense and healthy religion, and as contagiously joyful, as was the life whose story is here self-told. In this wonderful narrative, Mr. Spurgeon lives and speaks once more, and in such manner that, while gratifying personal interest in a remarkable career, fresh evidence is supplied of the richness of those 'Sources' whence sprang the faith and work of this servant of God."—REV. CHARLES A. BERRY, D.D., Wolverhampton, Chairman of the Congregational Union.

"I have read Vol. I. of *Mr. Spurgeon's Autobiography* with much interest, and renewed admiration and affection for our dear friend. His sketch of his early days is marked by all the beautiful simplicity, the kindly wit, and the earnest devotion, which blended so charmingly in his character, while the admirable directness of style and felicitous use of strong mother-tongue may be a lesson in how to put things, which a great many of us need. I hope that the volume may do something to transmit to others the impression of a character which none of us who knew and loved him can ever forget."—DR. ALEXANDER McLAREN, Manchester.

"It goes without saying that it is crowded with interest, and will win the widest and heartiest welcome. The earliest years of one of the most powerful personalities of the century are unfolded with richness of detail and special charm. Chiefly, the *Autobiography* tells the story of Mr. Spurgeon's conversion, and exhibits the depth, and reality, and the fulness of his spiritual experiences, with such completeness as to reveal the secret of his wonderful power as a preacher. I congratulate printers and publishers on the solidity, beauty, and excellence of the entire 'get-up' of the volume."—DR. CLIFFORD.

* *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. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, and of all booksellers.

FURTHER REVIEWS IN RELIGIOUS PAPERS AND MAGAZINES:—

"The first volume of 'The Standard Life of Charles Haddon Spurgeon,' recently published, is one of remarkable interest. It is a beautiful volume, in red binding with gilt edges, printed on splendid paper, with fine large type and good illustrations. . . . Various small lives of Spurgeon have been published from time to time; but this is the standard life, compiled from his diary, letters, and records, by his wife and private secretary. . . . From the title it will be seen that the work is to be mainly C. H. Spurgeon's own thoughts upon his life. Some criticism has been passed upon the form of the work, . . . but we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Spurgeon and Mr. Harrauld have been wisely guided. . . . To every spiritual mind, and especially to those whose sympathies run in the same doctrinal lines, this book must prove intensely interesting and instructive.

"C. H. Spurgeon is one of the outstanding figures of this century, a notable ornament of the Church of God, a prince among preachers, and one of the most successful soul-winners in this or any other age. The combination of gifts he possessed was quite unique. . . . The chapter on 'Through much tribulation,' must be one of thrilling interest to every spiritual mind. We had been familiar with many incidents in Spurgeon's life before this volume was published, but we had no conception that he had passed through such a distressful spiritual experience as he describes in this chapter. Moses, indeed, had given him many a castigation for his sins. The law-work he passed through from his tenth to his fifteenth year was deep, and broad, and searching, revealing every dark chamber in his being. The wealth of language and illustration used to describe this period of his history is itself a tribute to his genius."—*The Original Secession Magazine* (Edinburgh).

"One of the most important books that have been published of late is *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. . . . Judging from the first volume which is to hand, both of the compilers are to be congratulated on the efficient way they have fulfilled their work. Mr. Spurgeon, as is fitting, is left, for the most part, to tell his own story. Only when absolutely necessary to fill up gaps, or make explanations, have the compilers stepped forward to supplement his work. The publishers, also, have done justice to the importance of their task. . . . Although so much of Mr. Spurgeon's life is already known, many incidents which have never seen the light are narrated here; many more such there doubtless will be in the succeeding volumes; and, of course, there is the added charm that it is Mr. Spurgeon himself who narrates them. This would be enough in itself to justify the book's appearing, even if there were nothing new to tell. It almost goes without saying that there is scarcely a page in this volume which does not contain its gleam of sunny humour. Mr. Spurgeon's life was essentially a happy one, and when a happy heart is allied with a shrewd mother-wit, the result is—well, a Mr. Spurgeon. We mean that it would be impossible for this book to be dull. . . . This volume, which takes us down to the commencement of Mr. Spurgeon's long pastorate in London, does not contain a single dreary page. If the succeeding volumes are as interesting as this, there are few of Mr. Spurgeon's admirers who will be without the whole work."—*The Sunday School Chronicle*.

"There is no doubt as to the place this work will take among the published 'Lives' of the greatest preacher of the nineteenth century. It will always remain the standard biography of this great and good man, and it is entitled so to remain. . . . The fact that it was largely arranged and carried forward under the eye of Mr. Spurgeon himself, makes it of immense value as a correct record of one of the most interesting and remarkable life-stories of our time. . . . A large number of new and thrilling incidents

are sprinkled through this volume. . . . Three other volumes of equal size are to follow, and although this will make the work an expensive one, it will meet, all round the world, a loving and deserved welcome."—*The Free Methodist*.

"This is not by any means an ordinary autobiography. . . . We doubt not that there are thousands of admirers of the great preacher all over the world who will rejoice to have in the completest form, and as far as possible in his own words, the history of Charles Haddon Spurgeon's extraordinary career. . . . As we read the facts of personal experience, we fall once again under the spell of the kindly face and full rich voice of the last and greatest of the Puritan preachers."—*The Methodist Recorder*.

"Every page sparkles with good things. The record is worthy of the man. Three other volumes are to follow, and the work is also published in monthly parts. The get-up is highly creditable to the publishers. The printing, illustrations, and binding are alike excellent. We hope, however, a popular edition may soon be published. Spurgeon was the people's preacher, and the people would like to read the story of his life."—*The Methodist Times*.

"Thousands and tens of thousands who profited by the ministry of Mr. Spurgeon, and who value his voluminous writings, will, we fully expect, heartily welcome the appearance of this work. . . . The first volume lies before us. It is extremely well printed, in good and clear type, and beautifully illustrated. If this first part be a fair sample of the whole, as no doubt it is, this memoir will be a most interesting and valuable record of a noble life, and will be the means of causing 'the prince of preachers,' being dead, to speak and preach again to fresh multitudes. It is marvellous to hear that, amidst all his manifold engagements and arduous labours, Mr. Spurgeon himself planned this work, and in a large measure prepared the material for it. Had he been spared long enough, he would have completed it; but its completion has been left to competent hands, who say that it has been to them a real labour of love. We hope that it may have a world-wide circulation."—*The Gospel Magazine*.

"It is an immense book, well printed on excellent paper, and handsomely bound. So, before we read a word of it, we say it is quite a surprise of cheapness. But it is not only an immense book; after reading it, or even a portion of it, we are driven to the glad confession that it is a great book. . . . The book, so far as this volume has gone, at least,—there are three to follow after,—gives us the man most worthily, and that is the chief end of a biography. . . . It is wisely done on the part of the publishers to issue this great work in parts as well as in volumes,—monthly parts at one shilling."—*The Expository Times*.

"It reveals the making of the man as to his spiritual character and equipment for his grand life-work. Every page is of sacred and absorbing interest to the student who loves to trace the rise and progress of the soul in the religion of Jesus. Mr. Spurgeon was so much the people's tribune, and filled so vast a sphere of religious thought and Christian activity, that everything touching his personality is eagerly awaited and welcomed. . . . These volumes will be prized by Mr. Spurgeon's friends the world over. . . . The compilation of the present volume must have caused Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon immense labour; but she has wrought with loving devotion to her husband's memory, and with a sacred reverence for everything which bears the impress of his wonderful genius, gracious character, and heroic service. In the production of the book, the publishers have out-distanced

their own fame. It is a pleasure to handle the leaves, and the typography is worthy of all praise."—*Within our Gates*.

"In his lecture on 'Commenting and Commentaries,' Mr. Spurgeon said of John Trapp, 'He is my especial companion and treasure; I can read him when I am too weary for anything else. Trapp is salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, and all the other condiments.' These words exactly express what I feel in reading this noble *Autobiography*. Its sparkling wit and humour are only equalled and excelled by the salt of grace with which it is seasoned. There is not a dry thread in the whole book; every page flashes with life; it moves one to laughter and tears, each following the other in quick succession and often mingling together. Behind all is the loving, winsome, powerful personality of the writer, and around all is the sweet aroma of a spirit permeated with love to Christ."—PASTOR W. J. HARRIS, in *The Eastbourne Evangel*.

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FURTHER REVIEWS IN SECULAR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES:—

"An intimate record of Spurgeon's inner life is contained in the Diary, letters, and other papers that he left, and these, carefully selected and arranged, form an *Autobiography* that will no doubt make a forcible appeal to those who came under his influence as a preacher."—*The Morning Post*.

"The *Autobiography* . . . is of great interest. The late eminent Pastor's reminiscences teem with happy anecdotes."—*The Evening News*.

"It will be found deeply interesting, and rich with spiritual experience told in Mr. Spurgeon's own words. . . . The admirers of Spurgeon—and they are legion,—cannot have too much of that good man's writings."—*Halifax Evening Courier*.

'By all who desire a worthy memento of one of the greatest preachers of the Victorian age, this volume will be eagerly welcomed.'—*The People's Journal, Dundee*.

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EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS:—

"To me, it is worth its weight in gold."—A. W.

"Chapter xvi.—'A Defence of Calvinism'—is grand. That one chapter is worth all the money."—R. D.

"So glad you have been spared to bring out *The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon*. No one but you could do it. I am sure all your gifts and graces will be thrown into it, and the great man will live again; in fact, he never died."—E. W. M., in letter to Mrs. Spurgeon.

"I was so delighted with the volume that I read too much at a time; but I will make up for this by reading it again carefully. I do not know any book that is likely to be more helpful to young pastors and missionaries. I thought I had read and known Mr. Spurgeon as well as most people, yet this book reveals so much of God's teaching and dealings with him that one can only wonder, and praise His name for having given such a gift to the Church."—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.

Messrs. W. F. Mack and Co., 52, Park Row, Bristol, have issued an admirable 16-page pamphlet, the *Life of the late Mr. George Müller*, compiled by F. G. WARNE, and Mr. George Müller's *Last Sermon*, which is, most appropriately, upon the resurrection of the body, the text being 2 Cor. v. 1. Many will like to possess these memorials of "Bristol's Great Preacher-Philanthropist." They are one penny each, post free 1½d.

Messrs. Robert Banks and Son have published, at a penny, under the title, *Triune Rays*, the very ingenious and instructive address delivered by Pastor ROBERT EDWARD SEARS at the New Year's social gathering of the London Strict Baptist Ministers' Association. The worthy President certainly collected, for the edification of his brethren, a large number of instances in which there is the idea of a trinity. Had they been enthusiastic Methodists, they would probably have given "Three cheers for Brother Sears" at the close of his address; being Strict Baptists, though at a social gathering, it is more likely that they followed the threefold Benediction with the triune Doxology,—

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

From the Open Air Mission, 11, Adam Street, Strand, we have received two penny pamphlets which deserve a wide circulation,—the eighth edition, 25th thousand, of Dr. Adolph Saphir's powerful address on "What is implied in 'Preaching Christ'?"—and the second edition of *The Lord's Work at Fairs and Races, sketches of recent toil and triumph*. The latter is issued, by way of preliminary statement concerning the Open Air Mission work during 1897, in consequence of the speedy exhaustion of the large edition of the last Annual Report; it contains many cheering instances of blessing under what some might have thought most unlikely circumstances, and should encourage toilers in the

Master's world-wide field to scatter the good seed of the Kingdom broadcast wherever they have the opportunity.

The threepenny monthly Magazine for Teachers and Bible students, *The Illustrator*, published at 10, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, has a remarkably good selection of illustrations, anecdotes, &c., bearing upon the International Sunday-school lessons. We notice frequent quotations bearing the familiar and loved name of C. H. Spurgeon.

From the Sunday School Union we have received *Heroines of History*, and *Stories of Balloon Adventure*, both by FRANK MUNDELL. Mr. Spurgeon used to say that he should never pray to be kept from falling out of a balloon, for he would never go in one! It is a pity that other people are not as wise, for it is often merely a scientific way of committing suicide. If the second of these books should warn anyone not to seek adventure in balloons, it will do good; should it entice any to become aeronauts, it will do harm. The first-mentioned volume will, no doubt, help to make heroines out of present-day matrons and maidens; and the more, the better, 'specially Christian heroines.

Illustrations and Incidents for Preachers and Teachers. By J. ELLIS. H. R. Allenson.

AN excellent compilation, forming a worthy companion to the *Tool and Seed Baskets* by the same author. Several of these illustrations are old friends from *Feathers for Arrows* and similar works, but old and new are alike good. The index is somewhat misleading; subjects are given which do not correspond with the heading of the paragraph on the page indicated. A Scriptural reference on page 62 also needs correcting.

Sunrise in Britain. The Story of England's Church. By CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

A WORK of great interest, dealing with the early British Church, and the introduction of Christianity into these islands. We are glad to see that Mr. Bullock does not connect the dawning of the light of the gospel in Britain with the advent of the Italian monk, Augustine. The object of the Roman ecclesiastic is rightly described as an attempt "to secure Papal authority and rule—so far as it was then developed,—over the early British Church." This object was made very clear "by elaborate directions given by Gregory to Augustine to parcel the rest of England into dioceses." We think the term "Church" is used by the author in too restricted a sense; it is evident that he believes that the early British Church was an Episcopal one, similar to that now existing as by law established. Without doubt, bishops did exist; but they were not territorial lords, they were simply pastors. In early times, there were occasionally several bishops (overseers), just as to-day there are several pastors, in one town. We do not believe that the present Episcopal Establishment is exclusively the successor of the early British Church; the Free Churches can also claim descent from the same source. They, too, have their bishops, and presbyters, and deacons, and like their mother, the earliest British Church, they are untrammelled by the State.

This little volume contains a vast amount of information, and is worthy of a wide circulation.

John Wyclif, Translator of the Bible, and Reformer. By R. CORLETT COWELL. C. H. Kelly.

THE pioneer Reformer receives most sympathetic treatment from Mr. Cowell. Wyclif was cast in a noble mould; he was an Englishman of the best type, and a Christian of the highest order. Loving liberty and the truth of God, he valiantly struggled to emancipate his country and the Church from the thralldom of

Rome. It is well that the story of such a life should be told again; it can hardly be re-told too often seeing that the same enemy, against which the Reformer so bravely battled, is with us still. The sappers and miners of Papal Rome are vigorously working to bring down the glorious edifice of Protestantism, to which, as a nation, we owe so much; by retelling, with great persistency, the story of the past, and instilling into the minds of the young a love for the Word of God, we may yet defeat their underhand working. This book should be scattered all over the land; it is a capital shillingworth, and will do much to enlighten the young as to the real nature of Popery.

Our Oldest Indian Mission. A brief history of the Vepery (Madras) Mission. By Rev. A. WESTCOTT, M.A. Published by the Madras Diocesan Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS Mission, which came definitely under the control of the S.P.G. in 1824, has antecedents which go back to the time of Ziegenbalg in the early part of the 18th century. Its history is one of great vicissitude, and at times the Mission has rounded with difficulty critical periods. At no time robust, it would seem that the function of this Mission has been mainly educational and collegiate. The author of the work under review is the present Principal of the Theological College in connection with the Vepery (Madras) Mission; and, therefore, may be regarded as an accredited authority on the subject dealt with.

My Life and Times. By CYRUS HAMLIN, Missionary in Turkey. Elliot Stock.

THIS work, printed in America, is an intensely interesting and readable autobiography of a man combining grace and faculty; the story is modestly told, and is studded with incident. We are glad to note that the life record of this veteran American Missionary has reached its fourth edition, and we trust that

the English sale will be correspondingly brisk. It is a most companionable narrative, abounding in character-sketches and realistic effects,—a *live* book, so that the reader is made to feel as if he were one of the family to whom the book is more especially dedicated.

A Century of Missionary Martyrs.
By Rev. S. F. HARRIS, M.A.,
B.C.L. Nisbet and Co.

A REVIEW of some of the precious life which, during the past century of missions, has been poured out as a libation on the supreme altar. There is much that is deeply thrilling in this faithful recital; and, doubtless, one effect, under God, will be the spurring on of many to follow in a similar path of devotion, even if required, to the sacrifice of life.

Missionary Heroes of Africa. By
SARAH GERALDINA STOCK. London
Missionary Society, 14, Blomfield
Street, E.C.

THE story of the Dark Continent is, in these pages, well told, and copiously illustrated. It will enchain young readers, in whose interests it is written; a cheaper or more entertaining or wholesome gift than this half-crown volume, they could hardly receive.

Consecrated Work and the Preparation for it. By Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING,
D.D. Nisbet and Co.

IN a "Prefatory Note," the author says, "It has sometimes been made a reproach to the present-day teaching of Holiness that it concerns itself with sentiment rather than with action." This volume deals with that reproach, and deals with it in a most effective manner. For, with the exception of a paragraph or two in the closing chapter upon "Rewards of Work," where the author "soars to worlds unknown," and consequently passes beyond our ken, all the rest of the book is intensely practical; "it is that, or it is nothing." No one who reads Dr. Elder Cumming's volume will have cause to complain that *this* teacher of Holiness concerns himself

"with sentiment rather than with action." It is written especially for those who are engaged in some form of Christlike work; and wiser and weightier, keener and kinder, more soul-penetrating and soul-quickening counsels it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. Quite inestimable treasures of wisdom and knowledge, gathered during a ministry of forty years, are here laid at the feet of the Christian worker; and he must be a very extraordinary Christian indeed, who can read and ponder these chapters without becoming more grateful to God, thankful to their author, and helpful to his fellow-men.

The Clerical Life. A series of Letters to Ministers. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Hodder and Stoughton.

A REPRINT of papers that appeared in *The British Weekly*, and which were well worth making into a volume. There is sympathy and satire, humour and caustic irony in plenty; but, in addition, a broad grasp of the solemn duties and majestic office of the true preacher. It is impossible to read without being quickened thereby; but why is not the *real* name of each author given, now that the papers form a volume? It is too bad to keep us still vainly trying to guess who is "X," and who is "Omega."

Lessons from Life. (Animal and Human.) Elliot Stock.

ONLY a moderately-successful endeavour to provide illustrations of moral truth from Natural History. Whilst some of the facts lend themselves naturally to this purpose, and are very useful, others of them are very complicated and far-fetched, and need themselves both explaining and illustrating. The author of this volume is, no doubt, a great reader and gatherer; but the faculty for elucidating and aptly applying what he gathers, is not so manifest. If Dr. Macmillan, who writes an Introduction, had only written the book itself, what a different notice we should have been able to give!

The Holy Bible: translated according to the letter and idioms of the Original Languages. By ROBERT YOUNG, LL.D. Edinburgh: C. A. Young and Co.

THE exceptional value of this great work will largely depend on the reader's ability to discriminate to profit. It is difficult, in a brief review, to do justice to the many aspects of this translation of the Holy Scriptures. We content ourselves with dealing with one or two salient points that modify, in our judgment, the general utility of this masterly production.

Dr. Young, while a profound Hebraist, differs from scholars generally on the subject of the *vav conversive* of the Future and Perfect tenses, deeming both unnecessary and fictitious. Our conviction is, despite all this learned author has to say to the contrary, that far better results are secured by the method which Dr. Young discards than by the one he adopts; and also that the application of the discarded method answers to the inspired thought as nearly, on the whole, as the idiom of the English language admits. Dr. Young's Old Testament translation is not idiomatic English at all, but is the Hebrew idiom imposed on our own tongue; and the grotesqueness of the result is vastly aggravated by the reduction of the *vav conversive* to zero. It is certain that, had our language a tongue to speak for itself, it would plead to be liberated from Hebrew fetters, that it might not be made a gazingstock for no fault of its own.

A similar line of criticism is justified regarding the New Testament rendering from the Greek, though here, happily, the imposition of the Greek idiom does not involve the same deadly oppression. We are amazed, however, that such a scholar should have rendered *Hesteeka* and *Hestekamen* (Rev. iii. 20, and Rom. v. 2) "have stood," in the face of the well-known fact that the present tense of this verb means "cause to stand," and the perfect tense, "stand."

A further point is the severity of the indictment brought against King James's Revisers on the score of *law renderings*, by which is meant the great variety of English terms employed in rendering one Hebrew word. In reply, it may be confessed that, while in some cases this laxity or freedom has been carried too far, yet the offence or error is venial in comparison with the endeavour to limit such a term as *Nathan* or *Dabar* to one uniform rendering. Eighty-four renderings may be too many, and perhaps fifty or even forty would have been ample; but who can contemplate without dismay compelling such a flexible term as *Nathan* to make shift with one English vocable only? The like enquiry would apply to "Sum," "Asah," "Nasah," and others that Dr. Young instances. King James's Revisers might, perhaps, have tightened the rein without detriment, but we unspeakably prefer their free and easy treatment of familiar Hebrew acquaintances to an iron rigidity of *régime* which is like the attempt to limit the sphere of the royal eagle to the dimensions of a canary's cage.

Is my Bible True? Where did we get it? By Rev. CHAS. LEACH, D.D. Morgan and Scott.

THE origin and history of the Bible, told in a very pleasing and popular manner. The books of the New Testament are traced back to the closing years of the first century; and those of the Old Testament to the time of Ezra. There is also a brief account of our English versions, from the Venerable Bede's translation of the Gospel according to John down to the Revised Version of our own time. Well printed and illustrated, with a very attractive appearance, the volume deserves a place in all Sunday-school libraries, and it would also make an appropriate gift for senior scholars.

The Smaller Cambridge Bible for Schools. Ezra and Nehemiah. By HERBERT EDWARD RYLE, D.D. Cambridge University Press.

THE notes are a valuable textual commentary.

The Parallel History of the Jewish Monarchy, printed in the text of the Revised Version. Part I. Arranged by R. SOMERVELL, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

A USEFUL arrangement by which are given, in parallel columns or otherwise as required, the events relating to the reigns of David and Solomon as recorded in the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. The work is enriched by brief and helpful foot-notes.

The Book of Job. Translated direct from the Hebrew Text into English. By FERRAR FENTON: assisted by HENRIK BORGSTRÖM. Elliot Stock. Price 6d., 1s., and 3s. 6d.

AN uncommonly graceful and idiomatic translation. It will well repay reading, as well as careful comparison with the original.

Baptism: What Saith the Scripture? By Rev. DAVID H. D. WILKINSON, M.A. With Preface by Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, D.D. Seeley and Co.

THE aim of this Pædo-baptist writer is to make smooth the path of Anglican teaching on the subject of baptism, so that neither Scripture, on the one hand, nor the Prayer-book, on the other, may stumble the conscience of the Evangelical Conformist. That he has earned the praise of Dr. Moule, is something; but, to our mind, this work will only mislead those who need a guide as to New Testament baptism.

Scripture Truths together with Divine Unfoldings. By ROBERT BROWN. William Wileman.

MANY of these chapters are simply collocations of Scripture placed under appropriate headings. We hardly think they have a sufficient warrant for publication, for the world itself could not contain the books that might be so written. Mr. Brown's tendency is to spread out in full all that delights his own heart; but anyone can do this who, like himself, loves God's Word intensely, and studies it with the aid of a Concordance.

The Preface to this work is exceptionally remarkable; and there can be no doubt that, could this author control his own diffuseness, he would be an immense power. Few have been so wonderfully exercised, and have had truth so deeply imprinted on their heart; but concentration is essential to usefulness. From such a man, so richly taught, we want more grip, more analysis, and far more lifting of the veil; why should he not write his own spiritual biography?

What is the Gospel? "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

It may be thought rather late in the day to ask such a question; but it is not. Multitudes of serious and devout people are asking it, and in numbers of instances the pulpit gives no certain and adequate response. Much too often, the preaching is about the gospel, rather than the gospel itself; and in cases not a few, the answer given is the gospel of men, and not the gospel of God. But we rejoice to know that, in very many instances, the reply is full, clear, and distinct, as in the book before us. Mr. Bullock thought well to ask several prominent clergymen of his own Church to answer this question in brief articles, which, first published in *The News*, have been collected in a neat booklet, and published at a cheap rate.

The writers are, Archdeacons Howell and Sinclair, Canons Bell and Christopher, and Revs. P. B. Power, H. C. G. Moule, Henry Sutton, Walter Senior, and G. Everard, with a Preface by the Editor. All the answers are sound, clear, and unmistakable; they touch no controverted point, but they answer the question fairly and squarely. It is a good book to put into the hand of enquirers. The writers state Scripture truths in plain language, and are evidently imbued with the spirit of their theme. The heads of one paper may be taken as representative of the whole. The Gospel is (1), The Gospel of Christ; (2), The Gospel of the Grace of God; (3), The Gospel of Salvation; (4), The Gospel of the Kingdom; (5), The

Gospel of Love; (6), The Gospel of Peace; (7), The Gospel of the Holy Spirit.

The work deserves to be circulated by thousands; for it must do good. Would that our modern Pharisees and Sadducees would read it carefully and prayerfully, and profit by it!

The Gospel in the Epistles. By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., D.D. With portrait. ("Preachers of the Age" Series). Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

A COLLECTION of eleven sermons, without divisions, of a discursive character, pungent force, and strong 19th century flavour. While theological in ground, they are literary in form, and resemble political orations in this respect, that the preacher obviously has in view the nation at large, if not earth's remotest bounds. It is a grand rôle for a preacher to fill, to speak in such a way that every modern movement is affected, while the apologetic chariot pursues its stately triumph. We have no fault to find where this befits, as here, the personality; but the danger is lest raw students and two-talent mortals take out in their ministry the briefs of giants.

Robustness of thought and intrepid force of argument mark this exceptional volume. The application of "Pilate's Dilemma" we found to be somewhat staggering, and we breathed hard when we saw what Dr. Rogers could give away, *for argument's sake*, and yet shoot Niagara in safety. As between brilliant exploit and catastrophe there is generally but a step, we mean to hold on, like grim death, rather than surrender a single leaf of the Holy Book, or a single shred of doctrine, even for argument's sake.

The Brand of Hell. By W. H. FRY. With introductory letter from Rev. W. FULLER GOOCH. G. Stoneman.

THIS may be said to be the first attempt to present, in a vivid, concrete, narrative form, the prophetic views of that section of Futurists who hold that only the waiting and ready portion of the Church shall be taken

before the great latter-day tribulation under Antichrist. It is needless to say that the work is intensely alarmist, but not more so than the doctrine of the school in question justifies; indeed, viewed from that standpoint, the play of imagination, lurid as it is, is by no means immoderate.

Usually, prophetic works, whatever be the school represented, are moved by the distinct aim of proving the doctrine. This is not, however, Mr. Fry's object; his intention is rather to expound the consequences of the doctrine to which, in common with Mr. Gooch and others, he has given his adhesion; and to project upon the canvas, by a succession of realistic effects, the state of things in Christendom, and in Babylon rebuilt after the waiting saints have been removed. No exception can be taken to this aim when the author's point of view is considered; nor can we wonder that the result should be a sensational story of thrilling and solemn import.

The real point to be decided is, whether or not the prophetic teaching, upon which this work is based, has the distinct Scriptural warrant which the writer of these pages assumes. Granted this, then everything depicted in the book before us is in perfect accord with essential truth; and the utmost pains should be taken to extend and perpetuate the alarm sounded. In this matter, it is for each one to be fully persuaded in his own mind.

There are many who look for the Personal Coming of Christ to take all His members without distinction prior to the rise of the personal Antichrist; and to whom, therefore, the setting of this sketch in its bearing on the children of God is irrelevant and mistaken. Others, again, fail to appreciate, in the light of prophetic fulfilment, all that is here assumed of ancient Babylon's restoration and domineering function in the last times. Without assuming the post of arbiter, the part of wisdom, in any and every case, is to glean the truth at first hand from the Scriptures themselves, and to anticipate the day of Christ's coming by a preparation which shall "abide" it.

Wonderland Wonders. By Rev. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

THIS handsome five-shilling volume will be a treasure to the happy boys and girls who become the privileged possessors of it. The cover is a charming arrangement of cats' heads by Louis Wain; happily, the dozen pussies are silent, or what a cater-wauling there would be! Inside, there are sixty-six capital illustrations of birds, beasts, reptiles, fishes, etc., and a splendid collection of stories about the different creatures. Here is one. "In some parts of Africa, the natives catch baboons by placing near their haunts vessels filled with strong beer, which makes them drunk. One of these incidents is thus described:—'On the following morning, they were very cross and dismal; they held their aching heads with both hands, and wore a most pitiable expression. When beer or wine was offered them, they turned away with disgust, but relished the juice of lemons.' " Are *all* men as wise as monkeys?

Beckside Lights. By JOHN ACKWORTH. C. H. Kelly and Co.

HAVING spoken enthusiastically in favour of this author's first volume of Lancashire Sketches, we are now obliged to confess our disappointment with this second series. They appear to us to be forced and strained, written to publishers' order, because the first volume was such a success. This is a great pity; but it is the frequent snare of writers who make a hit, and cannot say "No" to the temptation to write a second without any real inspiration. If John Ackworth will only rest a little, and gather fresh material, his third volume will be more like his first than his second.

"*Success to You!*" and other Straight Talks with Boys. By E. C. DAWSON, M.A. Sunday School Union.

THESE "talks" are of a much higher order than many of the addresses delivered for the benefit of the young. Admirable alike in style and spirit, they are sure to beget and to strengthen the desire in many boys to become manly men of sterling integrity. Those who aspire to be instructors of the young, and to learn how to talk to real boys without patronising them, should secure this eighteenpenny book, and study the method here followed.

Royal Sights. Some Jubilee Lessons, and other Talks. By E. WILMSHURST. 10, Paternoster Square.

ELEVEN lively "talks" to young people, abounding with appropriate anecdotes and illustrations, all tending to enforce important moral and spiritual lessons. Equally adapted for the home or the Sunday-school library. This shilling volume will fully maintain Mr. Wilmshurst's reputation as one who is "apt to teach."

The Little Lump of Clay, and other Addresses to Young People. By Rev. H. W. SHREWSBURY. Oliphant, Anderson, and Co.

ANOTHER of the "Golden Nail" Series, and of average merit. Some of the stories are *very* familiar, and should have been omitted; but, as a whole, the volume will do good service for those who have continually to speak to the children. Two of the addresses, those on "Wrong Labels on the Bottles," and "The Western Gate," will be great favourites wherever they are given, and *they deserve to be.*

Notes.

With Part IV. of Vol. I. of the *Autobiography* will be presented the beautiful portrait of Mr. Spurgeon, which forms the frontispiece of the volume, and of which Mrs. Spurgeon gave such a touching description on page 4 of Part I. Purchasers

should take care to see that the portrait is included in the current Part, the price for which is the same as for preceding issues,—one shilling.

A glance at the cover of the present issue

of the Magazine will show that *The Sword and the Trowel* has reached its 400th number. The last completed copy that the late beloved Editor was permitted to see was the one published in January, 1892.—No. 325. The February No., containing his memorable Address, "Breaking the Long Silence," with various paragraphs from his busy pen, was only seen by Mr. Spurgeon in proof; and now, since his "home-going," seventy-five successive months have witnessed the publication of "his own Magazine." We should like to hear his opinion of the series from 1892 to 1893. The first day that he was able to get down to his study, after his long illness in 1891, after making enquiries about *Sermons, Sword and Trowel, Almanacks, &c.*, he said, "Why, you have kept everything going just as if I had been here." That was his too-generous appreciation of the loving efforts to keep all that concerned him and his work in the best possible condition, under the circumstances; and if he could come back to inspect the literary labour of the past six years, we believe his approval would be expressed in exactly the same terms as before. Yet we have not continued our "record of combat with sin and of labour for the Lord" merely out of love and loyalty to Mr. Spurgeon, but also that we may please and glorify his Master and ours, for the Magazine is still carried on "for His sake."

Cannot our readers do something special to commemorate our 400th number? Will four hundred of those who are grateful for the honour of being numbered amongst "Spurgeon's men" help us by recommending his Magazine to their friends? Will four thousand (4,000 is only another nought added to 400) of our regular subscribers each secure at least one fresh purchaser? Those who have had the responsibility of conducting the *Sword and Trowel* since its peerless Editor's promotion to glory will be glad indeed if, in either or both of these ways, the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon's words and works can be made known to an increasing circle of readers and helpers; and from the continual testimony of the spiritual profit derived from its pages, they believe that, in this way, God would be glorified, His people edified, and sinners saved.

Instances of the usefulness of C. H. Spurgeon's *Sermons* are constantly being reported to us. Quite recently we received the following cheering note from a ministerial friend, who furnished the full names of the person and places referred to:—

"At our annual meeting of members, last week, Mr. ——— stated that, whilst a publican in the village of ———, and churchwarden there, he was led to read one of Mr. Spurgeon's *Sermons*. This was such a revelation to him, and came with such power, that he could not rest until he had personally yielded himself to Christ. The first difficulty was his trade. He could not

call himself the Lord's, and yet continue to sell drink. His vicar tried to persuade him that all he need do was to conduct his business respectably. This could not satisfy his conscience; and he speedily moved right away into the town of ———. Here he sought and found gospel fellowship at ——— Baptist Chapel, was baptized, and has ever since been a member there. He is a local preacher, and rejoices to walk with his Lord in the power of the new life. Mr. ——— is now the respected librarian at the Public Library, under the Town Council. I need hardly say that he reveres the name of Spurgeon, and stands faithfully to the gospel of the Baptist 'Greatheart.'"

We are indeed rejoiced to find that there was no truth in the very circumstantial account that was circulated concerning the supposed deaths of Rawei, the esteemed Maori evangelist, and his second child. Writing on March 12, Pastor Charles Spurgeon says:—"The latest news that I have of Rawei is that both he and his family were in the best of health, that he had met with much success, and was hoping very shortly to settle down in his new home, and carry forward his long-cherished mission labour amongst the Maories." It will be well for friends to be on their guard in case unauthorized persons seek to obtain contributions professedly on behalf of Rawei's mission.

But though this one dear brother has been spared, many earnest labourers for the Lord have been called home; and among them, several who were more or less associated with Mr. Spurgeon. Miss Willard, the energetic organizer of Women's Temperance work, acknowledged in her autobiography her indebtedness to his preaching. Mr. A. J. Arnold, the honoured secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, only recently sent to Mrs. Spurgeon some letters of her dear husband, for inclusion in his *Autobiography*, in order to show his hearty sympathy and practical co-operation with the Alliance. Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Hove, Brighton, was another of Mr. Spurgeon's old and faithful friends,—a generous supporter of the Pastors' College, especially on the occasion when he presided at the annual supper. Many a pastor and church have been helped by him, while the Holland Road Baptist Chapel, and the Young Women's Christian Institute at Hove will be enduring monuments of his liberality.

What shall we say of the venerable and beloved George Müller? The world is vastly poorer without such a man of faith and prayer in it. Many of our readers will remember an article that Mr. Spurgeon wrote at Mentone, in 1879, entitled, "Interviews with three of the King's Captains."—J. Hudson Taylor, John Bost, and George Müller. The writer and two out of the three "mighties" whom he so sympathetic-

ally described have met again in the land that is brighter than the sunny South. Comparing Mr. Müller to Enoch, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"He habitually walks with God. Hence his whole life is his religion, and his religion is his whole life. The delightful placidity of the pulpit is retained in the parlour, and the graciousness which is seen in the preacher is just as manifest in the friend. . . . No doubts disturb the Director of the Ashley Down Orphanage; how can they when he sees the Lord daily feeding his 2,050 orphan children in answer to his prayers? Modern thought and the higher criticism never trouble this happy man. He soars aloft. While earth-bound souls are distracted and tormented by the discordant voices of error, he hears the voice of the great Father in Heaven, and is deaf to all besides." And now faith is turned to sight, and of this modern Enoch it may be said, "He was not, for God took him."

May all the bereaved be comforted; may new workers be raised up to fill the places of the old ones as they are taken away; and especially may that multitude of orphans at Bristol be provided for now that their earthly father and friend has been called to his Heavenly home!

The *Tabernacle annual church-meeting*, held on *Wednesday, February 23*, was another large, enthusiastic, and happy gathering. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and he was supported by nearly the whole band of deacons and elders. The absence of Mr. Higgs, through illness, was much regretted, and a loving resolution of sympathy was passed, and sent out to him at Mentone. After very careful revision, there are still upon the church-books the names of 4,212 members; there are, in connection with the church, 20 missions, providing 4,154 sittings, and 25 Sunday and Ragged-schools, with 694 teachers and 8,847 scholars. There was a balance in hand on every account, this happy result being largely attributable to the Pastor's Birthday Fund, from which grants had been made where help was most required. Mr. Thomas H. Olney was unanimously re-elected treasurer, and in again accepting the office he mentioned that he had been a member of the church as many years as there were weeks in the year (fifty-two), and treasurer as many years as there were days in the month of February (twenty-eight). The College accounts also showed balances on the right side, and the resolution pledging continued support was passed with all the greater enthusiasm because of the recent attack on the College and its President, to which each of the speakers referred. Those who were responsible for that anonymous slander probably did not expect that it would elicit, as it has done, increased sympathy for Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and the Institution which he and his dear brother have sought to carry on according

to the guiding principles so clearly laid down by their beloved father.

The meeting of the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, held on *Wednesday evening, March 2*, was a great success. As we intimated last month, the occasion was a special one. Pastor A. E. Saxby, of Cossey, Norfolk, delivered his lecture on "Martin Luther, his Life and Times," with the view of raising funds to establish a Protestant day school in the village in which he labours. The Tabernacle lecture-hall was well filled, and the lecture and the beautiful limelight views, with which it was illustrated, were heartily appreciated. Great interest was aroused in the Protestant cause; and, since the meeting, several friends have handed to Mr. Lovell, the honorary secretary of the Society, sums of money to forward to Mr. Saxby for the new schools. Further contributions for this object may be sent to Mr. Lovell, 21, Brook Street, Kennington, S.E., or direct to Pastor A. E. Saxby, Cossey, near Norwich.

The next meeting of the Society will (D.V.) be held on *Wednesday evening, April 6*, when the Rev. Tolefree Parr hopes to deliver his popular lecture, entitled, "Wanted, a Man," which he was not able to give, three months since, in consequence of being taken ill just previous to the meeting.

On *Wednesday evening, March 16*, the friends at Haddon Hall held their annual meeting. Nearly 300 came to tea. Mr. S. Barrow, J.P., presided at the public meeting; Pastors Archibald G. Brown and John Wilson gave stirring addresses; and the gifts and promises amounted to over £76. The Report stated as follows:—

"The present number of communicants, after careful revision, is 311, all of whom are members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church. The baptisms during the past 12 months have been 20. This is the last anniversary we are likely to see in the present building. The London County Council require a portion of the front part of the premises for the widening of the Bermondsey New Road. They have consented to reinstate us in our present position, and have purchased a site at the back of the Hall to enable them to do so. The alterations are likely to begin very speedily. While this new start in the history of the work was under consideration, the President, Mr. William Olney, told the church that, after twenty-eight years' work, he could not promise to be with them for any definite period in the future; but, at the same time, while he remained in England, he trusted, by the help of God, to continue at the post he had occupied for so long.

"There are 58 teachers at work in the Sunday-school, under the superintendence of Mr. H. K. Olney. The total number of scholars on the books on January 1st, was 1,017. The majority of those who have joined the church this year have come from our Bible-classes. The open-air services

have for many years been made a distinct feature in the work. The largest is held on Sunday mornings at the top of the Bernondsey New Road, at the same time that the indoor service is proceeding in the Hall. A Mothers' Meeting, under the presidency of Mrs. Olney, gathers in the Hall on Monday afternoons. There is an attendance of about 200, and many women, whose family duties keep them from evening services, find this to be their only opportunity of hearing the Word of Life. A Benevolent Fund, amounting to over £100 per year, is distributed entirely in tickets for coals and provisions.

"The methods we use in seeking to win the neighbourhood to God are the *Word of God and prayer*. We have avoided putting forward such means of gathering audiences as Brass or String Bands, social or political subjects, or entertainments of any description. Our church of 300 or so has been gathered and held together by what we believe are the only Divinely-appointed Scriptural methods of church work.—Preaching and Teaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, accompanied with continual intercession.

"The money has come in well this year. The total amount raised in all branches of the work during the twelve months has been £799 13s. 4d. We have now £80 13s. 8d. set aside as a renovation fund for future repairing or cleaning. We undertake the work for the forthcoming year in a spirit of solemn responsibility. It is publicly announced that the Central Hall for the Wesleyan Forward movement in South London is to be erected in the same road in which the Hall stands, while in the next road to ours the Primitive Methodists are about to erect a large new Chapel also. It was, for a little while, a question with us as to whether we were called to accept the proposal of the London County Council to reinstate us on our present site, or whether we should try and find a neighbourhood more spiritually needy. The conclusion was forced upon us that any removal was likely to break up our present organization, and that, with the increasing population around, there would still be room for our distinctive work and the teaching of believers' baptism. We believe we have heard God's call to *remain where we are*, and we go forward relying upon His strength."

COLLEGE.—In consequence of continued ill-health, Professor Marchant has felt compelled to resign his position as Acting-Principal. The Trustees have unanimously elected Dr. McCaig to the office of Principal, and they have also secured the services of Pastor W. Hackney, M.A., as Classical Tutor, after the summer vacation. It is an honour to the Institution to have on its roll brethren who are so well fitted to "teach others also."

We are glad to hear of the safe arrival and hearty welcome at Bombay of our Brother Dunster and his family. The un-

settled condition of that part of India gives additional cause for earnest prayer on our friend's account.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. J. C. Carlile, from John Street, Edgware Road, to Rendezvous Street, Folkestone; Mr. G. Freeman, from New Southgate, to Westbourne Grove, Bayswater; Mr. I. L. Near, from March, to Christchurch, Aston, Birmingham; and Mr. H. J. Preece, from Maidenhead, to Tewkesbury. Mr. H. D. Archer has gone from Koroit to Castlemaine, Victoria, Australia; Mr. G. Wainwright, from Perth, to Launceston, Tasmania; and Mr. F. Tuck, from Canton, to Weedsport, Cayuga County, New York State, U.S.A.

Mr. A. W. Payne, the son of one of the Tabernacle deacons, has completed his College course, and accepted an engagement as evangelist in connection with the Children's Special Service Mission.

Our readers will remember that the Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association will (p.v.) be held in the week commencing April 18. Special prayer is desired that the meetings may prove, as in the past, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The public gatherings are on the Monday evening at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, and on Monday and Thursday evenings at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. At the Tuesday evening *soirée* at the Orphanage, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, Editor of *The British Weekly*, will (p.v.) deliver a special address on "The uplift of the soul."

ORPHANAGE.—The Orphanage Quarterly, *Within our Gates*, announces that the total promised for the proposed seaside home is £2,545 0s. 6d., and that freehold property, suitable for the purpose, has been secured at Cliftonville, Margate. A generous response to the appeal is necessary to enable the President and Trustees to complete the undertaking, and to provide for its maintenance. An excellent portrait is given of Mr. Thomas H. Olney, with an appreciative sketch of his connection with the Tabernacle and Orphanage; and, by permission of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, a page of extracts from her dear husband's *Autobiography* is also included in the magazine.

The quarterly meeting of collectors was held on Tuesday evening, March 15; Mr. Wm. Jones, of Orpington, presiding. There was a good rally of our devoted helpers, and the proceeds were in advance of those of the corresponding meeting last year. The children rendered a pleasing programme, and very earnest addresses were delivered by the Chairman, the President, and Pastors Jeffery, of Peckham, and Townsend, of Wandsworth. It was an evening of praise and prayer, and a time of pleasure and profit to all who were present. We should be glad to enrol the names of other friends on the list of collectors.

The last week in March, our friends at

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher	11	0	0	A few friends at Irvine, per Miss S.			
Mr. D. Smith	5	5	0	Muir	1	10	0
Mr. Chas. Early	5	0	0	S. R., Manchester	0	2	0
Mr. J. Perraton	1	0	0	"Sale of old newspapers"	0	10	0
Mr. T. Dawes	0	5	0	The Misses L. and J. Cairns	0	10	0
Colonel S. Dewé White	0	10	0	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Mrs. Duckenfield	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. A. Scales	1	0	0
Mr. T. Merry	0	10	0	M. A. G.	0	10	0
A. Stockport, per Mr. F. W. Howard				Miss H. Inglis	1	0	0
Piper	0	5	0	Northcote Street Baptist Chapel, Stock-			
Mrs. M. S. Brame	0	5	0	ton, per Mr. D. Craig	0	11	3
Mr. C. Norton	0	2	6	T. H. S., Bunwell	0	5	0
Mr. C. Iberson	0	3	0	A friend, per Pastor G. Stanley	2	2	0
H. M. A. S., Redhill (in memory of				Mrs. Adams	0	4	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon)	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	2	5	0
Mrs. E. Bell	0	5	0	A working-man at Costers' Hall, per			
S. N., Paddock Wood	0	5	0	Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Everett	0	10	0	Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. M. Merry (Leighton Buzzard)	0	5	0	Postal order, Kirkcaldy	0	3	0
Mrs. M. E. Brooks	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. N. Wilsin	0	4	6
Mr. R. Middleton	0	5	0	Postal order, Keighley	0	1	0
Miss York	0	10	0	Mr. T. Phillips	0	1	0
Mrs. Jarry	0	5	0	Per Mrs. James Withers:—			
W. F., Kirkintilloch	0	2	6	Mr. W. Moore	2	2	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton	1	10	0	Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Collected by Master G. Roberts	0	2	6	Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0
J. H. C.	1	0	0	Mr. H. Cooper	0	10	0
Sympathy	0	5	0	Mrs. Wilson	0	5	0
Postal order, Dalbeattie (in memory				Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
of Mr. Spurgeon)	0	5	0				
Mrs. Rix, senr.	0	2	6	Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Smith	1	10	0	Postal order, Peckham	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Stockman	0	12	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Beard	0	17	0
Friends of the proposed new Baptist				Collected by Miss E. Ellis	0	12	0
Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor				Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—			
R. H. Easty	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Jefford	0	12	0
Mr. E. J. Raby	0	5	0	Mrs. Thorpe	0	2	0
Mr. A. E. Andrew	0	4	0				
A repentant sinner	0	7	0				
Christmas dinner collection, Rochester				"No. 8,475"	30	0	0
Baptist Church, per Mr. E. Palmer...	6	10	6	Collected by Miss A. Allen	0	10	6
Mr. J. Tebby, per Messrs. Passmore				Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0	2	6
and Alabaster	0	4	6	Miss Melville	5	0	0
Postal order, Tunbridge Wells	0	4	0	Mr. Jno. Hooper	2	0	0
Mr. Jno. Donnell	5	0	0	Mr. W. T. Lewis (Bournemouth)	2	0	0
Mr. G. Humphreys	1	1	0	Mr. A. Burr	0	5	0
Thankoffering from two sisters, Don-				E. R., Helensburgh	0	1	6
caster	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Millman	0	10	0
Postal order, Lochgilphead	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0	3	7
Orphan girl's card (Eva Saltmarsh)	0	3	10	Collected by Miss M. Fitzgerald	1	1	0
W. J. Whaley	0	5	0	Anon.	50	0	0
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	0	15	6	Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. F. Lewis	0	17	0	Mr. G. F. Goldspink	1	0	0
Mr. M. Steel	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Norman	6	0	0
Mrs. Halstead	0	7	6	Mr. F. Bastow	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0	Mrs. R. Sissons	0	2	6
Mr. W. T. Lewis (Dover)	1	1	0	Y.W.C.E.S., Victoria Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0	Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	1	5	9
Junior C.E.S., Zion Sunday-school,				Mr. Geo. Tolley	1	0	0
Chatham, per Mr. G. T. Fappe	0	7	0	Collected by Miss Potts	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fitch	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. H. Thompson	0	6	0
Mr. W. S. Cowell	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	15	4
Postal order, Cambuslang	0	5	0	Captain E. L. Simpson	1	0	0
Mr. K. M. George	0	5	0	Mr. James Suttie	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Durrant	1	0	0	W. F.	0	2	6
Box at Tabernacle gates	0	1	5	Mrs. Southernwood	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0	Collected by Master J. Hicks	0	14	0
Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	1	11	0	Executors of the late Mr. Richard			
Mr. F. W. Culverhouse	0	7	0	Gibbs	100	0	0
Mr. E. E. Myhill	0	2	6	Executors of the late Mr. F. W.			
Mr. E. Laphorne, per Mr. Geo. S.				Ainsden	90	0	0
Launcester	0	15	0	Executors of the late Mrs. E. W.			
S. M. P.	0	5	0	Warner	20	0	0
Mrs. C. Evans	5	0	0	From the estate of the late Mr. Wm.			
				Kirkland, per Miss M. Kirkland	10	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Devonshire Square Sunday-school, per	
"A tenth part from the Bush" ...	2 0 0	Mr. A. J. Shepherd ...	5 5 0
Mr. J. Crocker ...	5 0 0	Carron Sunday-school, Norwich, per	
Jno. F. H. ...	2 0 0	Mr. Wm. Reeder ...	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. Straw ...	1 1 0	Queen's Road Baptist Sunday-school,	
Collected by Miss E. Oubitt ...	1 5 6	Wimbledon, per Mr. T. A. Holton ...	1 18 8
Collected by Mrs. Elding ...	0 3 0	Baptist Sunday-school, Newbury, per	
A reader of "The Christian Herald" ...	0 2 0	Mr. T. S. Waite ...	0 15 0
A friend at Clayland's Chapel, per		Baptist Sabbath-school, Halbeath, per	
Miss Ricketts ...	0 1 0	Mr. W. Adamson ...	0 4 6
Mr. F. Drummer, per Pastor T.		Haddon Hall Sunday-school, Ber-	
Spurgeon ...	1 0 0	mondsey ...	7 0 0
J. K. E. Thame ...	0 7 6	Dugdale Street Sunday-school, Cam-	
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—		berwell, per Mr. Brown ...	0 16 0
Mr. Woodley ...	2 0 0	Baptist Sunday-school, Bishop Auck-	
J. J. S. ...	1 1 0	land, per Mr. C. B. Gibson ...	0 3 6
Mr. Micklem ...	1 1 0	Chatsworth Road Baptist Sunday-	
Mr. Rackstraw ...	0 5 0	school, Clapton, per Mr. A. T. Lake	0 10 6
	4 7 0	Markham Square Sunday-school,	
Mr. C. Schultz ...	1 1 0	Chelsea, per Mr. C. Schultz ...	0 8 0
The Misses Adams and Sayers, per an			
old postman ...	0 11 0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the</i>	
<i>Collections in memory of Pastor C. H.</i>		<i>Orphanage Choir:—</i>	
<i>Spurgeon:—</i>		Clarendon Chapel, Camberwell ...	1 14 5
Edith Road Baptist Chapel, Nunhead,		Total Abstinence Society, Clifton Con-	
per Pastor C. P. Sawday ...	3 5 0	gregational Church, Peckham ...	0 0 0
Rev. T. J. Cole ...	2 2 0	Bloomsbury Hall, Soho ...	2 2 0
Edith Road Baptist Sunday-school,		Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, per Mr.	
Nunhead, Benevolent Fund, per Mr.		Wm. Olney ...	1 1 0
F. A. Peskett ...	1 1 0	Haven Green Baptist Chapel, Ealing ...	8 11 9
Shirley Road Baptist Sunday-school,		Barry Road Band of Hope, East Dul-	
Southampton, per H. Webster ...	0 11 0	wich ...	1 1 0
Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school, Tod-		Downs Chapel, Clapton ...	8 9 6
morden, per Mr. J. S. Pilling ...	1 4 10		
Ledburn Baptist Chapel, per Mr. H.			
Varney ...	1 0 0		
			£499 1 4

List of Presents from February 15th, to March 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 Fowls, 4 Cakes (for Infirmary), Mrs. E. Barrah.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—4 yards Flannel Shirting, Mrs. Hale; 22 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 72 pairs Boots and shoes, Mr. R. Spink; 30 Bows, Miss M. Rogers; 5 Coats and Vests, Mr. J. Harvey; 2 pairs Socks, Anon., Boston; 5 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—3 dozen pairs Stockings, Mr. D. Burgess; 23 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 Articles, Anon., Boston; 240 Ties, Mrs. W. Runciman; 16 pairs Ringwood Gloves, 5 Pinafores, Miss O. E. Selfe; 12 Garments, Mrs. Keevil; 16 Articles, Y.P.S.C.E., Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Forest Row, per Miss E. A. Thomas.

GENERAL:—5 Volumes, Mr. J. H. Earnshaw; 1 Quilt, Anon., Boston; 1 gross Mohair Laces, Miss O. E. Selfe; 2 Footballs, 4 Cricket Bats, 2 sets Stumps and Bails, 4 Cricket Balls, Mr. W. Runciman; 1 Picture for Memorial Hall, Mr. A. Barrett Midlane; Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—A work-bag for every girl, from the ladies of the West Croydon Baptist Church and Miss E. J. Spurgeon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th, to March 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>		Wellington, per Mr. J. Holden ...	1 0 0
Chard, per Mr. Thos. Penny ...	11 5 0	Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman ...	11 5 0
Lanley Moor, per Mr. John Raw ...	11 5 0		
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. White ...	1 5 0	<i>General Fund:—</i>	
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-		Mrs. Charles Walter, per Mrs. C. H.	
wood ...	8 15 0	Spurgeon ...	3 0 0
Horsforth, per Miss O. E. Bilbrough ..	11 5 0	Mrs. Guthrie, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Wallingford, Toronto ...	45 0 0	Anon, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ...	0 10 0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Miss			
E. A. Tyler ...	11 5 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd ...	7 10 0	Mrs. A. H. Bullman ...	0 10 0
Hereford, per Mr. W. R. Riley ...	11 5 0	Mr. G. F. Fitzgerald ...	1 1 0
Repton and Swadlincote, per Mr. E. D.			
Salt ...	20 0 0		£157 1 0

ERRATUM.—Omitted last month—Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P., £11 5 0.

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

Statement of Receipts from February 14th to March 12th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
'A thankoffering'	0	11	6	Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	0	0	Rev. J. D. Kilburn ...	1	0	0
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>							
Miss Charlotte Higgs	2	0	0				
"One who loves to read the sermons" ...	0	4	0				
					£6	0	6

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from February 14th to March 12th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	2,459	4	6	Miss Shirley	0	10	0
Mr. E. R. Morton	1	1	0	A friend	10	0	0
Mrs. Richard Rodgett, per Pastor				Mr. A. Fitzgerald	2	2	0
Charles Spurgeon	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Friend	1	0	0
In memoriam, C. C., per Pastor Thomas				Miss S. Friend	0	10	0
Spurgeon	1	0	0	Mrs. R. J.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potts and friend... ..	0	3	0	Mrs. C.	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Price	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas	1	0	0
Widow Sopp	0	1	0	A tea ticket	0	5	0
Miss Maggie Laurie	0	3	0	Two visitors	10	0	0
A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i> ...	0	10	0	Ebenezer	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Miss W.	0	2	0
Mrs. Skinner	0	5	0	Mr. Rendall	0	1	0
Mrs. Keovil	10	0	0	Mr. Scurrall	0	10	0
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				Mr. C. Ladin	0	2	6
Thanksgiving collections	10	0	6	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	0	12	0
Mr. Cheal	0	2	6				
Misses Dukes and Berry	0	10	0				
C. R. F.	5	0	0				
					£2,523	15	0

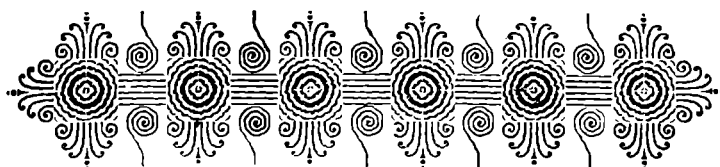
Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from Feb. 8th to March 15th, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—"A friend," 5s; Mrs. G. Plaise, 1s; A. D. B., 1s; Miss E. Evans, 2s; Mary Fitzgerald, 2s.—Total, 11s.

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.


MAY, 1898.

The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Continued from page 156.)

XXX.—WHEAT SHOULD GROW IN THE FIELD.

OME timid Christians think they shall not be so much observed if they make no profession, for the world will hardly know that they do love Christ. Ah! my friend, the world can tell wheat from a nettle even though it is growing in a corner; and if you are sincere, you may remain concealed in the hedge for a time, but your head will grow out, and you will be even more observed and pecked at than if you grew in the field.

* * * *

XXXI.—STRANGE CONDUCT OF CERTAIN HEARERS OF THE WORD.

Some hearers reverse the parable,—they gather the bad into vessels, and throw the good away. The good and sound truths are forgotten; and if there be one stale mackerel, it is hawked all round the town for weeks to come.

* * * *

XXXII.—THE TRUE GOLD-DIGGINGS.

If God would sell the field of gospel blessings in small lots, He would soon dispose of it. For one would like sanctification, but not free grace. Another would like remission of sin, but repentance would be too much for him. One likes faith altogether separate from duty; another loves works, but not the humbling plan of "Believe

and live." My friends, this field cannot be disposed of unless you take it all in one lot. If you sell all you have, and buy the field, you will make a great bargain. Here are the true gold-diggings.

* * * *

XXXIII.—HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS.

If any earthly father had been plagued with such a family as God has, even parental love would have been worn out long ago.

* * * *

XXXIV.—CHRIST FEEDS THE DESTITUTE.

If a man have only one dry crust in his pocket, or even a little flour-dust on him, he will get no bread at Christ's door. But the utterly and hopelessly destitute will find good cheer in abundance.

* * * *

XXXV.—SNAILS AND HYPOCRITES.

A few snails in a garden prove that there is something to eat there; but get rid of them if you can. So, I fancy, a few hypocrites in a church do certainly show that there is spiritual food there; but he is a slovenly man who lets them remain there long.

* * * *

XXXVI.—THE NIGHT THE TIME FOR DEW.

The Eastern gardener thinks the night the best season because then the dew moistens his plants. Tried soul, why fear the dark night of trouble? Dost thou not know that then the dew falls?

* * * *

XXXVII.—STARVING RATHER THAN WASHING.

I observe, on the gate of the Union House, a board informing all vagrants that, before or on admission, they must be well washed in the bath. I am told that many turn away rather than submit to the water. So our Lord declares that all whom He admits He will wash from unholy living. Men cannot bear the washing; they love the filth of sin; and, therefore,—

"Thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come."

* * * *

XXXVIII.—THE WING-FEATHERS OF PRAYER.

Some men's prayers have all the feathers in the tail, like a peacock; but give me the man who, though a pauper in ornament, is rich in earnestness; give me a prayer with the wing-feathers of an eagle.

* * * *

XXXIX.—THE DUST OF ZION PRECIOUS.

Christians should love the very least things connected with God's house,—the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, or whatever belongs

to the sanctuary;—for David says, "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof." Let us also love the least of services, even those which might be called "dust."

* * * *

XL.—"WILL A MAN ROB GOD?"

If a man is knocked down, or robbed, he thinks the law ought to punish the offender; but the same person will insult God, and rob Him of His due, yet he scarcely imagines himself worthy of any punishment.

* * * *

XLI.—"FOOD CONVENIENT."

Some would have nothing but "strong meat" brought out on the Sabbath; nevertheless, it is my duty to crumb a mess of milk for the little ones. On the other hand, some like nothing strong, no hard corn for them; but these should remember that those whose teeth are grown want food somewhat of that kind. What a mercy that no one man serves our rations out for us, but that God distributes the portion to everyone as it is needed!

* * * *

XLII.—THE LITTLE WORKER, PROUD.

The man who does little, will soon get proud of that little; but he who is often in the battle, has not time to boast of the last victory, for he is busy preparing for another encounter.

* * * *

XLIII.—RELICS WHICH HAVE NEVER BEEN DISCOVERED.

The gown in which James preached, the mitre worn by "St. Peter", the skull of the curate Paul paid to do his work for him, the book containing the account of the church-rate made by the apostles in Jerusalem, which men of another religion were forced to pay; the prayer-book used by John, and the receipt for the £3,000 per annum which the bishop of Antioch received.

* * * *

XLIV.—"EAT ABUNDANTLY, O BELOVED!"

God never finds fault with His children for eating too much. Spiritual food cannot be eaten in excess.

* * * *

XLV.—RIDING ON ASSES.

Ancient Israel said, "Aashur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses." What do those ride on who are Puseyites? Why, something meaner than horses; they ride on asses.

* * * *

XLVI.—GOD SEES THE HEART.

It is an old trick of beggars to wear painted sores and false wounds; but God is not to be deceived as man is; He knows whether yours is a real or a pretended experience.

* * * *

XLVII.—SATAN'S CRAFT.

The devil, like a horse-dealer, soon finds out the tender part, and he takes care to touch those whom he drives just in that very place. He is an old practitioner, a fine anatomist; practice has made him an adept in the art of tempting.

* * * *

XLVIII.—GRACE UPON GRACE.

God piles Ossa on Pelion, mountain on mountain, grace upon grace, so that His sons may climb to Heaven.

* * * *

XLIX.—SALVATION, ALL OF GRACE.

Had I my foot on Heaven's threshold, and my finger on the latch, I could not enter unless the Holy Spirit enabled me to do so.

(*To be continued.*)

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

MY dear readers will easily call to mind the work of translating the Sermons into the dialect of the Argentine Republic, which differs in a slight degree from the Spanish. I have just had the pleasure of sending seven guineas from the "Fund for General Use," to cover the expense of printing and publishing another of these blessed discourses. To Mr. Graham's honour be it told, he has always given his services as translator freely and heartily. This makes the seventh which he has prepared, and you have paid for. Who amongst you all can reckon up the *profits* which shall accrue from such an investment of money as this? Perhaps, on "that day" when "the books are opened," we shall wonder at the gain,—the riches of grace, to poor souls therein recorded!

I give an extract from Mr. Graham's letter, as I have often done before. I know that visitors to my "Work-room" like to read my correspondents' accounts of themselves and the work they are doing, and I am always rejoiced to give them this pleasure. "It is a splendid Sermon,—that which I have just translated ('How to please God,' No. 2,513),—just what is needed for this country. May the Lord bless many souls in Argentina through reading it! Our work is going along well. Many people are being brought out of Rome's darkness into the light of the gospel. About a month ago, I went out twenty-four miles to the camp, to an Estancia (estate) where a family of our recently-baptized believers are working, and I found that quite a number of men and women, *who had never before heard the gospel*, were

being led to the Saviour by the life and testimony of these Spanish Christians. I had the joy of baptizing one of the women out there; and others are asking for baptism, but they prefer coming to the town to make profession of their faith. I still beg of you to remember us in your prayers. Las Flores is becoming quite a missionary centre, from whence the Water of Life is flowing in many different directions."

This last sentence is noteworthy, and calls for devout gratitude to God. I remember, when Mr. Graham first wrote to me, and undertook to translate and distribute the precious Sermons, that Las Flores was a city almost wholly given to idolatry, and for the first few years his letters told of but slow progress for the gospel among such a stiff-necked people. But, now, all that is being altered, and his heart must be greatly encouraged by seeing some fruit from his labour; and I do not hesitate to say that the scattering of these living words of Christ's glorified servant has had something to do with the bringing about of so blessed a result.

I send also a large number of the Sermons, in English, to these good friends, and they distribute them far and wide to suitable people. One of Mr. Graham's co-workers says:—"After reading my copies, I send them to Brother Williams, who is stationed at Olavarria, about seventy miles South of here, and he also passes them on. We all agree that we do not find better reading outside of the Bible. For our little English meeting, I always choose one to read; I feel safer in giving dear Mr. Spurgeon's words than my own. For the Spanish meeting, I study another, and then speak on it as best as I can with the Lord's help. The Sermons are also sent by post to six or seven families in this Province." May God increasingly bless this work!

* * * *

Here is a small piece of news, that may mean a great deal of blessing, if the Lord see fit to prosper the work. I rejoice heartily in it, as it shows how wonderfully God can incline the heart of far-away strangers to take part in the service of scattering abroad the words which He gave to His dear servant to speak, or write. In a communication from Russia, Mr. Kilburn says:—"I have just returned from Finland. The Spirit of God is working mightily there. May I ask an interest in your prayers on behalf of the people? You will be glad to hear that a gentleman in Esthonia has given £50 for the issue of Mr. Spurgeon's *All of Grace* in the Esthonian language, and its *free distribution amongst the poor*! Pray that it may be greatly used of God, in this needy and sorrowful land."

* * * *

The protest which, some time since, I felt led to make against the raising of money for the cause of God by amusements and entertainments, has borne much blessed fruit. True, in some quarters, the evil has not lessened, but grown, apparently in sheer opposition to those whose hearts have ached and wept over it; but this only excites more abundant pity, for we are sure that, some day, all the Lord's servants will see how impossible and unseemly it is to attempt to serve both God and mammon.

A recent letter from "one of our own men" tells a purer and sweeter story than any Bazaar record could give, though its "takings" might count by hundreds of pounds. In a certain West of England town, the ceiling of the Baptist Chapel fell, and compelled an unexpected outlay of £75, a sum sufficiently large to tax the resources of a working church, already doing its utmost to meet the heavy expenses of constant and aggressive service. But the money had to be gathered,—and at once. How did the church set about it? Will all readers take note of the spiritual and believing lines on which its plans were laid, and ask themselves whether such a course of action must not be more according to the mind and will of God than the doubtful doings of the "Vanity Fairs" of which we read such glowing accounts in the religious newspapers?

"Pastor, officers, and church-members were unanimous in deciding to spend a week in special prayer, and then set apart a day for bringing in the people's free-will offerings." The pastor's birthday happened to be conveniently near, so affection led duty by the hand, and loving gifts were brought to him as he sat in his vestry from 9 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. With great joy he wrote to tell me that 215 persons either came to bring their gifts or sent donations, and the amount realized was £72, not including some other sums which were expected afterwards! Was not this a more excellent way than the way of the world? Does it not glorify God, and prove that He hears and answers prayer? The dear people finished up at night with a glorious service of thanksgiving, and everyone felt that faith in God was strengthened, and great spiritual benefit received by the fact that they had waited only upon Him. May I very lovingly commend this example of Christian practice to the serious consideration of those who, as yet, have not tried it?

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES ON A TEXT.

"Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant."—Psalm xxxi. 16.

As a night without stars, so is my soul, O Lord, if Thou hidest Thy face from me! My feet falter, my steps are uncertain, my hands grope as at midnight, my heart is oppressed by an unspeakable fear and dread. O blessed Light of my life, what has caused Thee to withdraw Thyself? Why art Thou hidden behind these thick clouds, so that I cannot rejoice in Thee?

Alas! my soul, there can be but one answer to thy question, and it is a very serious and sorrowful one: "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have 'made Him hide' (margin) His face from you." O my Lord, this indictment is all too true; but I have acknowledged my transgressions: "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." I hate the sin which so constantly surges up within me, defiles my holiest service, and dares intrude even into my prayers. Thou knowest my cry goes daily, almost hourly, up to Thee: "O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed! My soul is also sore vexed: but Thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for Thy mercies' sake!"

Not for long can such a prayer, if sincere, remain unanswered. The Lord loveth not to keep His children in prison. He has but been waiting that the soul's transgression and exceeding need of pardon should be recognized and confessed, and then He turns to deliver and bless. Mr. Andrew Murray says, "The true victory over sin is this;—if the light comes in, the darkness is expelled." Yes, just as the mists and shadows roll away from the sky when the sun is risen upon the earth, so do sins, and griefs, and fears flee before the brightness of the uplifted face of a pardoning God. Lord Jesus, blessed Saviour, it is the light of Thy reconciled countenance which I need to 'end this grief of sin;' it is Thy personal presence within my heart which alone can make my peace flow as a river. "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant" Appear on my behalf, and by Thine own almighty power work the miracle of sun-rising in my soul, scattering the blackness of my sin by the quickening beams of Thy matchless love! "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning." Waiting soul, is He sure to come? Yea, verily; more surely than that to-morrow's sun will arise upon this world when the hours of darkness have fulfilled their mission, will "the Dayspring from on high" visit those whose eyes are looking, and whose hearts are longing for Him, and His glorious beams of grace.

But there was a time,—dost thou not remember it, O my soul?—when "*we hid, as it were, our faces from Him;*" nay, worse than that, for "He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." What dense blindness was that which saw no beauty in One who is "altogether lovely"! Rather, far rather, would we be mourning over our distance from Him, and languishing for the manifestation of His sweet presence, than that He should ever again be to us only "as a root out of a dry ground," "without form or comeliness."

Let us thank God for opening our eyes, as a necessary preparation for seeing the light. We should never have prayed, "Lord, make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant," if we had not seen the "thick cloud" of our transgressions which intervened between Him and our soul's vision of His splendour.

I feel as if I were writing to-day for someone whose spiritual experience answers to my own, and I have the hope that such an one will be comforted by "the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Dear friend, there is *no reason why* you should remain in the darkness of the Lord's averted face, if you truly long to be restored to His favour. Cry for, and *claim*, the incoming of the Light of Life. He will be to you "as a light that shineth in a dark place;" and, before you have finished reading these words, you may hear Him say, "In a little wrath, I hid My face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee."

"O Light, all light excelling,
Make my heart Thy dwelling;
O joy, all grief dispelling,—
To this poor heart, come in!"

S. S.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

LIII.—PASTOR C. JOSEPH, CAMBRIDGE.

THE removal of Pastor Charles Joseph from Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, to St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge, seems a fitting opportunity for including him in “Our Own Men” Series, and we are glad to be able to transfer to our pages the following interesting account of his career, which appeared in the first number of *The Hampshire Free Churchman*, to which we called attention in our February issue:—

Like so many other eminent men, Mr. Joseph is a gift of the village to the town. He was born in the year 1853, at Horseyway-Head, a small hamlet in the parish of Staunton-on-Arrow, Herefordshire. His early education was obtained partly in the village school and partly in evening classes. When thirteen years of age, he began to work for a living at gardening and farming, and thus acquired a practical knowledge of agriculture and the management of domestic animals. At fifteen, farm-work was alternated with mason-work in the building line; and at seventeen, he had so completely mastered the various branches of his trade, that he was able to adapt himself to the circumstances of the hour and the local requirements of any district in which he might find himself, earning good wages either as a bricklayer, a slater, a plasterer, or a stone-cutter. Manual labour, however, did not absorb all his energies. From a child, he had displayed a remarkable fondness for books, and by “giving attention to reading” he cultivated his mind, and acquired considerable power as a conversationalist and debater.

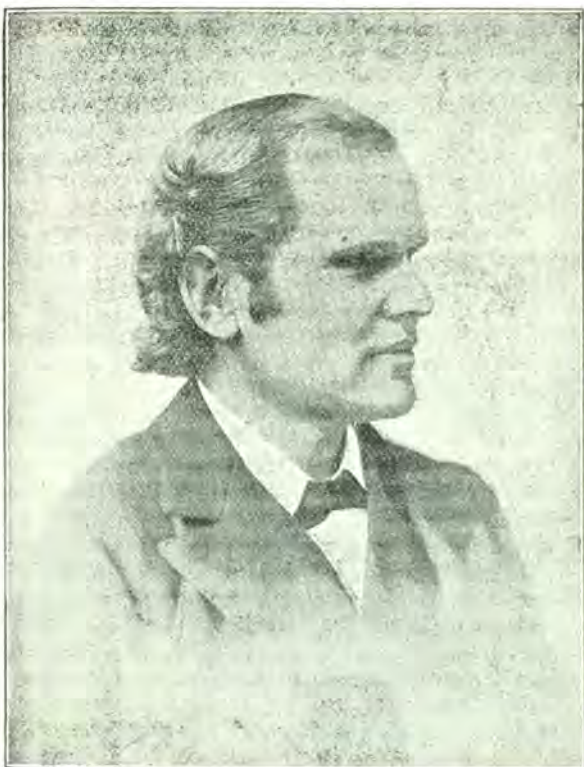
Like Timothy, from his youth he had “known the Holy Scriptures.” The child of pious parents, he was reared in an atmosphere of godliness, and appears to have always been peculiarly susceptible to religious influences. His conversion took place when he was about sixteen years of age, and he at once joined himself to the Baptist denomination, of which his mother—a gentle, patient, and gracious woman,—had long been a consistent member. He next became a village preacher, and his gifts of originality, earnestness, and spiritual force, combined with a tender pathos and a winning persuasiveness, soon attracted the attention of his rural neighbours; and the cottages, in which his early sermons were generally delivered, were nearly always crowded with eager listeners, attracted by the natural eloquence of the young Baptist preacher.

In his twenty-first year, Mr. Joseph removed to Birmingham, and from thence, in 1875, he entered the Pastors' College, where he became at once a general favourite with the President, the tutors, and his fellow-students. At the close of his College course, he accepted a call from a little handful of worshippers in the Middle-Class School-room, Victoria Street, Small Heath, Birmingham, and set about establishing and developing a church there.

On the occasion of his subsequent departure from Birmingham, a lengthy account of Mr. Joseph's career appeared in a local periodical, from which we cull the following extracts:—

“When he accepted the invitation [to Small Heath], there was no

chapel; but the people went to work with such zeal that, in three months, the Victoria Street Chapel, to seat 530 persons, was erected, and ready for the opening ceremony. When he first entered upon the pastorate of the church, there were 26 members, and about 50 persons constituted the average congregation, the Sunday-school children numbering about 80. From the very first, the members of Mr.



Joseph's congregation were enthusiastic in their work, which so prospered that, when he left, after a pastorate of thirteen years, there were upwards of 300 members, 1,000 children in the schools, and a congregation which filled the chapel. The building was free from debt; a building site, on the Coventry Road, costing about £1,270, was secured and paid for, and a sum of about £400 promised towards a new chapel. Amongst other denominational appointments held by Mr. Joseph, he was for two years—from 1886 to 1887—Chairman of the Birmingham District Committee; in 1887, he was commissioned by the Midland Baptist Association to establish and edit a denominational magazine, *Thought and Work*. He was elected Association preacher for 1888, and President of the Association (Midland Baptist) for 1889. For several years, he was Lecturer to the Birmingham Sunday School Union at its annual Town Hall Festival.

"In 1880, Mr. Joseph was invited to the pastorate of a church in Northamptonshire, but declined to go; and in order to help his people to meet his increasing needs, he became a commercial traveller, for two years representing a firm of Birmingham manufacturers. About this time, he was invited to join the literary staff of the new evening paper, *The Midland Echo*. For upwards of two years, he was the leader-writer, and during that period wrote with much literary skill and vigour, a large number of articles. All this time he kept up his preaching and lecturing, as well as attending to his pastoral work. The result of all this added labour, which few men would have undertaken, was that he was able to remit £100 of his salary to help the members of his congregation to pay off the debt on the chapel. In 1889, he resigned the pastorate of the church in Birmingham, and accepted that of Lake Road, Portsmouth."

Of his career there, it is unnecessary for us to write at any length. His success has been steady, growing, and constant. The congregations have not only been maintained, but increased until they fill the spacious building every Lord's-day. The church-roll has been added to from year to year, and the number of members is now over 1,000. Considerable additions have been made to the Sunday-school premises, and all the organizations of the church and its various mission-stations are in a thoroughly healthy state.

During his residence in Portsmouth, Mr. Joseph has manifested great interest in all public questions that affect the moral and social welfare of the community. He has been a familiar figure and popular speaker on the political platform, fearlessly advocating the cause of Freedom, Progress, and Righteousness. He has exerted a most beneficent influence upon the municipal life of the town. His trenchant criticisms of public officials, while always free from personalities, have done much to expose and remedy glaring abuses. Always a true friend of the working classes, he has bravely championed their cause whenever occasion demanded, and was Chairman of the first Early Closing Association formed in Portsmouth. In the Social Purity Crusade, he was the recognized leader. His wise and disinterested championship of the Temperance cause has done much to abate the evils associated with the Liquor Traffic, though it involved him, for a while, in much personal suffering and threatened pecuniary loss. Bankruptcy at one time appeared the most likely result to follow the decision in the *cause célèbre* of *Pitts v. Joseph*; but with wonderful spontaneity his many friends and sympathisers in all denominations, and in all parts of the country, testified their belief in Mr. Joseph's integrity, and the justice of his cause, as well as their admiration for his conduct, by contributing to a Testimonial Fund, which enabled its promoters to publicly present him with a receipted bill of costs, amounting to over £700. There was a balance of nearly £280, which Mr. Joseph was urged to accept for his own personal use. This, however, he refused to do, and generously devoted the whole to various Temperance and Philanthropic agencies in the town. Thus was a legal defeat turned into a great moral victory.

Four years since, Mr. Joseph was appointed Moderator of the Southern Association of Baptist Churches. . . . But it is not

only in his own denomination that he is held in high esteem. His praise is in all the churches, and his sympathies go out to "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth." In the initial stages of the Federation Movement, Mr. Joseph collaborated with Rev. J. M. G. Owen, and to their united efforts was due the formation of the Hampshire Federation of Free Churches,—the first county organization of the kind which the world had ever seen. Mr. Joseph is a man of sterling qualities, and of many parts. He has a tender heart, a clear head, and a catholic spirit. His nature blends a lamb-like gentleness with a lion-like courage. He will be sadly missed in Portsmouth and the whole county. To a very wide circle of friends, his departure will be almost like a bereavement; but his name will long be enshrined in the memories of thousands, whose prayers will follow him to his new sphere of labour, and whose eyes will watch, with affectionate interest, the future career of one whom they will always regard as "a brother beloved."

Brief Notes on Some of the Hymns in the Supplement to "Our Own Hymn-Book."

BY THE COMPILER, R. SHINDLER.

WE shall confine our remarks to a few of the less-known hymns, and to such as, for other reasons, require special notice. It would need a volume to give the history of the three hundred hymns in the Supplement. No. 1,063, "Our Father, God, who art in Heaven," is by Dr. Adoniram Judson. He was the eldest son of his father, a Congregational minister (not a Baptist, as stated by F. M. B. in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*), of Maldon, Massachusetts, where the future missionary was born, 9th August, 1768. His conversion was a very remarkable one. In 1812, he was sent out to India, with four others, by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. While on the voyage, the perusal of Article X. in the Directions of the Board, led to a change of views as to baptism. He was required to baptize *credible believers and their households*, while believers only were to be admitted to church-fellowship. As a result of his study of the subject, he became a Baptist, and as he could not conscientiously work under the Board, he went to Burmah, and there founded a Baptist Mission. His persecutions, imprisonment, and manifold labours and sufferings are of pathetic interest. This hymn is dated, "Prison, Ava, March, 1825" (He was in the death prison.) "It illustrates the nature of the missionary's thoughts during his long-protracted agony. It is comprised in fewer words than the original Greek, and contains only two more than the common translation." Dr. Judson died and was buried at sea, while on a voyage to the Isle of France for his health, 12th April, 1849. He translated the whole of the Bible into Burmese, and left materials for a Burmese-English Dictionary.

No. 1,069, "Ye of the Father loved," is by Mr. Thomas Horublower

Gill, who is living at the date of this writing. He was trained as a Socinian or Unitarian; but, by God's grace, was put on the "Up grade," and stands firm and fast in the Evangelical faith.

No. 1,070, "Come, saints, and sing with sweet accord;" No. 1128, "Hark! how the blood-bought hosts above;" No. 1,071, "Salvation by grace, how charming the song," and two or three other hymns in the Supplement, are by John Kent, who was a mechanic in Devonport Dockyard, then called Plymouth Dock. His fervid strains have gladdened many a heart.

No. 1,072, "O people elected by sovereign love;" No. 1,073, "Loved with love from everlasting;" and No. 1,074, "Sons of Zion, lift your eyes;" are by the late Rev. Septimus Sears, for many years pastor of a Baptist Church. Clifton, Shefford, Bedfordshire.

No. 1,080, "Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown," is by the late Miss Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, third daughter of the late Rev. E. B. Elliott, of Brighton, and niece of Charlotte Elliott. The refrain to this hymn is very touching and beautiful. Happy are all those who can say or sing the words in reality and truth,—

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee!"

Nos. 1,090—94, "In the bonds of death He lay;" "The day of Resurrection;" "Christ is risen! Hallelujah!" "Jesus lives! no longer now;" "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!"—are all from the German.

No. 1,094 is by the Electress of Brandenburg, great-aunt to William III. of England, the maternal ancestress of the Imperial House of Germany, and connected in some remote way with Queen Victoria. The deeply-interesting associations of the hymn are too many and too long for this paper; one only may be given. A poor woman in Germany had a drunken husband. One night, having waited and watched in vain for his return, she courageously braved the darkness, and found her way to the house where he was drinking with his companions. She urged him to return home, but his associates forbade it, unless she would sing them a song. The poor dear woman—no doubt lifting her heart to God in prayer,—stood forth, and sang some verses of the hymn beginning—

"Jesus, my Redeemer, lives!
Christ, my trust, is dead no more!
In the strength this promise gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er?"

The noisy drinkers were hushed to silence, and the godly woman led home her husband, who, it is said, profited by this telling object-lesson.

No. 1,102, "He gave me back the bond," is by Charles Stanley. He was a Sheffield merchant, and a member of the Plymouth Brethren. He was born about 1821. The hymn is sweetly simple and tenderly beautiful. No. 1,151, "Behold the Lamb of God!" is partly from the same pen.

No. 1,110, "The King of love my Shepherd is," is a charming rendering of Psalm xxiii., by the late Rev. Sir Henry Williams

Baker, Bart. He was Vicar of Monkland, Herefordshire, from 1851, to his death, 12th February, 1877. "The last audible words that lingered on his dying lips," says Mr. Julian, "were the third stanza of his exquisite versification of the 23rd Psalm,—

" 'Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulders gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.' "

No. 1,131, "Hail, sovereign love, that first began," is by Jehoiada Brewer, slightly abridged. He was born at Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1752. He was minister successively at Rodborough near Stroud; Sheffield; Carr's Lane, Birmingham; and Livery Street Chapel, in the same town. The hymn first appeared with the signature "Sylvetria," in *The Gospel Magazine*, 1776, then edited by Toplady. Mr. Brewer died 24th August, 1817.

No. 1,134, "Spirit of Holiness descend;" No. 1,155, "To-day the Saviour calls;" No. 1,272, "Onward speed Thy conquering flight;" No. 1,273, "The morning light is breaking;" and a few others, are by the late Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., who occupies a place in the front rank of American hymn-writers. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, 21st October, 1808. At Harvard College he was a class-mate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His ministerial training was received at Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1832. He filled successively the pastorates of Baptist churches, and was Professor of Modern Languages at Waterville College, now Colby University. His principal work was in the editorship of the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and other periodicals. In connection with Rev. Baron Stow, he compiled the "Psalmist" and other hymn-books. He also wrote *Missionary Sketches*, and quite a number of other books, besides a hundred hymns.

Dr. Smith was the author of the well-known American national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee." His missionary hymns are among his best, especially "Onward speed Thy conquering flight," No. 1,272; and "The morning light is breaking," No. 1,273. The latter has been translated into many languages, including Karen, Burman, Telugu, Siamese, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, and Chinese. Dr. Thoburn, of Calcutta, says that a Mohammedan boys' school in Lucknow had the first lines of this hymn emblazoned in gilt letters on a banner which they carried on festive occasions.

No. 1,189, "I know in whom I put my trust," is by Ernst Moritz Arndt. He was a true Christian patriot, and did much to inspire Germany with new hopes and efforts when the Fatherland had been crushed and devastated by the French under Napoleon I. His life was full of trying vicissitudes, but he was sustained by faith in God. For some years he was an exile, but he was restored to his post as Professor of History in the University of Bonn, by Frederic William IV. of Prussia, in 1840. His German biographer says of him:—"A man of learning, a true patriot, a distinguished poet, and a man greatly revered and loved by the people, he was a worthy modern representative of the 'Old Arndt', author of *True Christianity*; a

man of deep religious feeling, and a true-hearted and earnest witness for the Evangelical Faith" He departed to the Heavenly Father-land January 20th, 1860, when in his ninety-second year.

No. 1,193, "Nearer, O Christ, to Thee," is by the late Rev. Charles Henry Rowe, who was born at Guildford, Maine, U.S.A., 19th January, 1834. He saw and felt the defects of Mrs. Adams' popular hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as being destitute of any direct recognition of Christ as the Way to God, &c., and wrote this hymn out of the fulness of his own heart's experience of Christ's infinite preciousness. Dr. Burrage, of Portland, Maine, author of *Baptist Hymn-writers*, informs me that he cherished a profound admiration and love for Mr. Spurgeon, and his widow and son have expressed their great pleasure and joy in knowing that this hymn will be included in the supplement to *Our Own Hymn Book*.

No. 1,213, "Ye pilgrims of Zion, redeemed of the Lord," is in part by the late Rev. Henry Fowler, who was minister of Gower Street Chapel, London. He died in 1838. The alterations and addition are by the compiler.

No. 1,228 "It is not death to die," is a translation, by Dr. G. W. Bethune, of New York, from the French of Dr. H. A. Cæsar Malan's "*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*" Dr. Bethune died at Florence, in 1862, soon after preaching. The hymn No. 1,217, "When time seems short, and death is near," was found in his portfolio, dated the day before his decease.

No. 1,240, "Yes, I shall see Him in that day," was written soon after the death of my dear father, and shortly before the death of my beloved second son at Shanghai. No. 1,241, "O Sight! all sights transcending!" was suggested by a letter dwelling on the charming scenery of North Cornwall.

No. 1,329, "Men of the world are asking," is a translation by H. Elvet Lewis, of a Welsh hymn by David Jones, of Cayo. David Jones was a dealer, who purchased cattle in Wales, and then took them to the English fairs, especially Barnet and Maidstone. He was well educated for the times, and displayed great energy of character; but all his powers were mis-employed. His tales and songs made him the life of the public-house gatherings where he put up in his frequent journeys, East and West. One Sunday morning as he was returning home, he caught the sound of singing in the old Independent chapel of Troedrhiwdalar, Breconshire, and was led to enter the building. There was a message from God for him that morning. He left the chapel with his life judged, and his soul condemned before God. He died to self and sin and the world, and rose in the life and hope of salvation through faith in Christ. It was like the dawn of summer on the hills of his native valley of Towy. The minstrel of the public-house became the sweet singer of the sanctuary. He translated Dr. Watts's *Psalms and Hymns* into Welsh, and did it so well that many of them are still in use. He often went with preachers in those early days of the Calvinistic Methodists, when they were terribly persecuted. Once, near Lampeter, he accompanied an evangelist to a service in a house, where a band of hired ruffians beset the place, and dragged the worshippers into the street with great violence. David Jones

knelt down, and began to pray. The persecutors were startled, and alarmed, and fled for their lives, lest they should be smitten by the Almighty, whose help he had invoked. His zeal astonished many, and even some cold professors; his religious fervour was too outspoken for them. The hymn was his answer to their interrogations. He figures among *The Sweet Singers of Wales* (Religious Tract Society).

No. 1,359, "All our burdens, all our cares;" and No. 1,360, "All down the ages, Lord;" are by Rev. Robert Marshall Offord, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church of the United States, and one of the editors of *The New York Observer*. He is an Englishman by birth, and a son of the late Mr. Offord, formerly minister at Plymouth, and afterwards at Kensington.

No. 1,361, "Keep me very near to Jesus," is by the late Dr. Herber Evans, of Carnarvon, and translated by Mr. Lewis. He was a man of mark, and one of the great preachers of Wales. He represented the Congregational Union, as its Chairman, at the memorial meeting for ministers and students, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Wednesday afternoon, 10th February, 1892. We shall not soon forget his majestic form, his noble presence, his full-toned voice, and his inspiring words, which rang through the spacious sanctuary, and filled us alternately with sorrow and joy and thankfulness. We cannot forbear quoting a passage from the memorial volume, *From the Pulpit to the Palm-Branch*, page 138:—"There are two Charles Haddon Spurgeons. One is to be buried to-morrow, in the midst of great sorrow and grief, in the heart of this city which he loved so well, and which he gave his life to save. Many a man from distant parts will come to that grave, and will say, 'I read his words far away in my distant home, and they turned me to Jesus; and I vowed that, when I came to London, I would drop a tear over his grave. It is not a tear of sadness, when I think of him; it falls naturally as April rain.' Mothers will take their children to that grave, and tell them quietly the name of the man who turned them Heavenward, and changed their earthly home to a place of peace. But there is one Charles Haddon Spurgeon whom we cannot bury; there is not earth enough in Norwood to bury him,—the Spurgeon of history. The good works that he has done will live. You cannot bury them."

Perhaps no one thought how soon the noble Welshman would be called to meet his sainted English brother before the throne of God above.

No. 1,363,—

"Through the eternal blue,
The circling worlds renew
Their joyful hymn,"—

is by a living author, Benjamin Davies, whose bardic name is *Tafolog*. This hymn also is translated by Mr. Lewis. The theme of the hymn is the theme of *Our Own Hymn-Book*, and this hymn may be deemed an appropriate close to the Supplement, for "Unto Him" (*Idlo Ef*) is the end to which all things rightly tend: "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

C. J. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.*

V.—BY W. D. MCKINNEY, ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

MY RECOLLECTION OF A GREAT SERMON.

THE first time I heard Mr. Spurgeon was in 1858, when he preached in Belfast, in Dr. Cook's church, May Street. The building was filled to overflowing. There was no room for me inside, so I climbed up, and held on to the railings outside. The windows were open, and I could hear the clear, resonant voice of the preacher; but what he said I do not remember. Still, I longed to hear him again, especially after I had myself tried to preach; and a dear Christian lady, Mrs. Thomas Sinclair, who was present at my earliest attempt, sent me two volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons as an encouragement. They were read and studied thoroughly, till the covers gave way, and the leaves became like those in Vallombrosa.

In the year 1864, I was in London, seeking admission to the Pastors' College. On Lord's-day morning, September 25th, I waited in the crowd outside to gain entrance to the Tabernacle. The ticket-holders passed in by the side gates. How I envied them their privilege! At last, the front doors were opened, and the crowds poured in. I was carried on the surge up the stairs to the first gallery, and found standing-room against one of the windows. I was thankful to be inside this time. Looking around in the vast building, the sight was impressive to the highest degree. Every space was occupied from the floor to the upper gallery. Even the platform, pulpit stairs, and the pulpit, were filled. At once, a deep hush of silence fell on the assembly when the preacher advanced to the pulpit railings, and said, in a clear firm voice, "Let us pray." All heads were bowed while, in a few simple petitions, he invoked God's blessing on the gathering. He then read a hymn. Such reading I had not heard before; it was natural, and full of emotion. If I remember correctly, it was—"Jesus, the very thought of Thee,"—sung to the tune Evan. Then rose a volume of such thrilling soul-melody as I had never heard before, nor have I listened to since, although I have heard choirs and congregations in Dublin, London, Paris, Rome, and New York.

Next came the reading of the Scripture, accompanied by those wonderful comments. Then the long prayer, which led us up into the "holy of holies," when we bowed with reverence in the presence of God, and joined with His people on earth and in Heaven in the high and holy acts of public worship. A feeling of audible relief came over the vast audience at the end of this comprehensive,

* This new series of articles has already proved exceedingly interesting. Pastors Hugh D. Brown, M.A., T. W. Medhurst, James Douglas, M.A., W. Y. Fullerton, W. Walker (Bishop's Stortford), J. J. Knight, and J. D. Gilmore have kindly promised to write their recollections of the Sermons by Mr. SPURGEON which have left upon their minds and hearts the deepest impression; and we shall be glad to receive communications to the same effect from others of our readers. We believe that these papers will tend still further to show the many-sided character of the beloved Pastor's ministry, and that they will help to increase the influence still wielded by him through his thousands of printed discourses.—*Ed.*

importunate, and tender prayer. The congregation now prepared for the Sermon. Expectation was evidently in the air. The preacher stood beside the little table, on which lay the Bible. All eyes were fixed on him. He was then in the prime of his early manhood—firm in step, not corpulent in form, hair jet black, thrown back from his broad forehead, eyes sparkling with animation as he looked over the great congregation; then that wonderful voice sounding clear like a trumpet and musical as a harp, reaching every ear and fixing every eye when he gave out the text. On that memorable day, it was Ezekiel xi. 5: "Thus saith the Lord." (No. 591.) He began calmly with these words:—"The wise man saith, 'Where the word of a king is, there is power.'" At once he took complete possession of the attention of the audience; they evidently thought not of the man, nor of his manner, but of his message. He proceeded to open up the meaning of the text by showing the power of God's Word in the creation of the world and the redemption of man. "The faintest whisper of Jehovah's voice should fill us with a solemn awe, and command the deepest obedience of our souls;" he said, and then announced the plan of the discourse. The order was, first, the *value* of a "Thus saith the Lord." It is the minister's message. He claims attention because it is his authority. "To the law and to the testimony; if we speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in us." It is the only authority in God's Church. It is the fitting word of rebuke for every saint. It is the only solid ground of comfort for God's people. It is that with which we must confront the Lord's enemies. It is not to be despised without entailing upon the offender the severest penalty. These propositions followed each other in logical order. Each was established by cogent proof, and illustrated by striking examples. We were led step by step up a granite stairway of solid practical reasoning, till we stood in the clear light of the highest induction, and could intelligently apply "Thus saith the Lord" to all teachings, to all ceremonies, and to all duties. I learned more of the art of true reasoning in that half-hour than I afterwards learned by months of study in Whately, Mill, Aristotle, Goodrich, Isaac Taylor, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Cousin, and Kant.

In the second place came the application of these principles to the present emergency. Those were the stirring times of the great Baptismal Regeneration controversy. The air was vibrating with the trumpet tones that called the Evangelical brethren of the Establishment to take their stand for God's truth. Many heard and felt, but hesitated. Some began to rail and abuse; among these, was Rev. W. Goode, Dean of Ripon. He publicly charged Mr. Spurgeon with youthful inexperience and theological ignorance. The preacher now brought him out by name, and quoted his words. While doing this, he seemed to grow larger in stature, when he exclaimed, "My mind flew back to the valley of Elah, and I remembered the words of the old record: 'And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by

his gods. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.' My spirit kindled at these words of the boastful champion of yore, and at their modern reproduction by the vainglorious divine of Ripon, and the answer of David was in my heart, as it is even now upon my tongue, 'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the Name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand.'" And, truly, into his hand his adversary was delivered. He transfixed the poor Dean of Ripon by his witty sarcasm, and then put him, as a theological hornet, into the brilliant amber of his Sermon, where his name will remain evermore as a warning to all such. After thus disposing of the Dean, he asked for a "Thus saith the Lord" for the Baptismal Service in the Prayer Book, for Confirmation, for the Absolution of Sins, the Burial Service, for the Ordering of Priests, for the Queen as head of the Church, for the Canons that denounce schismatics and maintainers of conventicles. He reviewed them one by one, and showed, by reason and Scripture, that there was no "Thus saith the Lord" for them. In doing this, he wielded all the resources of a great orator in logic, exposition, illustration, sarcasm, pathos, invective, and persuasion. He rose to the height of his great argument by successive flights of sanctified genius. All eyes were fixed on him, all thoughts were taken captive by him, and all hearts beat in unison with his own great heart, while he held up God's Word as the light to guide, the sword to defend, and the test to prove all doctrines and practices.

Gradually he came down from these sublime heights, and by the most gracious art applied the subject to the hearts and lives of his hearers. "What are you resting upon?" he asked. "Is it feelings, or sacraments, or good works? As the Lord liveth, search and prove yourselves by the Word of God. Weigh yourselves now, my hearers, and let none of us go down to the chambers of destruction believing ourselves to be heirs of Heaven, being all the while enemies to the Most High God." He closed with the Benediction, and then turned and went up the steps out of the great audience-room to his vestry.

The people gradually departed in silence and thoughtfulness. Some spoke to each other about the wonderful discourse. I stood for some time entranced; the Sermon was to me a new revelation of the power of human speech. I was enlightened, impressed, and moved as never before. I had heard Dr. Cook, of Belfast; Henry Grattan Guinness in his youth, and Thomas Guthrie in his prime; but this was above and beyond them all. Since then, I have heard many preachers, and rhetoricians, and orators. I have sat on the platform with Gladstone, and listened to the winged words of John Bright; I have heard Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church, Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, and Alexander McLaren preaching a missionary discourse in Bloomsbury Chapel; but I have heard no one among them all who, in plain language, clear statement, logical arrangement, convincing proof, powerful invective, withering sarcasm, genial humour, and gracious persuasion, could stand as an equal by the side of CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE CRIMEAN VETERAN,"* AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

V.—THE PHENOMENA OF THE MINUTE.

MAY seldom passes without a period of prolific growth. A few misty mornings, breaking into warm, cloudless days, follow each other, and then all that has been held in check by cold winds comes forth. Late buds burst; flowers give new colour to the fields, insects appear in myriads, and birds, whose province it is to keep insect life within bounds, come in from over the sea. Many birds, living largely on grubs, are well known to be with us all the year round. Thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, tits, wrens, and robins inhabit our winter woods and fields. But the sun brings in his train the birds which come for the summer only, such as the fly-catcher, blackcap, swallow, nightjar, wryneck, and cuckoo; and these, arriving in April and May, are welcome re-inforcements to the birds already in possession, for the great conqueror, whom they follow to the North, arouses by his rays millions of winged and creeping things which prey upon the very buds his bounty opens. These swarms are kept in check by the Waldegraves and Margraves of the feathered world. With what poise the processes of Nature are carried out! Unless the ignorance and prejudice of man interfere, the system of check and countercheck works admirably, and proclaims, in every adjustment of it, His hand and eye who guides the way of the migratory bird, through "the illimitable air", and over leagues of sea, to the stream where the Mayflies hover, the lane where the cockchafers "chur-r-r", and the field and hedge where the larva of the tiger moth crawls, on which the cuckoo loves to feed.

But life far more minute starts the train of thought which finds an embodiment in the title of this article. Many a time, during our Spring rambles, we have plucked the dandelion, not merely to admire through a hand lens the stamens crowned with pollen, but also to watch the microscopic insects, sprinkled with yellow powder, and moving very slowly about in the depths of the flower. Only as mere specks do they appear to the unaided eye; but through the glass they develop into fully-equipped insects, similar to earwigs. More than once we have been looking into the corolla of a beautiful bloom, admiring the mysterious well of colour, with its edgings of nectar, and its upspringing fairy forest of anthers, when, suddenly, there has come within range of the glass, a midget making its way along a valley of scent to the table land of the curled petal. Removing the glass, we have looked in vain down the tube of the flower for the little traveller; at the most, on large blossoms, such minute creatures only appear like mere smuts. Yet they are made to scale as perfectly as the organisms which are better seen. One may wonder what part

* Readers of H. T. S.'s little book will be interested in hearing that the "Crimean veteran" is one of the principal figures in Herkomer's great picture of the Guards, which is to be exhibited at the Royal Academy this season.

such millions of mites play in the economy of Nature. They breathe; their heart beats; their blood circulates:—ours does no more. They live their little day, their activities confined to a very limited space. A cabbage leaf, a rose-bud, an open flower, a stem, a little pool, is the smut's birthplace, sphere of life, playground, and grave-yard. But that the fleck of black on the white petal should show under the glass as a perfect insect, is a great discovery. What countless generations of minute life must have passed unheeded before the man with a microscope appeared! Could he not have come earlier? How many possible philosophers perished before the warrior's wasting way! Many of the men called "great" in history have been least worthy of the title. The professional "thinner-out" must be held responsible for the slow march of knowledge. The passions of men have even laid violent hands on the peaceful pursuit of truth.

But, after all, "the man with a microscope" is one here and there, and the men without are everywhere. What then? Let him who sees tell what he sees that his fellows may know that the earth, even to its very dust, shows marks of design, and that the minute, as well as the thing of magnitude, alike bears the sign-manual of the Great God who hath "comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

* * * *

With our mind feeling out in every direction over this wonderful subject, and wrought up to an almost painful expectancy, we went along the valley of one of the Thames tributaries on a Spring afternoon. The weather had been dry for some time, so that it was possible to walk over the marshes. In the ditches, back streams, and cattle pools, fresh life was everywhere to be found. In the river itself, shoals of dace swam away at our approach. It was over the mill-head of this stream, by-the-by, that one from our Alma Mater spent the forenoons of his precious holiday, armed with a formidable fishing-rod, angling for an old and wary trout, which could be seen now and then, but could not be inveigled. When the parson was clean gone, a young fellow with a very primitive apparatus hooked that trout! It was along this river, late in May last year, that we saw hundreds of flies, with transparent wings, ascending and descending upon the waters, crimsoned by the sunset. Now again, with our friend "Medicus", we wandered along its banks and through the marsh meadows intersected by watercourses, pausing by an ooze-covered ditch, and again by a sedgy pool. These were our hunting places; for, uninviting as they appeared at first sight, it was within such by-ways of water that marvellous material for the study of the phenomena of the minute was to be obtained.

It is a suspicious circumstance for a public man to be seen carrying a bottle. Mrs. Grundy, if she only spies its neck, may prolong that into a tale that may reach far beyond the parish bounds. The student of Nature must think of his reputation when he carries the necessary bottle. But the shape may save him, for a glass marmalade jar will answer all purposes. Let him take this with him to the stagnant pool, and dip; and verily, he shall be rewarded. Within the jar of turgid

fluid there will probably be the fresh-water *hydra*—named after the mythologic monster slain by Hercules. If the *hydra* is present, you will also, in all probability, have captured the flea on which it feeds. The *hydra* of the Greek fable was many-headed; the *hydra*, gathered from—

“The green mantle of the stagnant pool,”

is many-handed. The thing killed by the hero was a monster; the *hydra* of the pond would be thought a monster of its kind if it reached half-an-inch in length. Let us suppose that we have possessed ourselves of some of these *polypi*. We have “bottled” them, but they only look, to the unaided eye, like tawny or green threads adhering to the glass. With a pocket lens, you can see that a number of fine filaments are given off from the free end. It is these filaments which develop, under greater magnifying power, into grasping hands. Through the water now comes a whitish little creature, jerking its way, pushing its fellows on one side as is apt to be done in higher life. This is the water flea, and he is intent on pleasure or business. But he has a deadly enemy. The erratic flea has not learned caution from the fate of others. But in this he is not alone. He jerks suspiciously near the outspread tentacles of the *hydra*, and instantly there is set up a struggle between the captor and his prey. The hands of the *polyp* draw the flea onward towards the mouth of the strange creature, situated at the base of the feelers, and there he is engulfed. After such a tragedy, the old dictum, “as dull as ditch-water,” must lose its point. The “bottle” is evidence of more than one violent end.

The tiny victims of the *hydra* will be among the most interesting objects gathered from the pond. They belong to the same class as the crab, lobster, and shrimp. Their limbs are wonderfully fine and delicate, and the tissues of the body are so transparent that all the functions of life may be seen in progress. The student, with a microscope, can see this ditch-dweller use its hands in locomotion, and feed itself with its feet; he can watch the blood circulate in the valves attached to the limbs, and the creature aided to breathe by the vibration of fine combs; he will notice that the muscular fibres of the stomach contract, thus keeping the contents, as in man, in continual movement; he will observe the heart beat through the tiny shell; he will see the tail used to clean the combs of any impure particles; and, wonder of all, he can watch the process of incubation. This last marvel may well fill the mind with astonishment. Those who have observed, tell us that, not only are the eggs hatched from what may be called an incubatory chamber, and from thence launched into the water, but that one or two eggs, at certain seasons, are seen within a thickening of the shell. In due time, this “saddle”, as it is called, peels off, and floats upon the water. The eggs within are scaled over with horn. Thus they remain till the Spring sun warms the waters. Then the phenomenon is complete, for the shell bursts, and the young come forth. Dr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Hammond, and Professor Jeffery Parker are authorities on the topic we are now treating; and we cannot better conclude this paragraph than by quoting Mr. Hammond's summing-up on the incubation of the *daphnia*, that the

process affords "an excellent example of the care with which Nature provides for the preservation of her smallest creatures."

We cannot satisfactorily finish our study even with this declaration; but, with reverence, we bow our heads, and repeat the words uttered long ago by the patriarch of Uz, "Lo, these are parts of His ways: but how little a portion is heard of Him! But the thunder of His power, who can understand?"

So we gather up the impressions gained by our afternoon walk along the marsh, and by our study of the objects to be found in the back-water.

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As we left the valley, rain-drift came on, and we took refuge for a little time among some trees standing by a stretch of rushes. Here a weather-beaten old man joined us. He had been upon the marshes twenty years, but the otters were gone before he came on the scene. We had seen the circling lapwings, so we tried him as to plovers' eggs. He looked warily at us, as if he began to suspect our reason for being upon the marshes on a wet afternoon. "Oh, yes!" said he, "a sight of pewits, but no eggs yet. They settle on the ridge there, and come all over these bogs; but no eggs yet." There were plenty of plovers in "Hampsheer", where he was "reared."

When the rain ceased, we mounted to higher ground, but not before the old herdman had presented us with a bunch of marsh king-cups. Our young friend from "Barts." put them into his coat, whereat the ancient "son of the marshes" lapsed into a kindly grin.

Our way back lay through gates covered with lichens, and over old bridges whose stonework was studded with the grey and gold of the same growth. Again our mind reverted to the phenomena of the minute, and thus we mused. These scales on the little bridge, on the field gates, and park wall, have a wonderful history; and though so lowly, are among the many witnesses to the vast variety, scope, adaptability, and finish of the works of His hand, who planteth the cedar in Lebanon, and supports the lichen on the air, as it adheres to the cold stone. It is not the stone which nourishes the grey scale, but the atmosphere. The bridge may be its location, but the breath of heaven causeth it to live and grow. Neither will the grey, green, and gold of these tiny plants be found, except in a rudimentary state, unless the air be free from smoke and grime. The purity of the atmosphere of any district may be tested by the development of its lichens. They flourish in an unadulterated medium. Spiritual deductions can well be made by those who care to use these humble objects. So we turned from the little bridge spanning the watercourse. Had we taken toll of the running water, we should have gathered yet further illustrations of the subject that had so stretched our imagination that we could see other worlds beside the everyday sphere with which we had to do. But the vision had helped to glorify the space allotted to us. For us, the Spirit of God had "moved upon the face of the waters," and we had heard the great fiat which lifted the veil from things unseen.

A Letter from Home.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE
PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

FRRIENDS, CHRISTIANS, CONFERENCE-MEN,—Lend me your *hearts*. They have been in the fire of devotion already. May the Divine flame still play on them as I speak! God's message is as both fire and hammer. We are in the King's smithy now; we are on His anvil. Lord, even from such poor material as we are, bring forth instruments for Thy work! Welcome the flame, welcome even the sledge-hammer, if by them we are turned into tools that God can use, in His armoury, His husbandry, or His masonry.

Away back in "the days that are no more," it was currently reported that C. H. Spurgeon gathered his illustrations and gained his inspirations from his students. I am not aware that he contradicted the rumour, for though the statement was—to say the least—misleading, it cannot be denied that he was ever ready to accept suggestions, and to acknowledge his indebtedness as well. Happy they who helped him thus!

I refer to this because, if any affirm that the present President is indebted to his brethren for this year's Conference Address, they will be stating simple fact. Thus has it come to pass. In December last, a short note was issued in the names of the President and Vice-President, wishing the brethren "A Happy New Year," and asking for details of experience and work. That note went far and near, and, I am delighted to say, met with a most kind reception. It was only a homely, loving word, but it seems to have reached the heart, and we have, in our turn, been greatly cheered by the answers thereto. I really did not know that there was so much in the epistle as you, my friends, have discovered. *You must have read between the lines!* One correspondent says my note was "A bugle note"; another calls it (and I like this title best of all) "A letter from home." "It came as with a hand-grasp," says a brother, and it has been variously styled, "A drop of oil, making the wheels of our machinery to run more easily," and "A sip from the old fountain." One speaks of "breezy enquiries," and another of "loving interrogations," and some have written words so kind that I must not quote them here. Thank you, thank you, dear brethren, for so receiving my message!

But what shall I say of the replies? I have read them, every one—I have re-read most of them. I have prayed for all who penned them. God bless the brotherhood! These answers to my enquiries have provided me with material for my Address to you. It, like the circular, will be "A letter from home." You remember the pointed questions:—"Does the fire burn brightly on the altar? Does the dew fall copiously on the field? Is the old flag still waving, and the same war-cry sounding? And how goes the fight?" Of these matters we will now speak under the headings, *the fire, the fight, the flag, the fleece*; but part of our time must be devoted to the closing sentence of the circular, "As for ourselves, we are toiling on, and

leaning hard, and looking up." Perchance you, too, will be surprised to find how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand.

More than one of my correspondents broke forth into singing. A single specimen must suffice.

As to the "*Fire*." "Thank God it is bright,
For He keeps it alight;
But we long for the flame to be blazing.

The "*Dew*." "The dew doth still fall,
But not upon all,
For the hardness of some is amazing!

The "*Flag*." "The old 'banner' waves:
'Tis the Blood that still saves,
And the grace of our God is abounding.

The "*Fight*." "We are yet in the 'fight,'
But with vict'ry in sight,

The "*War-cry*." For Calvary's 'War-cry' is 'sounding.'

"Brave Brothers, 'toil on,'
Till the 'field' shall be won,
'Leaning hard,'—'Looking up,' in the knowledge,
That for dear 'C. H. S.'
The Redeemer will bless,
And abide with the men of the College."

I. DOES THE FIRE BURN BRIGHTLY ON THE ALTAR? This enquiry has been variously understood, but never misunderstood. It has a wide range, and can be referred to all things spiritual. I did not ask in vain if there has been a general look round,—an inspection of all the fires on all the altars. But my chief thought was concerning the spirit of devotion and communion. I found myself enquiring of my own experience,—so I passed the question on. Prayerlessness means powerlessness. Our private piety supplies the measure of our public prosperity. General Gordon's handkerchief outside his tent in the desert signified that he must not be disturbed,—he was interviewing the Commander-in-chief. Our Holy War requires still more waiting upon God. The captains of Immanuel must constantly petition Shaddai. This is the burden of their prayer:—"Now King of kings, let it please Thee to pardon the unsuccessfulness of Thy servants, who have been no more advantageous in so desirable a work as the conquering of Mansoul is. And send, Lord, as we now desire, more forces to Mansoul, that it may be subdued; and a Man to head them, that the town may both love and fear. We do not thus speak because we are willing to relinquish the wars (for we are for the laying of our bones against the place), but that the town of Mansoul may be won for Thy Majesty. We also pray Thy Majesty for expedition in this matter, that, after its conquest, we may be at liberty to be sent about other Thy gracious designs. Amen." The petition must be sent away with haste by the hand of that good man, Mr. Love-to-Mansoul. Such pleading brings the King's Son in person to the field, and *that* means victory.

This matter of private prayer demands much earnest heed. There is so much likelihood of devotion being crowded out by the multiplicity of engagements and the necessity for study. I do not ask if the fire burns, but if it burns *brightly*. A smothered smouldering fire is little worth. Oh, to be "showing a light," as the fire brigade reports have it. "Pray, brethren, pray!"

The family altar must not be forgotten. Every family, *especially the minister's*, should be as a church in the house. Then the church would be like a family. Ministers' households run the risk of neglect. We ought never to be so occupied with our public work for God as to neglect our kith and kin. To care for these is God's work, too,—the very first and best. The Lord forbid that we should resemble Cæsar's soldier, who digged a well for his master, but himself perished for want of water! The Lord bless our little gatherings for prayer and praise in our own homes! The parlour and the study are never more truly consecrated than when the pastor's personal flock is led beside the still waters of family prayer.

Oh, that all our people thus housed the ark of God! Obed-edom's blessing would then be theirs. Family worship creates a genial atmosphere that *tells* outside. The snow slips off the roofs of the cottages where the fires are burning, though it tarries on the unoccupied houses.

The altar of prayer that is in the Church should have a bright flame, too. How is it with yours, my brother? Are you afflicted with the much speaking that wearies God and man? Are you reminded by the long prayers of Cook's tours round the world—personally conducted? The fire is there, but it is terribly low. Have you done your best to stir it? Is your own example in the right direction? Our prayer-meetings may well cause us anxiety if they are not well attended, and Spirit-pervaded. The cure is not to be found in brightening them, as some suggest. No strange fire must be carried hither. The fault is radical. Note how the people sit one at the end of each pew all down the aisle, like sparrows on a telegraph wire, or all at the back, as if the rostrum were plague-stricken. The Lord have mercy on these back-seat Christians,—these under-the-gallery saints! Their life has ebbed away. "Mummies are cheap just now," said a paper lately. It proceeded to record the sale of an Egyptian queen for the ridiculously small sum of £12 1s. 6d. Those who profess to be of Heaven's royal family, are not worth even that when they become embalmed as to spiritual things.

Brethren, let us look to the fire on the altar of the heart, on the family altar, and in the assembly of the saints. We will begin with ourselves. That was a singularly felicitous remark that Andrew Bonar made to the lamplighter whom he met on the stairs. Said he, "Have you the *inner light*?" The question struck the man, and was made a blessing to him. *You* are lighters of lamps, my hearers. You have the inner light,—but does it burn *brightly*? Oh, to be at an end with formal service, professional piety, and mechanical praying! How obnoxious to God these must be! Lord, we pray Thee, quench not the smoking flax! Bend down to it, breathe upon it! How soon it kindles into flame when Jesus fans it!

II. HOW GOES THE FIGHT? "It is hard," says one. "It is apparently against us," says another. "The great trouble is that Christ's soldiers are so few," writes a warrior from a heathen land. This three-fold testimony is true.

"The fight is hard." Yes, indeed; is it not "The greatest fight in the world"? Our warfare is no child's-play. The foe is in earnest if we are not. Sin yields not at a blow, and error is hydra-headed. Infidelity of the old-time type is just now "lying low." It gets its work done for it by advanced thinkers in the Church itself. Sacerdotalism and Anglo-Romanism are still rampant in places. Worldliness is yet in the field, and looseness of doctrine, under the garb of tolerance, makes for mischief. Indifference is perhaps the most difficult foe to deal with. It does not fight, it simply smiles or sneers. Our brethren are in the thick of all this. I know not how many of them have quoted Horatius Bonar's striking verse,—

"No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armour tried,
Of shield and spear and bow."

They do not seem surprised at this, nor disheartened because of it. They bargained for it when they enlisted; or if they had any feather-bed notions of soldiering, they have been knocked out of them by this time. A distinguished commander in the Crimean war is reported to have exclaimed in a tone of horror, "Why, the Russians are firing on the Guards!" The idea! Preposterous, wasn't it? The Duke should have had his precious Guards under cover. Christ does not want incubator soldiers,—nor did we expect to miss the fray when we joined the ranks.

"No, we must fight if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord."

Yes, the fight *apparently* goes against us, but only apparently. The brother who says, "The fight is hard," adds, "but the victory is sure." Professor Blackie once said, "I want three things. First, a great cause; second, a great battle; and third, a great victory." The two former are ours already, the third we have in prospect. We may have been wounded, but there is some fight in us still. "The wounded gladiator forswears all fighting; but soon, forgetful of his former wound, he resumes his arms." But all the heroism is not confined to the arena, nor even to the heights of Dargai. There are brave men in our ranks to-day, who gladly endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Poverty, reproach, persecution, and misrepresentation are patiently suffered for the cause of Truth. A celebrated officer is reported to have made the remarkable statement that "the pale face of the English soldier is the back-bone of the Indian army." Certain is it that many a pale-faced minister, by his holy courage, has served as a vertebra of a yielding church.

One of our number writes, "The Word is our only weapon; nothing cuts like the old Jerusalem blade." Thank God, we have not cast from us the old sword! We have as firm a grip as ever of its hilt. We might as well cast it from us altogether as hold it loosely.

It is indeed quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword. It is said of some Japanese blades that they will cut in twain a leaf that drifts against their edge in the river, but what is that?—*our* sword pierces even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. "There is none like that; give it me." But what said our comrade in the foreign field? "The great trouble is that Christ's soldiers are so few." This is true at home and abroad. What hordes there are of foes; what mere handfuls of Immanuel's men! Alas! the ranks are thinning. Our leaders are dropping. Maybe, the Lord will find successors soon. From plough-tail, and threshing-floor, and fishing-tackle, He can summon modern Elishas, Gideons, and Johns. Oh, that He would do so! Meanwhile, you and I must each put in a little extra brave endeavour. Hear this, for your encouragement, from him who led you long and well:—"Now, by the lilies of Christian purity, and by the roses of the Saviour's atonement, by the rees and by the hinds of the field, we charge you who are lovers of Jesus, to do valiantly in the Holy War, for truth and righteousness, for the Kingdom and crown jewels of your Master. Onward, for the battle is not yours, but God's."

And what are our war-cries? You shall hear them. I have selected some from your replies. The King stands beneath His royal banner. It is the saluting point. The companies file past,—each soldier looks lovingly at "the Golden Prince" as his captain, with flashing sword upraised, repeats the watchword of the troop. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—"Christ died for us."—"The Lord of Hosts is with us."—"He was made sin for us."—"Behold the Lamb of God."—"Jesus only."—"All for Jesus."—"Free grace and dying love."—"Christ."—"The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."—"Jesus and the Resurrection."—"The Cross, the Cross."—"Christ Crucified."—and last, but not least, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" All the answers may be summed up in this verse,—

"The Red Word" is our War-cry.

When foes come like a flood,

We lift the crimson standard,

And shout "THE BLOOD! THE BLOOD!"

III. IS THE OLD FLAG STILL WAVING? The unanimous reply is, "Yes." "Our flag is white and red," says one—"righteousness, and redeeming blood." That's it! By our flag we mean our doctrines and principles, our creed and cult. We believe in having a flag, and in waving it, too. We take a definite position, and we announce the fact. Latitudinarians and liberal-minded theologians would have us lose our identity and melt into the common mist. But we are not so disposed. If they do not know where they are, they shall know where we are. We are not prepared to sell our flag to the lumber man. At a certain stage in the negotiations between Spain and Cuba, it was announced that Spain was willing to make every concession to the Cubans, provided they did not fly their own flag over the island. But that was precisely what they wished to do, and we can be content with nothing less. We hate the modern anything-arian-ism which

says, "It is best not to believe anything in particular; but if something is believed, it need not be proclaimed—at least, not if it comes into conflict with anybody else's views." In other words, one flag is as good as another, but there really is no need for a flag at all, except, perhaps, that of Captain Toleration. John Bunyan might have described him thus:—His were the colours of the chameleon, his standard-bearer was Mr. All-in-the-right, and for an escutcheon he had a gilded weather-cock, and he had 10,000 men at his feet.

I happened lately on a paragraph in a financial paper which well describes the state of religious thought. "*Featurelessness*," it said, "is not, perhaps, a very pretty word, but on the whole it expresses the condition of matters financial [theological, we say] better than any other. Little or nothing has been doing in any department, and *that*, when it has come off, has generally been in a downward direction."

Well, with us, the flag is still waving. The earliest name given to our Alma Mater seems to have been "Evangelical Institute." It has changed its name, but not its nature; indeed, the title of our Conference has of late years approximated more nearly than ever to the original designation of the College. Are we not an Evangelical Association? Such may we ever be!

Someone lately advertised in *The Bazaar*:—"Wanted, a second-hand GERMAN FLAG, in decent condition. State lowest price." I wonder if the "felt want" has been met, and what was the damage. We do not want German flags in theology, either new or second-hand. We wish no fresh flag from anywhere. No device can supplant the Cross, no hue can supersede the crimson. "We rejoice in the old flag," says one of us, "it has worn well;—the new flag has not the quality in it, it will soon be blown to pieces." Is not the following a grand testimony? "The banner of the Cross that I unfurled just thirty years since has never been furled or lowered." "It has never touched the ground," shouts another. The story of the Cross never becomes threadbare. The doctrines of grace bear repeating. Our colours were presented to us by our King, and He must exchange them ere we yield them to any. I noticed that the late Hon. Emmeline Canning bequeathed to her nephew, Lord Garvagh, £20 for a new flag for his castle of Glen Ullim. That was surely a novel deed of gift; but flags are frail and fading things, and even castles crumble. Brethren, we are better off than the nobility. Neither our citadel nor our standard needs renewing. We could do with a few legacies, it is true, but not a cent is required for new flags. "I have found nothing truer and better than the old-fashioned gospel of substitution." So writes a worthy brother, and so say all of us!

Moreover, the old flag is *still waving*. We are under the impression that the Lord has given it to us to display. "In His name we will *set up* our banners." We do not believe in twisting the banner round the staff till it resembles a big umbrella. We are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. The seaman runs his signal up to the peak tied in a bundle, but when abreast the Point or the passing ship he gives the halliards a tug, and the flag flutters out in the breeze. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." My brother, that precious bundle of yours

might almost as well be in the flag-locker as at the mast-head. I wish you would give it that necessary jerk. Let me have a go at it, will you? "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace." Is it still in a ball? Let me try again. "Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew My people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." Ah, that's better—you are resolved to declare the whole counsel of God. Some of us have nailed our colours to the mast—not that we fear we might be disposed to haul them down, but lest any should seek to do so for us. Perhaps, even for our own sakes, this is a wise precaution. We never know how we may be tempted, nor how weak we may find ourselves. A mess of pottage may ruin a patriarch; a morsel of bread may tempt even a priest. We will run no unnecessary risks. Our hearts are fixed, and so is our faith. I could not help thinking of some gentlemen of the progressive school when I read the following announcement:—"To be disposed of—a mail phaeton, property of a gentleman with movable head-piece as good as new." Oh, these movable head-pieces as good as new! We believe in the one old everlasting gospel, and in the grand old Book, and in the glorious old doctrines of grace. We believe that all true progress is back to Christ,—

So we haven't gone a-hunting
For a better bit of bunting,
We fly the old flag still.

IV. DOES THE DEW FALL COPIOUSLY ON THE FIELD? It is noteworthy that most of my correspondents reply concerning the fleece rather than about the field. They are right. The fleece comes first. It is in no selfish spirit that we pray, "Let some dewdrops fall on *me*; even *me*." If *we* are dry, alas for our people! They will have to endure dry sermons, dry prayers, dry visits,—everything will be "as dry as summer's dust." Pity the church when the barometer on the pulpit stands at "very dry." How little growth there will be, and how much tinder for the devil's sparks! If the fleece is dry, the field is not likely to be bedewed. It takes a miracle to bring that about. And if the fleece is saturated, it surely will not be long ere the field shares the favour. There are some remarkable exceptions to it, but the rule is, like fleece, like field. How, then, can we get the dew? Are there any favourable conditions to be sought for? Well, we must be sure that we *seek it from God*. There are no times of refreshing worth having save those that come from the presence of the Lord. The Lord Himself hath begotten the drops of dew. Not to Nature, as do the scientists; nor to morn, as do the poets; nor to the stars, as did the ancients, do we attribute the dew-fall. From God also do all gracious influences come. The dew falls most copiously when and where it is chiefly needed. Hot countries enjoy a perfect deluge of dew. The sheep must be housed overnight if they are to be shorn next day, or their fleeces will be wringing wet. A stranger can hardly be brought to believe that it has not rained persistently during the darkness. They who have to bear the heat and burden of the day may expect a double measure of refreshment. God will be to them as a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.

Some of our number have had sore trial since we gathered last. They are almost to be congratulated. The dark and the dew are closest friends. But the night must be still, and clear. Cloud and wind prohibit these pearls from forming. Doubt and unrest prevent the blessing.

The valleys are most richly visited,—the humble heart knows most about this Divine distilling. When the mountains of Gilboa are dewless, the vales of Eshcol are all a-drip.

There is most dew, too, upon those substances that are the best radiators of heat. Those who most readily absorb the Divine love, and most generously disperse it, are they to whom the benediction comes soonest and fullest. I have not stopped to tell you what this dew is. There is no need. Father, Son, and Spirit have visited you. The doctrine has distilled upon you, and promises have been applied to you, like dew-drops to grass-blades. You have, in consequence, grown as the lily, and cast forth your roots as Lebanon. Oh, for more of this Heavenly dew! May it not alight with silent footfall just now on all assembled here? Are the conditions favourable?—no pride, no doubt, no stir, no selfishness? Then, as we pray George Herbert's prayer, the dew will fall.

“My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
Oh, let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

“The dew doth every morning fall;
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

“Oh, come! for Thou dost know the way:
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above.”

(To be concluded next month.)

Love Your Bibles.

I HAVE surely much reason to praise the Lord for His mercy in having allowed me another year's good health, and the pleasure of writing this Thirteenth Annual Report of my distribution of “Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon” in house letter-boxes, and Gospel Cards entitled “Trust Jesus” to men on their way to work between 5 and 7 a.m. The Sermons and Gospel Cards thus disseminated may be the means of bringing many to a stand who seldom, or never, visit the house of God, and also of leading them to attend the long-neglected ordinances of religion, and to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. While engaged in circulating the Sermons and Gospel Cards, I am oftentimes face to face with votaries of “the god of this world” (2 Cor. iv. 4). The sin of irreverence and indifference to religion prevails widely; and I hear the Bible and its doctrines spoken of as being completely things of the past, and not to be accepted seriously at the close of the nineteenth century.

The hostility of Roman Catholic priests to the dissemination of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons continues; and this constitutes one evidence of the growing arrogance and audacity of the Romish Hierarchy, from the Pope downwards. The reason of their animosity is obvious to any careful observer; and it should stimulate Christians to distribute the Sermons among all classes and conditions of men as widely as possible. They clearly and distinctly echo God's proclamation of a free pardon to every sinner who will accept it, a full salvation to whosoever believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, without huckstering of any kind whatsoever; "without money and without price" (Isaiah lv. 1). But this Scriptural teaching is wholly contrary to the dogmas of the Church of Rome concerning Human Merit and Works of Supererogation, as authoritatively promulgated in her Standards,—the Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent, the Catechism of the Council of Trent, the Pontifical, the Roman Ritual, the Missal, the Breviary, and the Ordination Oath of her priests, commonly called the Creed of Pope Pius IV. These Standards teach that Works are as truly worthy of eternal life as a labourer is worthy of his hire; and that, by these, man can save himself, and also acquire a superabundance of merit transferable to sinners on earth and in Purgatory. The Sermons, moreover, either directly or indirectly oppose the Papal traffic in Masses, Indulgences, Purgatory, Images, Relics, Scapulars (white, red, blue, black, and brown), Holy Medals, Holy Water, Consecrated Ashes, Cords of St. Thomas, Cords of St. Francis, Agnus Deis, Rosaries, Rosarian Rings, Rosarian Girdles, Instruments of Penance, Pilgrimages, Pardons, Dispensations, Absolutions, and similar Satanic inventions, numerous specimens of which are beside me as I write this Report.

Hence, like a certain Ephesian smith, who made silver shrines for Diana, and raised an outcry against the apostles because their teaching endangered his craft (Acts xix. 23-27), Romish priests object to the dissemination of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in house letter-boxes, or in any other way, because they hinder their unholy merchandise in the souls of men. The number of present-day Conformists and Nonconformists who have carefully read the Standards of the Romish sect, is, I believe, very limited; and, in consequence, the priests, by their false and delusive pretensions, conversational blandishments, and Jesuitical manoeuvres, succeed in beguiling not a few uninformed Protestants into their unholy confederacy "against the Lord, and against His Anointed" (Psalm ii. 2). Mr. Herbert Vaughan, of Westminster, in one of his sermons, boasts that his sect receives English recruits from the ranks of Protestantism at the rate of 700 to 800 a month. Many who are strangers, nay enemies to the power of religion, yet seem very zealous for the show, and shadow, and form of it; and they fondly dream that the way to infallible truth is to be found in the distorted and horrible caricature of Christianity presented to them in the Church of Rome.

It is a significant sign of the times that Protestant Lectures by ex-Roman Catholic priests have lately been suppressed at Manchester, Sheffield, and St. Helens, at the instigation of Mr. Vaughan's priests and lay co-religionists, without his uttering one authoritative word to stop such outrages, or in condemnation of the brutalities of his flock of Romanists, who would gladly gag the mouth of any Christian who warns his countrymen against their unscriptural errors. Mr. Vaughan himself, however, with a one-sided reciprocity, takes advantage of the liberty of speech accorded to him by Protestants, and, discreetly divesting himself of his red hat and tassels, red stockings, red cloak, and other insignia of his illegally-assumed title, rank, and authority as "His Eminence the Lord Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," he appears on public platforms in sober black apparel, and lectures against Protestantism.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy."

These lines aptly describe the invitations of priests, monks, friars, Jesuits, and Jesuitesses, to unwary Protestants whom they wish to ensnare in their webs; and the wide dissemination of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, in house letter-boxes and other places, is helpful towards establishing the truths of the Gospel, and putting the public on their guard against the present-day revival of an active Roman Catholic propaganda.

It is also a significant sign of the times that Ritualists refuse to accept the Sermons. An increasing number of the established clergy is aping the Church of Rome, imbibing its spirit, and imitating its antics. These ministers of superstition array themselves in the meretricious vestments worn by Romish priests when celebrating their idolatrous Sacrifice of the Mass, and from their pulpits they sow the seeds of Popery among their congregations. To many Englishmen to-day the words of the apostle Paul are applicable:—"O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you?" (Gal. iii. 1).

Are Christians generally fully alive to the gravity of these facts? I think that a trumpet-blast of warning, blown from the clarion of the archangel Gabriel, whose reverberating echoes would be heard throughout the United Kingdom, would not be louder than is now needed to summon all faithful disciples, friends, and soldiers of our Lord to buckle on their armour, and present a stern and invincible front to the advancing hosts of Satan, and to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints" (Jude 3).

Believing that the words of our Lord, "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures" (Matt. xxii. 29), apply to the present-day opposers and perverters of the Gospel, and knowing that the Bible is the most important and precious of books, I have made a special effort, during the year ending this March, to promote reverence and love for the Holy Scriptures, and to supply an antidote to the evils of doubt, unbelief, and superstition, by disseminating the "Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon" entitled "Love your Bibles" and "There is something in the Bible for you." The tendency of these Sermons is to recall to mind long-neglected Bibles; and well-known but forgotten Bible truths hidden in the mind from earliest days, but buried deep amidst the cares and follies of life. They, in effect, invite men to sweep the dust off the Bible, and begin to read it carefully, and feed their starving souls upon it. Forty thousand copies of these two appeals to the hearts and consciences of men were specially printed for me by the Religious Tract Society; and to reach some of them, it has been necessary for me to mount trams which commence running at 3 a.m. I have distributed the Sermons in houses of the rich as well as of the poor, for some of the so-called upper classes are leaders in the present-day apostasy from the simplicity and the purity of the Gospel; and the influences of their wealth, and power, and social position, are setting in against Evangelical religion to destroy it. The Word of God is called "the sword of the Spirit" (Eph. vi. 17); "sharper than any two-edged sword" (Heb. iv. 12). It is a mighty and a living power in converting souls, and subduing the most resolute obstinacy of "the carnal mind" which is "enmity against God" (Rom. viii. 7); and I expect that God will graciously accompany the distribution of the Sermons with His blessing, so that many persons who have received them will begin forthwith to "Search the Scriptures" (John v. 39), and resort to them daily for direction, instruction, admonition, and consolation; and by His favour acquire a spiritual taste and inward relish for them such as the Psalmist experienced when he exclaimed, "How sweet are Thy Words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth" (Psalm cxix. 103). I entertain a confident hope that these Sermons will be the means of effecting a wondrous transformation upon many hearts where the great enemy of souls has spread darkness and ignorance of the

Holy Scriptures, and of stirring them up to sing to the praise and glory of God,—

“ Father of Mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.”

The number of the Sermons and Extracts distributed in houses during the last twelve months has been 40,700 ; and I have handed 9,850 of the Gospel Cards, entitled “ Trust Jesus,” one by one, to 9,850 working-men ; making the total number of Sermons and Gospel Cards disseminated during the year, ending this March, 50,550.

The following incidents indicate dense ignorance, or culpable neglect, of the Bible, and the need for disseminating Mr. Spurgeon’s Sermons to leaven the minds of the people with the truths of the Gospel, which are effectual to salvation and newness of life.

In reply to an invitation to read the Bible, an aged man said, “ No ; I never read the Bible, I don’t like the Book, and I don’t like the author of it.” “ Who is the author of it ? ” “ Henry VIII., and he was a bad man.”

“ The Bible is not a fit book to read ; it teaches immorality ; ” was the reply of a mechanic. I said to him, “ I have read the Bible from start to finish, many times during the last seventy years, and I never found an instance of such teaching ; will you name one ? ” He named the story of Boaz. “ Have you ever read the Book of Ruth ? ” I asked. “ I have read some of it,” he answered. “ Some of it ! read the *whole* of that interesting and instructive Book, and you will find that Boaz was a kind, just, and honourable man.” He promised he would read the whole Book, and ascertain the truth.

A gentleman, on receiving one of the Sermons said, “ I am on my way to join an exploration expedition to the Euphrates Valley, and I expect to be away from England several months ; ” and he handed me one of his cards. I said, “ You are taking a Bible with you, of course ? ” “ No,” he replied ; and I could not help exclaiming, “ Away from England several months, and no Bible ? ” “ Well,” he said, “ I will buy one at Alexandria, and take it with me.”

“ I don’t know that this Sermon-distribution does any good. People have their own places of worship to go to ; and if they won’t go, we can’t help it.” These words were spoken to me by a gentleman who accepted one of the Sermons. It is certain, however, that there is more real power for good in Mr. Spurgeon’s Sermons than some lukewarm Christians imagine. They work towards the emancipation of souls from the degrading bondage of sin and Satan ; and among the means employed to bring individuals to a saving knowledge of Christ, these Sermons have been most helpful, and effective, and second only to the reading of the Bible. It should also be borne in mind that, at present, a veil of ignorance conceals from our view the links in the chain which precede and those that follow in the train of such an apparently unimportant event as inserting Sermons in house letter-boxes, and handing Gospel Cards to working-men in our streets. For anything we know, they may prove to be most important events, the result of which will not be revealed until the great day of account.

May God grant much fruit from this good seed, and accompany this modest effort to honour His Name, and exalt His Truth, with His blessing, so that the results, though now for the most part hidden from view, shall yet be revealed when the Heavenly harvest is gathered. “ So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man shall cast seed into the ground ; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how ” (Mark iv. 26, 27).

T. G. OWENS.

A Divine Landscape, Depicted in Psalm xxxvi. 5-9.

A MEDITATION SUGGESTED BY MENTONE SCENERY.

BY CONSTANCE CHEYNE BRADY.

(Quotations are from the Revised Version throughout.)

VERSE 5.—“*Thy lovingkindness, O LORD, is in the heavens.*”

David had many gifts. He was a poet, minstrel, and king, and we also find that he had the observing eyes of a painter, for in this Psalm, as in many others, he has painted a word-picture.

A landscape painter always puts in the sky first. It is always best to begin with Heavenly things, and it is good to think first of God's loving-kindness. This is written across the heavens.

All God's attributes are beyond our full comprehension, and His illustrations are correspondingly great. What better testimony could be found of His lovingkindness than the heavens, for have not the sun, moon, and stars been silently witnessing of His goodness to the inhabitants of our earth ever since the day God made them? How great is Thy goodness, and how great is Thy beauty! They are unsearchable, immeasurable, and eternal. (Psalm xxxi. 19.)

Blue, in Scripture, is the Heavenly colour, and how blue is the sky at Mentone, throwing up so distinctly all the rocky points and crags, which look like lace-work on the edge of the mountains!

Yes, God's lovingkindness is written on the heavens, to teach us to look up, and admire the works of His hands, and from them to look even higher—to the Creator Himself. The psalmist exclaims, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains; from whence shall my help come?” And we reply with him, “My help cometh from the Lord, which made Heaven and earth” (Psalm cxxi. 1, 2).

Verse 5. “*Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.*”

The word faithfulness means truth, or sincerity. We can hang on God's faithfulness when in difficulty or trouble, and claim the fulfilment of His promises; but His sincerity draws out our heart's affection. God is faithful, not only because He has pledged His Word, and He cannot deny Himself, but also because He sincerely loves us. “He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He *delighteth in mercy*” (Micah vii. 18). “For Thou wilt bless the righteous; O Lord, Thou wilt compass him with favour as with a shield” (Psalm v. 12). We cannot, try as we may, get beyond the compass of the skies; nor, blessed be the name of the Lord, can we get away from the faithfulness of our God!

The sun is a standing witness to God's faithfulness. He never fails to rise day by day, and warm us with his beams; and we, in fair Mentone, have frequent cause to rejoice in his warmth; and though he may, for a time, be obscured by clouds which hinder his rays from reaching us, still we know that he is there even when the light is dull at noon-day.

How lovely are the sky-tints at Mentone! This Psalm might have been written there. What sunsets, when the king of day departs in red and golden glory over the purple sea! And what sunrises! His return is more majestic than his departure, the colours are more vivid;—crimson covers half the sky and mountains, while the still, blue-black sea lies in deep shadow. As he begins to appear, the colours fade, till he arises in his strength, and gladdens everything with his golden rays. The sun is a type of our glorious King, Jesus, who spreads crimson and gold (*i.e.*,

redemption and glory) on His pathway as a herald of His approach to the soul that waits for Him.

Verse 6. "*Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God.*"

Mountains are a type of strength, stability, and durability, and so, glory be to God, the Divine righteousness is said to resemble "the mountains of God." It is so great, so immovable, so eternal, that it can only be compared to a mighty mountain. We look up to the huge rocky crags of *Monte Bellinda*, and this helps us to realize somewhat of the greatness and endurance of God's righteousness. Near its base is the *Pont St. Louis*,



PONT ST. LOUIS, MENTONE.

that carries the road over a wild chasm which forms the frontier between France and Italy. The rocks about here are excellent for building purposes, and there are some large quarries; but though these have been worked for many years, they make little change in the great mountain. How many years would it take to remove it, or even to make an appreciable alteration in its shape?

Truly, "His righteousness endureth for ever." It is so vast that it covers all our sins. Unto the believer, Jesus Christ is righteousness; and

as we ascend this High Mountain, as we get nearer to Him, we get clearer views of the Eternal City, and the inheritance of the saints in light.

Verse 6. "*Thy judgments are a great deep.*"

His judgments are beyond our comprehension; they are like the deep soundings, which even experienced sailors cannot fathom, and of which we know little or nothing. In the Mediterranean, there are some great depths and strange sea-monsters. We know that, in ancient times, there were fish large enough to swallow men. Jonah is not the only instance of this. In modern times, various authentic incidents have been published of whales

and sharks swallowing men bodily, and of their ultimate recovery alive. The early Christians, in the Roman Catacombs, have depicted Jonah being swallowed, and cast out, by a huge sea-serpent, with a body twisted in great undulating curves, very like the drawings of the sea-serpents of modern times.

How often believers have, like Jonah, gone down into the depths of trouble and disappointment! All God's billows and waves are raging over them, yet through it all they lose not Jonah's confidence in God's goodness and mercy, for they know His preserving hand is round them. "In His hand are the deep places of the earth" (Psalm xcvi. 4); how much more the afflicted children of God! Hence, no real harm can come to them. Then, having learnt some precious lesson which God could best teach through suffering, they are lifted back into the sunshine and joy of the Lord. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past tracing out" (Romans xi. 33). The depths of judgment may be unsearchable, but there are riches to be found in them,—riches of wisdom and of the knowledge of God's grace. In our troubles we seek God's face, and they that seek and find these treasures have a secret fund of experiences to draw from, and can bring them out in seasonable times for the help and consolation of those that are weary.

Verse 6. "*O LORD, thou preservest man and beast.*"

A landscape is incomplete without man or animals, and it is these that God preserveth. Immediately following the words, "Thy judgments are a great deep," this statement presents a strange contrast. Heights and depths, lights and shadows here follow each other in rapid succession; and mark the principal points of the picture. According to the best rules of painting, high lights and deep shadows should be close together. This is most noticeable at Mentone, for the sunlit rocks stand out clear-cut against the bright blue of the sky, while the clefts in their sides look black by contrast, and the eye cannot penetrate their sombre depths.

God's judgments are a great and dreadful reality; but, to the child of God, accepting His will as best, they are even sweet. (Psalm xix. 9, 10.) His watchful care is over the creatures which His hands have made and fashioned. God so loved the world, that He sent His Son to die and save us from our sins. He so yearns over us, that He is not content till we love Him warmly with our whole heart in return. The beasts of the field also share His loving care. God had compassion on the "much cattle" of Nineveh, and not a sparrow falls to the ground unknown to the beneficent Creator; surely, then, we who, in His sight, are of much more value than the little birds, are under His special protection, and have ministering angels constantly around us! Boundless mercies, too, are promised us, both spiritual and temporal. "My God shall fulfil every need of yours, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus" (Philippians iv. 19).

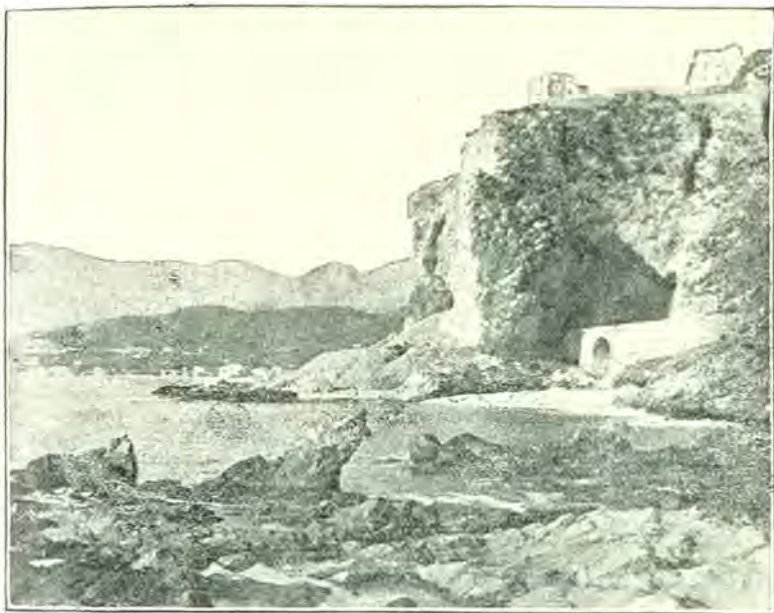
Verse 7. "*How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God! And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of Thy wings.*"

This is a nearer view of God's wonderful lovingkindness. It is here pencilled in by this word-artist as a great rock under whose shadow we are safe from danger. In the clear air of Palestine, where this Psalm was written, the defenceless traveller can find perfect safety in the deep shadows of the rocks, for there the armed Arabs cannot spy him out. The heat of the sun cannot strike anyone while in this shelter, nor can the cold rays of the moon be baneful. In popularity or neglect, prosperity or persecution, while under His wings we are safe.

And "not in the cave alone would David hide, but in the cleft of the Rock of ages. As the little birds find ample shelter beneath the paternal wing,

even so would the fugitive place himself beneath the secure protection of the Divine power. When we cannot see the sunshine of God's face, it is blessed to cower down beneath the shadow of His wings." (*C. H. Spurgeon.*)

There, at the foot of Monte Bellinda, in the *Roches Rouges*, almost lapped



THE RED ROCKS, MENTONE.

by the waves of the sea, are the caves where some of the earliest men of the stone age made their homes. There were lately found here three remarkable skeletons of an enormous man, about seven feet high, and two women. They were all lying on their left sides, with their faces towards the sea,—the man nearest the opening of the cave, as if to protect the others. Did they die lying thus, in fear of enemies, or in expectation of help; or were they buried as they were found by kind friends? No one can tell. There, beside them, were their neck ornaments of animals' teeth, and the flint knives and arrow-heads they used; and near them were the bones of mammoth and deer, while above them rose the lofty cave narrowing to a point,—the mighty wings under which they took refuge, almost the only shelter of primeval man. They placed their confidence in this faithful rock, which had for so many ages securely sheltered their remains, and thus they teach us to seek a still more secure abode, even the Rock, Christ, which can never fail us, here or hereafter. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee" (*Isaiah liv. 10*). See, also, *Proverbs iii. 26*; and *xiv. 26*.

Verse 8. "*They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house.*"

In the East bay of Mentone, the hills rise abruptly, and wherever there is good soil, the ancient inhabitants economised space by building terraces one above the other, till, in some parts, from a little distance away, they look

like irregular amphitheatres, the terraces being the seats. Olive, lemon, and other fruit trees are planted in profusion along these terraces. Corn and other cereals grow beneath them, beside quantities of peas and beans,—a rich and valuable harvest which goes far to satisfy the wants of the Mentonese. “Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord,” which was the parting blessing of Moses to Naphtali, might almost have been said of this fair land.

Satisfied! Oh, are we satisfied? And with what are our souls satisfied? If with the things of this life only, how sad, how unutterably sad! And what is our outlook for the future life? But if we are satisfied with God, with His goodness, His favour, His will for us, then how blessed are we! “We shall be satisfied,” by-and-by, with a full satisfaction, compared with which even the present joy is as nothing. Yes, when we see the King in His beauty, when we awake, or are changed into His likeness, *we shall be satisfied.*

Verse 8. “*And Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.*”

Notice, it is a river, not a dry torrent-bed, like so many in this Southern land, full of rolling stones and with only a trickle of water, which, however, at times becomes a raging flood carrying destruction on its bosom. No; the trees of God shall not fear this river. It will bring them good, and not evil. It will not rage round their uncovered roots, but nourish them gently, and the trees shall be glad of it. This is a river of pleasure, which delights those who drink of its waters. We are all thirsting, our hearts are longing for something we have not got, and we cannot satisfy this craving ourselves; but “there is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God” (Psalm xlv. 4). We, the redeemed, are this city, and we shall drink of this river. God Himself will make us drink of it, so it must be quite out of the reach of the natural man. Is not this satisfaction, (resulting from doing the will of God from the heart,) the river of God’s pleasure? This is the only way to slake the heart-thirst from which we suffer. On the other hand, God delights in us when we do His will, so this is, in both senses, a “river of God’s pleasures.” “Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. . . . For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out his roots by the river, and shall not fear when heat cometh . . . neither shall cease from yielding fruit” (Jer. xvii. 7, 8).

Verse 9. “*For with Thee is the fountain of life.*”

In this arid land, the value of fountains and wells is very great. When the canals of surface-water cease to flow, as they do in a dry season, they are sorely missed; and all day, and often all night long, people are drawing water from the few deep wells which never fail. The Moors, some hundreds of years ago, in their sojourn along this coast, greatly enhanced the value of the soil by digging deep, round wells, which they lined with stones, and covered with domes shaped like bee-hives to prevent evaporation. Each of these has a small opening in its side, leaving room to introduce the head and shoulders, so as to draw up the bucket of water with a cord. A stone trough was built into the right-hand side to empty the bucket into, and this communicated with a system of channels for watering the gardens. It is a well-known fact that the Arabs of all races were adepts in the arts of irrigation and landscape gardening, and these little dome-shaped wells, which are to be seen scattered about all along this part of the Mediterranean coast, eloquently testify to their skill in those directions.

But these earthly wells and fountains can only satisfy the thirst of the body. The soul needs the living, spiritual water, or it will languish; and this, Christ alone can supply. On the great day of the Feast of Tabernacles, Jesus stood and cried, saying, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his

belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him were to receive" (John vii. 37, 38). This is the water of which we have need; this is the living spring which will rise in our hearts, and satisfy us; this is the river of living water which will flow out of our souls, and refresh others around us! This is Christ's great gift to us, the glorious Holy Spirit, the Refresher of our souls, the Water of Life.

As Jesus stood in the Temple courts, and cried aloud of this gift of living water He would have us accept, under His feet flowed a living spring from which the Jews drew water for their sacrifices. Modern research has found out the existence of this well, and thus gives point to Christ's words. Isaiah prophesied, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," and we, to-day, fulfil his words, but in a truer and fuller sense.

Verse. 9. "*In Thy light shall we see light.*"

Light is indispensable to a picture. Here, in Mentone, with our bright climate, we seem to have the light of two English days compressed into one.

What a beautiful promise is here given us! "In God's light shall we see light." In the light of our Father's countenance, what before looked dark becomes bright. Trials and sorrows shall not overwhelm us. Light shall be with us in the darkest hour. His light (that is, Jesus Christ,) is always near His people, therefore they can never be in complete darkness. "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20, *margin*).

And there is still brighter light to look forward to, when all who love the Lord enter the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, which has "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it, for the glory of God did lighten it; and the lamp thereof is the Lamb" (Rev. xxi. 23). There will be no night there, nothing mysterious, nothing obscure, nothing unknown. All will then be revealed, and we shall see the King's face, unveiled in all its beauty. Our eyes, undimmed by all the glory, will not shrink or be blinded as would now happen if such a radiant vision were given to us here, for "we shall be like Him." Saul of Tarsus was stricken to the earth and arose blinded by the presence of Jesus, and even the "disciple whom He loved," on seeing Him in His glorified state, "fell at His feet as dead."

We are then to be light ourselves, and to have done for ever with the darkness. Even at this present time, when Christ's return is expected, it is true in a double sense that "the darkness is passing away, and the true light now shineth" (1 John ii. 8).

Rebuilding the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE whole Christian Church—and, indeed, the whole world—has been startled by the remarkable providence (as John McNeill rightly called it) which permitted our "holy and beautiful house" to be burned up (not burnt down) on *Wednesday, April 20*. The anguish of the hundreds of Pastors' College brethren and of the tens of thousands of London's citizens who witnessed the awful holocaust cannot be described. That building, which had been, from 1861 to 1892, the scene of the unique ministry of the ever-beloved C. H. SPURGEON, was the spiritual birth-place of multitudes who were hurriedly summoned by the cry, "The Tabernacle is on fire!" For many reasons, no one of all the sad crowd could feel quite the same in witnessing the sorrowful sight as did the twin sons of the glorified Pastor; and even of those two, the one whose ministry, as his dear father's successor, has been so greatly honoured and blessed, necessarily had some additional drops in his cup of grief. The thoughts of the ministers, and members,

and of many in the quickly-gathered crowd turned at once to "Westwood", and they anxiously enquired, "Does dear Mrs. Spurgeon know? What a blow it must be to her!" Thank God, after the first sudden shock, she and her dear sons, and many on whom the responsibilities of the work are resting, were able to see that the Lord had some great purpose of love and mercy in what otherwise would have seemed to be an unparalleled calamity.

Even while the fire was blazing, the flood of loving practical sympathy began to flow; and ever since, it has continued to rise in ever-increasing volume. Before the annual meeting of the subscribers of the Pastors' College, which was held in the evening as announced,—for the College buildings were, happily, untouched by the flames,—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon went to look at the ruins of the Tabernacle, and a friend slipped into his hand *five shillings*, with a cheering message that the amount was *to help build it up again*. A little later, another anonymous friend promised the first £100 towards the rebuilding, so the fund was started by the poor and the rich, whose gifts were alike acceptable to the Lord in whose name the great task will be undertaken. Since then,

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE REBUILDING FUND

has been officially organized, and other amounts, large and small, have been pouring in from all quarters. Of these, we shall have much more to tell next month; but we must just mention here two items of very special importance. The brethren banded together in the Pastors' College Evangelical Association resolved to present to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon a loving token of their deep gratitude for her kind and generous help to them for so many years; she only consented to receive the testimonial on condition that there should not be anything for herself personally, but that the whole sum contributed should be devoted to the Lord's work. When news of the fire reached her, Mrs. Spurgeon sent a message to the Conference, announcing that she intended to give the total amount, when handed to her, to the fund for rebuilding the Tabernacle. Knowing how greatly she needed the money for her own service for the Master, the President and members of the Association all the more highly appreciated her gracious self-sacrifice and loving thoughtfulness.

At the Conference session on the morning after the fire, the following resolution was spontaneously moved, seconded, and carried with the utmost unanimity and enthusiasm:—"That this meeting of the members and associates of the Eleventh Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association desires to take the earliest opportunity of expressing its profound sympathy with its President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the Church of which he is Pastor, in the dire calamity which has destroyed the Tabernacle so dear to Christians in every land.

"The brethren of the Conference pledge themselves to do all in their power, both privately and in their churches, to assist in raising the necessary funds for rebuilding the House of Prayer which has been a home and a blessing to Christians of every name all over the world."

All communications with reference to the Conference share in the good work should be addressed to Dr. McCaig, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London; all other contributions towards the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be sent to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, or Thomas H. Olney, Esq., Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E.

N.B.—As there appears to be some misapprehension with regard to the insurance of the Tabernacle, it may be well to state that the buildings, furniture, etc., were insured for £22,000. That amount, however, will need to be very largely supplemented by generous gifts before the great sanctuary can be restored and again used for the worship of God and the preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon and her sons have found it quite impossible to reply direct to the almost innumerable letters, telegrams, and messages which have reached them; but they are all deeply grateful to everyone who has sought to lessen the burden of the great trial by kind words and practical proofs of heartfelt sympathy.

It will be to many of our readers a joy amid the sorrow to know that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon had secured photographs of the Tabernacle vestries and their contents in preparation for his promised series of articles for our pages. These will also be available for the chapters in Vol. II. of his dear father's *Autobiography*, in which the history of the Tabernacle will be told. MR. SPURGEON'S friends will thus be able to have the pleasure of preserving very choice *souvenirs* of the suite of rooms which to many of them are hallowed by the most sacred associations, while the beautiful views of the exterior and interior of the great sanctuary, which will be included in the volume, will be doubly valuable now that the fire has caused such terrible destruction to the world-renowned building.

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 Messiah. Sermons on our Lord's Names, Titles, and Attributes. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Cloth gilt, 7s.

OUR publishers have issued a fifth volume, uniform with *Our Lord's Miracles* (2 vols.), *Our Lord's Parables*, and "*The Most Holy Place*." The present collection of Sermons is, if it be possible, even more valuable than those which have preceded them, for they cover the whole of our Saviour's person and work in that reverent yet homely and familiar fashion, in which the beloved preacher delighted to set forth his Lord. The selection and arrangement of the discourses have been made with judicious discernment and admirable taste, and the copious Index will greatly facilitate access to the contents of the volume. So abundant were the available materials, that a companion volume is to be issued on "*Christ in the Old Testament*."

The Gospel of Common Sense. By STEPHEN CLAYE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A PRETENTIOUS title to a disappointing book. There is no gospel, and not much common sense here. We do not anticipate that any Christian will be disturbed by this literary

"cracker", or one single sermon the less preached because of it. Next, please!

Seekers for Light. By Dr. WOLSTON. Nisbet and Co.

FOURTEEN evangelistic addresses to Edinburgh students, reproduced as a book. Bearing all the signs of impromptu speech, they might with great advantage have been "boiled down" to half their present dimensions, if not to a third. Then there would have been left some all-on-fire, pointed appeals for religious decision and avowal. Even lacking this condensation, the volume is still valuable and should have a large sale.

Sunday School Success. By AMOS R. WELLS. Sunday School Union.

AN excellent handbook on practical methods of Sunday School work. There is little that is new,—for how can one say much that is fresh on such a threadbare theme?—but the old is put with Yankee pungency and point. Some of the suggestions are, indeed, so transatlantic that we doubt whether they will ever be adopted here. Those who have not read Mr. Groser's standard handbook will find this both profitable and entertaining; but those who know that volume need not purchase this one.

Notes.

The Christian Leader, referring to our 400th number, says:—"The remarkable thing about the Magazine is that the old features have been preserved since the death of its Editor and Founder, and it is still redolent of his work and memory. . . The whole Magazine is interesting, stimulating, and helpful."

We thank our contemporary for its kind commendation: but, under the present management, it would have been a more remarkable thing if the old features had *not* been preserved.

We have often called attention to the *timeliness* of MR. SPURGEON'S SERMONS which have been published since his home-going. Many friends have noticed another instance of this during the past month. Without any pre-arrangement, and simply taking the discourses in the regular order as they were delivered, the one issued for reading on Lord's-day, April 10, contained a powerful protest against Romanism in the Church of England. If it had been preached in 1898, instead of in 1883, it could not have had a more appropriate denunciation of the superstition and idolatry which have been brought into such public notice of late. The Sermon ought to be scattered broadcast wherever Romanists and Ritualists are seeking to entice our countrymen and women back to the abominations from which our martyr ancestors were the means of emancipating us. It is entitled, "Ruins" (No. 2,565), as it describes the ruin of Judah through the idol-worship of Ahaz, and the ruin which will come on our own land if we turn aside from the Protestantism which was purchased for us at so great a price.

Whatever may be the immediate effect of Mr. Kensit's protest against the gross idolatry of worshipping a piece of wood, it is to be hoped that the light which is being thrown upon such practices will either bring the evils to an end, or drive out from the Church that permits them those who maintain that "The Bible and the Bible only is the Religion of Protestants." That is a grand motto, but it may mean more than some who use it have at present understood. Mr. Kensit sends us the current number of *The Churchman's Magazine*, in which good Bishop Ryle does his best to explain away the Church of England teaching on Baptismal Regeneration, and lamentably fails, as any man must fail who tries to reconcile the teaching of the Prayer-book with that of the New Testament. Explaining Paul's words in Gal. iii. 27 and Col. ii. 12, the Bishop writes:—"The persons of whom he said this, in all human probability, were not baptized in infancy, but when they were grown up, and in days, too, when faith and baptism were so closely connected that, the moment a man believed, he con-

fessed his faith publicly by baptism." Just so; then let all lovers of the truth get back to the simplicity of apostolic practice, which was in accordance with the teaching of our Lord Himself as applied by the Holy Spirit.

At a recent Monday evening prayer-meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mr. J. T. Garlick, Deacon and Treasurer of the Auckland Tabernacle Church, gave a very interesting address, and read the following letter from our Pastor's former flock. Believing that many friends will rejoice to see it, we gladly give it a place here:—

"The Tabernacle.

"Auckland, N.Z.,

"7th January, 1898.

"To our beloved *Pastor-Emeritus*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, London,

"Though for several years you have been far removed from us by distance, we, as a Church and Congregation, have never ceased to remember your past happy and successful Pastorate over us, or forgot to make mention of yourself, and family, and present work in our prayers.

"We have watched with much interest your Pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and work attached to such a connection, deeply sympathizing with you in the trouble and sorrow which for a time beset you, but now rejoicing in the growing success that is following your loving and devoted service to the Church to which God has called you to minister.

"We cannot help recognizing that the hand of God has been ever guiding you, and that, notwithstanding the heavy strain—mentally and physically—that continues upon you through the multifarious duties that so large a Church and its agencies demand, you have been able to bear it all, and nothing seems to have failed to which you have put your hand.

"Of your continued interest in our welfare we have ample proof, the crowning act of your remembrance and help being the willing and hearty service you rendered in securing us so good and estimable a Pastor as Joseph Clark. We now take advantage of the visit of our well-beloved brother, J. Tonson Garlick, to England, and through him personally to convey to you our deepest gratitude for all you have ever done for us. We realize that it was no small matter when you undertook the responsibility of securing a Pastor; but you will rejoice to know that the wisdom of your choice has been fully proved in the growing success and blessing that is attending his ministrations and work.

"We wish you ever-increasing usefulness and blessing in all departments of work over which you preside. May our Lord and

Master use you wondrously in the winning of souls for His kingdom and glory, strengthening you year by year for His service, and the carrying on of those Institutions which your noble, and revered, and now sainted father was, under God's hand, the means of establishing!

"We hope, as soon as the burden of debt is removed from us, to be able to express our gratitude in a more practical form by contributing to, say the Pastors' College Funds.

"To Mrs. T. Spurgeon we send hearty greetings and good wishes. We are glad to know that she is strong enough to take part and interest in the many duties and gatherings that pertain to the Church and its agencies. It must indeed be a joy to her to see your prosperity and usefulness, and to take some part in all the good work.

"We cannot forget the children. We wish that the son may follow in the footsteps of grandfather and father, and be as useful and successful as they; and that the daughter may become a polished stone in the temple of our God.

"Our hearts go out in sympathy and love to your honoured mother. May the dear Lord continue to comfort her (as He only can) in her bereavement, and extend her usefulness and blessing in the happy work He has given her to do!

"We are, yours in Christ Jesus, on behalf of the Church."

(Here follow the signatures).

The second number of *The Pioneer Review*, edited by Dr. McCaig, very worthily follows the excellent first issue.

Lady Henry Somerset sends us the Report for 1897 of the Industrial Farm Colony, Duxhurst, Reigate, which shows that the work is very encouraging, though there is great need of extension to meet the applications continually coming. With the many women who are in bondage to the drink demon, there is room for such a colony in every county in England.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have already removed, or are about to do so:—Mr. E. J. Burrows, from Attleborough, to Mundesley-on-Sea, Norfolk; Mr. W. Higgins, from Haddenham, to Wymondham, Norfolk; Mr. H. J. Milledge, from Gamlingay, to Brighton Road, Croydon; and Mr. I. O. Stalberg, from Penarth, to Bunyan Chapel, Norbiton.

We are pleased to be able to include, in the present number of the Magazine, the new College Report, and also the first part of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Presidential Address at the Conference. The latter portion will (n.v.) appear in our next issue, with a full account of the proceedings during the week.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes:—"I am very thankful for the continued support of

friends at home. The month of March has passed very quickly. It has been overshadowed by sadness, at Brother Patrick's resignation, sickness at home, and adverse balances on the Medical Mission and *Baraka* accounts; but more than six hundred visits from patients, and regular preaching of the gospel, have proved excellent tonics; and now that my wife is getting better, I feel happy, for the Lord reigneth, and above all clouds shines the Sun of righteousness."

The resignation of Brother Patrick is a source of sorrow to all who are interested in the North Africa Mission; but the frequent and serious illnesses of his children seemed to make it impossible for him to continue to labour for the Lord in Tangier. He will be glad to hear of any suitable vacancy in the pastorate at home.

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Festival will (n.v.) be held on *Thursday, June 23*. One of the two chairmen expected to preside over the afternoon and evening meetings will be John Marnham, Esq., J.P., and the list of speakers will include Revs. R. J. Campbell, B.A., B. J. Gibbon, J. Monro Gibson, D.D., J. G. Greenbough, M.A., Evan H. Hopkins, W. Mottram, J. G. Train, M.A., W. J. Woods, B.A., and John, J. A., Charles and Thomas Spurgeon.

COLPORTEGE.—The new Secretary of the Association, Elder S. Wigney, whose portrait many friends will rejoice to see here, sends us the following Notes:—

"The Quarterly Reports of the



colporteurs are full of interest, and betoken the continual blessing of God upon the work; the following brief extracts are just a sample. One brother writes:—"I am constantly hearing one and another say that the books have been very helpful to them; this is especially the case with mothers who cannot get to a place of worship." Another of the men tells of one of his customers who said to him, 'I am pleased to tell you that my husband has been quite interested in reading your books;'

and what is more, he has begun to read the Bible now.' Yet a third colporteur reports: —'The last quarter has been one in which my heart has been made glad, three more persons having professed to have found peace.'

"The Committee have arranged the Annual Meetings for Monday, May 23. The gatherings promise to be of more than usual interest; and we trust the occasion will prove the means of an extension of the work. As we are most anxious to see new

Districts opened, both in the country and in the metropolis, we appeal for new subscribers to the General Fund, so that 'a forward movement' may at once be initiated in connection with the good work. Amounts will be gladly acknowledged by Mr. S. Wigney, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
March 31, four; at Haddon Hall, two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor S. W. Twiggs	1 0 0	Mrs. Yates	0 10 6
Miss Haddfield	10 0 0	Mr. T. Gurney	0 5 0
Pastor R. Ensoll	0 5 0	Mr. W. Edwards	25 0 0
Pastor E. Ashton	0 2 6	Mr. J. Wilson	1 10 0
Mr. Henry Keen	3 3 0	Pastor J. H. Grant	0 10 6
Miss Halls	1 0 0	Collection at Edmonton Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. J. Hull, Auckland, N.Z.	2 0 0	per Pastor D. Russell	2 8 7
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10 0 0	"B. and Co."	5 0 0
Miss Adderley	3 0 0	Mrs. S. F. Clements	2 2 0
Sir Frederic Howard	2 2 0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd (second donation)	5 0 0
Mrs. Keevil	10 0 0	Mr. Geo. Gibbs	1 1 0
Mrs. A. Baker	10 0 0	Mrs. Kent	0 10 6
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5 0 0	Communion collection, from Walkley			
Major-General H. Aylmer	1 0 0	Baptist Church, per Pastor A. G.			
Miss Steedman	50 0 0	Haste	1 0 0
Mrs. Faulconer	50 0 0	Mr. W. C. Bryan	0 5 0
Dr. J. A. Dunbar	2 2 0	Mr. H. A. Fletcher	0 2 6
Pastor G. D. Cox	0 2 6	Mrs. E. Jeffery	1 1 0
Pastor F. W. Jarry	1 0 0	C. H. S. S.	10 0 0
Mr. J. W. Wolfe	1 11 6	Mrs. Calder	1 0 0
From Putney Baptist Church, per				Pastor I. Bridge	0 2 6
Pastor S. H. Wilkinson	1 10 0	Pastor A. E. Johnson	1 7 6
Miss E. E. Jones	0 5 0	Mrs. R. Miller	10 0 0
Pastor E. J. Burrows	0 10 0	Mr. Joseph V. Webb	1 0 0
Mr. C. H. Price	5 5 0	Mr. A. Stewart	0 5 0
Rev. R. J. Beecly	0 2 6	Donation from Pastor E. Last's Bible-			
Mrs. Wells	1 1 0	class	1 0 0
Mr. J. La Touche	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
Mrs. M. F. Smith (Java)	6 0 0	Mar. 20	8 0 0
Mr. C. P. Arlow	5 5 0	" 27	14 0 6
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5 0 0	April 3	20 0 3
Mr. J. Cave	2 0 0	" 10	21 7 6
The Misses Bailey	1 0 0				63 8 3
Rev. E. Shindler	0 2 6				£340 19 4
Mr. J. L. Bennett	1 0 0				
Mr. J. B. Crisp	1 0 0				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"From a wellwisher"	0 5 0	Mr. O'Connor	0 2 0
Miss Halls	0 10 0	H. M.	5 0 0
J. T. G., Auckland, N.Z.	5 0 0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0 5 0
Mrs. M. F. Smith (Java)	2 10 0	"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. O. H.			
Miss Roe	0 10 0	Spurgeon	0 5 0
H. McS.	0 6 0				£16 5 10
Pastors' College Students' Missionary							
subscriptions	1 12 10				

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Warwick Street Baptist Chapel, Lea-				Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	0 12 0
mington Spa, per Mr. T. Kennard	2 0 0	Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0 12 6
A friend, Bedford	2 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Fox	0 5 0
Gratitude	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. E. Vincent	0 12 6
Collected by Miss Pocock	1 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Milner	0 1 6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Bartlett	0	10	0	Mr. Geo. Ware	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. E. A. Ward	0	2	0	Mrs. Hewett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Hodson	0	2	0	Mr. Hewett	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Atfield	0	4	0	Mrs. Teazle	0	2	6
Rosebery Park Baptist Sunday-school, Bournemouth, per Mr. G. Toms	1	4	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Perren	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Walton	0	10	0	Readers of "The Life of Faith," per the Editor	11	12	0
Collected by Miss J. Potter	0	5	0	Mr. S. P. Derbyshire	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Hicks	2	10	0	Mr. Geo. Wood	0	2	6
Per Mr. G. Hicks:—				Postal order, Huddersfield	2	0	0
Mrs. English	0	10	0	Readers of "The Christian Herald," per the Editor:—			
Mrs. Critchell	0	10	0	Thankoffering	0	4	0
	1	0	0	W. H. B.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Wells	0	4	6	E. McFarlane	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0	11	0				
Collected by Miss D. Gordon	0	16	3	A poor widow	0	19	0
Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0	4	9	Collected by Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Hyde	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	10	0	Mrs. A. V. Uridge	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. G. Page	0	10	1	Collected by Mr. J. D. Hardie	0	10	0
J. E. F. S.	10	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. E. Jones	0	3	0
Messrs. Stafford Northcote & Co.	10	10	0	Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	2	6
Harry	5	0	0	Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	0	5	2
Collected by Mrs. E. T. Tucker	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Storey	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Vincent	0	11	0	Miss I. Wornell	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. E. C. Allen	0	11	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Godfrey	0	3	6	Mr. D. Land, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. D. H. Moore	0	5	0	Mrs. Worsdell	1	0	0
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Weeks	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Schofield	0	1	1	Mr. R. Brown	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Brown	0	13	0	Miss Butler	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Freestone	0	4	6	Miss and Miss M. Sadler	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. G. Blake	0	4	6	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Junior C.E.S. Baptist Chapel, Bulwell, per Mr. R. Reynolds	0	8	0	Mrs. A. Baker	10	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Jackson	0	12	0	Mrs. E. Coulson	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	6	6	Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	0	3	5
Collected by Mrs. Noble	0	10	0	Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0
Miss Lewin Sealy	1	3	0	Mrs. Ames, per Pastor A. J. Parker	0	10	0
Mrs. Gooding	0	2	6	Mr. Jas. Wilton	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. Carpenter	0	8	5	Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Parsons	0	1	0	Postal order, Fulham Road	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. F. Baldwin	0	10	6	Mr. Chas. Archer	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Partington	0	9	0	A. A.	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Knowlden	0	6	0	Mrs. Ewart	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Ena Stevens	0	15	0	Mr. and Mrs. Kimpton	1	1	0
Mr. W. Verry	1	5	0	Mr. A. Sconce	1	10	0
Collected by Master A. Hall	0	1	1	Messrs. W. O. Jarvis and Sons	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Hall	0	1	4	Thankful	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. French	0	6	10	Mr. James Hughes	0	5	0
Miss M. Hadfield	10	0	0	Mr. T. Gurney	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Bibby	0	1	6	Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	0	5	11	Mr. P. Norman	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton	1	0	0	Widow Adlem	0	3	0
Miss M. Hall	3	3	0	Mr. F. Frank	2	2	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0	Mrs. Withers	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	0	5	0	Miss R. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner	1	0	0	Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	1	0
A. P. B.	1	0	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter	5	0	0
Mrs. Groves	0	2	6	Miss Walker	1	0	0
A thankoffering to the Lord for His goodness to my boy, per Mr. D. Scott J. B. C.	1	1	0	Mrs. Nicholl	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	0	15	0	Orphan; Louth	0	5	0
Mr. C. Iberson	0	3	0	Mr. Wm. Davies	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Rutter	0	17	7	Miss M. Croas	0	5	0
Lockerie Mission Hall Sabbath-school, per Mr. John Laidlaw	0	10	0	Miss Gregg	0	1	0
Sallie; Bolton	0	5	0	Mrs. Page	5	0	0
Canaries	0	5	0	Mr. E. Potter	0	5	0
Miss J. Crichton	0	5	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
A friend, per Pastor R. E. Chettle- borough	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
F. G.	0	5	0	Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	17	0
Mr. S. Brook	0	5	0	Mrs. Maylam	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Conway, "In memory of my late dear husband"	10	0	0	Miss Brown	0	2	6
Miss Laura Collis	1	1	0	Mr. D. Ball	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Alhney	0	5	0	Mr. S. R. White	0	2	6
				C. C.	0	10	0
				Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0
				Mrs. Medway	0	3	5
				Collected by Mr. D. Hawkins	2	11	9
				Mr. S. Hart	0	10	0
				Gratitude	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school,				A country friend, per Pastor T.			
per Mr. T. H. Olney	5	0	0	Spurgeon	0	5	0
Mr. R. Morgan	2	2	0	Executor of the late Mr. Wm. Matthew-			
Mr. C. Hooper	0	7	6	son (4th instalment)	50	0	0
Mrs. Oakes	0	4	3	Executors of the late Mrs. Elizabeth			
R. T. Redruth	0	5	0	Mummery	1,000	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Roger	2	0	0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the</i>			
M. A. G.	1	0	0	<i>Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
Miss Bell	1	0	0	Providence Baptist Chapel, Highbury	18	10	8
Mr. J. Struthers	1	0	0	Charlotte Street Free Methodist Chapel,			
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Caledonian Road	5	11	10
A country minister	0	5	0	East Grinstead, per Mrs. Arbuthnot ...	8	0	0
Mr. Robinet	0	2	0	King's Own Mission, Kennington ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Zuber	0	3	6	<i>Bristol:—</i>			
Collected by Mr. Champness	0	8	2	Proceeds of meetings, per Pastor Henry			
Orphan boy's card (F. Burnett)... ..	0	5	0	Knee	39	9	11
Mr. Chas. Walter	10	0	0	Mrs. Mackay	1	1	0
Miss E. Grant	2	0	0	<i>Received at Collectors' meeting, March 15th:—</i>			
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	0	0	<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
Miss K. Hood	0	5	0				
Young Women's Bible-class, per Mr.				Angus, Mrs.... ..	£	s.	d.
J. Brash	0	5	0	Allsop, Mrs.	0	3	6
Miss F. Holman and schoolfellows ...	0	15	0	Barling, Master S....	0	3	0
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0	Barnden, Mrs.	0	16	2
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0	Belleine, Miss C.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Howard	0	5	0	Belleine, Miss	0	1	3
Ercil	0	5	0	Bliss, Miss	0	4	5
The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	1	1	0	Boswell, Mrs.	0	14	5
Miss E. Waterhouse	2	0	0	Brooking, Mrs.	0	17	4
Mrs. M. O. Sellar	1	1	0	Brown, Mrs.	0	2	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Erith, per				Butt, Miss N.	0	2	0
Pastor J. E. Martin	1	9	7	Burrows, Master B.	0	1	10
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0	Butler, Mrs.	0	17	11
Miss L. C. Fidkin	0	5	0	Bingham, Mrs., and Mrs.			
Mr. T. Phillips	0	1	0	Jeal	0	4	10
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	Burgess, Miss A. T.	0	7	9
Mr. Shilson	0	5	0	Batchelor, Miss R....	0	8	8
Collected by Miss E. Kind	0	3	0	Burn, Mr. S.	0	4	0
Mr. R. Stow	0	5	0	Bullman, Mrs.	0	14	0
S. M. P.	0	5	0	Cairns, Miss M.	0	11	2
S. W. London Band of Hope Union,				Carter, Miss	0	15	8
per Miss S. R. Carr	2	2	0	Ching, Miss F.	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0	Cornish, Miss F.	0	3	9
Mrs. Kitchen	1	0	0	Collingwood, Mrs....	0	6	8
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0	Clow, Miss	0	19	7
Mrs. L. Stephenson	0	10	0	Collins, Mrs.	0	18	2
Masters D. and L. Davidson	0	10	0	Carpenter, Miss	0	2	6
Bible-class, Darkhouse Baptist Church,				Colley, Mr. A.	0	13	0
per Pastor W. Burnett... ..	0	6	0	Dawes, Miss C.	0	1	8
Baptist Sunday-school, Newark, per				Davies, Mrs.	0	9	4
Mr. E. H. Nicholson	0	15	0	Darby, Mrs.	0	2	2
A friend	0	5	0	Darrant, Mrs.	1	8	8
Mrs. W. Gearing	0	5	0	Dobbs, Mrs.	0	8	3
Miss A. Collins	0	5	0	Dykes, Mrs.	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Pointer	0	15	0	Eyles, Master C.	0	1	10
Collected by Miss A. Duggan	0	13	7	Elliott, Miss	0	5	6
Mr. J. Foulkes	0	2	6	Eldridge, Master H.	0	1	4
Mr. W. Barrett	1	5	0	Fletcher, Miss	0	3	8
Mr. S. Friddy	0	10	0	Field, Mrs. E.	0	6	4
Victoria Road Sunday-schools (Home				Field, Miss	0	6	5
Schools and Holden Street branch),				Forward, Miss G.	0	2	2
per Mr. A. Botting	1	4	0	Fisher, Mr. H. F.	1	12	0
Joseph Street Sunday-school, Wool-				Fryer, Mr. H. J.	1	1	0
wich, per Mr. A. E. Jones	1	1	0	Faucourt, Miss V....	0	9	6
Lighthouse Baptist Sunday-school,				Gale, Master T.	0	7	4
Bow, per Mr. R. F. Wesson	1	0	0	Gater, Mrs.	0	2	3
Mr. J. Ward	1	0	0	Grant, Miss	0	10	7
Mr. J. H. Osborne... ..	50	0	0	George, Master	0	2	3
W. J. S.	1	6	0	Gill, Miss	0	3	11
M. A. K.	0	5	0	Grimes, Miss	0	4	7
Box at Orphanage gates	0	8	3	Goodwyn, Miss	0	5	10
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Grove, Master W.	0	1	11
Mrs. Baines... ..	4	0	0	Halsall, Mrs.	0	3	6
Collection after lecture on				Hart, Mrs.	0	1	11
C. H. Spurgeon, by Mr.				Haynes, Master A....	0	8	6
A. W. Fay	0	12	0	Herring, Master B.	0	2	0
A friend at Bury	1	0	0	Hertzell, Miss	0	4	11
Mr. J. Horsey	1	1	0	Hobbs, Miss E.	0	8	4
Mr. John Currie	2	0	0	Howells, Miss	0	13	6
	8	13	0				
Mr. J. Pillman	1	1	0				

	£	s.	d.
Hoyles, Masters A. and J.	0	9	1
Hoyles, Mrs.	0	7	5
Hayward, Miss	1	2	11
Howard, Mrs.	0	6	1
Jenkin, Mr. F.	1	2	6
Jewhurst, Miss	0	19	4
Kingston, Miss	1	2	0
Lee, Mrs.	0	3	2
Lott, Miss E.	0	1	1
Lott, Miss R.	0	1	2
Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	5	9
Luxford, Miss E.	0	7	9
Madder, Mrs.	0	3	10
Mason, Mrs.	0	7	7
Matthews, Miss Jessie	0	2	7
Mackenzie, Mrs.	0	2	7
May, Master E.	0	5	9
Mullison, Mrs.	0	4	8
Maynard, Master I.	0	1	9
Middleton, Mrs.	0	7	3
Miller, Mr.	0	4	7
Morgan, Miss A.	0	1	6
Moore, Mrs.	0	4	0
Montague, Mrs.	0	7	3
Martin, Miss E.	0	6	7
Newbury, Mrs.	0	6	8
Newton, Mrs.	0	2	1
Norris, Mrs.	0	3	0
Orton, Miss	0	6	0
Palmer, Mrs.	0	8	0
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Parker, Master H.	0	1	4
Payne, Master H.	0	5	10
Pearson, Miss F.	0	1	8
Pegg, Mrs.	0	4	6
Plummer, Miss N.	0	9	3
Roberts, Mr. A.	0	1	4
Roper, Mrs.	0	7	6
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	10	8
Sims, Mrs.	0	1	10

	£	s.	d.
Smith, Master T.	0	5	6
Smith, Master F.	0	3	7
Stiff, Miss	0	6	4
Taylor, Mrs. S. J.	0	9	8
Tregear, Miss G.	0	13	10
Thompson, Master C. H.	0	0	0
Vivian, Miss Ethel	0	3	10
Williamson, Mrs.	1	3	9
Watling, Mrs.	1	0	9
Weeks, Miss	0	3	2
Whittington, Miss	0	5	7
Wiffen, Mrs.	0	3	0
Willoughby, Miss	0	3	5
Wilkinson, Miss	0	3	7
Wright, H.	0	5	0
Wren, Mrs.	0	5	3
Amounts under a shilling	0	2	3

42 5 5

Collecting Books:—

Alderton, Miss	0	13	6
Broughton, Mrs.	0	8	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	4	0	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	15	0
Charles, Miss B.	0	5	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	5	0
Doyle, Miss	0	11	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	13	0
Laver, Mrs.	1	1	8
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	3	10	0

12 2 0

Donations:—

Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Everett, Mrs. and Son	0	5	0
Jeph, Miss	0	2	6
Collection at doors	2	6	9

3 15 3

£1,475 2 9

List of Presents from March 15th to April 14th, 1898.—25 quarterns Bread, Messrs Henderson and Sons; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 300 Buns, Mr. Whitehorn; 29 lbs. Bacon, Mr. J. Horn.

Boys' Clothing:—31 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 boxes Worn Clothing, per Mrs. Medway; 11 Shirts, 6 pairs Socks, Bristol Road Baptist Church Ladies' Working Meeting, Weston-super-Mare, per Mrs. R. S. Latimer.

Girls' Clothing:—6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 6 Articles, Mrs. Barnden; 9 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; 47 Articles, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 36 Articles, Bristol Road Baptist Church Ladies' Working Meeting, Weston-super-Mare, per Mrs. R. S. Latimer; 13 Articles, Mrs. Overbury; 24 Articles, Miss Wormald and a class of Sunday-school scholars.

General:—1 parcel Pieces, Mr. F. Bavin; 1 Compound Microscope (Pillischer's) for Science Class, Mr. W. Soper, M.R.C.S.E., etc.; 1 box Flowers for the Infirmary, the Misses M. A., K. E. and Master J. Barton.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	10	0	0
Hadleigh, per Mr. F. Durant	10	0	0	Bridgnorth, per Mr. G. Lloyd	5	5	0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	10	0	0	Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. J. H. Blake	60	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association	10	0	0		£152	15	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10	0	0				
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5	0	<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Cowling Hill, per Pastor E. R. Lewis	10	0	0	Miss E. York	0	10	6
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0	Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman	11	5	0				

Mrs. S. Dale, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	£	s.	d.	H. M....	£	s.	d.
Readers of "The Christian,"	0	10	0	M. A. K., per Mr. S. R. Pearce...	5	0	0
per					0	5	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	3	11	6				
Mr. C. Wagstaff	1	1	0				
Mrs. Stevens	0	5	0				
					£16	3	0

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

Statement of Receipts from March 14th to April 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Miss Knight	1 0 0	Miss Spliedt... ..	2 0 0	
Miss Everett	0 5 0	Mrs. Nicoll	1 0 0	
In memoriam, John Breese	2 0 0			
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>				
M. J.	0 2 6			<u>£6 7 6</u>

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from March 14th to April 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged	... 2,523 15 0	Mrs. Barnes 1 0 0
"In undying love of C. H. S." 500 0 0	Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits 5 0 0
A. 100 0 0	Mrs. Geale (U.S.A.) 6 3 3
Mr. and Mrs. Torrey (U.S.A.) 100 0 0	Mr. John Fawcett 1 0 0
Mr. William Hiley 30 19 1	Mr. J. Coxeter 10 0 0
Miss Knight 1 0 0	Mr. Archibald Stewart 0 2 6
Mr. John Cameron 5 0 0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—	
Mrs. Evans 1 0 0	Southeast 1 0 0
Mr. S. F. Lea 0 10 0	Mr. Bellman 0 7 6
A. M. 0 15 0	Tandem 9 12 0
Mrs. Windmill 2 0 0	Mr. Friend 1 0 0
S. A. S. 0 10 6	Mrs. Hockey's class 1 7 0
Miss Bevan 1 0 0	Mr. Band 1 0 0
M. Earl 0 10 0	Ebenezer 1 0 0
Readers of "The Christian," per		Mrs. Shaw 1 0 0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott 0 10 0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	... 0 19 6
L. H. 0 10 0		
Miss Hodges 2 0 0		
"A debtor to grace" 5 0 0		
			£3,315 11 4

Also promised, £150.

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 PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1897-98.



Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, LONDON, E.C.

1898.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1897-98.

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Vice-President,

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Secretary,

E. H. BARTLETT.

The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-meeting in the beginning of the year.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law
be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time
being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his
receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when
received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*



The President's Report.

HAVING been re-elected, in March, 1897, to the honourable office of President of the Pastors' College, by the kind suffrages of the Trustees, I have endeavoured to give as much time and thought to the good work as my many other duties would allow, much of the detail necessarily remaining in the hands of my dear brother, Pastor C. Spurgeon, whose willing help I gratefully acknowledge.

In the final selection of students, I have been assisted by the entire staff, and I believe that God has directed to us good men and true. It was my joy to welcome no less than sixteen fresh students in August last at the re-union which, by my beloved mother's kind invitation, was again held at "Westwood"; and with the New Year four others came to us. All these were Christian workers whom God had already blessed.

There have been some changes in the staff. Professor Marchant, after eighteen years of faithful service, was compelled, through ill-health, to resign his position as Acting-Principal. He retired amid unmistakable evidence that his efforts to help the young men had been greatly appreciated.

Thereupon, the Trustees unanimously elected our tried and trusted friend, Professor Archibald McCaig, B.A., LL.D., to the post of Principal. Dr. McCaig has been with us for six years, during which time he has won the confidence and esteem of all who know him. We all rejoice exceedingly that he has been led to accept the reins. The Lord encourage his heart, and strengthen his hands!

With equal pleasure I announce the fact that, in August next, Pastor W. Hackney, M.A., will (D.V.) commence his duties as Classical Tutor. This is good! Mr. Hackney will prove a true yoke-fellow to Dr. McCaig, and a tower of strength to the Institution. We feel persuaded that God has graciously guided us in these important appointments.

During the year, I have been able to undertake the Friday-afternoon Lecture with comparative regularity, and it has always been a source of pleasure to meet and to speak with the brethren. I have been specially gratified with their response to the spiritual subjects descanted upon, and their evident love for "those things which are most surely believed among us."

The Report which follows differs somewhat from its predecessors, but it will not, I trust, prove less acceptable than they. I have endeavoured to give our friends a wider and more varied outlook, by condensing the individual reports, and by collating a number of brief hearty messages.

What a mass of delightful correspondence I have gone through! I wish I could print all the letters from all parts. The attachment of the brethren to their Alma Mater, their reverence for the memory of their late loved leader, their adherence to the old gospel, and their zeal for souls, have made my heart to sing for joy. The Lord God of Israel have them all in His gracious keeping! What a host we are becoming, and what great things have already been accomplished by the mighty Spirit through "our own men."

Let those speak slightly who will,—GOD HAS USED THE PASTORS' COLLEGE WONDROUSLY! In this we do rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice; the more so, as we are persuaded that He is going to use it still. "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

Very earnestly and hopefully do I entreat our friends to continue to pray for us and to provide the funds for this glorious work. Have I not strong pleas to urge? First and foremost,

For the sake of our risen Lord. Next,

For the sake of the Church, the Lamb's wife.

For the sake of a godless and hopeless world.

For the sake of that dear man of God, the Founder.

(May I not add, in a whisper?)

For the sake of the present Presidents, Trustees, and Tutors, to whom all aid and sympathy are so refreshing.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

The Vice-President's Report.

GLADLY do I raise my Ebenezer at the close of twelve months' service in connection with our ever-growingly-beloved Institution, as never more truly could it be said, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

The more I have to do with the College in its internal management, and the more often I come into contact with the brethren, the more do I love it with a "pure heart fervently." It has been a great joy to share, and I trust thereby to lessen, the burden which rests upon my President-Brother, and, as far as possible, to relieve him of minor matters of detail involved in the superintendence of the College.

My own classes have been most satisfactory in respect to the punctual attendance and personal attention of the men forming them. Many of the Sermons have shown special qualities possessed by the young preachers to fit them for future usefulness in the ministry, while the afternoon papers upon given subjects have maintained a high order of merit.

On several occasions I have had the honour and happiness of taking the Lecture in lieu of the President, and we have had for our subjects: "The Dangers, the Difficulties, and the Delights of the Ministry," and a series upon "Painting and Preaching," supplemented by brief biographical sketches of the artists, and illustrated by engravings from their pictures.

Our aim has been to instruct in an interesting manner, and by illustration and illumination, to take advantage of Eye-gate, as well as Ear-gate, and thus find an easy entrance into Mansoul.

Memories of days gone by were revived by a "Spelling-Bee-Competition." The interrogator was the only one present who remembered the occasion when the "Peerless President" was catechist. The merriness with which C. H. S. witnessed the decapitation of the brethren, as off went the hat when the student failed to spell the word correctly that fell to his turn, was now enjoyed by the son, who in former days sympathized with the students as one of the beheaded.

Accurate orthography is an essential to a minister, and this is one of the ways of securing it.

Among the Juniors, a "Skeleton Competition" has produced some sermon outlines well worthy of preachers of ripe experience. They were by no means all bones.

The College Missionary Association, and Temperance Society, together with the Bible-reading, and Haddon Literary Society, furnish the men with occasions for exercising their gifts, and exhibiting their graces, in connection with these different departments of Christian service.

The spiritual tone of the College is as high as ever, and we have every reason to believe that the educational standard is fully maintained. We confidently affirm that there is as much need as ever for the Pastors' College, and the constant choice of "our own men" as Pastors by the Churches, many of which are the largest and leading ones in the denomination, is a practical proof that we are meeting that need.

Our belief in the plans and aims of its revered Founder is intensified by the success which still attends them; for we have no desire to depart from the old lines laid down by our dear father, since they have proved so productive of good to the Churches, and pre-eminently prosperous in securing glory to God.

We ask for the daily prayer of God's people, that the Holy Spirit may be with us in this important work. The solemn responsibility of training young men for the ministry is no light load to carry, and we beseech all who care for the future welfare of Zion, to remember the College in their intercessions.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Dr. McCaig's Report.

THROUGHOUT another year of College work, the Lord has been manifestly with us. The spirit of dependence upon God, of devotion to His truth, and desire for the salvation of souls, has, by Divine grace, been maintained among the students; the prospects of the College were never brighter than now, and we believe the need for its existence is as great as ever.

In "reporting progress", I am glad to say that, in the Classical department, a fair amount of good steady work has been accomplished. The following books have engaged the attention of the Seniors: in GREEK, Plato's *Crito*, Homer's *Odyssey*, Book I., and *Iliad*, Book I.; in LATIN, Cicero's *First Oration against Catiline*, Livy's *History of Rome*, Book XXII., and Sallust's *Catilina*; an Intermediate Class in Latin being occupied with Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book VI., Horace's *Odes*, Book I., and Cicero's *De Senectute*.



PRINCIPAL A. McCAIG, B.A., LL.D.

The Juniors have read, in GREEK, part of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and Lucian's *Select Dialogues*; in LATIN, the authors have been Eutropius' *History of Rome*, and Cæsar's *Gallie War*, Book VIII. The usual attention has been given to Grammar and Delectus work in both languages.

In HEBREW, considerable progress has been made. The Senior men have read part of *Joshua*, the whole of *Joel* and the opening chapters of

Proverbs. The men composing the Junior Class, after reading a little in *Genesis*, were able in January to join the Seniors, thus leaving me free to take a new Hebrew Class, which has made a good beginning with the rudiments. It is a gratifying sign that there is a general desire on the part of the students to acquire sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to enable them to use their Hebrew Bibles. Luther said he would not be without the little knowledge which he possessed of Hebrew for untold gold, and we are glad that our men should prize this sacred tongue. There never was a time when the study of Hebrew was more necessary for the minister than to-day.

Throughout the greater part of the year, Trench's Greek Synonyms of the New Testament furnished a fruitful theme for study, and the men were greatly interested in it. Church History has now taken the place of the Greek Synonyms, our text-book being Fernandez' *Outlines of Church History*, which I supplement by notes and lectures.

The study of Hodge's *Outlines of Theology* has been prosecuted with diligence and interest, the special subjects engaging attention being the Attributes of God, the Trinity, and the Divine Decrees.

I cannot close my Report without recording my sense of the loss sustained by the enforced retirement, through serious illness, of my long-tried friend, Professor Marchant, who has served the College as Tutor for eighteen years, and with whom as a faithful colleague I have worked most harmoniously during the past six years.

Having been invited to occupy the Principal's chair, I have, with no small sense of the responsibility involved, consented to do so, and trust that all friends of the Pastors' College will remember me in their prayers.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

A Note from Professor Marchant.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—If I am not too late, please let me send a few lines for the Annual Report as to my necessary separation from all official work in the College. I wish particularly to thank all subscribers and donors for their nobly-sustained support of our great work through so many years. No higher tribute, surely, has been paid to the lofty service of the College than the self-sacrifice of the poor and the rich since the dear Founder's removal. In separating from the official work of the College, I wish earnestly to thank every helper for the part each has taken. God has greatly honoured our students in their work of preaching the Gospel, not only among smaller churches but among some of the most important both at home and abroad.

I do not attempt to give any formal report of my service as a tutor during the last year. I was too ill to do my class-work efficiently, or even to attend the classes with regularity, being often necessarily absent one or two days a week. I had hoped for improvement of strength, but have often wished lately that I had resigned my position a year earlier. I tender my hearty and sincere thanks to the dear President and Trustees for their patience with me in my severe illness, and for their very generous thought and care for me in regard to my future,

There are two things I would yet mention,—my hope to be present at special meetings, such as Conference gatherings, special prayer-meetings, etc. I am also gratified more than I can say by the very numerous and kind letters from former and present students, far away or still in College. Trusting that God's rich gifts of help may be with all this great work, Believe me, dear President,

Yours sincerely,

F. G. MARCHANT.

Dr. Usher's Report.

COLLEGE routine tends to make the preparation of annual Reports each year more difficult. The fact reminds me of the recent utterances of Dr. Nansen, the explorer, who, at the close of an oft-repeated lecture, said, "As I cannot conveniently alter the facts, I must tell the same old story." This is my case, but as, to the returned traveller, the repetition of the "old story" must ever bring joyful recollections of his success, so we are thankful that the Report must testify to continued mercy and progress.

The College,—I speak for the English Classes as part of it—has, during another year, advanced in the pursuit of knowledge, though the advance be not registered "by degrees."

The provision for the voyage has been ample, as the number and names of text-books will show. Their quality has been so thoroughly tested, that none have been discarded. For the use of junior students, Dr. Angus has provided the "Bible Handbook," which facilitates the study of the Scriptures. Bishop Butler and Dr. Wayland have rendered good service in their respective subjects, "Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature," and "Moral Science." Linking the past and present, and as a possible source of illustration, the History of Rome has been studied. Logic and Physiology have been taught by text-book and lectures. Lessons on the Laws of Composition have been given from a book by Dr. Abbot, and the Grammars as heretofore have been used in the Elementary Greek and Latin classes.

The year has passed happily in Class and College life. The voyagers in the good ship have certainly not "wearied with the constant sight of the same faces," nor has there been anything Arctic in either atmosphere or temperature. Tutors and students will alike gratefully acknowledge the help and pleasure afforded by their genial surroundings in the Institution they so dearly love.

The devotional spirit of the brethren, and their attention to work, have been all that could be desired. Each student has sought to acquire information, not only as a source of personal pleasure, but that he may more efficiently edify the Church and win souls to the Saviour. Death has not removed any of our number; health of body has been vouchsafed to nearly all. Alas! that among the exceptions our colleague, Professor Marchant, is included. His retirement, after a long period of service, tinges our thoughts with sadness, and all desire

his future welfare in the Master's service. The cloud has ever its silver lining, so we rejoice in the appointment of our gracious and gifted Professor, Dr. McCaig, to the position of Principal, and pray that God will long spare him to fulfil successfully the duties of this office.

For the measure of prosperity granted, we are thankful to our Heavenly Father. For our Leaders—the Presidents and Trustees, we desire continued blessing and guidance; and may we not also record our gratitude to the generous *subscribers* to the expedition.

“Fram” (Forward) may well express our hope for the future of the College, and our prayer is that should “ice-crush” be experienced, she may, as hitherto, to the glory of God, emerge uninjured and triumphant.

W. USHER.

Report from Pastor James Stephens, M.A.

I HAVE continued to give throughout the present session a weekly Theological lecture (on Wednesday mornings). Up to Christmas, I lectured on Old Testament theology, dealing with such subjects (among others) as the earliest forms of the doctrine of grace, covenants, the law, worship, sacrifice and priesthood. During this term, I have been lecturing on the chief doctrinal positions of the Epistle to the Romans. The attendance of the men has been such as to afford no ground of complaint. Their attention to the lectures has been respectful and serious. How far they have made definite progress by means of the lectures I have not the means of knowing, as no examination has been held. The work has not been without some sense of burden for myself, but it has afforded opportunities which have been valued by me.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Mr. Richardson's Report.

PERHAPS the most difficult task a teacher of elocution has in a Theological College, is to get the students to realize the need there is for this department of study. This is especially felt in a College like the Pastors', where only those men are accepted who have shown some aptness as speakers before their admission. Without a feeling of their need, students are not likely to strive to improve themselves. The mere attendance at lecture, and the participation in class practice, will effect but little good, unless there is a conviction that improvement is necessary. The realization of deficiency is a starting-point of progress. What a man feels he needs, he strives to procure. It is therefore especially gratifying for me to be able to report a growing interest and earnestness in the whole question of speaking.

The attention of the Class is, as heretofore, chiefly directed to the reading of the Bible ; for we feel that, while a preacher may, in a measure, be permitted to choose his style of rendering his own words, he has no choice with reference to our sacred literature, but is under a strict obligation to be and do only his best when reading God's Word. We are frequently made painfully conscious of how little this fact seems to be realized by some ministers ; who, both with regard to the study of the text and its rendering, are obviously careless. I am the more glad to be able to report a growing effort on the part of the students of the Pastors' College to give to the reading of God's Word the exalted position it should ever occupy in our religious services.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Reports of the Evening Classes.

AT the close of another year's work in these Classes, I am glad to be able to report that it has been a satisfactory one.

The Classes have been well and regularly attended, and the men have shown deep interest in their work, and have earnestly endeavoured to make full use of the facilities offered them to obtain an education enabling them to render more efficient service in the Master's cause.

Our meetings for prayer and praise have been characterized by such a spirit of devotion and intense desire for a fuller consecration, as encourages the hope that the brethren will have much success in their different spheres of Christian labour.

We note with great satisfaction that four of our students have been admitted to the Pastors' College during the past year. For this, we thank God and take courage.

In order to best promote the interests of those who may be desirous of passing into the Day College, the same course of studies obtains here as in the Junior Classes there, although necessarily in a lesser degree, because the time at our disposal is so much more limited.

Lectures have been given on Mental Science, Human Physiology, and Theology.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The curriculum on Monday and Wednesday evenings has followed much the same lines as in former years, and the men have shown quite the usual earnestness in all the work. This close attention to the subjects of study is a very gratifying feature of our Classes.

On Mondays, the Classes in LATIN and GREEK have been mainly occupied with the grammar of those languages, the text-books for this part of the subject being the *Principia Latina* and the *Initia Græca*. In the early part of the year we read Cæsar and the Gospel by John.

Logic, English Grammar and Composition, English History, and the study of Todd's Student's Manual have occupied us the whole of the year on Wednesdays. I think these subjects have proved of great utility, especially the Logic and Grammar. The whole year's work may be deemed to have been satisfactory.

T. F. BOWERS, B.A. (Lond.)

SHORTHAND CLASS.—This Class continues to meet every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the College, and is open to young men desiring to improve themselves for the Lord's work.

Since the last Report, the Class has studied the "Teacher," "Æsop's Fables" for reading practice, and the "Manual of Phonography"; dictation practice for speed was given, also discussions on best outlines for difficult words. The usual examination was held for Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons' Elementary Certificate, when again all who tried were successful in obtaining it. At the close of the session, several members testified to the benefits they had received from the Class, the thoroughness of the instruction, and the happy Christian spirit which had always run through the lessons.

In January last, a new Class for beginners commenced, and a lecture on the subject of shorthand was given by the Teacher, illustrated by dissolving views, Mr. Samuel Johnson occupying the chair. Illustrations were given of the early modes of expressing ideas by means of hieroglyphics, then the Roman and Greek forms of writing. Afterwards was shown the first known system of shorthand, used in the time of Cicero, by which a report of Cato's speech delivered in the Senate House was taken. Also specimens of various systems of shorthand published during the last 250 years, up to the time of Sir Isaac Pitman's Phonography. By means of several views, this system was explained, and a lesson to beginners was given.

The Class is now studying the "Teacher", and young men who may wish to join will be welcomed any Friday evening, but they must now have a previous knowledge of the system equal to that of the Class.

HAYDN PINKESS.

Questions and Answers.

REPORTS from the brethren at home and abroad are so largely based upon the letter of enquiry, that it is thought well to print it here. Its pointed queries have evidently caused much heart-searching. The replies may appear monotonous, but they will serve to show that there is on every hand courage and confidence. The Lord be praised for this!

"Pastors' College,

"Temple Street,

"Newington, S.E.,

"November 26th, 1897.

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

"Again we greet you. 'A Happy New Year to you.' How fares it with you and with your work?

"Does the fire burn brightly on the altar? Does the dew fall copiously on the field? Is the old flag still waving, and the same War-cry sounding? And how goes the fight? Can you let us have answers to these enquiries—short, pointed replies—as soon as possible?

We should also like to know how *you* are, and what you look like now. Send us a photo, if you can. As for us, we are toiling on, and leaning hard, and looking up.

"Yours very heartily,

"THOMAS SPURGEON, *President*,

"CHARLES SPURGEON, *Vice-President*."

PASTOR H. SAMUEL SMITH has been eighteen years at Fenny Stratford, but he writes :—"The old flag still flies, and it has never touched the ground."

"We rejoice in the old flag. It has worn well. The *new* flag will not wear so well ; it has not the quality in it. It will soon be blown to pieces."—PASTOR W. H. PROSSER, *Milford Haven*.

"The Word is our only weapon, and we find that nothing cuts like the old Jerusalem blade, and nothing heals like the balm of Gilead. The entertainment craze is dying out. The Cross alone attracts."

PASTOR W. WALKER, *Barrow-in-Furness*.

PASTOR FRANK POTTER, of Harston, Cambs., confesses that living a foot below sea level is not very invigorating, but he declares that his war-cry is "Victory ; ' for He must reign."

Here is a brave bulletin from PASTOR P. A. HUDGELL, of Junction Street, Derby :—

"Christ exalted,
Church united,
Communion realized,
Christians active,
Congregations large,
Conversions frequent."

PASTOR FRANK M. SMITH, of Peckham, two of whose sons are with us in the College, breaks forth into singing as to—

The "*Fire*." "Thank God it is bright,
For He keeps it alight ;
But we long for the flame to be blazing.

The "*Dew*." "The dew doth still fall,
But not upon all,
For the hardness of some is amazing !

The "*Flag*." "The old 'banner' waves :
'Tis the Blood that still saves,
And the grace of our God is abounding.

The "*Fight*." "We are yet in the 'fight,'
But with vict'ry in sight,

The "*War-cry*." For Calvary's 'War-cry' is 'sounding.'

"Brave Brothers, 'toil on,'
Till the 'field' shall be won,
'Leaning hard,'—'Looking up,' in the knowledge,
That for dear 'C. H. S.'
The Redeemer will bless,
And abide with the men of the College."

"Blessing all the year!" is the cheery word from Earl's Colne. We rejoice with you, BROTHER E. DYER. He continues:—"The Garden of Essex' loves the name of Spurgeon; his dear face adorns nearly every cottage wall."

"We are facing the foe, not faint in heart, following the Captain."

PASTOR H. BRADFORD, *Northampton*.

"The banner of the Cross that I unfurled *just 30 years since* has never been furled or lowered."—J. SPANSWICK, *Weston-by-Weedon*.

"There has been a gracious revival of prayer in our midst; night after night we waited upon God till nearly two weeks had passed speedily away. Cold hearts were warmed, eyes long too dry were moistened, indifference gave place to eager seeking, and dumb lips were made to move in earnest prayer."—PASTOR G. H. KILBY, *Waltham Abbey*.

FRIEND GATHERCOLE, of Kimbolton, says characteristically:—"Harder work than ever. Fire *just* burning. Very little dew. Flag flying *higher than ever*. Same War-cry. Fight *apparently* against us."

"The old flag is still upheld. Some have left me on account of my doctrines—substitution, and final perseverance, total depravity and future punishment. To me, the gospel sweetens with the passing years."—PASTOR A. E. JOHNSON, *Ibstock, Leicestershire*.

"The grand old flag floats higher than ever; we have decided to 'Abide with the King'."—PASTOR W. SMITH, *Kirton-in-Lindsey*.

"The altar-fire does not burn as brightly as I could wish. Oh, for more fervent prayer! More prayer would secure more dew."—PASTOR JAMES EASTER, *Diss*.

PASTOR S. J. BAKER, of Bury St. Edmund's, thus summarises his experience:—"Old flag still flying. Greater joy than ever in preaching the everlasting gospel. Thank God more every day for the influence of dear C. H. S."

"The fire still burns, but the whole burnt-offerings are few. The dew still falls on solitary fleeces, but, oh! the field is dry."—PASTOR A. C. CHAMBERS, *Belvedere*.

"It is difficult to fix the standard of brightness of the fire and copiousness of the dew; but I have found nothing truer and better than the old-fashioned gospel of substitution. Would that I could preach it more adequately!"—PASTOR T. GREENWOOD, *Balham*.

"Prayer has been heard; the fire has descended; the sacrifice is being consumed. The field is wet with dew. The flag that leads us in the fight is the 'old flag,' and our 'War-cry' is 'The Cross! the Cross!'"—PASTOR R. SLOAN, *East Ham*.



FRIEND FELTHAM writes from Stockton-on-Tees, thus:—
 "The Word which goeth forth out of the King's mouth is seen to be invested with power, and men who have been living in rebellion against God are capitulating. His arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under Him. Thus the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus grows. 'Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'"

"I have now been nearly nineteen years in this place, and I am pleased to say that our work has never been more hopeful. We glory in the Cross of Christ, and contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. The fight is hard; the victory is sure."—
 PASTOR JOHN RANKINE, *Guildford*.

"The fleece is wet, but we want to see it 'drenched.' Our motto text is, 'Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.'—PASTOR F. G. KEMP.—(A fitting motto, that, for Aldershot!)"

Dear President and Vice-President.—I thank you for your hearty greeting. But young in the field, I felt the more encouraged and stimulated by your affectionate words. I began work in North Kelvinside, under the Pioneer Mission, in the middle of August last year. A neighbouring minister introduced me to about a dozen Baptists residing in the district, some attached, some unattached to a Baptist Church. As soon as we were set a-going, friends gathered round. By visitation and open-air work the people were made aware of our existence. The preaching was blessed to saint and sinner abundantly. On the 21st of September we numbered 47 members, and were formally constituted a Baptist church. The offerings had been so liberal that we were able to dissolve our brief connection with the Pioneer Mission, and the congregation guaranteed the Pastor a stated salary. The church prayer-meeting is the best and heartiest of the week. It averages an attendance of 60.

We are holding up the Cross, the Central Cross, as the Sinner's hope and the Saint's glory, and experience emphasizes the conviction that it is the power of God unto salvation. In course of time, we expect to raise a more commodious and convenient building, as the hall we now occupy has many disadvantages.

Yours faithfully,

ALBERT WILLIAM BEAN.

Kelvinside, Glasgow.

PASTOR W. WHALE, of Brisbane, greets us warmly, and says:—"If all our yearnings are not satisfied, we have that which enables us to thank God and take courage. We have formed another church during '97, and another will soon be formed. Thus our success is by extension."



"I have very little to report of my work here. It is one of those spiritually dry, waterless, dewless wastes which fall to the lot of some of us, and is one of those positions which someone must fill, or let the flag fall. I am some hundreds of miles from any Pastors' College man, and in that sense am quite alone:"

PASTOR T. HAGEN, *Almonte, Ontario.*

PASTOR E. ISAAC, who was President of the Baptist Union of Victoria last year, writes that the work is most encouraging at Fitzroy, Melbourne. He is surrounded by a band of earnest workers, who "keep at it unceasingly."



We rejoice that many of our brethren have done good work in one pastorate for a long season. Here is a case in point:—

PASTOR LEVI PALMER has been a score of years at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton. He began with 25 members, and now rejoices in 169.

He may well write to his flock:—"The hopes and fears, the ecstasies and depressions, the defeats and triumphs of twenty years are known only to God." He has not toiled in vain. Prosperity brightens all the agencies of the church. 'Tis true the ceiling collapsed

late, but that is up again by now,—let us hope more firmly than before. God bless our plodding friend!



"I am thankful to report, 'It is well.' Yes, through a good supply of the holy oil, the fire continues to burn. While the fleece has sometimes been very dry, the good Lord has caused the dew to fall upon the ground; especially has this been so at our out-station, where quite a number have of late been brought under the quickening and converting power of the Holy Ghost. God be praised! the work is still going on. As to 'the old flag', we are still bearing it to the

front, so that all may read and know our position,—'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' Yes, by God's grace we are still shouting the old War-cry—'Christ crucified'—'the power of God and the wisdom of God.'"—PASTOR HARRY WOOD, *Latrobe, Tasmania*.

"DEAR PRESIDENT,—A hundred thanks are due to you and the Vice-President for your affectionate greeting and enquiries. The fact that, year by year, we brethren, away in distant fields of Christian service, are so kindly and affectionately remembered by the beloved brethren at home, is to me indescribably refreshing. It links, with touching tenderness, the sacred memories of the past, recalling scenes and seasons in which our glorified President was the central figure, and reviving those wondrous words and still more wonderful prayers of his, that remain an inspiring, quickening, uplifting power to this day."—PASTOR W. G. CLATWORTHY, *Leamington, Ontario*.

PASTOR F. HIBBERD, the first of "our own men" to go to the Antipodes, is Secretary of the New South Wales Baptist Union, and of its Missionary Society. He renders other official services to the denomination, and preaches constantly. He says:—"My ministry is devoted to the proclamation of the gospel that 'Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day.'" He adds:—"Mr. President, I often look upon the beautiful portrait of your dear father you gave me during one of your visits to our home in Sydney, and recall the old hallowed days of College life, and feel afresh the inspiration to contend earnestly for the faith. Thank God for such a past!"

"'How goes the fight?' We are holding the fort, and trying to capture forts as well. This place is one of Satan's chief strongholds; but though its dungeoned inmates seem incurably wedded to their delusions and lies, we believe it is not impregnable, and will yet fall before our Prince Immanuel. The great trouble is, that Christ's soldiers are so few."—PASTOR JOHN STUBBS, *Patna, India*.

"No great signs from Heaven attend our labours. The greatness of the harvest is not yet. We are among a saddened people, but they will not have our comforts, and our balm for their wounds is despised. We stand in the markets and in the by-ways of the villages, and call to the simple to get wisdom, and to the condemned to seek pardon; but few are they who say unto us, 'Which is the way to Zion?' Still, the work moves, and in that we are encouraged." — D. L. DONALD, *Chittagong, India.*



"Everywhere men are crowding out the supernatural, but we desire more and more for God to come in. Our cry for some time has been, 'Let THY WORK appear unto Thy servants.'" — PASTOR C. A. COOK, *Bloomfield, New Jersey, U.S.A.*

"My love for and faith in the old 'Tabernacle Gospel' is as ever, and for the Great Master Himself, I trust, more ardent." — PASTOR S. FAIREY, *Glen Osmond, South Australia.* [Our brother writes a very cheery letter, though he was at the time prostrated by the heat—110 degrees in the shade!]

PASTOR W. A. BISS has been three years at Middleville, Michigan, U.S.A. He says:—"From the first, a growing interest has been manifested. Congregations have increased until they rank among the largest in the town; the spirit of prayer has returned; the confidence of the people in the church has been regained; an out-station has been opened, and, best of all, a goodly number have been baptized upon profession of their faith in Jesus."

"Perhaps it will interest you to know that, at our State Convention, held in October last, I had the honour to be elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Ministerial State Conference, and also a member of the Board of Directors of the Michigan Baptist State Convention."

New Chapels and Schools.

Commercial Road Chapel, Guildford.

PASTOR, JOHN RANKINE.

FOR several years it has been increasingly evident that, if the Baptist interest here was ever to become a strong one, a new chapel must be built. The old building was small, seating only about two hundred persons. It was also badly ventilated, very inconvenient,



and quite unsuited for aggressive work. Pastor Rankine, who has ministered to the people here for nineteen years, and has won the esteem of the whole neighbourhood by his manly and earnest character, decided, towards the end of 1896, to undertake the enterprise of a new building. The first step was to secure an additional piece of land, adjoining the ground occupied by the old chapel. The freehold of

this new ground was purchased for £210. The site necessitated an almost square building. The internal dimensions of the new chapel are 44 ft. by 40 ft. There is an end gallery. A vestibule the whole width of the building gives access both to the ground-floor and the gallery, without curtailing the space in either. The ground-floor provides 300 sittings, and the gallery 80. No money has been wasted in superfluous ornament, but character has been given to the structure by massive grouping. The building is heated by the hot-water radiator system, and there is electric light.

The architects are Messrs. Peak and Lunn, and the builders, Messrs. Highlett and Hammond, both local firms. The contract is £1,996, which, with the purchase of the extra land, an organ, architects' fees and sundries, involve a total outlay of £2,600. Of this sum, about £2,000 has been paid or promised, mostly from local sources. Pastor Charles Spurgeon laid one of the memorial stones in memory of his father; and the building was opened, on November 24th, 1897, by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, the Mayor and Corporation being present. The need of the larger building has been proved by the increased congregations now assembling. The enterprise has hitherto received little outside help, and any contributions from sympathising friends will be gladly received by the pastor, at 50, Stoke Road, Guildford.

E. W. TARBOX.

Bexhill-on-Sea.

PASTOR, JOHN S. HOCKEY.

I AM asked to continue the story of the Lord's doings here since the issue of the last Report.

In the forefront must be put the laying of the Memorial Stone of the New Chapel, by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon. On the stone is this inscription:—



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.

Our dear friend was accompanied by her two sons, Pastor A. G. Brown, and a number of enthusiastic friends from all parts. As this is being written, the walls are being covered in, and in a short time our house of prayer will be ready for opening, *if the Lord has sent the money* to pay the builder. No DIRT is our determination, and faith knows there shall be no delay. Only let not too many say, "Of course, Mrs. Spurgeon is sure to get the money," and yet fail to send her their own help.

Though the work here has been started but two years, we have had the joy of leading some to Christ. There has been gathered a self-supporting church of over 60 members, with a communion-roll of over 90 communicants. Our Bible-classes and children's services sadly need more room.

During the season, over seventy thousand visitors come to Bexhill, many of whom, of all Evangelical denominations, are glad to come to hear the old, old story of "Free grace and dying love."

JOHN S. HOCKEY.

Baptist Church, Redditch.

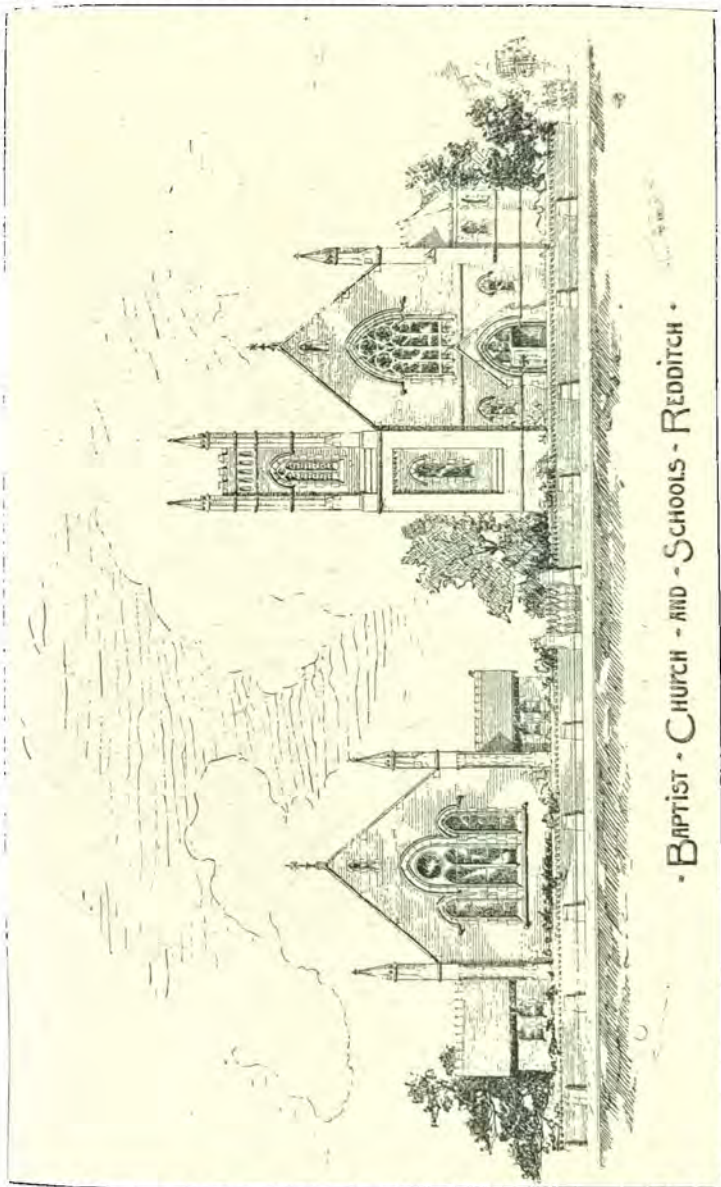
PASTOR, E. W. BERRY.



MY dear President,—I am very much obliged for your kind and brotherly communication, and in reply beg to state that I came to Redditch at the express desire of Mr. Spurgeon just twelve years ago. There had previously been some difficulty as to filling the pulpit so as to secure the cordial adhesion of all the members; but happily I received from the friends a unanimous invitation, and under our late President's advice, I decided to try "what I could do at Redditch." Here I

found myself the pastor of a church numbering less than one hundred members, and worshipping in a small chapel only holding 248 persons when every seat was occupied. Behind were two small vestries, and then a school-room, about half the size of the chapel, crowded with Sunday-school children. There was no possibility of extension except upwards. All we could do was to grow in grace day by day, and wait for providential openings. These came more quickly than I had anticipated; for while the people flocked to prayer-meetings and week-night as well as Sunday services, a very suitable piece of land came into the market. Encouraged by a gentleman who has since given altogether £500 to the work, we decided to purchase; and then commenced the slow, hard work of raising the money, as the price amounted to about £800. Years passed in doing this, for we had to keep the cause together, increase the minister's salary a little,—he having very wisely got happily married,—and prosecute the work of the Sunday-

school in our small and incommodious premises. Sabbath by Sabbath God was blessing the work in the little chapel and school room. Our evangelistic brethren, Harrison, Harmer and Chamberlain, came down



to lend a helping hand in reaping the sheaves, and in four years the church-membership had exactly doubled, and the people were of one heart and one mind. Meanwhile, Mr. Spurgeon was keeping a

watchful eye on the progress of the work,—with what a far-reaching gaze and sympathetic heart did he survey the whole extent of the Lord's battlefield!—and in a letter to the Christian public warmly recommended our enterprise.

As I fear I have already exceeded the space allowable, I can only add that, providentially, we disposed of the whole of our old property to a cycle firm, and were thus encouraged to carry out the plan for chapel and schools, only leaving the class-rooms. Since September last, we have been worshipping in the schools, and carrying on teaching as well. In July last, a memorial stone—the only one bearing any inscription—was laid in affectionate memory of Mr. Spurgeon, by his son, Pastor C. Spurgeon, our Vice-President, who threw himself into the day's proceedings with kindly warmth, and who has given us a promise to come again for the opening, in June.

The total cost, including site, is £4,200, towards which we have raised £2,500. If any reader of the Report shall be moved to assist us in paying off the remaining £1,700, he will be helping to complete a work with which Mr. C. H. Spurgeon had fullest sympathy.

With kind regards,

Yours faithfully,

E. W. BERRY.

Sittingbourne Tabernacle.

PASTOR, JOHN DOUBLEDAY.

THE Baptist church here has, like many others, been very closely connected with the College from its first day until now. As far back as 1864, a few friends sought the advice and help of the honoured Founder with the view of commencing a church of the New Testament order. Of these, our generous friend, Mr. G. H. Dean, J. P., was largely instrumental, under God, in starting the movement, and he has been a pillar in the house of God ever since. The Workmen's Hall was rented, and a student (Mr. R. Makin) was sent to conduct the services on the Lord's-days. The Word preached was attended with Divine power, and large, and again larger accommodation was required for the increasing congregations. In 1866, a church of 13 members was formed; this was in the house of Mr. Dean. Mr. Makin was then elected pastor: this was during the occupancy of the Corn Exchange. Steps were then taken for the erection of a chapel, and the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Spurgeon in 1869. In 1875, after more than ten years of faithful and successful labour, Mr. Makin's ill-health necessitated his leaving, and the church had for pastors our College brethren, A. G. Short, G. D. Cox, and, in 1881, the present pastor. There has been, with very slight exception, occasioned by a period of local business depression, a steady growth and blessing in all departments of Christian service. During the present pastorate, the years have been indeed "years of increase," compelling the pastor and his friends to plan for the much larger accommodation now so well provided in the handsome block of buildings, of which we give a picture. In addition to improvements in the chapel, a large Memorial Hall has been erected having also a

frontage in the High Street, and a three-story building in the side street admirably planned for schools and class-rooms.

Our Brother Doubleday, now in his eighteenth year of service at Sittingbourne, has seen the membership grow from 85 to 377, and the Sunday-school attendance from 220 to 847. The pastor and his zealous helpers have also the care of three mission-rooms. Our brother



writes :—" We had a *glorious revival* years ago, and one day I baptized 56 persons. One noteworthy feature in my work is the hold I have upon the young men. . . . I have for the past seven years conducted a Monday evening class for children of 9 to 14 years of age ; it numbers about a hundred members. . . . God has wonderfully blessed us ; to Him be all the glory ! "

Waltham Cross Baptist Chapel.

PASTOR, THOMAS DOUGLAS.

A BAPTIST Mission was commenced at Waltham Cross on April 25th, 1886, in a shop close to the present chapel. The work was carried on under the auspices of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission. In 1890, the late Rev. W. Jackson, of Paradise Row

Baptist Chapel, Waltham Abbey, took over the work, as the Country Mission could not undertake to purchase a site or building, and the room in which the meetings were being held had to be vacated.



Mr. Jackson, with the help of his brother-in-law, the late beloved C. H. Spurgeon, and other benevolent friends, purchased the present site, on which stood an old shed, which was speedily "converted" into a Mission Hall.

In March, 1894, the workers appealed to the Pastors' College for assistance, and in response to their call, Mr. Thomas Douglas was sent down to undertake the oversight of the work. After a year's successful work, a Baptist Church was formed on March 7th, 1895. Soon the congregations became too large for the low-roofed, badly-ventilated iron building, so the members had to face the erection of a larger place of worship. On the 12th of February, 1896, Professor A. McCaig, B.A., LL.D., of the Pastors' College, presided at a public meeting, when memorial stones were laid in the new building by Mrs. W. Jackson, Mr. John Parker, and Pastor T. Douglas. The opening service was conducted on the 30th of April by the Rev. W. Townsend, of East Hill, Wandsworth.

The new chapel has seating accommodation for 300 persons. Part of the old iron building has been retained for Sunday-school and other work. To this has been added a brick front in order to make the old part harmonise with the new building. The entire structure, together with seats, baptistery, hot-water apparatus and internal fittings, has only involved the expenditure of about £600, towards the liquidation of which

£215 has been raised by members and friends, in one year. The Trustees of the Pastors' College Loan Building Fund have lent the sum of £300 for seven years, free of interest. The remainder of the money has been given by local friends, free of interest. Altogether, there is a debt of £370 on the new building, which *must* be paid off in less than seven years.

A Bon Mot from France.

ABOUT four years ago, we were glad to receive into the College two earnest young brethren from France, R. Dubarry and A. Gross, upon the recommendation of our beloved friend, Pastor R. Saillens. The following is from our Brother Dubarry.

It may be interesting to the readers of the Report to know how one of the former students is able to glorify his Master on the Continent.

Although the writer has been led, through lack of funds, to enter temporarily into secular life, he still continues to give to the French Baptist work the best of his time and strength :—

"We are in France a little band of about 50 Christian workers who, according to their various abilities and circumstances, try to bring to our 39 millions of countrymen the Gospel message. There are indeed among Protestant denominations a good number of Christians who desire, as we do, the spreading of the good news ; but many of them are impaired by the non-Scriptural principles they hold, so that a little success is the reward of their commendable earnestness.

"After years of toil and difficulty, we may raise our Ebenezer, and repeat : ' Hitherto the Lord has helped us.'

"Like all efforts of its kind, the Baptist work was at the beginning a work of faith. When we joined it, the prospects were not very bright : but the founders had to meet much greater difficulties. Fifty years ago, the laws were not liberal as they now are ; often, the Baptist meetings were interrupted, and more than once the preachers sent to prison. Thank God, we enjoy now a full liberty, and gladly do we avail ourselves of it. But other foes we have to fight actually.

"The Church of Rome, which had lost much of its power after the great Revolution, has now recovered part of its influence, and disputes the supremacy with Socialism.

"Both doctrines may have the same result, the moral and political ruin of France.

"Before such adversaries, we would fain forsake the fight, if we did not know that the Cross of Christ is almighty.

"Of that we have had proofs in more than one circumstance.

"The age of miracles is not ended : in France we see miracles every day. Numerous striking conversions have rewarded our efforts, and we hear of new openings where, only a few months ago, no place seemed to remain for us.

"It has been my lot to live during one year among soldiers. It is not here the place to say all the good things I think of French soldiers. But I may write that an intimate contact with my companions has led me to know their moral and spiritual wants, and at the same time the wants of my countrymen at large. My conclusion is that the moral ruin of my

country is at hand, if they do not accept the Gospel. No Jesuitic scheme, no Socialist Utopia will undo the work of Satan. The Almighty alone will succeed.

"We endeavour to promote His glory. . . . Brethren, pray for us.

"I cannot close without saying a few words of the work in which Brother Gross, who is also a former student, fights in the city of Lyon. He tells me in his letters that he has met with much encouragement in his efforts, and finds, as I do, a great pleasure in speaking of the happy years spent in the Pastors' College."

Mision Evangelica, Tangier, Morocco.

DEAR President,—We have had a year of much trial through sickness, and the work has, we fear, suffered in consequence.

We are, however, glad that we can report a small increase in Spanish membership, and also that the converts have been steadfast and very willing to lend themselves to the service of the Master. One of them conducts an adult reading-class each evening, and others are active in the distribution of tracts, or in assisting with the children's meetings.

The work done in the Spanish Day School appears to have been very satisfactory.

During the year, I engaged a young Spaniard, Don Angel Blanco, to assist us in the work. He is an eloquent and faithful preacher, and is beloved by the people. His services were invaluable when I was laid aside with an attack of typhoid fever.

The English meetings have been well attended.

We praise God for our support received through the Pastors' College Missionary Association, and also that, throughout the year, a sufficient amount has been sent us to defray all expenses connected with our work.

I am, dear President,

Yours faithfully,

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

The Work of the Pioneer Mission.



MR. E. A. CARTER.

ANOTHER full and happy year of service, with a record of constant blessing, has passed since last I wrote an account of our Mission for insertion in the Report of the Pastors' College. I am proud to say that my years of College training were spent within its walls.

The College is a necessity to the Denomination and aggressive work, and our heart rejoices in company with thousands of God's people in its great and beloved Founder, its past grand history and also in its present Presidency and Principalship.

Our efforts during the past year in Scotland have received a large measure of God-given prosperity and encouragement.

In our last Report, we mentioned a Mission in Paisley Road, Glasgow, carried on by Pastor J. Harper, who had raised the church at West Govan. In September last, this Mission was formed into a church under his pastorate, and now has about 100 members, and souls are being saved in large numbers; the church at West Govan being placed under the successful ministry of Pastor A. Wilson.

In addition to this, we were led to make an effort at Kelvinside Avenue, Glasgow (Pastor Last, of Cambridge Street, promising his hearty sympathy and help), and for this purpose invited Mr. Bean of the Pastors' College to make the attempt. This he has done with manifest tokens of God's approval and blessing seen in many conversions, and in the gathering of a church which, since its formation, has been self-supporting. These brethren and churches need and deserve help for the erection of chapels suitable to the growing needs of the work.

We are asked to do much more in Scotland, and hope to be able to accede to this request, but wait the answer to prayer for the needed funds. The fields are indeed white unto the harvest: we know where to find the reapers, but the great difficulty is, that many are holding back the money which should be devoted to the Lord's work, and spending it on their own enjoyment.

Our work in England is progressing favourably, but we cannot of course mention more than some few of the places connected with us. In December of last year, we commenced an effort to resuscitate the work at the almost-closed chapel at St. Neot's, Hunts.

The church at South Molton received considerable revival under the service of Mr. Laws, who is now in College, and also successfully carrying on our new work at Hoddesdon, Herts; while Mr. Skinner has charge at South Molton with increasing success, and during the visit of Mr. Murray, a Pastors' College student, there were twenty converted, and the blessing is continuing Sunday by Sunday, notwithstanding that the mission has long ceased.

Two of our brethren whom I have taken from business, and who have done good work with us, have been this year admitted into College, viz., Mr. Laws and Mr. Marshall. After much prayer and waiting, the way has opened for starting in London, and we are arranging to commence several places where they are greatly needed.

We ask the prayers of the friends of the College that guidance and blessing may be given.

Yours, in Jesus' service,

E. A. CARTER.

March 7th, 1898.

[Contributions for the "Pioneer Mission" may be addressed to the Treasurer, Mr. R. Hayward, "Oriston", 104, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W.; or to the Pastors' College, for Mr. E. A. Carter.]

Letter from our Brethren in America.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

January 1, 1898.

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON, HONOURED AND BELOVED PRESIDENT,—
How we wish we could have the holy delight and the rich benefit of meeting with you at the Annual Conference! But the nearest of us to you is three thousand miles distant from the dear old Tabernacle, and some of us as far distant from the nearest as the nearest is from you. Yet, though we are so far away in body, we are with you in spirit, we are with you in the glorious old doctrines, and we are with you to a man in devotion to the College and the aims of its great Founder.

From the Pacific to the Atlantic we gather our love-greetings and send you, and ask that we may be remembered by you in fervent prayer.

God bless the College meetings this year with great manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power, and God richly bless the successor of our ever-beloved C. H. S. in the College and in the great pulpit also! *So pray we all of us,*

Yours faithfully in Christ,

JOSEPH SMALE	1st Baptist Church, Los Angeles, Cal.
PHILIP J. WARD	Pomona, California.
J. GEORGE GIBSON	Emmanuel Bap. Ch., San Francisco, Cal.
WM. THOMAS	First Baptist Church, Evansville, Indiana.
ARTHUR COOPER	Lorain, Ohio.
FRANK DANN	Avon, Ohio.
ALBERT READ	Delaware, Ohio.
W. A. PERRINS	Bedford, Ohio.
ROBERT HUGHES	Greenfield, Ohio.
W. E. PRICHARD	Dayton, Ohio.
W. D. MCKINNEY	Ansonia, Connecticut.
R. MAPLES DEN	Middletown, Connecticut.
CHARLES A. COOK	Bloomfield, New Jersey.
R. MARSHALL HARRISON		New York City, New York.
W. T. WOTTON	Mount Morris, New York.
FRANCIS TUCK	Weedsport, New York.
GEO. C. WILLIAMS	1st Baptist Church, Allentown, Pa.
W. WARD WILLIS	North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.
GEORGE H. TRAPP	Braddock, Pa. (without charge.)
WALTER A. BISS	Middleville, Michigan.
ROBERT HOLMES	1st Baptist Church, Harrison, New Jersey.
*J. MANTON SMITH	Evangelist, Weedsport, N. York.

[* The above letter brought our hearts great joy. Brother J. Manton Smith has been engaged in an extended evangelistic tour in the United States. We rejoice greatly in his success.—T. S.]

Gone Home.



PASTOR JAMES SMITH.
—It would be difficult to tell in so brief a space as is available, the full worth and excellent work of this brother beloved.

Mr. Smith was born at Histon, Cambridgeshire, in the year 1837, and although without the advantages of a good secular education in his childhood days, he was led to experience that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

From the very first, he had a strong passion for souls, and special power in prayer. His truest friends prevailed upon him to exercise his gifts, and he commenced preaching in the surrounding villages. His first training ground in pastoral work was at Burwell, where, in nine months, some sixty souls were added to the church.

In 1863, he entered the Pastors' College; but unfortunately he had to return to Histon shortly afterwards, in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel. Renewing his studies after a brief absence, it was not long before his services were called into requisition as a most acceptable preacher.

The invitation to the pastorate of the church at Redhill, Surrey, was accepted, and during a ministry of seven years, he had the joy of seeing a new chapel and school-rooms erected at a cost of £2,400.

His next pastorate was at Haddenham, Cambridgeshire, which he retained for five years, leaving for York Road, Leeds, where he remained four years. In each of these charges the Lord gave him great blessing, and his work was one of uninterrupted success.

Then he went to Tunbridge Wells, commencing his labours in the Town Hall, but eventually seeing the fruit of them in the erection of a commodious chapel, capable of seating 700 persons, at a cost of £6,000.

For sixteen years, Mr. Smith continued his ministry with increasing blessing, and evident tokens of God's favour.

The news of his death came suddenly, and was a sad surprise. He fell in the field with his hands upon the handles of the plough, and only in "that day" will it be made manifest how well he worked. Those who knew him best loved him most, and as a dear friend of his says:—"His smiling face and cheering words were ever helpful; he was unselfish, sincere, and hearty, and always true and faithful."

If an epitaph is needed, the following would be most suitable:—"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."

C. S.

PASTOR W. AGER WICKS.—At the early age of 37, this young warrior was called to lay down the sword and take up the palm-branch. Born in Bristol on the 20th March, 1860, he was nurtured by godly parents, and very early in life yielded himself to Christ. At the age of 14 years, he became a member of the church at City Road, and afterwards, of Broadmead. Fitness for the ministry manifested itself in the zeal with which he consecrated his talents to "slum-work" in Bristol, and the country churches found in him a very acceptable preacher. Entering the Pastors' College in 1879, it soon became evident that he possessed more than ordinary ability, and for eighteen months he was student-pastor at one of the College preaching stations.

In the year 1882, he accepted the unanimous invitation of the Carey Church, Moulton, Northamptonshire, and for six years he laboured there with increasing prosperity, being called during that period to fill the Presidential chair of the Northamptonshire Association.

In 1888, he became pastor at Broad Street, Ross-on-the-Wye, and or another six years he carried on a most successful work, large congregations crowding the chapel, and many additions being made to the membership of the church.

Once more he was called to the highest honour that the Herefordshire Association could bestow, as, in 1893, Mr. Wicks was elected President.

No one who knew of the excellent qualities and special gifts that this servant of God possessed, was surprised to learn that he received a unanimous call to Christ Church, Aston, Birmingham, and those who knew him best, rejoiced in the fact, as this fresh sphere afforded him greater opportunities for exercising his God-bestowed powers. Alas! however, he was permitted to labour in this important charge for only three years, as being a great sufferer from asthma, his strength rapidly declined, and he succumbed to this malady on the 20th May, 1897.

His memory is redolent of the highest Christian graces. As a preacher, he was intensely evangelical, his sermons being marked by manly eloquence, sanctified humour, and persuasive appeal.

As a writer and lecturer, he was pleasant, popular, profitable. He had a special aptness in addressing children, and his winning manner secured for him the attention both of the little ones and their seniors. He was "faithful unto death" to the old Gospel truths, and has nobly won the "Crown of Life" as his reward. Earth is the poorer since he has gone, and Heaven the richer.

C. S.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past forty-two years, nine hundred and sixty-eight men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (one hundred and thirteen) 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 fifty-eight brethren. Of these six hundred and sixty-eight 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	968
„ now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	668
„ without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	45
„ not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	32
„ Educated for other denominations	3
„ Dead—(Pastors, 103 ; Students, 10)	113
„ Permanently Invalided	14
„ Names removed from the College List for various reasons	93

To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note :—"The last were not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner. We are sorry for their leaving us, and surprised that they should change their views ; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control." We ought to add, that for years past we have lost all traces of many of those referred to, and have reason to believe that several of them are dead.

STATISTICS						
INCREASE.						
Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making re- turns.	By Baptism.	By Profes- sion of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restora- tion.	Total Increase.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,033	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	860	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	438*	4,763	1,024	2,719	294	8,800
1897	438	4,182	1,067	4,486	222	9,957
TOTAL . . .		127,067	24,839	59,304	5,885	217,095

* The discrepancy between the figures for 1896 in this year's Report and that of 1897, 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	4,059	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	74,847
795	2,440	163	1,714	5,112	3,417	76,860
819	2,483	188	1,757	5,247	3,553	79,356
817	2,274	153	1,954	5,198	4,759	74,093
18,306	47,607	5,338	43,815	115,066	102,029	

438 Churches furnish returns for 1897: of these, 299 show an average increase of 19 members per church; 96 an average decrease of 10 members per church; 43 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 10 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1897.

RECEIPTS.						£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings	945	10	9
„ Donations	2,078	18	1
„ Legacies	2,725	0	0
„ Collections by Pastors	300	18	0
„ Interest	28	4	4
						<hr/>		
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1897	6,078	11	2
						1,320	19	3
						<hr/>		
						£7,399	10	5

J. A. SPURGEON, Treasurer.
E. H. BARTLETT, Secretary.

PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.
By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	1,289	2	0
„ Board and Lodging and Medical Attendance	2,186	8	3
„ Clothing	7	10	0
„ Books, Printing, and Office Expenses	177	13	8
„ Book-grants to Students	54	12	8
„ Preaching Stations, Home Missions and New Chapels	158	12	1
„ Annual Conference and Supper	407	8	8
„ Furniture and Fittings	4	2	0
				<hr/>		
				4,285	3	10
Balance on Deposit		3,000	0 0			
„ in hand		<hr/> 114	6 7			
				<hr/>		
				3,114	6	7
				<hr/>		
				£7,899	10	5

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1898.

CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
S. R. PEARCE, }

SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1897.

RECEIPTS.						£	s.	d.
To Donations	11	15	6
„ Contributions from Churches visited	35	13	3
„ Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	46	16	11
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1897						94	5	8
						48	16	4
						<u>£148</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

			PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.
By Salary to May, 1897	120	4	10
„ Travelling Expenses	20	16	8
„ Printing	1	19	6
					<hr/>		
					£143	1	0

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1898. { CHAS. WATERS, }
S. B. PEARCE, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year ending December 31st, 1897.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Donations	139	6 1	By Salaries of Dr. Churcher and Mr. Patrick	352	0 0
„ Legacies	36	11 11	„ Travelling Expenses	25	10 0
„ Proceeds of Collecting Boxes	87	1 2	„ Printing	3	16 0
„ Met. Tab. S.S. two Missionary Circles	37	3 7	„ Mr. J. F. Wigstone (Spain)	20	0 0
„ Mr. Dunn's Men's Bible Class (for Mr. Wigstone's Spanish Mission)	20	0 0				
„ Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	20	0 0				
		840	2 9			401	6 0
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1897...		87	10 10	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1897		26	7 7
		<u>£427</u>	<u>13 7</u>			<u>£427</u>	<u>13 7</u>

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1898.

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
S. R. PEARCE, }

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1897.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1897	1,018	11 7	By Loans to Churches:—			
„ Repayments of Loans	870	19 4	South Croydon Church	500	0 0
				Willesden Green „	400	0 0
				Guildford „	300	0 0
				Clapton „	300	0 0
		<u>£1,889</u>	<u>10 11</u>	„ Balance in hand, December 31st, 1897	..	1,560	0 0
						339	10 11
						<u>£1,889</u>	<u>10 11</u>
Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1897	4,778	13 5				
Cash Balance in hand „ „	339	10 11				
Total of Fund	<u>£5,118</u>	<u>4 4</u>				

T. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, February 8th, 1897.

CHAS. WATERS, } *Auditors.*
S. R. PEARCE, }

The following Preliminary Information may be of service to intending applicants :—

PASTORS' COLLEGE,
 TEMPLE STREET, NEWINGTON,
 LONDON, S.E.

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your enquiries as to the Pastors' College, the following information may be of service :—

The object of this Institution is to give further instruction to those who have already proved themselves to be efficient preachers ; young men who wish to be "made into ministers," but have never preached, are therefore quite ineligible. As we cannot attempt so large a work as the training of men for all denominations, we confine ourselves to such as are connected with those believers called Baptists. Applicants must therefore be baptized persons. None are eligible but believers in the Lord Jesus, members of Christian churches, men of known character and of earnest spirit. Such men, holding what are popularly styled Calvinistic views, and having been more or less constantly engaged in preaching and other evangelistic work for two or more years, are admitted upon showing satisfactory testimonials. Want of education and poverty are no obstacles ; but every one must contribute to the expenses, if able to do so. Single men are preferred ; and, as a rule, in the cases of married men, their wives and families must be provided for apart from the College funds. The time of remaining in College is ordinarily two years, but it may be increased to three or even four years at the discretion of the President, where brethren would evidently profit by a longer term : the longer term is growingly preferred. The course of study varies according to each case.

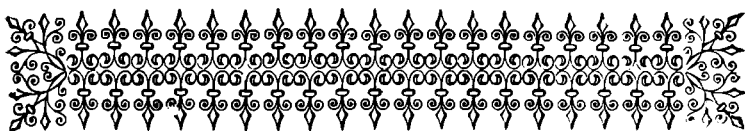
Should it happen that upon reading this paper you perceive that you are disqualified, it will be best not to apply again, as the rules are fixed, and exceptions are very rarely entertained. If, on the other hand, this information encourages you to apply, all further communications should be addressed to the Secretary, at the above address, who will send you a list of questions to be answered.

Stamps for replies should in all cases be enclosed if an answer is expected.

Yours very truly,

THOS. SPURGEON.

E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary*.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.


JUNE, 1898.

The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Continued from page 204.)

L.—THE WHEAT AND THE WEEDS.

N our harvests, the weeds are often twined round the wheat, and get carted into the barn, though they are not wanted there; but, in the last harvest, not even a little thistle will be carried in, and the smallest bell-bind will be separated from the corn.

* * * *

LI.—DIGGING FOR TRUTH.

Barely look at your Bible, and, by the Holy Spirit's blessing, you may pick lumps of gold with your penknife; but if it lie not on the surface, dig a little, and soon you will unfailingly come to a vein of the purest metal.

* * * *

LII.—EVEN THE STUMP OF SIN IS EVIL.

The "old man" in a Christian is like Dagon after his second fall; the head and hands are gone, but the stump remains. Like the stump of an old tooth, it will cause you many a pang; and like the stump of a tree, it will soon be sprouting most vigorously unless you keep the hatchet going.

* * * *

LIII.—ONLY ONE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

Moral people, who cannot see their vileness by nature, are at

enmity with the humbling plan of the gospel. But there is no genteel road to Heaven; you must not object to brush against a murderer, to elbow a pickpocket, or to sing the same song of grace as Magdalen sings. Ah! you don't like walking with chimney-sweeps. Behold, publicans and harlots enter Heaven before you.

* * * *

LIV.—WHERE THE DEW FALLS.

Places destitute of vegetation do not get the dew to fall on them; so, many men find no refreshing from their minister because they have nothing growing on them, and are barren. The stiles are dry when the fields are wet; do you not sometimes sit on the stile, my friend?

* * * *

LV.—GOD'S CHILDREN RESEMBLE THEIR FATHER.

You say you are a son of God; let me look at your face. Why, you do not look much like your Father! Let me hear you speak; that is not the brogue of Zion, I am sure. No, no; you are fatherless if the devil does not own you.

* * * *

LVI.—THE OCEAN OF CHRIST'S MERIT.

Are your sins as high as mountains? Remember that Jesu's merits will more than suffice to cover them; yea, and prevail many cubits above their loftiest tops.

* * * *

LVII.—THE MUSIC OF GRACE.

The seven notes of music are quite sufficient to produce every variety of harmony that can be imagined, yet there are only the seven. So it is with the doctrines of grace; our notes are always the same, yet the useful minister will not find it very difficult to bring out of them something ever new; he will not make new notes for the sake of novelty; yet he will not always harp on one string.

* * * *

LVIII.—BEWARE OF EDGED TOOLS.

"Mind you do not play with the knife, lest you cut yourself," cries out the cautious mother to her child. This may be used in a higher sense. Play not with the Bible; trifle not with the Spirit's sword.

* * * *

LIX.—PREPARING TO HEAR THE WORD.

I should be afraid and ashamed to preach without preparation, if time were at all available; and should not hearers be equally careful to be prepared to hear? Surely, the ground requires as much preparation for receiving the seed as the sower does for scattering it.

* * * *

LX.—THE NATURE NEEDS TO BE CHANGED.

Does the sow study astronomy, or the dog notice the moon, except it be to bay at it? Here is one reason why men, by nature, are

compared to dogs and swine, because their ideas are so grovelling that they are careless of Heaven; yea, they even despise it. Such men undergo reformatations which are transient; but, afterwards, the dog returns again to his vomit. Why? The reason is plain, just because he is still a dog; were he changed into a sheep, he would abhor the garbage, and never turn to it again.

* * * *

LXI.—HEAVENLY TELEGRAPHY.

We ought not to attribute conversions any more to the minister than to the church. The prayers of the church are as much the instrument of men's conversion as the preaching of the pastor. He is the indicator, and they the wires conveying strength and influence from Heaven; without these wires, his telegraph cannot work.

* * * *

LXII.—THE CHRISTIAN'S TITLE-DEED.

Every Christian longs to read his title clear to mansions in the skies; but, sometimes, he loses his roll. Now, the original deed is in the great chest in Heaven's archives, where neither men nor devil can touch it; but God lets His people keep a copy of it. The devil gets into our house, and steals the copy, and wants us to believe that he has taken the original. We fret and worry until the Lord lets us into His secret place, and bids us make a new copy, and so sets us rejoicing again. Satan may, possibly, also steal the new copy; but, then, we shall be allowed to write out another fresh one. This is the way we are made to study the original deed more, for copying it impresses it on our minds. If we always kept the copy locked up safely, we should not be so often forced to examine the original. See, this is how God cuts off the devil's head with his own sword.

* * * *

LXIII.—THE RENT VEIL.

There is not merely a small rent in the veil between God and man; it is rent in twain from top to bottom. Surely, sinner, thou canst get through here.

* * * *

LXIV.—"MORE LIGHT."

They who preach beyond the people's capacity are doing what they can to sew the veil up again; they are trying to hide what it is their duty to reveal. Such ministers are like smoked glasses through which boys look to see an eclipse. So, through them, you can see just enough to make out that, in the heavens, there are some places so mysterious that reason is eclipsed and understanding is shadowed by the grandeur of the subject. They should give us more light; they need not fear to do so, the window tax is repealed.

* * * *

LXV.—AN UGLY TRUTH.

Baptismal Regeneration water comes from the Dead Sea, and smells of old Sodom.

LXVI.—SINNERS AND SNAILS.

When I see such large congregations, I compare myself to the flower-pot on a stick, under which the snails in the garden take shelter. Even this is good as a trap, for the master can come, and get them now.

* * * *

LXVII.—PRETENDING TO BE INFIDELS.

I have seen a boy smoke, just to seem to be a man, though really he could not bear tobacco. So do many pretend to be infidels, and brazen out their fears; but, in heart, they really are not at ease; they brag together, but they shake alone.

* * * *

LXVIII.—THE MASS, THE DEVIL'S FOOD.

In the hands of High Church parsons, the Lord's supper gives the devil many a good breakfast.

* * * *

LXIX.—GOD'S JUSTICE.

Some men talk of God's mercy as if there were no justice, too. Pray! is justice dead? Give me clear evidence of the fact, and I will forward it to *Lucifer's Chronicle*; there it will be most gladly reported.

* * * *

LXX.—SAFETY IN FLIGHT.

The best way to conquer Satan is to run away as soon as you see him in the distance. Better go ten miles round about, over hedge and ditch, than have one encounter with the old dragon.

* * * *

LXXI.—"GUILTY SINNER, COME."

God takes none but convicts into His ark. None but the convinced sinner shall ever reach the gold-fields of Divine mercy.

* * * *

LXXII.—SATAN FEARS SAXON.

The devil cannot bear Saxon; he does not mind French and Latin words, he knows that the minister who uses them only pelts him with grass. But when he hears plenty of plain, homely Saxon, he runs off, "for," says he, "the stones are coming."

* * * *

LXXIII.—WHOLLY THE LORD'S.

Those who do not go to God's week-day school are not fit for His Sunday-school. You must go to both, or neither.

* * * *

LXXIV.—THE WORLDLING'S TREADMILL.

A man who is full of business, and is rightly active about worldly affairs, but who is destitute of religion, is like a prisoner on the treadmill, he never gets any higher for all his pains. What progress does he make?

(To be continued.)

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

VI.—BY W. Y. FULLERTON, LEICESTER.

THE first Sermon I heard Mr. Spurgeon preach was a striking one. As the stranger listened, on his first Sunday in London (April 4th, 1875), something may have been due to the novelty of the great crowd at the Tabernacle, and something to the satisfaction arising from the fulfilment of a desire long indulged; but the reading of the Sermon numbered 1,227 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, will convince anyone of the rare power of the preacher who could take such an unpromising text, "The full soul loatheth an honeycomb; but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" and preach from it such a memorable Sermon on "Spiritual Appetite." On the evening of the same day, I found myself in one of the extremest pigeon-holes of the top gallery, and heard a homely talk on "Brotherly Love:" "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." For some time following, I only heard the beloved preacher occasionally; but when afterwards I came to be more closely identified with his church, I could never get away from the impression of the first day. "Spiritual Appetite" and "Brotherly Love" were ever the two characteristics of the people over whom he presided with such grace and tact.

The next memory that clings to me, from those years already becoming dim, is of the delight of the congregation almost a year afterwards (April 2nd, 1876). I had then become a regular hearer amongst the great throng, and was able to compare Sunday with Sunday. "Is it always like this?" said a lady from the country, who sat in the seat in front of me, one Sunday morning, as she started to her feet in alarm when the doors were open to the public, and the rush for places began. "Is it always like this?" With the superior calm born of a year's intermittent experience, I was able to assure her that sometimes it was even worse,—or better. How the crowds did gather in those days, and how they listened! The text of the Sermon in question was, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and the preacher was filled with a holy *abandon* as he poured forth without pause his sacred store, turning the text this way and that way, until its facets flashed like a diamond in the light of God. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "My grace is *sufficient* for thee." "My grace is sufficient for *thee*." Who that heard it can forget the passage given between mirth and tears, and since often read and quoted from Sermon No. 1,287?

"I have often read in Scripture of the holy laughter of Abraham, when he fell upon his face and laughed; but I do not know that I ever experienced that laughter till a few evenings ago, when this text came home to me with such sacred power as literally to cause me to laugh. I had been looking it through, looking at its original meaning, and trying to fathom it, till at last I got hold of it this way: 'My grace,' says Jesus, 'is sufficient for *thee*,' and it looked almost as if it were meant to ridicule my unbelief: for surely the grace of such an one as my Lord Jesus is indeed sufficient for so insignificant a being as I am.

It seemed to me as if some tiny fish, being very thirsty, was troubled with fear of drinking the river dry, and Father Thames said to him, 'Poor little fish, my stream is sufficient for thee.' I should think it is, and inconceivably more. My Lord seems to say to me, 'Poor little creature that thou art, remember what grace there is in Me, and believe that it is all thine. Surely it is sufficient for thee.' I replied, 'Ah, my Lord, it is indeed!' Put one mouse down in all the granaries of Egypt when they were fullest after seven years of plenty, and imagine that one mouse complaining that it might die of famine. 'Cheer up,' says Pharaoh, 'poor mouse, my granaries are sufficient for thee.' Imagine a man standing on a mountain, and saying, 'I breathe so many cubic feet of air in a year; I am afraid that I shall ultimately inhale all the oxygen which surrounds the globe.' Surely the earth on which the man would stand might reply, 'My atmosphere is sufficient for thee.' I should think it is; let him fill his lungs as full as ever he can, he will never breathe all the oxygen, nor will the fish drink up all the river, nor the mouse eat up all the stores in the granaries of Egypt. Does it not make unbelief seem altogether ridiculous, so that you laugh it out of the house, and say, 'Never come this way any more, for with a mediatorial fulness to go to, with such a Redeemer to rest in, how dare I for a moment think that my wants cannot be supplied?' Our great Lord feeds all the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, and the cattle on the hills, and guides the stars, and upholds all things by the power of His hand, how then can we be straitened for supplies, or be destitute of help? If our needs were a thousand times larger than they are, they would not approach the vastness of His power to provide. The Father hath committed all things into His hand. Doubt Him no more. Listen, and let Him speak to thee: '*My* grace is sufficient for thee. What if thou hast little grace, yet *I* have much: it is *My* grace thou hast to look to, not thine own, and *My* grace will surely be sufficient for thee.' John Bunyan has the following passage, which exactly expresses what I myself have experienced. He says that he was full of sadness and terror, but suddenly these words broke in upon him with great power, and three times together the words sounded in his ears, '*My* grace is sufficient for thee; *My* grace is sufficient for thee; *My* grace is sufficient for thee. And oh! methought,' says he, 'that every word was a mighty word unto me; as "*My*," and "*grace*," and "*sufficient*," and "*for thee*;" they were then, and sometimes are still, far bigger than others be.' He who knows, like the bee, how to suck honey from flowers, may well linger over each one of these words and drink in utterable content."

The year 1877 had for me two notable Sermons (possibly, for somebody or other, each Sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's was notable). Both of those I refer to have been published. No. 1,390, on "Ejaculatory Prayer," was preached on a beautiful Sunday evening in September, to an immense audience. At the time, it confirmed me in a habit of short and frequent petition, and afterwards I discovered how much it opened the preacher's own inner life. It will not bear quotation; it must be read as a whole, and read prayerfully, to get

anything like the aroma from it which came with it when it was spoken.

The Sermon to Sunday-school Teachers, on Thursday, November 1st, of the same year,—No. 1,400, on the text, "These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges: there they dwelt with the king for his work;"—charmed both the Tabernacle *habitués* and the hundreds of workers gathered for the special occasion. There was always a richness and fulness about Mr. Spurgeon's week-day discourses that made many good judges of pulpit power value them even more than the Sunday Sermons. This Thursday reached high-water mark, as the preacher earnestly contended that all who live with the King must work, and that those who work for our King ought to live with Him. The judgment-seat will manifest many lives made fruitful by that mid-week service.

But for grandeur, and force, and prophetic fire, the very finest Sermon that even Mr. Spurgeon ever preached was on his return from Mentone in 1878. This is no isolated opinion of mine: to my delight, Sir Arthur Blackwood made mention of this discourse at the funeral services fourteen years afterwards. A typical Englishman, Mr. Spurgeon paced the platform like a lion as he spoke; his renewed strength of body enabled him to accompany his utterance with magnificent action, his voice rang like a trumpet in the ears of the people who listened as unto the oracle of God. The highest note was struck when the text was announced, "I have yet to speak on God's behalf;" and not once was there any descent from the elevated plane of the first thought. Those who heard Mr. Spurgeon that day, heard him at his best; he was as the seer coming down from the mountain; he was, in a word,—himself; the flavour of the Sermon, and its power, came from that doctrine miscalled "Calvinism," yet there was no direct mention of the doctrine, but only one whose soul was steeped in the Divine side of truth could have thus spoken. Alas, that he is no longer with us to speak on God's behalf! We have many who speak on behalf of men, and the weak and washy humanitarianism of the day brings God no glory, and makes men but little blest.

No. 1,500; or, *Lifting up the Brazen Serpent*, was the Sermon of 1879. It has been a world-wide blessing. The new lines of departure on the familiar theme sent us all home, on that Sunday morning in October, wondering that we had never seen so much in it before. Mr. Spurgeon had the art of saying the natural thing; each new point seemed to arise spontaneously from the last. John Bright defined the highest speech as appearing to be just what anyone could have said, but what nobody did say till the orator arose. In addition to its spiritual intensity, No. 1,500 is a remarkable example of this eloquence thus defined.

Altogether different is No. 1,699, "*Supposing Him to be the Gardener.*" I sat behind the preacher when, again on his return from his Riviera rest, he delivered this pulpit poem. It had in it the sunlight of the land where it was composed. Paradise was not far away that morning, many a suppressed exclamation was heard, many a tear was furtively wiped from eager faces; we just listened, and listened, and

wondered what was coming next, whether anything more beautiful *could* come. Were we in the garden? "Infinite patience! immeasurable long-suffering! Where are ye to be found save in the breast of the Well-Beloved. Surely the hoe has spared many of us simply and only because He who is meek and lowly in heart is the Gardener." Was the church prosperous? "I think it must have been that Jesus was the Gardener, and He has shut the gate when I am afraid I have left it open." I went to dinner afterwards with Mr. William Olney, and the table converse was the rehearsal of the choice bits we had each carried away. This is what bore the palm:—" 'Supposing Him to be the Gardener,' thou mayest well say, 'I would neither have will, nor wish, nor wit, nor whim, nor way; but I would be as nothing in the Gardener's hands, that He may be to me my wisdom and my all. Here, kind Gardener, Thy poor plant bows itself to Thy hand; train me as Thou wilt.' " I wish the publishers would issue those two sentences on a floral card. They are the Christian's secret of a happy life.

In the College, we had now and then a Sermon to vary the delightful Friday afternoon Talks and Lectures of the President. On the first Friday in October, 1878, Mr. Spurgeon preached to the men on his own pulpit motto, "But we preach Christ crucified." I cannot find the discourse in the Sermon volumes, but it was afterwards delivered, essentially unaltered, to the Baptist Union at Leeds, where also was given that famous speech, "*Drive on.*" But to go back to the College, that *was* a Sermon. Among his hundred men, the preacher gave himself full rein; humour followed pathos, irony trod on the heels of satire, metaphor vied with parable, wisdom was buttressed by knowledge, exposition mingled with exhortation, and, at the end, every man felt he never could and never would preach anything else but the crucified Christ. Ah, those were days! One Friday afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon made a discovery to his men. He was not the author of it, he only read it from *Galignani's Messenger*, a paper then published in Paris. With the omniscience with which journalists are gifted, Galignani gravely informed its readers that it was no wonder Spurgeon was such a preacher; he had a hundred students, who preached their best Sermons in his College, and it was his custom to go down and hear them, and to take the best of their best for his Sermons in the Tabernacle! That, of course, accounts for the curious resemblance which has sometimes been observed between the Sermons of the master and the students!!

In August, 1880, I was with Mr. Spurgeon in Scotland, enjoying, as his friend, the hospitality of Mr. Duncan at "Bermore." On two Sunday afternoons he preached. The first Sermon was on Bartimeus, and was largely extempore. He used all surrounding objects to illustrate his points. One of the Glasgow papers, the next day, came out with a scathing article about preaching which introduced cows and sheep and pigs as illustrations. The answer was simple when we remembered the preaching of our Lord; and only at Mr. Spurgeon's repeated request, was a reply to the newspaper withheld. He gave

the answer himself the next Sunday. Thousands of people gathered on the lawn at "Benmore," the Glasgow criticism notwithstanding; and the Sermon on "Mercy shall be built up for ever," which was afterwards published under the deterrent title *MASCHIL OF ETHAN*, No. 1,565, made it clear to the most prejudiced that, if the preacher became simple in his address, it was not because he could not soar; if he was colloquial, it was not because he was unable to be eloquent.



THE LAWN AT "BENMORE."

But to understand that Sermon fully, you must imagine the setting,—the hills, the silence, the birds, the eager throngs in the open air, and then the great fabric of mercy will appear to rise, course on course, tier on tier, story on story, as the eloquent voice rises in the still air, and the still more eloquent face glows in the summer sun, until at length, the building of mercy seems to reach the skies. The Sermon reads well; but it needs the man and the scene for its full understanding.

Space fails to tell of many others: the Sermon preached in memory of Mr. William Higgs, who formed one of the party on that happy visit to Scotland; the sermon that was at length issued as "His own Funeral Sermon;" Conference Sermons; Sermons of which we have but heard the report; Sermons which have stirred the heart as they have been read. Perhaps, at the close of this series, the Editor will arrange another series on *THE SERMONS THAT READ BEST*.

Only one more,—the Sermon numbered 2,349, on the text, "Him

that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." It was preached on Sunday evening, November 17th, 1889, at the beginning of a series of special services conducted in the Tabernacle by Manton Smith and myself. Here we have C. H. Spurgeon as evangelist, and right well he warms to the work. It was his intention to inaugurate the work, and then start for Mentone; instead of that, he was taken ill, and spent all the mission time at "Westwood." At dinner, on Sunday, he told me that I must preach in the evening. I laughingly answered, "I will, if you break down." More than once I had sat behind him prepared to take up the discourse if his strength should fail. But it never failed. Before the service, we had prayer in the vestry as was his custom; and when he prayed, he entreated a blessing both on his message and on mine. Rising, with that merry twinkle in his eye which those who knew him, knew so well, he said, "You can't get out of it now, can you?" For twenty-five minutes he preached with much power, and then for twenty minutes I was privileged to follow on the same text, and *The Sword and the Trowel* of January, 1890, records the fact:—"Mr. Fullerton divided with C. H. Spurgeon the time usually allotted to a Sermon, and preached on his portion so admirably that it might have been concluded by the hearers that the two speakers had consulted as to their subjects, which they certainly had not done." This is his own kind report of the occasion; I quote it now, with some natural, and, I hope, allowable satisfaction, in order to draw attention to what was, to me, for this very reason, in some sense, Mr. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermon.

A Letter from Home.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE
PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

(*Concluded from page 230.*)

PART II.

"**A**S for ourselves, we are toiling on, leaning hard, and looking up." This also is true of you, my comrades. "*We are toiling on.*" We ministers are reproached full often as if we were of all men the most unoccupied, and would-be wits amuse themselves with scoffing at our fancied idleness. According to them, we appear but once a week, and then just *talk* for an hour or so. The week through, we have only to drink tea, and talk gossip, and, perchance, say prayers. Such critics are not worth replying to. They evidently are unaware that the brain may sweat as well as the brow. Poor souls,—how should they know it?

We are "toiling on" because He hath hired us. We dare not slacken our energies,—we are booked for all the day. We stood idle in the market-place quite long enough. We have none too many hours remaining in which to earn our penny.

We are "toiling on" because of the glorious example our Divine Leader set us. Food untasted, sleep refused, leisure unknown, still on

He toiled. Was ever such a busy worker? He not only did good, He "*went about*" doing it.

We are "toiling on" because slothfulness is clean contrary to the genius of godliness. The busiest city in the universe is the new Jerusalem. God and Christ are never idle. "The Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The "living creatures" rest not day nor night, and "His servants shall serve Him." Shall we be idle who are Heaven-born and Heaven-bound? God forbid! We will avoid the first approach of inclination to take it easy, knowing well that laziness grows on people: "it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains." We know, too, that hard work does us good. The more we do, the more we can do. One duty prepares for another. We run upon a sort of switchback railway;—if we have but a good start, one hill helps us over another. One cog-wheel fits into another. We dream not of shirking any task, for "we live no more than we work, and we work no more than we labour."

We are "toiling on" because there is so much to do, and few there be that do it. "Too many ministers!" It may seem so from certain points of view, but not from others. I am sure the devil thinks there are enough and to spare, and so does a certain section of the Church which is not passionately desiring the salvation of souls, nor ready to bear the cost of equipping men, and opening up new spheres. "Would God all the Lord's people were prophets!" Any work for God is worth toiling at. Carlyle has said, "Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness, to make some work of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of good; to make some human heart a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed!" What then shall we say of saving souls, turning sinners from the error of their ways, and hiding multitudes of sins? The tasks in our Lord's harvest field are all so glad and golden that we will not be found amongst those who in the morning or at noon exclaim, "Would God that it were eventide!"

We toil on because we find it good for us. If no one else is benefited, we are. It keeps us out of mischief. He who has no business of his own will soon be minding other people's. The bodies who are not busy are the busybodies. "It is better to rub than to rust." He who strives most thrives most.

"Toil and be strong, by toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone."

We are "toiling on" because we know our labour is not in vain in the Lord. We may weep for that we have taken nothing all the night, but "joy cometh in the morning." Jesus will stand upon the shore, brighter than the day dawn, and will show us how to cast the net. The motto on a Delphian temple ran, "Nothing is impossible to industry." This also, but with a loftier meaning, is inscribed upon the spiritual house in which we labour.

We are "toiling on" with unabating energy because the time is short. Ah, me! we shall soon be where all *these* duties are no more. Other tasks will take their place, but this brief life affords our only opportunity for certain services. "That thou doest, do quickly." If

the pagan Emperor Titus grieved when a day transpired in which he had learned no knowledge, and done no good, saying, "I have lost a day," surely we should redeem the time "because the days are evil." It behoves us to exercise all possible economy,—“the avarice of time,” as one has called it. “The miser of moments,” the hoarder of half-hours may soon become much older than his years.

Punctuality, promptitude, and method are smart detectives to set upon the thief of time. “Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind.” Let dilatoriness, and dronishness, and doziness be not so much as named amongst us, as becometh saints. “Let us not sleep as do others.” We will take Dr. Hamilton’s advice, and cultivate that athletic frame of soul which rejoices in abundant occupation. May no Pastors’ College man ever earn to himself the reputation she must have had on whose gravestone was inscribed the well-known epitaph:—

“Here lies a poor woman who always were tired,
For she lived in a world where too much were required;
‘Weep not for me, friends,’ she said, ‘for I’m going
Where there’ll neither be working, nor reading, nor sewing;
Don’t mourn for me now, and don’t mourn for me never,
For I’m going to do nothing for ever and ever.’”

Again, we are “toiling on” because we are sure of our reward. We should be ashamed to have it, if we had not laboured. Even then, the reward is not of merit, but of grace, yet we will do all we can to show our appreciation of it even ere we reach it. No work, no reward, is a fair bargain. Shame on those who look for the wage without the labour! “We all like gold, but dread the digging; the cat loves fish, but will not catch them.” We cannot have success here, or recompense hereafter, unless we have the soul and hand of the diligent. No toil, no spoil. “If any would not work, neither should he eat.” I have read that, in a workhouse in Hamburg, idlers are punished by being suspended in a basket above the tables, so that they can see and smell the things provided for the industrious, but are not allowed to taste them. A good idea, that!

“*We are leaning hard.*” We must rest sometimes, though we rest on the wing. Communion must not be sacrificed to consecration. It is better sometimes to sit than to serve. It is well to be Martha before dinner, and Mary after. Leaning means trusting, and trusting includes loving. On whom then do we lean, and who is our Beloved? The answer is with you. You know I speak of Jesus. Who else supports us all? Who else is loved by all supremely? We may lean on others, —*if we do not press too heavily*. He complains only when we lean not hard enough. Brethren, it is one thing to lean, and quite another to lean *hard*. The tower of Pisa leans, but it does not lean hard. There are plenty of Christians who are out of the perpendicular, who cannot be said to be men of sublime faith. An outhouse attached to the main dwelling is rightly called “a lean-to,” but it does not lean hard, for very little of its weight affects the mansion’s walls. It is the roof of the house itself that leans hard; see how thick the walls are, lest the

heavy roof should bulge them. The bronze statue leans hard on the pedestal; the iron girder leans hard on the buttresses; the cripple leans hard on his crutch. John leaned hard on Jesu's bosom, the Syro-phenician woman leaned hard on His compassion, the centurion leaned hard on His omnipotence, the children of Jerusalem leaned hard on His benevolence. Every believer leans hard on the finished work for salvation, on the promises for consolation, and on the Spirit for sanctification. Leaning is trusting, leaning *hard* is trusting wholly, constantly, and finally. "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?" *This* is no riddle either. Who but the Church has a right to lean on such a sacred prop? Who save the believer would dare to take Christ's arm up the steep incline, and who but Jesus would lend His aid? Leaning hard is the way to come *up*;—beneath and behind is the wilderness, above and beyond the Paradise of God. We can have no real success in working if we do not know what this arm-in-arm walking with God is. The toiling will be hard if the leaning isn't. The best of us knows all too little of this implicit trust. I am not sure that they know most of it who speak most glibly about it. It is a thing to be done, not to be sung.

"Sometimes with feelings as with water,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

Dear brother, are *you* leaning hard? I know a little of your trials and disappointments, your vexations and dismays; *Jesus* knows them all. Burden Him all you can. Trouble Him all you know. He begs you to trust. Children, lean hard. "Child of my love, lean hard," He seems to say. "Now there was leaning on Jesu's bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved." Thank God, there is room for more than one. All who love Him may nestle there. The most that Peter could find it in his heart to do was to beckon to the loved disciple;—he passed his messages through another, and got his answers second-hand. That might do for Peter, but it would not satisfy John. Does it satisfy *us*? One who has been where John was, puts her experience thus:—

"Shall I tell you what I told Him while I was waiting there?
I told Him all my trouble, I told Him all my care.
I told Him Satan's whisperings oft called me into sin;
And I asked Him if I might not for ever stay with Him.
For I was weary, weary, and I longed to be at rest,
And oh! it was so peaceful there, while leaning on His breast.

"Then He told me I was welcome to stay with Him for aye;
And He said that He would never cast His loving child away.
'Hark!' he said, 'I am your Saviour, firm as a rock I stand,
Come and rest beneath My shadow when weary in the land.'
Oh! 'tis precious, very precious, to lean on Jesu's breast,
For when the heart is weary, 'tis the only place to rest."

Lastly, "*We are looking up.*" This means trusting, too. The Christian cannot do anything, or be in any attitude apart from trusting. "The just shall *live* by faith." Toiling implies trusting, leaning means trusting, looking is trusting. But "*looking up*" means more

than trusting. We have the three graces here. "Toiling on" is Charity, "leaning hard" is Faith, "looking up" is Hope. When things grow brighter in the City, we say, "Business is looking up." Well, *we* are "looking up." Time was when some among us thought our work was done, and dreamed the end was nigh. Now we say, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Once we supposed that So-and-so would never be convicted of sin, and converted unto God; but, really, it begins to dawn upon us that we shall yet see this miracle wrought. Why not? "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Did we ever question the final triumph of good and God? We will doubt it no longer. "He must reign." If *things* are not looking up, *we* are. That's the point. Truth to tell, I have not, from my outlook, seen much to gladden. Conversions are few and far between,—and milk-and-watery, too, as a rule. In certain districts, the Church is almost wholly given up to display and worldliness; worship is of the sensuous and showy, rather than of the simple and spiritual type; and the doctrine!—well, there's precious little doctrine of any sort, it's out of date. No, I must confess I have yet to be convinced that *things* are looking up; but that is no reason why *I* should not be. It is *the* reason why all of us should be. Our hope and confidence are not founded on appearances around us, but on the living God, and on His power to raise the Church, and put its enemies to flight.

We are "looking up" as to our personal experiences. Here lies our safety. If we are low down, we must look up, or we shall grovel. If we are elevated, we must look up, or we shall become dizzy. "Look up," said the Indian hunter to Mr. Astor as he crossed the Susquehanna on horseback; and saying so, he struck him a sharp blow under his chin. 'Twas well he did, for the rapid waters were causing the traveller to reel. He would soon have fallen into the torrent. His *head* was swimming already, and he himself would presently have had to swim for it.

Oh, the river, the river, how swift is its flow,
If I watch it too closely, how giddy I grow;
Arouse me, my Guide, if needs with a blow,
Lest I fall in the rapids that are swirling below!

Once upon a time I tried my hand at ploughing, as befitted a son of John Ploughman. Then was it that I discovered the truth of his own saying, "There's more goes to ploughing than knowing how to whistle." I had no sooner grasped the handles and started the team, than the heaving soil, as it turned from the mould-board, so wrought upon my brain and nerves that I began to feel as one who sails the sea for the first time. I might as well have been ploughing the ocean as that parcel of ground. I do not think I ever cried, "Whoa!" to a steed more suddenly or more lustily. Perhaps, if my farmer friend had cried, "Look up," I might have managed better. If I had kept my eye on the stake at the end of the field, perchance I might have finished the furrow. As it was, the furrow finished me. And yet I flatter myself that I might have made a ploughman, after all, had I paid less attention to the curling clods at my feet. He who would

plough a straight furrow must look above the ground he tills. We can look too narrowly at the details and results of our work. We should press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. "He that regardeth the clouds shall not sow," but he who looks only at mother earth will never plough it properly.

One soon becomes accustomed at sea to hearing commands sounded forth in stentorian tones from the quarter-deck, but I was not a little startled, one fine day, when the good ship was rolling heavily, to hear the first mate shout at his loudest, "Look up!" Anxiety was mingled with authority in his tone. And no wonder. Yonder raw apprentice was clambering up the rigging, but his eye was on the deck. I think I hear the warning message now. "Look up!" The officer seemed almost angry. The lad had doubtless been warned, but he was disobeying. I know the thought that was in the old salt's heart. "The young idiot, to trifle thus,—didn't I tell him of his danger? He deserves to fall, but I must try to save him. LOOK UP!" He was just in time; another instant, and there would have resounded through the ship that awful thud that tells of a fall from aloft, and of the spilling of a soul. 'Twas well the first officer of that craft had a tender heart, a quick eye, and a trumpet tongue. Our God has all of these. He has saved us from falling many a time. Maybe, we haven't climbed very high in some respects, but we are looking down too often even now. The heaving deck, the moving men, the tossing billows will soon affect us. We are safe only as we lift up our eyes on high. Men are mortal, circumstances are changeful, sin is surging; let us gaze on none of these. Look up, look up! Oh! for the blessed habit of "looking up." I have heard of one who was said to be up-sighted. He could see nothing beneath his eyes. Sweet affliction this if it may mean that our eyes are ever toward His holy Temple.

Trying once to say a word of cheer to a suffering saint, I bade him still "look up." Said he, "I can do no other: I fell from a tree, as a boy, on the very day your dear father was born (June 19th, 1834), and have been upon my back ever since, unable to move an inch, or even to brush away the flies that tease me. But I must tell you what a comfort the Tabernacle Sermons have been to me,—they have helped my heart to look up." The dear saint is now with God,—still looking up, gazing in rapture on "the high and lofty One." Beloved, we are tarrying a little longer, with, thank God, a measure of health. We are not, at all events, compelled to be upon our backs because of spinal injury. Shall we not look up, for all that? Better be bedridden, "looking up," than be hale and hearty, looking down or back.

On the 18th day of April, 1866 (just two-and-thirty years ago yesterday), the members of Mr. Croker's Bible Class presented me with a copy of God's Word, "with prayers and best wishes." One of the young brethren inserted in the Bible a simple little book-marker on which he had skilfully painted these words: "Looking unto Jesus." I well remember the dear old leader (Croker by name, but not by nature) remarking on the motto. He expressed his conviction that I had already looked unto HIM, and been saved, and his hope that I might never take my eyes off such a Saviour. This is neither the

time nor the place for dwelling on personal experiences. Confessions must be made in secret: pretensions should not be made at all. I can only say that that simple motto has had some effect on my life's course. Would God it had had more! May it influence me to the last! What say you if we all resolve, just now, to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God"? I, for one, will renew the vow of 1866!

We must look up for *everything*. There is no need to make a list of emergencies or circumstances. There is ever a way *up*,—at least, for "*looking up*," and "*looking up*" is the surest means of rising up. We will be "*looking up*" for texts, and themes, and inspirations; "*looking up*" for converts, and revivals; "*looking up*" for grace, and tact, and patience; "*looking up*" for daily manna, and anointing oil; "*looking up*" for illumination and direction; "*looking up*" for showers of blessing, and for "the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Oh, to experience such "*hurries of feeling Godwards*"!

Look up, *i.e.*, look Heavenward, for Heaven is *up*. We know not how else to localize the abode of the blessed. The children are right; Heaven is "above the bright blue sky." Up—beyond the shining sun; up—past the silver moon; up—behind the twinkling stars. Heaven is always *up*,—by day, by night, beneath the Southern Cross, or under Charles's Wain. Look up when the skies are clear; nor less when they are cloudy. When neither sun nor stars in many days appear, oh, still look up, for God has other messengers than these! The stars will show themselves again; no storm can sweep them from their silver sockets. But, in the meantime, there are some lights which clouds cannot obscure. Hast thou forgotten how, in thy darkest hour, through looking up, thy soul was saved? The star that led thee then still points to Christ;—nay, nay, that star *is* Christ. Let Henry Kirke White's sweet strain refresh our memories, and strengthen our faith,—

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned,—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

"Now safely moored,—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LIV.—PRINCIPAL ARCHIBALD M'CAlG, B.A., LL.D.



SITTING down to pen a passing word regarding the new Principal of the Pastors' College, and wondering how to make a beginning, I recall the happy thought that came to Hopeful at the Enchanted Ground, regarding the choice of subject on which he and Christian should converse. "Let us begin," said he, "where God began with us."

To do that with Principal M'CAlG, we must go to his cradle,—God gave him a praying mother and a Christian home. To the mother also He dealt with the same liberal hand,—His gift to her was a devoted son. With such a beginning, what may result? Let the annals of Scotland to-day supply the answer. The records of her spiritual and moral progress show that from the environment of God-fearing and simple homes the noblest of her sons have come.

Tokens of encouragement accompanied the growing boy. He had gracious head-patting from the Rev. Walter Welsh, who was cousin to Jane Welsh Carlyle. As playmate and scholar, he was hailed as one of the best. And for good reason. What stories he could tell Had he not read all the tales that Scott's magic pen had written?

The stress of life and its joy came soon to him; they came together. His father left home one morning, and ere night fell, he was no more. It was God's voice calling on the son to come up higher. As yet he had contented himself on the lower planes of life, but now he could not shut his ear to this urgent invitation. It was a period of revival, a long stretched-out period that showed its first movement in '59, and now it was '68. It is the old, old story. Hedged up by conviction, the earth lost its colour, the heart its hope, the life its gladness. Then came the Heavenly Vision, and the scales, as of old, fell from the eyes. Hope was new-born, and life was all afire. Hallelujah!

What carefulness was wrought, what clearing, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge! Young McCaig made a bonfire of his books,—possibly even Sir Walter was laid upon the pyre. Do you blame him? Let only those who have passed through a similar crisis dare to speak!

What were the early manifestations of the new life? First of all, he could not help telling others of the good news. The little village of Cowdenbeath would not serve; he would join with others, and go out to the villages scattered abroad. What happened? The usual, yea, the unusual, "The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord."

They seem to have gone almost as far as Ephesus, at least they met with the Ephesus uproar, with the modern treatment added, of mud and stones. Of course the law came into operation; not to protect them from assault, nor to punish the evil-doers,—something much more important. Why, these young men had actually broken—the peace! It was no mere police court affair; the band of missionaries were arraigned before the Sheriff at his court at Dunfermline. Without doubt they had broken the peace, the principal witness affirming in a positive manner that they had preached the gospel in the open air, and desecrated the Sabbath day by the vehemence of their singing. The clerk—rather, the town-clerk, and the Sheriff laid their heads together, and the decision of the Court was that they were dismissed, and advised that seeing that these things cannot be spoken against, they ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly. The young men brushed the mud off their coats, and kept on with the work, outdoor and in, as occasion offered. The writer has never ceased being thankful for this Dunfermline incident. It brought him into contact with Archie McCaig, and gave him a life-long friend.

Young pastors ought always to accept mud-throwing with joy unfeigned: the theory is, that it evolves into unnumbered blessings!

Serious questions had now to be decided,—Into what mould were the new thoughts to run? In what fold was the new life to be shepherded? Archie's grandfather had been a "stoop" of the auld Kirk. At the Disruption in '43, his mother asserted her spiritual independence by joining the Free Church. Where was the latest generation to find rest? Every little helps: the Mormons came on the scene, and preached immersion. Their advocacy brought the subject before him, but it was not until he made the acquaintance of a young Baptist, an earnest Evangelical, that he gave it serious attention, studying it in the light of the New Testament. The result

was, that a beloved and honoured brother, Rev. James Scott, pastor of the Baptist Church at Alloa, baptized and admitted him into communion.

Yet even then friends did not cease from troubling. The President of the Young Men's Christian Association, who had taken a fatherly interest in his welfare and progress, was deeply grieved at the turn of events. He made no secret of his disappointment and of his judgment as to the influences which had helped to the decision. He poured out his grief over the defection of his favourite pupil in a letter to a young lady, and said, "Few things have vexed me more than Archie McCaig joining the Baptists. But it is always the way, the devil tries to get good people to do his work, and he very often gets them." This was just another case of mud-throwing which I have already tried to prepare the youthful mind to accept with joyfulness. For what did this young lady do? She was already earnestly considering the subject of baptism, and ere long was baptized, and subsequently she showed her sympathy with the wandering and deluded young man by marrying him!

Perhaps it ought to be placed on record, for the sake of the young ladies of to-day, that Mrs. McCaig's judgment in this matter has been confirmed in a thousand ways. She stands by her husband's side, a helpmeet to him, a comforter to many.

The name Cowdenbeath may interest the reader but little, but it stands for one of the Fifeshire villages in which Mr. McCaig spent happy and strenuous days. It was there that he made his first effort to gather together an organized church; and it was there that he recorded his first pastoral success. But, certainly, the early months tested his temper and endurance. There was much opposition; yet the rugged path was made plain through the kindness of the parents of his young Baptist friend,—Mr. Peter Hutton, whose influence on his life has already been noticed,—who gave the infant church a lodging under their roof until such time as landlords and local theologians could make up their minds as to whether such upstarts who wished to turn the world upside down should be tolerated. Principal McCaig has no reason to be ashamed of the Baptist cause in Cowdenbeath to-day.

In the autumn of 1874, Mr. McCaig resolved upon a ten days' holiday, into which he planned to pack more work than one can usually do in a fortnight. The truth is, he had a youthful friend who was panting after a course in the Pastors' College; and he thought that, if he could only come with him up to Newington, and see fair play, the way of his friend would be made smooth, or otherwise, for life.

Ah, if we only knew what were the feelings of the two Scottish youths when they first caught sight of the Tabernacle, now alas in ruins! To enter its vestibule, was to realize the dream of their lives. To see Spurgeon,—to be of those who hung upon his silvery tones,—to hear the gospel as he proclaimed it,—made memories to be treasured for life. They were present at the opening of the new College; they grasped the friendly hand of the great preacher; they had time and opportunity to take counsel with him.

And what came of it all? Mr. M^cCaig went back with a zest for work such as he had not known before. To his friend had been spoken the masterful words, "Come, if you must!" Still, it would not be hard to say which of the two was the more diligent student.

Then a strange thing happened. When the time came for the student to leave Scotland, to begin his course, again the two friends travelled together. It fell out in this fashion: Mr. M^cCaig had subsequently written to Mr. Spurgeon, asking for an appointment as colporteur and pastor in the country. The same post carried a letter to Mr. Spurgeon from Mr. Giddings, of Offord, Hunts., asking for a man to undertake such duty. There was nothing more to be done; the post-office, and a Power behind the post-office, had arranged the matter. So that most delightful of views to the aspiring youths of the Northern portion of the United Kingdom,—the view Southward,—opened up full of promise to these two Baptist disciples.

The good work prospered under Mr. M^cCaig, and after a short time the care of the churches of Offord and Buckden were laid upon his shoulders. But still time was found for study, and the more he learned, the more did he see the need to press on. The desire to profit by the advantages of the Pastors' College, grew stronger within his heart. He knew something of Hebrew and of Greek through private personal effort, and the aid of midnight oil, but he craved for systematic tutorial direction and supervision. Do not all doors open to him who knows how to knock? Five years after he had seen his friend disappear behind the door of the Pastors' College, he, too, pressed in to enjoy its advantages, and to find that his place was amongst the senior students. He was very soon elected students' secretary.

One may learn that the welcome and encouragement which young men receive to-day, as they enter the College, come not only from the kindly nature of the Principal, but are prompted by memories of the nights when, without a friend at hand to help him, he plodded through the grammars of the dead languages; and, in a social hour, he will sometimes recall the days when a lad would pass hours at a bookstall in Edinburgh, and how perplexity was born within him as he one day found a strange difference in two Hebrew grammars, which he had purchased,—one with points, one without. Which should he follow? How was the difficulty solved? He turned to the Hebrew Scripture to find that the "pointed" grammar must be his guide. And that has not been the only occasion by a long way when the Bible has settled "points."

While the earnest student was taking full advantage of his position, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, the building was growing under the builder's hands in which he was to minister. All too soon the call came, for before he had finished one year of student life, the choice of the church at Streatham fell upon him. Should he take it? "Take it! of course you will take it," said the honoured President, and so to Streatham he went, as student-pastor; and at the end of his course, by the strong wish of C. H. S., settled there. The building was a beautiful structure erected by Mr. W. Higgs, in memory of his father, and to the glory of God. The members

were a willing people, who warmly supported their pastor in all his efforts. They saw he was the right man in the right place.

Whether it is due to the higher criticism or not, cannot be determined here, but it would appear that the tenth command is sometimes forgotten by Christians collectively. Many a covetous eye looked towards the Streatham pastor, and several tempting offers reached him through the post. But who will gainsay the church at Alloa, in which he had made profession of his faith and been baptized, in claiming that their member and compatriot, who had been lent out to the Southerners, should be returned with all diligence to minister unto his own? But they had to content themselves, as Scotland has often to do, with knowing that their loss was England's gain. But when Ireland put in her claim, it began to be serious. She had suffered so much from England in various ways, that some sacrifice, some peace-offering was needed. A letter came to Mr. Spurgeon asking for a suitable pastor for Brannoxtown. It was written by Mr. John La Touche, a representative name in Baptist annals in the sister country. Mr. Spurgeon could say no other than that nothing that English Nonconformity possessed was too good for his Irish brethren. So Mr. M^cCaig had to cross the Channel. With his capacity for work, tested and tried by his three years' pastorship, he carried also his studious habit.

For eight happy years he gave his best to the church in the Emerald Isle, all the while maturing in experience and scholarship. Would that he had the leisure to give us the result of his studies on Irish affairs, from his deliberative standpoint! Both countries would profit by it.

Of course he paid *devoir* to the Royal University of Ireland, and he holds its acknowledgment of his status by the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and Doctor of Laws. But in case anyone might think that he gained such distinction at the expense of church duty, let it be stated at once that Mr. M^cCaig served as Editor of the *Irish Baptist Magazine*, as Secretary of the Irish Baptist Association, and also President of the same. Indeed, in one year he filled the three offices.

Again the need of the world came to his door seeking for his services. How that power "*can do*" is never allowed to lie idle! In one day he had two positions placed before him,—to be Principal of Rockefeller House, Dublin, an educational institution of much promise; or tutor at the Pastors' College. The readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* need not be told what was his decision. The honour in which he held the peerless President, his debt of gratitude to him, and the opportunity it gave of influencing and training young men for lives of usefulness, allowed no room for choice. More need not be added here regarding Dr. M^cCaig's career. These six years he has laboured on without ostentation, happy in his chosen sphere of work.

And now, his honoured colleague, Professor Marchant, after eighteen years of faithful, honourable service, has, unfortunately, through ill-health, been obliged to retire (since Mr. Gracey's death, Mr. Marchant had been Acting-Principal), and, by the unanimous choice of the Trustees, Dr. M^cCaig has been called to the Principalship. He takes up the work full of hope. He considers

that the prospects of the College were never brighter than now, and that the need for its existence is as great as ever.

The new Principal enjoys the confidence and esteem of the students, which they have recently shown by the presentation of a beautiful illuminated address, in album form, containing their signatures. He has the fullest confidence and love of all "Our Own Men," having been chosen as Secretary of the Conference, four years ago, in conjunction with his friend, Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D. He has shown great capacity as a writer. He is Editor of *The Pioneer Review*. He has written articles in the *Sword and Trowel*, *The British Weekly*, *The Baptist*, and *The Christian*, which have attracted the attention of men of the highest literary and theological attainments. His volume of lectures on Inspiration, *The Grand Old Book*, was described by *The Methodist Times* as "one of the best books that has appeared on the subject." Dr. McCaig was early "set for the defence of the gospel." He was once convicted before the Sheriff of Dunfermline of preaching it. He is now called to its defence in a wider arena; and with his training as a student and writer, we predict for him a happy and pre-eminently useful career. It will be his joy not only to continue its advocacy by pen and voice, but also to send forth hundreds of young men with the same intense and burning conviction to preach the gospel; as he himself once expressed it,—“The Cross in all its fathomless meaning; the Cross in all its manifold suggestiveness; the Cross in all its far-reaching influences; the Cross in all its saving, sanctifying, and ennobling power.”

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

VI.—OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

HERE is a bosky dell clothed with the colour of the hyacinth. Running water flows through the grass near by, keeping it green when the hot sun turns the uplands brown. The water trickles in a hundred miniature rivulets, making islands of many a clump of verdure. Having spread wide in shallows, and nourished much, the tiny streams gather in a pool at which the great-eyed cattle drink, then, rippling over a little dam, the waters run away down the meadows a laughing brook, making as much babble as a bevy of working girls out for a holiday.

Up through the thicket, and placed in the fork of an old hedge-stump, with the bank behind identical in colour, is a thrush's nest with four fledglings. We discovered it on an April day, though so well hidden. Then it contained four blue eggs, like to the Spring sky for colour. No young marauder had found it out, nor had any predatory creature yet spoiled the parents' joy.

Not long ago, we were upon the platform of a great railway junction. Just at the door of the bookstall, a jelly of yolk lay spilled. From the half-open door, a newsboy pushed out a puffed

face, and between his lips was a blackbird's egg. This the boy blew, after the approved manners of his kind.

"Where'd yer get 'em, Bob?" asked a hobble-de-hoy porter.

"Sudbury," puffed the boy, and then he blew again.

We are not squeamish; yet it went against our sensibilities to see this "Extra Speshul" with a blown blackbird's egg between his grimy fingers.

But up in the fork of the thicket one nest at least was secure. Had this pair learned caution through suffering, or was it mere accident that the bank lent itself to the texture of the nest? The little home was a splendid specimen of bird-workmanship, woven with great skill; and this, combined with the choice of situation, led one to ask the question whether some birds of the same species have not more sense than others? There is a modern rhyme, the wording of which we will slightly alter,—

"There was a stupid sparrow,
Lived up a narrow spout;
There came a heavy thunderstorm,
And washed that sparrow out:
When the heavy storm was over,
Likewise the rattling rain,
Blest if that stupid sparrow
Didn't build its nest again!"

Whether our birds, out of the beaten track, had profited by adversity, we trow not. This much may be said,—they had put their nest as high as they could, as difficult to reach as possible, and they had done their best to hide it. There are plenty of men and communities who build after the manner of the sparrow and the spout; but to build out of danger, to *assimilate* our building to sheltering surroundings, needs reflection and right judgment; and in the spiritual realm, submission to the leadings of the Holy Ghost.

But this wonderful power of assimilation and mimicry in the natural world,—should it be dismissed in a sentence? Many pages might be written, and then much that was interesting be left unsaid. Among the birds, the lapwing lays eggs so like the rough grass of the marsh that you may step on them and even look at them without *seeing* them. The sandpiper, female eiderduck, thick-knee, woodcock, garden warbler, and meadow-pipit are so adapted by colour to their usual environs as to escape all but the minutest observation. In the great deserts, the upper plumage of every bird, the fur of the lesser animals, and the skin of reptiles, are of one uniform sand colour. Even the camel and the lion take their tone from the sandy rock. This wonderful principle operates, too, on the vast steppes and in the Arctic circle. Within the latter, the snowy owl, the snow bunting, and the jer-falcon are all white. The ptarmigan of the Highlands is a splendid example of protective colouring; for, while its Summer and Autumn plumage harmonizes with the moor and lichen, its coat in Winter changes with the aspect of the snow-clad hills.

Should any of our readers wish to study further examples of this habit of hiding by the means of protective hues, we would advise those near enough to spend a Saturday half-holiday in the bird department

of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, where they will find many instances which will excite both interest and reflection.

So, by assimilation of tint, or by endowment of instinct, the great Giver of life modifies the characters of the animal creation in the way most beneficial to them.

* * * *

The cattle come to the pool to drink. What beautiful eyes these creatures have! Why should a thing of utility, fed only for milk or flesh, have such an endowment? How sweet and luscious is the scent they bring! The fastidious need fear no shock to their senses as they draw a deep breath among the kine by the stream.

Hard by, are woods with private ways flanked with rhododendrons. On either side extend long spinneys, and in these the hazels abound; while stretching upward, all leg, like an overgrown boy, more than one specimen of birch flutters its leaves. Here and there, clumps of Scotch fir appear, silvered with fresh growths, while the larch stands dressed in a coat which might have been good fashion in the times of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Years ago, we were wont, in the days of early Summer, to pay a Monday morning visit to just such a plantation as this. We would arrive in time to go the round with the head keeper as he visited the rows of nests where brooding hens were sitting on pheasants' eggs. An assistant would open the pierced lid of each separate box, put the hen under a coop, and then the keeper would gather up what fluffy pheasant chicks were hatched, and place them in a bag, or into the open apron of his niece,—a damsel with black hair, and shining eyes, and cheeks with such a bloom as one sometimes sees on the stems of the pines. When all the downy contributions had been collected, we would make our way along the narrowest of mossy paths to a partial clearing, and here, at intervals, were coops under each of which a domestic hen was acting as foster-mother to young pheasants. It was not always an easy task to get the fowls to take kindly to an increase of their charge. Keepers are generally credited with stern ways; but they display an unexpected amount of softness as they coax nervous hens, in unaccustomed surroundings, to brood the newly-hatched pheasants. 'Tis a pleasing sight to see a humble barn-door fowl fulfilling the part of careful nurse to these young aristocrats of the woods. The lofty cannot do without the services of the lowly, whatever be the sphere. Even kings have slept in plebeian arms, and the Son of man was cradled by her who was betrothed to the carpenter of Nazareth.

Along the barely-trodden track, we wend our way to the outskirts of the wood. Now and then, we pass some impaled bird of prey, made to pay the penalty of his misdeeds; or a common snake caught in a snare, and showing, from a keeper's point of view, by the leg of the pheasant chick protruding through his broken skin, that he deserved his fate. The snares hold young rabbits, too; for, when gins are about, the inoffensive may suffer as well as the common thief. The traps are laid with an eye to the wary habits of the weasel, the stoat, and the adder; but they far more often snap up the incautious. The law only now and then catches a big thief, though society, unfortunately, contains

a great many of those pests; but the giddy-headed, and the rush-into-everything folk may find themselves involved in its meshes ere they are aware. The comparatively-innocent shareholders in a swindle may have to pay up, while the promoters may be securely enjoying their plunder elsewhere.

It is not often that the rabbit and the fox are caught at once. Some time ago, however, Bunny was found in one trap with a broken fore leg, and, just behind, Reynard, nipped by the brush, was discovered in another. The wary old gentleman did his best to put on an air of injured respectability. He had no connection with the despised lop-ear, not he! A person with a good coat on his back, going home rather late from a function, to be detained by his tail in this ignominious fashion,—it was outrageous! The most injured people in the community are at Wormwood Scrubbs and Dartmoor! So *they* say; only the public are very slow in believing them. Yet, though caught, Reynard is not detained long; for what would the hunting season be if there were no foxes? Our readers must not call this satire; it is just a simple question without guile.

Out of the wood! Yes, that is where we wish to get; and if we follow the keeper, we shall soon be in the open, away from the tangles and traps. There are short cuts and unlooked-for gates which only the initiated know. The rising ground of the great park comes close up to the plantations, and, as we emerge, pretty fawns skip away. The herd trot off to a safe distance, then turn to look at us. There they are massed under the mighty trees, two noble bucks in the front, sniffing the air, and ready for defence. Away, across the green valley and shimmering water, the white stone mansion gleams in the Summer's sun. How restful to the eyes is the vast expanse of green pasture, dotted here and there with fallow deer! How soothing, and yet how expanding to the mind are the billowy undulations, the great shades, and long reaches of light! How infinite the distance, lost in the glory-haze of the sun; how splendid the house over there,—white, radiant, imposing! One could easily turn it all into a spiritual vision, and yet, if we knew the reality concerning this domain, how loth we might be to do it!

The image is imperfect, the figure fails; but, as we stand on the verge of the wood, and look far over both mead and mere, we cannot but think of those other pastures and those still waters by which the Good Shepherd leads the flock of God.

"I Love Jesus;—Do you?"

ON a Sabbath evening, in October, 1897, a larger congregation than usual had assembled in a Baptist Chapel in the North of England, for there was to be a baptism of believers, and strangers often attend a service of that description who are not seen at other times. Among the candidates was a sailor, and the preacher, in the course of a sermon dealing with the necessity of the new birth, incidentally told the story of this man's conversion. He had signed articles as an A.B., that is, an able-bodied seaman, and the vessel had not been long

at sea before {his duty took him to one of the officers' berths, where he saw, hanging up, a card bearing the inscription,—

I LOVE JESUS;—DO YOU?

This was clear evidence that there was a Christian man on board who was not ashamed to own his Lord. The sailor was deeply impressed. The words would not be banished from his mind; he thought of them all day, and they suggested many touching reminiscences of earlier days. He did not love Jesus, he knew; yet he was conscious of a wish that he did, and a hope that before long he might, since the Saviour had done so much for him. Eventually, on his knees, by his own rude bed, in mid-ocean, he prayed for and received pardon of his sins through the atoning sacrifice of Christ.

That Sabbath night he had come to the house of prayer to make a public profession of his repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. In the gallery of the chapel, drawn to the service by curiosity rather than by any special interest, sat a young man of gentlemanly appearance,—evidently a ship's officer. He had left his vessel a few days before, and was waiting for another. Young in years, we afterwards discovered that he was old in sin. He was the youngest son of a wealthy Christian gentleman, from whom he had received nothing but kindness, but drink had been his undoing. For it, he had sacrificed a refined home, friends, fortune, respectability, and even character itself. More than once had his father drawn a cheque to hide his son's shame, and the last act of his suddenly-terminated life was to discharge an I O U for a large amount to prevent something worse than exposure. The young man had travelled the downward road with great rapidity, until, despite all the loving efforts made to reclaim him, his conduct became so bad that it was necessary for him to leave home; while his mother, for her own comfort, had to forsake her native place, and take up her residence elsewhere.

During the sermon that night at the chapel, the Holy Spirit carried the Word home to his heart, and he was in great mental distress; but, not willing to yield, he left the building before the conclusion of the service, hoping by excessive drinking to dispel the agony of his soul. He visited several public-houses, and not until very late did he find his way back to his lodgings in a dreadful state of intoxication. A day or two after, already the worse for liquor, and to get more, he committed a crime for which he was arrested, and sentenced to three months' hard labour. His friends were shocked and deeply grieved, while the young man himself felt the position keenly, for it was his first appearance in a court of law. Efforts to get the sentence altered or reduced, completely failed, and he was taken to prison; but the terrible experience was used of God to produce the most blessed results. In his cell, when his day's labour was over, with nothing to do save to think,—with no book to read save the Bible,—the service in the chapel on that memorable Sunday evening was reproduced again and again. The preacher's insistence upon the necessity of turning to God with the whole heart, the Scripture promises of forgiveness, upon repentance, to the chief of sinners, and more distinctly still, the story of the seaman's conversion,

constantly occupied the young man's thoughts. Then the enormity of his sins against God, the knowledge of his mother's sufferings on his account, her fast-whitening hair, her rapidly-waning life, his late father's generous goodness, the disgrace he had brought upon his family, his own wasted life, and a hundred other things, all crowded upon him until he felt overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and wickedness, and for the first time prayed that, if it were possible, he also might be forgiven. He opened again and again the Bible in his cell, and was eventually graciously led of the Spirit to read the latter part of John vi. 37 : " And him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." He came to Christ, was accepted, the assurance of salvation was granted to him, and then all things became new. His cell became a " Bethel," the prisoners' service in the chapel a means of grace, and the monotonous routine of prison life was illuminated with the presence of God. He earned all the rewards possible under a three months' sentence, and when liberated, while rejoicing in a knowledge of pardoned sin, he admitted that his punishment was just. He has returned to the place whence he was taken to prison, sincerely grateful to God, and humbly determined that, in the strength of the Lord, he will lead, in the sight of those who knew his old life, the new life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He has already done good by his testimony, and will doubtless do much more. Will not the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* earnestly pray that this " brand plucked out of the fire " may burn to the glory of His matchless grace and mercy who saves with so great a salvation ?

CHARLES STANLEY.

Brands from the Burning.

ONE friend has paid six months' pew-rent in advance.

An old orphan boy sends £10. This is condensed gratitude.

Thirty-one boys in House No. 12 send 6s. 6d.,—spikenard very precious !

£5 came to hand from " After the Cross, the Crown."

The Secretary of the Men's Bible-class, South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, writes :—"The Tabernacle and its Pastor hold a very big place in the hearts of the brethren, and they feel this matter very keenly ; and, in passing a resolution of sympathy with you and their own beloved President, they also unanimously decided to take a weekly offering on Sunday afternoons towards the Rebuilding Fund. This offering was commenced that same afternoon, and will be continued until it is no longer required. Though unable to do great things in this respect, what the brethren give comes from willing hands and loving hearts, and will be received, we know, in the same spirit in which it is given."

The Vestry Clerk of St. Mary, Newington, says :—"By direction of this Vestry, I beg to send you the following copy of a resolution passed at its meeting last evening, viz.,—"That this Vestry desires to express its deep sympathy with the Pastors and congregation of the

Metropolitan Tabernacle in the sad calamity that has fallen upon them."

Here is a nice little letter:—"I, as a boy who has attended the Tabernacle with my parents many times, feel sorry to see the building *as it is*; but please accept my humble offering of 2s. 6d. towards the good work for Jesus."

A tried friend promises £100 when the new Tabernacle is roofed in.

Dr. Guinness Rogers says:—"No words can describe the greatness of the calamity, or adequately express the feelings with which your friends and comrades everywhere will receive the intelligence."

Pastor Saillens, Paris, writes:—"Material losses are nothing, as compared with spiritual ones. The destruction of the building does not affect, thank God, the life of the church. Still, it is sad to think that the noble edifice reared by your revered father, and which has seen so many miracles of grace, stands no more. I can hardly believe it. We pray for you and your dear people."

Here is a good word from an old salt:—"Pray accept a small donation towards its rebuilding, from a sailor, and one who, when at home from the sea in days gone by, in your father's time, has often attended the worship within its walls, and has often stood through the whole service, not being able to get a seat, but was never tired."

Collecting cards and boxes can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

The Polytechnic Christian Endeavour Society sends a kind resolution and a generous gift, saying of the Tabernacle that "it has proved so helpful in forwarding the Christian Endeavour movement in this great city of London."

Here is another note that touched my heart:—"I am so very sorry that the Tabernacle is all burnt up. I have only a little money, but would like to pay for just a little bit of the new one. Will you please accept it from your little friend?"

A good soul had just earned 10s. by house-cleaning, when she heard of the fire, so she sent it on, saying, "I give it to the Lord to help build up another house for Him." There was no name. "Your Father which seeth in secret," etc.

A country rector sends help, "in sympathy and sincerity," and declares himself "a very sincere Protestant and believer in sovereign grace." Praise God for that!

A breakfast-table collection in a small family brought in 5s. Capital! Capital!

No. 8 boys, Stockwell Orphanage, subscribed 6s. 6d., and have since sent their representative with a second instalment.

Several friends have asked to present a new Bible. I have gratefully accepted the first offer.

One of the College brethren says:—"I engage to either give or gather *Ten pounds* towards the Rebuilding Fund. If *each* of the 700

members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association will endeavour to do only this much (some might do more), there will be *Seven thousand pounds* towards the cost of rebuilding. Do you mind naming the suggestion?"

A member cheers me thus:—"Some people think it will disband and scatter us; but I think we shall stand by you, and be more *heartily united* than ever; loving sympathy will do this. I pray God it may be so."

Rev. David Davies says:—"It cannot be that Spurgeon's Tabernacle is burnt to the ground without some compensating blessing in store for you and your people."

A Wesleyan brother declares:—"I loved your father as though he were my own, and as much as I ever loved any minister in my own denomination. His influence on my life and ministry was very great indeed. His printed Sermons are still a delight and profit to me."

Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., of North Brixton, sends a generous gift, though he is himself engaged in building operations.

Mr. George Pearson writes:—"I have been delivering a limelight lecture, on the life and labours of your sainted father, at Highgate Road Chapel, to our young people there. It was arranged for before the sad event of the burning of the Tabernacle, but was delivered soon after, and so the young folks insisted on sending you their offerings towards the rebuilding, which I now forward you by cheque, viz., £3."

Ragged-school children and crippled little ones—quite a number of them—are sending in their little gifts. "With such sacrifices God is well pleased."

Here is a good suggestion. "Permit me to ask you to add this Postal Order for £1 to the 10,000 others coming to you for rebuilding the Tabernacle."

Short and sweet (enclosing 5s.). "This is from a little servant girl aged 15."

A London City missionary says:—"Let me have a brick in the new Tabernacle. The cement is on the way."

A few working Christian lads—members of the United Christians' Association, Bermondsey, send 5s. "The Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

The vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, preached a sermon on behalf of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on a recent Sunday evening. The title was "Union among Christians." Enforcing the point that "*Unity* does not mean *uniformity*," he said:—"The wonder is, how people dare to expect to shape religion for their brethren, and how a single body of men can dare to call another body 'Schismatics' or 'Dissenters.'" He said also:—"In spirit, I feel as though St. Luke's had been burnt down, because the Tabernacle has been destroyed;" and that, if he is spared, he would like to have a special Te Deum when the new House is opened. He sends us £12 5s. from his parish. This is brotherliness indeed.

A veteran, aged 98, sends £5. May it be light with him at evening time!

One who confesses he is not of our religion (would God he were!) forwards a cheque through the *Echo*, and trusts "that others who do not belong to the Christian community may do likewise."

A brother comforts me thus:—"If something *startling* had not happened, you would not have been in the Spurgeonian Apostolic line of succession. This fiery baptism proves your heritage."

"A few sympathetic dressmakers in the West End" were among the first to help;—they know the value of "a stitch in time."

Here is a glad testimony:—"Your father was my spiritual father, as it was through reading one of his Sermons, down here in the country, I first knew Jesus; so I am specially desirous to send a trifle in memory of that dear name."

The brethren now in the Pastors' College write:—"We have unanimously resolved, in a full College meeting, thus to send some token of our grief, and of our resolute intention to do all we can for the strengthening of your hands. We rejoice in the expressions of sympathy which abound on every hand. But since, in the words of the kindly leading article in *The British Weekly*, it is poor sympathy that evaporates and ends in the passing of resolutions, and in the writing of letters, we have pledged ourselves as students to do all we can to help. We pray that the best of all blessings—the blessing of our Lord who strengthens with all might by His Spirit in the inner man,—may be yours. That all the strength and grace you need may be given you from above, and that you may be supported by the memory of our Saviour who suffered for us, and by the sustaining grace of the Spirit, is the earnest desire of,

"Yours respectfully,

"On behalf of the Students of the Pastors' College,

"F. W. J. BUTLER,

"Students' Secretary."

The seat-stewards of the Tabernacle say:—"There is a bright side to every dark cloud. We rejoice to know that another House will be built, and have resolved to raise the sum of £50, or more if possible, towards its cost." Splendid!

The Tabernacle Sunday-school, the Colportage Association, and other organizations are giving and getting in most encouraging measure.

A Pastors' College man in Canada writes:—"Is there anything we men abroad can do, in addition to unity of prayer and sympathy, to assist you?" Yes, indeed there is. We hope every brother will collect funds in some way. They will soon receive a suggestion from the Conference Secretaries.

All praise to God for His sustaining grace, and for the sympathy of His people!

T. S.

Rebuilding the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE meeting of male members of the Tabernacle Church, called in accordance with the Trust Deed, will take place just after the publication of the present Magazine, so that we must wait another month before we can communicate to our readers anything of public importance that may be decided at that gathering. The list of receipts to May 15, printed in this issue of the *Sword and Trowel*, shows how far the Rebuilding Fund had progressed up to that time. It is not possible yet to say how much will be required, but it is quite certain that no more is likely to be sent than will be absolutely needed. It is, perhaps, again necessary to say that all contributions should be addressed to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. Collecting cards and boxes can also be supplied to duly-authorized persons, on application to the Secretary at the same address.

On Monday evening, May 9, a meeting of the Tabernacle church and congregation was held in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting at Upton Chapel, Lambeth, which was densely crowded. Most of the time was devoted to prayer and praise, but a few sentences of loving fraternal sympathy were spoken by Pastor W. Williams, and a brief address was given by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who presided. He began by announcing the good news that the £20,000 for the insurance on the Tabernacle was to be paid in a few days. (The £2,000 for the contents might be somewhat longer delayed.) For this wise provision on the part of those who insured the Tabernacle for so large an amount, and for the prompt and sympathetic settlement by the companies concerned (the Westminster and Hand-in-Hand), the Pastor expressed grateful thanksgiving. He also referred to the continued stream of resolutions and letters,—many of which were, he believed, the precursors and heralds of substantial help,—but others had contained what someone described as “condensed sympathy,” and for these he was naturally doubly thankful. The amounts so far received had been, for the most part, singularly small; he did not regret that, so long as there were enough of them to complete the total that would have to be expended. Though the actual figures could not be stated, it must be clearly recognized that the rebuilding and restoration of the Tabernacle would be a very costly affair, and that they would all have to deny themselves on every hand, for Christ's sake and the gospel's, and for the sake of him who so long led them in the fight, and who has gone to his reward. There have been some grand MEMORIALS OF C. H. SPURGEON,—both buildings and institutions,—erected or continued since his home-going; but, without disparaging any one of these, it can be claimed that the new Metropolitan Tabernacle must be, in a very special sense, a memorial of him for whose wonderful ministry the first Tabernacle was built, and by whose almost superhuman efforts it was opened free of debt.

“By the way,” added the Pastor, “let it be said at once, if it has not been said before,—it really goes without saying,—that *the new Tabernacle will be opened free of debt*. You did not need me to tell you that. Why, the old blackened stones would cry out against us if we dreamed of acting in any other fashion. Let us ‘trust, and not be afraid;’ and whether we need £10,000, or £20,000, I do not doubt that it will come in God's good time; for we cannot re-open the Tabernacle until it does come. Let that be signed, and sealed, and settled straight away.”

The Pastor then explained that the Trust Deed—which, singularly enough, contained a clause relating to the rebuilding of the sanctuary,—provided that, after two Sabbath-days' notice, “the men members” of the

church should meet, to consider the first steps that needed to be taken, such as the election of a building committee, &c. That meeting would, accordingly, be held in the Memorial Hall of the Stockwell Orphanage on *Friday evening, May 27*. He hoped that, on a later occasion, an opportunity might be found for all the members to meet together to hear all that could be told them about the work needing to be done, and the best ways of doing it. In the meantime, all could pray for the guidance needed in each step to be taken, and for the Lord's blessing to rest upon every effort that should be made. The Pastor, after giving particulars of the help coming from old and young, Jews and Gentiles, Nonconformists and Churchmen,—for all of which he was more grateful than he could express,—closed an exceedingly interesting meeting with prayer and the Benediction.

"Three Cheers for the Engineers!"

THE news of the burning of the Tabernacle, and of the widespread sympathy it evoked, reached North Africa well-nigh together, and produced real sorrow of heart, yet tempered by the assurance that, still, "all things work together for good to them that love God,"—even the



SCENE AT BACK OF BARAKA, SOUSSE.

beloved Church and Pastor now so sorely tried. We pray that the great loss may yet prove to be but the flaming herald of a much greater blessing.

We have registered 567 visits from patients during April, and given 291 nights' lodging in the *baraka*. We have been encouraged by signs of

blessing among the people. Men have spoken up, among their fellows, for Jesus as the Saviour, and when dealt with afterwards, have said, "Oh, yes! since such a time, when I was here before," or, "when I brought So-and-so for medicine, I have believed." Others have said that they learnt about Jesus in their own village from someone who had been to us. It may be objected by some that these testimonies are not much;—perhaps not. The tender blade of the spring wheat is not much to look at, yet it rejoices the sower's heart, and confirms his faith in the promise which says, "Ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

A friend who visited us, last month, took a number of photographs, which we hope to be able to use from time to time. The one given in the present number of the Magazine represents the scene at the back of the *baraka*, where the patients come overnight, to await their turn for receiving medicine in the morning. They travel to us from all directions,—some journey as many as seven days to reach the *tabeeb's* (the doctor's) house, which needs no advertisement. They are made freely welcome at the shelter,—coming and staying as they wish, with that complete freedom which Arabs love.

The people's dire need is daily before us; and the little we can do, just in speaking, once or twice, to these who are bound by a thousand ties to sin and Islam's deadly lies, makes us quite sad. Yet are we grateful for so glorious a gospel to preach, and such a gracious God to bless it. Nor are we unmindful of those who, quite unseen by us, by prayer and generosity sustain us in the work. Lord Charles Beresford says that, after his sea-fights, he piped all hands on deck, and called for "Three cheers for the engineers!"—those whose devotion out of sight had enabled the fighting men to win the victory; and we, while remembering that the battle is wholly the Lord's, would like to give three cheers for *our* engineers, whose prayers and gifts keep us afloat, and who shall share the Lord's "Well done," when the arduous day is won.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Proceedings at "The Fire Conference" of the Pastors' College, Evangelical Association.

THE great fire, which burnt up "our holy and beautiful house," settled most conclusively the name by which the Conference of 1898 will continue to be remembered. At the opening meeting, held at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, on *Monday afternoon, April 18*, the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, referred to the titles by which certain of the gatherings of previous years had been distinguished; such as, the *dark-bright* Conference of 1883, at which the now-glorified President was only able to be present on the *Monday evening*; the *Bible and Missionary* Conference of 1890; the *Holy Ghost* Conference of 1891; and the *Conference of the Cross* in 1897. The President added that, from various indications, it seemed to him that this year's Conference would be a *heart-searching time*, and his brief introductory address was directed to that end. Even as he spoke, it was felt that "the Spirit of burning" was at work, and a very tender, gracious influence was manifest in this first part of the proceedings of the memorable week.

Tea followed the prayer-meeting, and very hearty thanks were presented to Pastor H. E. Stone and his friends for the cordial welcome they had given to the brethren. At the evening public meeting, the President presided, and gave a brief account of the history of the College, and of its present position and prospects, incidentally alluding to the attacks which had been recently made upon the Institution, and which he accepted as

testimonies in its honour. Addresses were also delivered by Pastors N. T. Jones-Miller (Southampton), on the Conference motto text: "And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them;" T. Hancocks (Ramsgate), on "Orthodoxy;" C. Hull (Hitchin), on "Why I am a 'Spurgeon's man';" and H. E. Stone, who spoke of the continued need of the Pastors' College because of the abounding Romanism in the land. Each speaker had an important theme, and handled it well; but there was such a special power about the words of our Brother Hancocks that we asked him to let our readers have the benefit of them; and this, we are happy to say, he has kindly promised to do.

A similar gathering was simultaneously held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Association, presided and spoke; several brethren led the assembly in prayer, and addresses were given by Pastors T. Greenwood (Balham), and W. W. Blocksidge (New Brompton).

On *Tuesday morning, April 19*, prayer and praise occupied the first hour and a-half, in the course of which the President referred to the alterations which had taken place in the College staff during the year. The brethren testified by hearty applause their approval of the appointment of Dr. McCaig as Principal, and Pastor W. Hackney, M.A., as Classical Tutor; while the students expressed their appreciation of Mr. Gaussen's tutorial help. They also privately presented to Mr. Marchant an autograph album, and an illuminated address, conveying to him the assurance of their gratitude for his long and faithful service. Sick and absent brethren were also specially remembered in prayer. Punctually at twelve o'clock, the President rose, amid the loud and long-continued cheers of his large and eager audience, to deliver his inaugural address, and, at the close, the universal verdict appeared to be, "It is the best he has ever given us." Last month and this, our readers have had the opportunity also of enjoying and profiting by it.

After a brief interval, the business meeting was held. The items of general interest were as follows. The death of Pastor W. A. Wicks was reported; and, after loving testimony had been borne to his Christian character and usefulness, mention was made of the remarkable fact that, out of so many hundreds of brethren, only one had been "called home" during the year. One resignation was accepted; one brother—Mr. R. Turner Sole—was received into the Association; and twenty-one students were admitted into our ranks, two of them being brothers and three of them sons of "our own men." Pastor Thomas Spurgeon was then unanimously re-elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, the whole assembly spontaneously rising and cheering to emphasize the enthusiastic unanimity of the vote. In accepting the position, the President said:—"My dear brethren, the proposer and second of this resolution (Pastors T. W. Medhurst and Archibald G. Brown), and you who have carried it so heartily,—I thank you just as heartily. I rejoice with you in God's dealings with us as a body of men, and with myself as your leader. I wonder at His mercy, I praise Him for His goodness, I trust Him for the future. Let us all do this still more implicitly, and all will be well. I thank you for the honour, and I accept it heartily and humbly."

The two Vice-Presidents (Pastors J. A. and Charles Spurgeon) having been re-elected, the President said:—"I should like to say to my brother, and before my brother, and about my brother, that it has been a great joy to me to have him as my helper as Vice-President of the Conference as well as Vice-President of the College. I could not wish for anyone more sympathetic and more loving, and I am very glad that he is present to hear us say that we want him still to be Vice-President of the Association. Pastor Charles Spurgeon, in responding, said:—"My dear President and

brother, and brethren,—I am glad that we are here to uplift together 'the old flag' about which we have been hearing; it has braved the battle and the breeze. Gladly do I accept the honour which you place upon me, for this reason, that I believe God has called me to help my dear brother; and in helping him, I am helping you." (On the Friday morning, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon also accepted the Vice-Presidency.)

The President announced that this year's Conference Present was to be Vol. I. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. The ringing cheers, which greeted the intimation, were renewed when he added that his dear mother wished him to say that any of the brethren, who already possessed that volume, could have Vol. II. sent to them, as soon as it was published, if they would give to Mr. Harrauld their names, and sevenpence each for postage.

At the dinner which followed, the brethren had a pleasant surprise in the gift from their President of his photograph, for which he was very cordially thanked. The afternoon and evening were spent, as usual, at the Stockwell Orphanage, the President of the Institution occupying the chair at the meetings in the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Hall, at which the special feature was an address by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll on "The Uplift of the Soul." As it was published in full in the current issue of *The British Weekly*, probably many of our readers saw it. The chairman expressed to Dr. Nicoll the thanks of the brethren, and then asked our Brother J. L. Roger, from the Congo, to offer prayer instead of delivering the address announced upon the programme.

On Wednesday morning, April 20, during the devotional part of the proceedings, the President read a characteristic letter which he had received from Professor Fergusson, and he was requested to convey the loving sympathy of the brethren to the venerable and blind tutor, for whom prayer was specially offered. In introducing Pastor James Stephens, M.A., the President referred to his valiant service in the great fight for the faith during the "Down-grade" controversy, and also gratefully mentioned his help to the students by his theological lectures at the College. Mr. Stephens selected for his subject the words addressed by the prophet Azariah to King "Asa, and all Judah and Benjamin": "The Lord is with you, *while ye be with Him*," and gave a most thoughtful, Scriptural exposition of the passage, showing its application to present-day doctrine, life, and methods of work. It was a memorable deliverance on a most important theme. Ere it was finished, the first intimation that *the Tabernacle was on fire* was brought to the President. After praying, he said that he thought it would be better for Mr. Stephens to go on with his gracious message, which he did. At its conclusion, two other brethren prayed, and the fire having spread so rapidly that the Tabernacle was a mass of flame, the meeting was necessarily adjourned, but not until the Doxology had been sung, and the caution given for all to leave the building quietly,—*"Ladies in the gallery, first."* The sight that met the gaze of the hundreds of ministers and students, as they passed out of the College, and saw the great conflagration, was too sad to be described, yet they felt that, even out of such a grievous calamity God could bring glory to Himself and good to men. Let all readers pray that it may be so.

The College buildings were providentially preserved, so that, although the supper announced for the evening had to be abandoned, the subscribers were able to meet for tea as previously arranged. Before they left the tables, a sympathetic and powerful address was delivered by Rev. John McNeill, who had afterwards to leave for his own service at the Agricultural Hall. J. Peters, Esq., occupied the chair at the evening meeting, at which the President and Vice-President reported upon the work of the College, and addresses were given by Dr. Barnardo, and two student-pastors, Messrs. J. E. Joyney and T. Cousins. The Trustees and

other friends who have usually gone the round of the supper tables, to gather in the gifts of the guests, now collected their contributions under very different conditions; and it was a matter of devout thankfulness that, notwithstanding the fire, more than £1,300 was thus added to the funds of the College. This sum was afterwards increased to considerably over £1,500,—a remarkable amount under the trying circumstances,—especially as many donors almost immediately commenced giving to the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund. After hearty thanks to the Lord, and to the chairman and all other helpers, this never-to-be-forgotten day was closed with the Benediction.

On *Thursday morning, April 21*, as soon as the President and his dear brother entered the Conference Hall, the whole assembly rose and cheered them, and then sang, as the only fitting expression of their deep emotions,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

After a season of prayer, the President read a selection from the telegrams and letters of sympathy and help which had been pouring in upon him ever since the fire became known. Before proceeding with the programme, Pastor J. C. Carlile asked and obtained permission to read the following resolution, which he moved, Pastor T. W. Medhurst seconded, and all present carried with the utmost enthusiasm and heartiness :—

"That this meeting of the members and associates at the Eleventh Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, desires to take the earliest opportunity of expressing its profound sympathy with its President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the Church of which he is Pastor, in the dire calamity which has destroyed the Tabernacle so dear to Christians in every land.

"The brethren of the Conference pledge themselves to do all in their power, both privately and in their churches, to assist in raising the necessary funds for rebuilding the House of Prayer which has been a home and a blessing to Christians of every name all over the world."

Pastor Charles Spurgeon then delivered his Vice-Presidential address upon "Counsels as to the Conduct of the Holy War." The thoughts of the brethren were so engrossed in the Tabernacle fire and its consequences, that it seemed impossible for them to think of any other theme; but the beloved speaker, with all his accustomed power and vigour, dilated upon the various aspects of the great spiritual conflict in which we are engaged, and pointed out the certainty of victory in the Lord's good time. Pastor C. Ingre (Wimbledon) then read his admirable paper on "The Special Difficulties in the way of an Evangelical Ministry to-day," and the rest of the morning was devoted to the unfinished business of the Conference.

The following resolution was passed unanimously and very heartily :—
"That we express to our beloved friend, Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, our most cordial thanks for her generous and welcome gift, which we shall all prize as long as we live; and that we, at the same time, make known to her our deep and tender sympathy in what must be to her a great grief, the destruction of the Tabernacle where her now-glorified husband so long preached the glorious gospel, and we pray that the Lord may most graciously sustain her in this sore trial."

Pastor W. Williams reported the progress of the fund for the testimonial to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and Pastor J. S. Hockey delivered the message with which he had that morning been entrusted by Mrs. Spurgeon, namely, that she had decided to give to the Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund the whole amount to be presented to her by the brethren. (The cheque carried to "Westwood" by the deputation appointed for the purpose, Pastors W. Williams and J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., was for £74 1s. 6d., and that sum will be found in the list of contributions acknowledged in the present

Magazine towards the rebuilding. The two brethren were also asked by Mrs. Spurgeon to convey her very grateful thanks to the whole of the donors of the testimonial, and this they have done through the medium of the denominational and other religious papers.)

Dr. McCaig and Mr. Ewing, the Secretaries of the Association, Pastor T. Greenwood, the Remembrancer, and C. F. Allison, Esq., the Manager of the Assurance Community, were all re-elected; it was reported that the number of members and associates was 780; and *Monday, June 20*, was fixed as the date for the *Conference Day of Prayer*.

Through the prompt kindness of the authorities at Exeter Hall, that building, so closely associated with Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's early ministry, was the scene of the Thursday night public meeting, which was to have been held in the Tabernacle. It was densely crowded by an enthusiastic audience, who gave the President and his brother a magnificent reception when they passed up to their places on the platform. The proceedings, almost as a matter of course, related as largely to the fire and its consequences as to the College and its work; the two subjects received able treatment from the President, Vice-President, Deacon W. Olney, Pastors W. Hackney, M.A., J. Bradford (Leytonstone), and E. Last (Glasgow), and Mr. Owen, one of the present students.

On *Friday morning, April 22*, the President reported that "the tidal wave of sympathy and love was still flowing," and gave further extracts from telegrams and letters which he had received, for all of which he was deeply grateful, especially for those which contained evidence of *practical* sympathy in the form of contributions towards the large amount which would be needed for rebuilding the Tabernacle. Letters from "our own men" in Scotland, the United States, India, and Italy, were read amid evidences of the deepest interest of the brethren in their comrades at a distance, and the President promised to reply to them in the name of the Conference as well as on his own behalf. A resolution of "deep sympathy" with the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was passed by a silent rising vote, and he was earnestly commended to the Lord in prayer. The hearty thanks of the brethren from the country were accorded to the hosts who had so kindly entertained them, as many of them have done for a great number of years.

Then came the closing service. The President read Luke xxii. 14—34, and 54—62; his brother offered an earnest, touching prayer, in which he recalled the first meeting of the week, and the forecast of the Conference as a heart-searching time, which it had been in a way of which none of them had dreamt then, and which none had wished. The President's text was Luke xxii. 31, 32, from which he preached a tender yet faithful sermon which will, in due course, appear in our pages. It was a fitting preparation for the communion, at which Pastor A. G. Brown gave a brief but powerful address upon our present possessions as children of God. At the close of the sacred feast, we once more linked hands, and sang our farewell Psalm,—

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity."

Thus ended the Conference which, at least in some respects, will always be distinguished from all that have preceded or that may follow it.

At the dinner table, Pastor F. H. White (in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Greenwood) reported that the brethren had collected or contributed £380 for the College during the year, an increase of £35 upon the total of the previous twelve months. Thanks were given by acclamation to the Hospitalities Committee, who certainly deserved them for the manner in which they had discharged their duties during a week of unparalleled stress and strain.

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.

Brighter Years. The Second Part of the Autobiography of SYDNEY WATSON. Hodder and Stoughton.

THERE is no falling off in the interest of this *Autobiography*. We might truly repeat all that we said in commendation of the first volume, and this second part has the additional charm that it records the *brighter years* of Christian life and labour. It also tells, in a delightful fashion, Sydney and Lily Watson's love-story; and for that reason alone will be welcomed by many who have read the multitude of other people's love-stories which these two prolific writers have narrated so vividly. The book abounds in incident and anecdote; we give just one specimen, which occurs in the account of "Syd's" first visit to his *fancé's* home in Wiltshire:—

"What a curiosity I was in the village! How old and young plied me with countless questions about the sea, and 'them there furrin parts!'

"I zay, Measter Zailor, be it true as the fishes do flee in them furrin zeas?" asked Ned, an old man who was greatly interested in my advent into the village, and who could not believe the story and the picture which he had seen once in a book.

"Oh, yes!" I said, 'there are such things as flying fish; I have often seen them. But they do not fly along overhead like birds, but leap out of the water, and fly a few feet above it, sometimes for a good distance.'

"Vell, vell, to be zure. I zeed it in a book, but I never b'lieves nothing in them there printed things, 'cos they's only printed to zell, I do b'lieve. I be got a nephry up to Lunnun, who zort o' puts up the 'tike, or whatever they calls it,—the letters, yer knows, what they prints the noosepeepers with. An' he telled I onct, as how they keeps volk wot they calls penny-a-liars, to concoct lies to vill up the kolums in them peepers. An', one day, they axed the editor chap vur vour lines to vill up, an' he said, "Oh, kill a boy at

Brixton!" Zo they telled him as they killed a boy there yesterday, to vill up. Then he zez, "Konderdick it, an' that'll 'bout make yer vour lines." Ah, me! Lunnun be a main vicked place, I be thinkin'; and them printer chaps be the wustest o' the lot."

George Müller, the Modern Apostle of Faith. By F. G. WARNE. Bristol: W. F. Mack and Co.

AN admirable life-story of the saintly man recently called home. It is the romance of a true belief in God, and what that can do, in prevailing prayer. In these degenerate days, such a biography is a fine tonic to true trust in God, and reliance upon the eternal faithfulness; we warmly welcome it as an instalment of the larger one that must surely be written.

Father John of the Greek Church. An Appreciation, by ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

ANOTHER of the gifted Doctor's generous "appreciations" of godly folk outside the Evangelical Church. If the selections here given of the Greek Patriarch are typical, he is a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a very deeply-taught one, too. Dr. Whyte hopes that Father John may become the apostle of a new quickening and revival to all religion in Europe; and in that prayer, all who love the Saviour will heartily join.

A Faithful Churchman: Memoir of James Robertson, D.D., F.R.S.E. By A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D. Edinburgh; R. and R. Clark. London: A. and C. Black.

A NOBLE man who, in stormy times, acted according to his light. His faithful churchmanship does not particularly attract us; but his faithful character does. Dr. James Robertson had strong natural parts, and his so-called Moderatism is a

misleading label, the man himself being interpenetrated with a deep spirituality and a great faith. Whether we consider him as a man of debate, a minister, or a Professor, he is suffused with strong and charitable feeling, and his life is set to the key-note of spiritual religion. On every ground, such a career is worthy of being recorded, and the record supplied by Dr. Charteris is a meet tribute.

The Investment of Influence. A Study of Social Sympathy and Service.
By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A REAL live book, throbbing with energy. Here is a mine packed with nuggets and gems of thought, all aglow with light and heat, such as can only be generated by a sanctified brain and heart of a high order. If this is not an epoch-making work, it is of the epoch-making class. It is permeated with gospel truth, and the spirit of Christ. Those who would do the young of both sexes real service, should put this volume into their hands. A correction is needed on page 128 in reference to Cologne Cathedral, which is said to have taken four hundred years to complete; it really was six hundred.

In the list of Greathearts, we should have liked to see a reference to our beloved Greatheart, whose magnetic personality and faithful gospel ministry attracted tens of thousands to Christ, and whose influence is still felt throughout the world. Never was there a better investment, in the best meaning of that term, than when C. H. Spurgeon gave himself up to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Personal Friendships of Jesus. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ALL the Christian world, or almost all, now knows what to expect from the pen of Dr. Miller; and this new volume will confirm and not disappoint such expectations. We meet with the same devoutness and suggestiveness, wise discrimination and tender pathos, appropriate quotation and felicity of illustration which have made the Doctor's previous volumes

such healthy and pleasant reading. Without endorsing all that is in the book, especially some quite gratuitous and depreciatory assumptions in the chapter upon "Jesus and Thomas," there is so much that is eminently calculated to help all to seek, value, and emulate the friendship of the Lord Jesus that we wish the volume the widest possible circulation.

"Nights of Crisis." By Rev. H. E. STONE. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

NINE brief, pithy, suggestive studies of Bible "Nights of Crisis." Mr. Stone has not sought to be exhaustive, but has given hints rather than elaborations. There is, all through the book, the impression that his goods are not all in the window; but that there is a well-furnished warehouse behind. As to the matter and teaching, it is full of strong Christian instruction and appeal, the aim being to reach the conscience, and the will, and so to influence the life. A living Christ, as Redeemer, Lord, and Friend, is powerfully declared; and only His righteousness is offered as the soul's beautiful garment. We heartily commend this volume to our readers as good value for the small price (2s. 6d.) that will purchase it.

The Missionary Expansion of the Reformed Churches. By Rev. J. A. GRAHAM, M.A. A. and C. Black.

FAR and away the ablest sketch of modern foreign missions, packed into the very smallest compass. Here, for one shilling and sixpence, is a delightfully-written story of God's wonders among the heathen, illustrated with no less than 150 pictures, portraits, and maps! How it can have been produced at the price, we cannot imagine; but here it is, and a splendid little volume from every point of view. The place of honour is freely given to the Baptists as the real pioneers of missions, whilst generous acknowledgment of all service and heroism is also made. One of those works,—very few, at most,—that go up on our shelves for frequent reference, yet with a fascination for all who are interested in the progress of the Divine Kingdom on earth.

Goldfields and Chrysanthemums. Notes of Travel in Australia and Japan. By CATHERINE BOND. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A DELIGHTFULLY unpretentious and chatty story of travels. Just at this time, when both the Western goldfields of Australia and the flowery land of Japan are full of interest to English folk, this graceful description of goldfields and chrysanthemums will be specially welcome to a large circle of readers. Mrs. Bond has a facile pen, and her easy-flowing style lures you on page after page, and all the while fills mind and imagination with valuable stores of fact and incident. The photo-illustrations are admirably produced, whilst the unique cover and binding of the volume will secure it a hearty reception wherever taste is possessed. The whole impression, as the book is finished, is, that we have here a very vivid picture of fascinating lands and people, given by one who has seen them with a fresh eye, and described them with considerable literary skill. The authoress need have had no "trepidation in launching her frail bark on the ocean of literature," as she modestly states in her Preface. It is a trim, sea-worthy vessel, and should come into the haven of success with colours flying.

The New Order of Nobility. By F. A. REES. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

A LITTLE book on a great theme, and

one of more than average worth. The breezy influence of the inspired Book of Proverbs and the uninspired writings of Thomas Carlyle is manifest all through these trenchant papers; but Mr. Rees is no mere reproducer, but one who puts striking truth in very original form. For young men and women who can and will read books that instruct and inspire, this will be a splendid gift. It will teach them the unique value of lofty character and religious principle, and help them to escape the shows and shams that parody these high qualities.

The publishers also have done their part in admirable fashion; the volume deserves a wide sale.

Brief Sermons for Busy Men. By R. F. HORTON, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

HALF-A-DOZEN sermons emphatically modern in teaching and style. In some of them, there is deep spirituality; but, in others, a nervous dread, all too manifest, of being, to any degree, orthodox in teaching. The sermon on "Atonement" is sadly disappointing; as, whilst it promises to expound Paul's declaration, "*He hath made Him to be sin for us,*" it dexterously evades reference to Christ's substitution!! How Dr. Horton can be so devout, and yet so afraid of the central truths that are the very soul and glory of the gospel, is a standing puzzle and mystery.

Notes.

A friend, who has been the means of circulating quite a number of copies of the *Autobiography*, writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"It is a great joy to me to be able to send for two more copies of dear Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography*. It has given me untold happiness to find customers for it, not only in the hope of encouraging you in your labour of love, but also because of the incalculable good the book is sure to do wherever it goes. I see *The Methodist Recorder* called your beloved husband 'the last and greatest of the Puritan preachers.' He is greatest, incomparably, I know; but, thank God, he is not the last, and I quite expect his *Autobiography* will multiply the number to a bewilderingly large multitude.

I wish it could be impressed on the public what a delightful book it is for boys. My two—aged ten and seven—are very excited over it."

There is a hint for Christian parents. Many will remember how greatly "the child" in the Stambourne Manse was impressed by the Puritan books he found and read there; and it would be quite natural that Mr. Spurgeon's recital of the very wonderful way the Lord led him in his boyhood should be the means of raising up a noble band of lovers of the same blessed truths which did so much for him, and accomplished so much through him.

In the letter from Professor Fergusson,

which was read at the College Conference, the veteran tutor made use of this expression concerning "the *Autobiography* of our glorified chief:—"It is a resurrection from the dead, and by it CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON lives, moves, and has his being once more in our midst."

The more that remarkable description is examined, the more accurate will it prove to be. When the first volume of the *Autobiography* appeared, the London and provincial newspapers, both religious and secular, devoted whole columns, not only to reviews of the book, and copious extracts from its pages, but to more or less reliable versions of his life story, so that people who had begun to forget "the prince of preachers" had their memories refreshed, and he was indeed made to live over again in the records of his wonderful career. The same thing has happened in connection with the lamentable fire which burned up the Tabernacle. Once more, papers of all shades of opinion have vied with one another in repeating the oft-told tale of the young preacher's unparalleled success at New Park Street Chapel, Exeter Hall, and the Surrey Gardens Music Hall, which made the erection of the Metropolitan Tabernacle an absolute necessity. When the official record of those notable days is published in the volume now in course of preparation, we expect to see history once more repeat itself in a similar fashion.

Messrs. A. H. Stockwell and Co. ask us to announce that the June number of *The Baptist Monthly* will be specially Spurgeonic, containing, under "Our Leading Preachers," a sketch and a new portrait of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; also an illustrated article entitled "The Stockwell Orphanage: a Remarkable History." Among many other interesting items, will be a paper by Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A., on "The Missionary Forward Movement."

COLLEGE.—Mr. E. S. Hadler has removed from Fivehead, to Burton Stogursey, near Bridgwater; Mr. W. Osborne has gone from Chatham, to Whitstable; and Mr. R. T. Sole has become pastor of the Union Church, Trinity Chapel, Devonshire Road, Hackney. Mr. H. Dunn has taken charge of the work at Basco, Illinois, U.S.A.; but he will continue to reside at La Salle.

Soon after this number of the Magazine is issued, our Brother Patrick, from Tangier, will (p.v.) be at "Brackenhurst," Redhill, Surrey, where he will be glad to hear of openings for preaching, either as a supply or with a view to the pastorate.

ORPHANAGE.—Our readers will not forget that the Annual Festival will (p.v.) be held on *Thursday, June 23*. The chairman at the afternoon meeting is to be John Marnham, Esq., J.P.; and at the evening gathering, Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, LL.D. In addition to the speakers announced last

month, F. F. Belsey, Esq., Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., and Pastor R. S. Latimer are expected. There will be a series of exhibitions of moving photographs by David Devant, Esq., and the bands of the Greenwich Division of police and of the training-ship *Arethusa*, beside the usual attractions, musical drill, singing, and hand-bell ringing by the orphan children.

Mr. Charlesworth, with a choir of boys, proposes to visit the churches in and around London, taking part with the ministers in conducting the week-night prayer-meeting. Pastors Archibald G. Brown, W. Stott, and others, speak most gratefully of these services.

COLPORTEGE.—The colporteurs were among the first to send in their hearty expressions of sympathy upon hearing of the destruction of "the dear old Tabernacle," and a desire being expressed by them to share in the effort for the Rebuilding Fund, arrangements were promptly made so that, within a week of the disaster, each man was supplied with a numbered subscription list to enable him to glean the humbler gifts of the many in their Districts whose warm eager interest had been evoked.

During the month, sales have been considerably affected by the various strikes among workmen in different localities. The colporteurs have, however, been assisting in some cases to relieve prevailing distress, and they hope to earn the goodwill of the people against more prosperous times.

Reports received from the Districts continue encouraging; the following is a specimen extract:—"Calling at a cottage, one day, an old lady and one of her neighbours, who had been conversing, put the question to me, 'Don't the Prodigal Son we read of in the Bible mean us?' I tried to explain the Parable, and pointed out to them how we have all wandered away from God, and then I told them of His loving heart, and of His willingness to receive every erring one who returns to Him. As I talked, they were moved to tears, and seemed much impressed, thanking me very heartily as I proceeded on my way."

The Annual Meetings are being held just as these "Notes" are in the printers' hands; our report of them must, therefore, wait until next month, when we hope also to include in the Magazine our new Report.

Funds are greatly needed to enable the Committee to extend the work, and they earnestly appeal for regular annual subscriptions to the General Fund. All amounts will be gratefully acknowledged; they should be addressed to Mr. S. Wigney, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Upton Chapel, for Metropolitan Tabernacle:—April 28, ten.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Amounts received to May 15th, 1893.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss C. Sharman ...	25	0	0	The British Weekly (1st instalment) ...	192	17	0
Miss E. Tarrant ...	1	0	0	Y.P.S.C.E., Surrey Gardens Memorial			
Rev. J. Wesley Boud ...	1	0	0	Hall ...	4	0	0
Collected by Pastor H. Davis	1	0	0	Miss Alice Hancock ...	2	2	0
S. V. ...	2	0	0	Mrs. A. Shearman ...	5	0	0
Miss E. Porter ...	1	1	0	Miss Harris ...	10	0	0
Miss Lizzie Paxon ...	2	0	0	Mr. David Kerr ...	5	0	0
Mr. H. Oxford ...	1	0	0	Collection at Young People's meeting,			
Mr. W. R. Seward ...	1	0	0	Clapton Hall, per Mr. J. McVicker...	2	5	5
Mr. C. Dunman ...	5	0	0	A. S. ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Brayne ...	5	0	0	Collection at Burley Road Baptist			
Mr. F. N. Freeth ...	5	0	0	Chapel, Leeds, per Pastor F. W. Walter	8	13	1
Mr. J. Hughes ...	2	2	0	Mr. Wm. Riddell ...	1	0	0
Pastor J. and Mrs. Raymond ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Ann Mott ...	2	0	0
Rev. F. C. Carter ...	25	0	0	Mr. H. A. Battley ...	1	1	0
J. H. S. ...	10	0	0	Contribution from Shepherd's Bush			
Mr. Berkley Foster ...	1	0	0	Tabernacle, per Pastor G. W. Pope...	2	2	0
Dr. H. Soltau ...	2	0	0	Dr. T. G. Churcher ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Jeffery ...	2	10	0	Rev. G. Osborne ...	1	0	0
Pastor T. Greenwood ...	10	10	0	Mr. Joseph Cooper ...	1	1	0
Pastor A. A. Harmer ...	2	0	0	Mr. Hugh Hamilton ...	1	0	0
Colonel R. Parry Nisbet ...	15	15	0	Mrs. Robert Middleton ...	1	0	0
Mr. & Mrs. Weekes, and Fanny and Susie	10	0	0	Mr. James Scott ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. H. Howells ...	1	0	0	Forty subscriptions from Old Sodbury,			
Captain H. F. Morton ...	1	0	0	per Pastor A. J. Parker ...	1	13	7
Mr. W. F. Escott ...	1	0	0	Collection from Blackmore Church, per			
"In Pastor's letter-box"	10	0	0	Pastor H. A. Fletcher ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Newby ...	2	0	0	Mr. Robert Brazil ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Miss Harvey ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. A. Howard ...	2	2	0
Pastor C. L. Gordon ...	5	0	0	Mr. A. Holborn West ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Purdy ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson ...	5	0	0
Miss Vanner ...	1	0	0	From South London Tabernacle, per			
"Our Own Hymn Book"	10	0	0	Pastor E. Roberts ...	12	15	6
Mrs. Winsor ...	1	0	0	Pastor G. N. Williams ...	1	0	0
Pastor A. V. G. Chandler ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Rogers and Mr. E. Rogers ...	3	0	0
Mr. R. E. Kemp, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0	Mr. Harry Cooke ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Sears ...	1	1	0	Mr. William Grant ...	2	10	0
Mr. J. T. Talbot ...	1	0	0	Miss E. Spliedt ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. J. Field, per Pastor J. W. Ewing	50	0	0	Mr. T. W. Partridge ...	1	1	0
Prayer-meeting offering from New				A constant reader of C. H. Spurgeon's			
Mill Church, Tring, per Pastor H. J.				sermons ...	1	0	0
Martin ...	1	7	6	Mr. R. Beck ...	5	0	0
West Hill Baptist Church, Wandsworth, per Pastor W. Jeyes Styles ...	5	0	0	Mr. E. Lewis ...	5	0	0
G. B. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Richings ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Charles Burt ...	3	3	0	C. H. ...	5	0	0
Miss J. N. Dixon ...	2	0	0	Mr. A. Brocas Clay ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Chenies Baptist Church, per Pastor T. A. Judd ...	1	7	6	"The Village Blacksmith" ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Bracknell Baptist Church, per Pastor C. Crabbe ...	5	0	0	Mr. C. W. Bull ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hodgson ...	1	0	0	Mr. James Fraser ...	3	0	0
Mr. G. T. Stevens ...	5	0	0	Combined gifts of one or two working-people, per Pastor E. Last ...	2	0	0
Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A. ...	2	2	0	Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S. ...	10	0	0
Mr. Axel Welin ...	10	0	0	Proceeds of lecture to young people, per Mr. G. Pearson ...	3	0	0
Mr. D. Elvin ...	5	5	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0	Presentation to Mrs. C. H. S. from Pastors' College	74	1	6
Mr. C. A. Bannister ...	5	0	0	Evangelical Association			
Dr. J. A. Dunbar ...	5	0	0	Collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	11	10	0
Mr. J. B. Crisp ...	1	0	0	A. B. ...	25	0	0
Mr. M. Stringer ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Crossby ...	20	0	0
Miss H. Beves ...	1	0	0	Bank notes from Croydon	10	0	0
Mrs. Pogson ...	1	1	6	Miss Pim ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Rainbow ...	3	0	0	Miss Spencer ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cornforth ...	1	0	0	Miss Francis ...	2	0	0
Mr. T. Cornborough ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Downing ...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Ewart ...	1	0	0	A friend, Liverpool ...	1	0	0
M. A. L. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Giles Shaw ...	5	5	0
T. G. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Dales ...	1	0	0
Miss Swain ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Scott ...	1	0	0
Mr. Harper ...	1	0	0	The Dowager Lady Abercromby ...	5	5	0
Pastors' College Students at 55, Lorrimer Road ...	3	10	0	A poor sinner ...	5	0	0
Pastor E. and Mrs. Dyer ...	1	1	0	Amounts under £1 ...	2	1	6
Mr. G. Clarke, R.N. ...	1	1	0				
Mrs. W. Nicoll ...	2	0	0				
Mr. John Wickham ...	1	0	0				

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	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. Y. ...	2	2	0	Miss C. Mason ...	2	2	0
Friends at Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, per Pastor T. Hancock ...	0	14	7	Mr. W. Tarrant ...	1	0	0
Mr. M. Haddow ...	2	0	0	Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—			
Received by Pastor T. Spurgeon at Upton Chapel ...	2	0	0	"Aldwinckle" ...	1	0	0
R. H. ...	5	0	0	A friend ...	0	2	6
S. B. ...	1	0	0	Mr. Outram ...	0	5	0
L. and A. Blackman ...	2	10	0	Mrs. Runsey ...	0	5	0
From Baptist Church, Windsor, per Pastor Jesse Aubrey ...	6	6	7	Mrs. Lewis ...	1	12	6
Mr. Beresford Foyle ...	1	1	0	"After the Cross the Crown" ...	5	6	0
Mr. A. Sconce ...	1	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Allchin ...	1	1	0
Collections at Dorman's Land Chapel, per Pastor Noah Heath ...	3	3	0	Special collection at Baptist Chapel, Cheam, per Mr. W. G. Potter ...	3	1	0
Pastor Noah Heath and family ...	2	2	0	Mr. F. E. Lang ...	2	0	0
Miss Dalton and Miss S. J. Taylor ...	1	0	0	Mr. A. W. Sutherland ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. D. Marshall ...	5	0	0	Miss F. H. Wood ...	10	0	0
Mr. Fredk. Keep ...	10	0	0	Miss R. Daniell ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Watley ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. Smellie ...	5	0	0
Mr. A. P. Blaxter ...	1	1	0	Rev. Dr. E. Wilkinson ...	1	0	0
"In Pastor's letter-box" ...	1	15	0	Mr. A. J. Ashley ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. Gardner ...	3	3	0	"A fellow-labourer" ...	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Balls ...	3	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Y.M.C.A. Bible-class, Weston-super-Mare, per Mr. H. Harrison ...	1	5	0	Mr. Walter J. Benham ...	2	0	0
Mr. A. Smith ...	10	0	0	Mr. William Moir ...	1	0	0
Collected at Union Baptist Chapel, Shirley, Southampton, per Pastor E. R. Pullen ...	2	2	6	Pastor Aug. Kunz ...	1	0	0
Collections at Providence Chapel, Highbury Place, N., per Pastor P. Reynolds ...	12	0	0	Sums under £1 ...	1	0	6
Mrs. Haywood ...	60	0	0				
Mr. Ray Stevens ...	1	0	0	From Pastor and people (133 subscribers) at Mansion House Mission, per Pastor G. W. Linnecar ...	10	14	2
Collection at special service at Gordon Road Mission Hall, per Mr. W. Loveless ...	1	1	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, May 1 to 15 ...	9	17	2
The British Weekly (2nd instalment) ...	94	3	1	Mr. Edward Dawson ...	5	0	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen ...	3	0	0	From St. Luke's Church, Camberwell:—			
Miss Bickerton Evans ...	10	10	0	Evening Offertory ...	9	7	9
A sympathizer ...	3	0	0	Special Parish Collection ...	2	17	3
				Mrs. Hall ...	12	5	0
				Amounts under £1 ...	35	7	11
					£1,187	7	6

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. S. Boot ...	1	1	0	Pastor W. and Mrs. Stott ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Boot ...	0	10	6	Mr. W. J. Godbold ...	1	1	0
Miss N. A. Boot ...	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Narroway ...	5	0	0
Mrs. C. E. Blakeway ...	0	10	6	"No name" ...	0	10	0
Mrs. A. E. Dunman ...	0	10	6	Mr. F. Fisher ...	5	5	0
Mr. A. G. Snellgrove ...	0	10	0	"Tenth Legion" ...	5	0	0
Mr. J. E. Rabbeth ...	2	2	0	Mrs. C. Parker ...	2	2	0
Mr. John Mead ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. Smith ...	1	0	0
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D. ...	1	1	0	Mr. Geo. P. Baker ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Rawlings ...	5	5	0	Mr. J. W. Ottaway ...	1	5	0
Moiety of collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor T. Lardner ...	1	10	0	Mr. J. Leaver ...	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. Evans ...	25	0	0	Mr. W. Greatrex ...	1	1	0
Mr. Thos. Moore ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Fuller ...	2	2	0
Mr. F. Leete ...	1	1	0	Pastor C. B. Sawday ...	3	3	0
Mrs. Stiff ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce ...	5	0	0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. ...	5	5	0	The Miaser Pearce ...	2	2	0
Rev. W. L. Lang, F.R.G.S. ...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harvey ...	1	1	0
The Executors of the late Rev. Thos. King ...	179	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Wagstaff ...	2	2	0
Mr. Burton ...	1	1	0	Miss Wagstaff ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family ...	50	0	0	Mr. Joshua Keovil ...	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs ...	25	0	0	Mr. B. B. Blake ...	1	1	0
Mr. W. M. Higgs ...	2	2	0	Pastor N. Heath ...	1	0	0
Miss Lottie Higgs ...	2	2	0	Mr. A. C. Hollands ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill ...	10	0	0	Miss Smalridge ...	2	2	0
Mr. E. J. Hill ...	2	2	0	Mr. E. W. H. Harrold ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgs ...	5	0	0	Mr. C. J. Harrold ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith ...	5	0	0	Miss Harrold ...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Uden ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. W. Harrold ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Tatnell ...	4	4	0	Mr. W. T. Dives ...	5	0	0
Rev. J. Turner ...	0	10	6	Rev. J. A. Arnold ...	5	0	0
Miss Knowles ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Arnold ...	1	0	0
				Mr. A. E. Chadwick ...	5	0	0
				Mrs. S. G. Wicking ...	0	10	0
				Mr. T. Boon ...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Phillips	1	1	0	Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son ...	1	1	0
Miss Minnie Phillips	2	2	0	Mrs. G. W. Russell	0	10	6
Miss P. Butcher	1	1	0	Mr. R. Stocks	1	1	0
Miss M. J. Stephenson	0	5	0	Mr. W. Hill	1	1	0
Miss Janet Wood	2	2	0	Mr. S. H. Ruge	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henderson	2	0	0	Pastor W. E. Rice	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Speedbury	5	0	0	Mr. T. Round	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cory	2	0	0	Mrs. Allen	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Reavell	5	0	0	Miss Allen	1	1	0
Miss Letty Reavell	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson ...	6	0	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ford	2	2	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0	Mr. P. R. Phillips	3	3	0
Miss L. Chamberlain	0	10	0	Mr. C. Phillips	3	3	0
E. J. E.	50	0	0	Mr. H. Seaton	2	2	0
Miss Neal	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Sawyer	2	2	0
Rev. W. J. and Mrs. Mayers ...	2	2	0	Mr. E. Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	3	3	0	Miss C. Stanley	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins	3	3	0	Mr. J. Peters	52	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	3	3	0	Mr. W. Willett	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy	2	2	0	Dr. T. J. Barnardo	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Neele	3	3	0	Contribution from Zion Church, Ches-			
M. S. G.	0	10	0	ham, per Pastor A. Fritter	1	0	0
Mr. H. Hayward	5	0	0	Pastor A. Fritter	0	10	0
Rev. W. H. Gaussem	1	1	0	Pastor H. B. Bardwell	1	1	0
A Member	1	10	0	Pastor T. Breewood	0	10	0
Pastor F. M. Smith	2	2	0	Pastor R. J. Williamson	1	0	0
Mr. R. C. Latham	1	1	0	Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	5	0
Mr. J. Tonson Garlick	5	0	0	Mr. J. Whittle	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	15	0	0	Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0	A few friends at Guildford, per Pastor			
Miss Rose Thomas	1	1	0	J. Rankine	1	3	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0	Pastor W. Kirk Bryce	10	10	0
Mrs. Vinson	1	1	0	Pastor G. K. Smith	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Jeffery	1	1	0	Contribution from Faringdon Baptist			
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0	Church, per Pastor H. Smith	0	15	0
Miss Greenop	1	1	0	Friends at Brasted, per Pastor C. A.			
The Misses Buswell	5	0	0	Ingram	3	5	0
Mr. George Coote	1	1	0	"From a friend"	5	0	0
Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0	Pastor A. C. Batts	0	10	0
Mrs. Olney	3	3	0	Pastor T. Greenwood	2	2	0
Mr. W. Olney	5	0	0	Mr. Vaughan	5	5	0
Mr. H. K. Olney	3	3	0	Pastor O. R. Gibbon	0	10	0
Miss S. K. Olney	1	1	0	Contribution from Baptist Church,			
Miss A. K. Olney	1	1	0	Sevenoaks, per Pastor C. Rudge ...	1	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	3	0	0	Collection at Carlton Baptist Chapel,			
Mr. and Mrs. Downing	5	5	0	Southampton, per Pastor N. T.			
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	3	3	0	Jones-Miller	3	3	0
Mrs. Mackey	0	10	6	Contribution from Baptist Tabernacle,			
Mr. E. Johnson	5	5	0	Southport, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	7	7	0
Mr. Burke	3	3	0	Friends at Vauxhall Baptist Chapel, St.			
Mr. John Hall	6	0	0	Heliars, per Pastor W. Bonser ...	7	7	0
Mr. Wm. Arnold	1	11	6	Mr. G. Pine	5	0	0
Mr. James Hall	10	10	0	Pastor W. Sullivan	0	2	6
Miss Lila Hall	5	5	0	Pastor F. G. Greening	0	10	0
Rev. G. Warcham	2	0	0	Pastor T. B. Field	0	14	1
Mr. and Mrs. Wigney	2	2	0	Pastor J. G. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. G. H. Virtue and Mr. H. Virtue	5	0	0	Contribution from New Brompton			
Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0	Baptist Church, per Pastor W. W.			
Mr. F. Summers	5	5	0	Blocksidge	3	0	0
Miss Hooper	5	0	0	Collection at Baptist Chapel, George			
Mr. James Tait	1	1	0	Street, Ryde, I.W., per Pastor			
J. A. H.	1	1	0	E. Bruce Pearson	1	5	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Horniblow ...	1	1	0	Donation from Baptist Church, Dud-			
Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Roger	1	1	0	ley, per Pastor E. Milnes	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	5	5	0	Executors of late Mrs. M. P. Townsend	45	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. O'Neal	1	11	6	Mr. S. P. Catterson	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. O. Spurgeon, and			
Mr. F. Mullis	5	0	0	friends at South Street Baptist			
Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan	10	0	0	Chapel, Greenwich	20	0	0
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0	Mr. M. H. Hodder	2	2	0
G. C. M.	4	0	0	Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Miss N. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Mr. John Pearce	10	0	0	Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0
Mr. W. Hooker	1	1	0	Miss St. Clair S. K. Trotter ...	1	1	0
Mr. F. Hooker	1	1	0	Pastor W. Ruthven	0	10	0
Mrs. Wollacott	1	1	0	Pastor T. L. Johnson	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	10	0	0	Pastor and Mrs. T. Spurgeon ...	2	2	0
Miss Kerridge	1	1	0	Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0	Rev. E. A. Carter	5	0	0
Miss M. A. Dickens	1	1	0	Mr. W. Manington	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spree	2	0	0	A. and J. McLaren	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Friends at Cottage Green Chapel, per				A friend at Mellsham, per Pastor G.				
Pastor James Smith	2	2	0	A. Webb	0	5	0	
Pastor James Stephens, M.A. ...	10	10	0	Mr. W. Mould	1	1	0	
Contribution from Bow Road Baptist				Mr. S. T. Lancaster	2	2	0	
Church, per Pastor F. H. King ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Winckworth	6	5	0	
Mr. H. Burman	5	0	0	Misses A. G. and E. Gould ...	4	0	0	
Mrs. P. A. Bonetto	2	2	0	Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—				
Mr. J. J. Jones	0	6	0	Ald. R. Cory, J.P.	5	0	0	
Mr. G. E. Morgan	10	0	0	Mr. John Jones	2	2	0	
Mr. T. H. Olney	50	0	0	Mr. John Davies	1	1	0	
Mr. A. Norman	2	2	0	Mr. Samuel Grey	1	1	0	
Mr. Robert Taylor	1	1	0	Mr. William Grey	1	1	0	
Miss A. Norris	0	10	0					10 5 0
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0	Pastor J. J. Irving	0	10	0	
Mr. R. Hayward	1	1	0	Pastor H. J. Preece	0	5	0	
Contribution from Salem Chapel,				Mr. H. Packham	5	0	0	
Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards ...	3	0	0	Mr. J. Warren	5	0	0	
Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Fielder	1	0	0	
Mr. E. Frisby	10	0	0	Mr. James Clark	25	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Allum	2	0	0	Mr. W. Smellie	2	2	0	
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0	Contribution from Wellington Street				
Pastor John Bates	0	2	8	Baptist Church, Stockton-on-Tees,				
Mrs. E. Barrett	1	0	0	per Pastor F. J. Feltham	3	11	0	
Mr. T. G. Ackland	5	0	0	Miss Gilbert	5	0	0	
Pastor J. Askew	1	0	0	Mrs. M. Davies	2	2	0	
Pastor D. Honour	0	10	0	Pastor H. Rodger	1	0	0	
Mr. J. A. Tawell	5	0	0	Contribution from Waltham Abbey				
Pastor W. Cuff	6	0	0	Church, per Pastor G. H. Kirby ...	1	1	0	
Mr. John Coutts	5	6	0	Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0	
Mr. W. J. Graham	5	0	0	Mr. W. Abbott	5	5	0	
Mrs. E. Dring	1	0	0	Rev. F. C. Carter	3	3	0	
Principal A. McCaig, B.A., LL.D. ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Hawkey	5	5	0	
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell ...	1	10	0	
Contribution from Grosvenor Road				Mr. C. Dew	3	3	0	
Baptist Church, Romney Street, per				Mrs. Buckmaster	1	1	0	
Pastor Geo. Davies	5	8	0	Mr. Berkeley Foster	1	0	0	
Salem Church, St. Peter's, Kent, per				Miss A. Winter	2	2	0	
Pastor J. T. Castle	1	0	0	Mr. J. T. Cook	5	0	0	
Contribution from Salem Church,				Mr. C. E. Smith	50	0	0	
Hitchin, per Pastor C. S. Hull ...	4	12	6	Pastor W. D. McKiney	1	0	0	
Contribution from Eythorne, per Pastor				Mr. H. Drummond	0	5	0	
G. Stanley	3	5	1	A friend	0	2	0	
Contribution from Rochester Baptist				Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	2	2	0	
Church, per Pastor G. A. Miller ...	0	10	0	Pastor H. Rylands Brown	1	0	0	
Pastor J. Mitchell Cox	0	12	6	Miss Habershon	2	2	0	
Contribution from Bible-class at				Mr. Joseph Benson	3	3	0	
Baptist Chapel, Bulwell, per Pastor				Mr. W. H. Wilcox	10	10	0	
W. Slater	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Buckmaster ...	2	2	0	
Pastor D. Tait	1	1	0	Mr. M. H. Foster	2	2	0	
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Hossack	10	0	0	
Pastor T. H. Smith	0	6	6	Collection at College Annual Meeting,				
Mrs. Tyson	0	10	6	April 21st, at Exeter Hall	53	10	0	
Mr. J. Barrett	3	3	0	Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore & Sons ...	50	0	0	
Mr. G. N. Dean	10	0	0	A friend	0	10	0	
Contribution from Guernsey Baptist				Collection at Drummond Road Baptist				
Church, per Pastor J. Gard	1	1	0	Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh ...	2	11	6	
Pastor J. Briggs	0	5	0	Moiety of collections at Bloomsbury				
Contribution from East Dereham				Chapel, per Pastor B. J. Gibbon ...	6	10	8	
Baptist Church, per Pastor R. J.				Mr. F. Beves	0	2	8	
Layzell	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Raybould	5	5	0	
Pastor A. W. Wood	0	10	0	Mr. F. Adams	2	2	0	
Contribution from Aldershot Baptist				Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston,				
Church, per Pastor F. G. Kemp ...	0	7	8	per Pastor W. Sexton	0	15	4	
Mr. C. F. Neale	2	2	0	Mr. J. C. Wadland	3	3	0	
Miss Palmer	1	1	0	Mrs. E. R. Hill	0	1	0	
Pastor W. B. Nichols	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Parry	1	10	0	
Mrs. C. Ware	0	2	6	Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0	5	0	
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Allison	3	3	0	Mrs. Amy Jorman	1	0	0	
Mr. H. G. Davies	1	1	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0	
Mr. F. Sexton	2	2	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0	
Mrs. Ellwood	10	0	0	Miss C. Job	0	5	0	
Mr. C. Goddard Clarke, J.P., L.C.C. ...	4	4	0	Weekly Offering, April 17th	20	17	9	
Mr. W. Payne	5	5	0	Miss A. Brien	1	0	0	
Mrs. Bailey	1	1	0	Miss E. Spliedt	2	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	3	8	0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0	2	6	
Pastor J. S. Hockey	0	10	0	Rev. J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	3	0	0	
Contribution from Totteridge Road				Messrs. E. and G. Harris	2	2	0	
Church, Enfield Highway, per Pastor				Miss E. Powlesland	0	10	0	
A. W. Welch	1	1	0	Mr. Levi Haigh	0	5	0	
Pastor F. H. White	3	0	0	From Bow Baptist Sunday-school, per				
Pastor G. Pring	0	5	0	Mr. W. Cooper	2	2	0	

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Perkins	0 10 6	Mr. C. Laffin	0 5 0			
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bullman	1 1 0	Mr. Giles Shaw	2 2 0			
Rev. Newman Hall	10 10 0					4	9	0
Mrs. Tinniswood	3 3 0							
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-										
Mr. H. R. Colbeck ...	2	2	0					£1,664	17	11

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
P. M., per Mr. T. Cox	1 0 0	H. McS.	0 12 0
W. S.	0 5 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-	0 5 0
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton	3 9 6	"For Christ's sake"	0 5 0
Heath, per Mrs. Ralls	0 7 4	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey :-	0 7 0
Y.P.S.C.E., Beulah Baptist Chapel,	1 0 0	Mrs. Simmons' class	0 5 6
Thornton Heath, per Miss Harrauld...	18 0 0	Miss Arlet's class	0 15 6
Miss E. Spiedt		Mrs. Hockey's class	
North Africa Mission, per Mr. E. H.					1 8 0
Glenny, towards expenses of home-					£26 6 10
coming of Mr. N. H. Patrick					

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Geo. Gray	1 1 0	Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0 12 6
Mr. R. Johnson (Sunday morning	1 0 0	Mr. F. Oatley	1 0 0
breakfast table-box)	0 10 6	Mrs. E. Corby	0 5 0
Mrs. E. Williams	0 10 6	Mrs. Whatley	0 5 0
Mr. Thomas Trounson	0 3 0	Mr. M. Merry	0 2 6
Miss Elder	2 10 0	Mr. F. Holmes	0 10 0
Mr. R. Jago	3 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	0 10 0
Mr. F. Ketchlee	0 3 0	Mr. R. Brown	2 2 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	4 4 0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Mead	1 7 6	Mr. J. E. Perraton	0 1 0
Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, Plymouth	0 4 0	Miss Harding	
Mr. R. Dawson	0 6 6	Collected at the Old Baptist Sunday	
Mothers' Meeting, East Dereham, per		School, Castle Street, Guildford, per	
Mrs S. Capes	0 5 0	Mr. P. Pickett :-	
Per Pastor H. Trueman :-	0 8 0	Girls' box	1 3 10
Mrs. Summers	0 5 0	Boys' box	1 0 4
Collected by Mr. W. Snow	0 10 0	Infants' box	0 10 7
Mrs. H. Trueman	0 18 0	Young men's Bible-class	0 19 1
Ringstead Band of Hope	0 4 0	Young women's Bible-class	0 12 2
Collected by Mr. A. E. Calver	0 15 0	Mr. P. Pickett's box	0 16 0
F. G.	0 10 0	Mr. G. B. Pickett's box	0 6 10
Mrs. Alsop	1 10 0	Miss Parson's box	1 0 0
Mr. D. Boyd	1 0 0	Odd halfpence	0 0 2
Mrs. Owen	0 2 6	Collected by Mr. R. W. Iverson	6 9 0
Mr. W. Hidmead	2 2 0	Rev. Dr. E. Wilkinson	2 10 0
For the love of the Master	0 5 0	Mr. W. Brown	0 10 0
Mr. H. Coltman	2 10 0	Mr. R. Stallwood	0 3 0
For Jesus' sake	0 2 0	Mr. A. Bourns, B.A.	0 10 0
Collected by the late Mrs. Duncombe	1 5 6	Mr. F. Flanders	1 0 0
Mrs. Dunn	1 1 0	Mr. P. Blair	0 10 0
Miss G. Shaw	1 0 0	Mr. W. C. Collins	5 5 0
Mr. H. Teverson	0 7 6	Mr. J. G. Priestley	10 0 0
Miss B. D. Lewis	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Hood	0 10 0
Mr. G. Paiton	0 1 0	Rev. Jno. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Pastor W. D. McKinney	1 0 0	Miss E. J. Spurgeon	0 10 0
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	1 7 6	"A No. 8 old boy"	10 10 0
Collected by Miss G. E. Hammerton...	0 5 0	A., St. George's Cross	0 10 0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	5 5 0	M. A. L.	0 1 6
Moiety of proceeds of united meeting	5 13 5	P.O.O., 2588, Denmark	0 10 0
with Dr. Barnardo's Homes	1 5 0	Mr. J. L. Evans	0 10 0
Misses Foster	1 0 0	Collected by Miss Sampson	0 6 3
Staines Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr.	1 0 0	Parsons Heath Sunday-school, per Mr.	0 15 7
J. Holden	0 10 0	H. Letch	1 0 0
Golden wedding	0 10 6	Mr. H. Letch	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	1 1 0	Mr. J. Letch	1 5 0
Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son	2 2 0	Spott Road Baptist Sunday-school	
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wright	10 0 0	Cardiff, per Mr. C. T. Darch	0 10 6
Mr. G. H. Dean	1 0 0	Linton Road Sunday-school, New	0 10 0
Mr. W. McClintock	0 3 10	Cross, per Mr. J. B. Collin	
Collected by Miss E. Nevard		Mrs. Austin	

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Leigh ...	5	8	6	Postal order, Northampton ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Fromow ...	1	4	4	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Fleecance ...	0	6	0
Mr. W. Riddell ...	2	10	0	Miss Horton ...	1	0	0
Mr. L. Horner ...	1	0	0	Miss E. P. Horton ...	1	0	0
E. R. N. ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. J. A. James ...	2	4	0
Millbank Hall Sunday-school, per Mr.				R. S., Stockwell ...	0	1	0
J. W. Lawson ...	0	7	3	Miss Auckland ...	0	10	0
Miss Key ...	2	0	0	A reader of <i>The Christian World</i> , per			
M. H. ...	0	5	0	the Editor ...	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Balls ...	0	5	0	Per F. R. T. :-			
Collected by Miss D. Bevis ...	0	3	7	Mrs. Howard Blight ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Older ...	1	0	1	Mrs. Collingwood ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0	0	Mr. T. R. Johnson ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Beane ...	1	0	0	Mr. R. M. Dix ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Hewkley ...	0	11	0				1 15 0
Mrs. S. Pickering ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Morgan ...			1 0 0
Collected by Miss G. Harvie ...	0	7	0	Mrs. Garden ...			1 0 0
Miss A. Brien ...	1	0	0	Executors of the late Rev. Thomas			
Mrs. J. Storey ...	1	5	0	King ...			179 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Adgie ...	0	10	0	Executor of the late Mrs. M. P.			
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0	Townsend ...			18 0 0
Collected at Service of Song at Wat-				Executor of the late Miss Eliza			
ford by Mr. H. T. B. Gosling ...	1	1	6	Ranken ...			5 0 0
Mr. T. Dawes ...	0	6	0	Executor of the late Mr. Samuel			
Mrs. Maylam ...	0	6	0	Coxeter ...			4 5 3
Collected by Master Hunt ...	0	2	8	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon			2 0 0
Mr. W. F. Lamb ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Leiper ...			1 0 0
Mr. R. M. George ...	0	6	0	Mrs. Sladen ...			0 2 6
A. R. ...	0	10	0	Lucy ...			0 2 0
Miss A. Mackereth ...	0	2	6	M. H. B. S. ...			1 0 0
Collected by Master I. Maynard ...	0	2	6	Miss E. Powlesland, per J. T. D. ...			0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Moore ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Allchin ...			3 3 0
A. and M. ...	0	10	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the			
Mrs. Beves ...	0	2	6	Orphanage Choir :-			
Mrs. Parry ...	2	0	0	Moiety of Collection at Wheatsheaf			
Mr. T. Vickery ...	1	1	0	Hall ...			2 5 3
Box at Tabernacle Gates and Office Box	0	13	5	Band of Hope Union, Battersea Town			
Mr. R. Miller ...	5	0	0	Hall ...			0 10 6
Mr. A. Levitt ...	0	10	6	Baptist Total Abstinence Association			
Collected by Miss E. Campkin ...	1	1	0	Annual Meeting at City Temple ...			4 4 0
Mrs. and Miss I. Woodcock ...	0	10	0	Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, Brixton			1 13 3
Mr. T. Moore ...	5	0	0				
Miss Adcock ...	0	10	0				£398 10 8

List of Presents from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—34 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. H. Teverson; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1½ barn gallons Milk, Messrs. Walker and Sons; 19 Bath Chaps, 35 lbs. Lard, Mr. W. Dixon; 28 lbs. Butter, Messrs. J. Pentelow and Son.

Boys' CLOTHING:—1 parcel Clothing, Mrs. S. Elder; 3 Shirts, Mrs. Wilson; 1 pair Worn Socks, Anon.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—49 Articles, the Ladies' Sewing Meeting, Niton Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Bateman; 15 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 10 Articles, Miss L. Perratt; 201 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), the Reading Young Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. James Withers.

GENERAL:—1 Fancy Mat, L. M., per Mr. G. Lawrence; 1 box Flowers, the Misses A. and M. Phillips; 20 Volumes, the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, per Mr. W. J. Evans; 1 box Cut Flowers (for the Infirmary) from the little girls at Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Swanmore, per Miss Bessie Shackleton; 1 load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall; 1 box Cowslips, from the children of Crickham Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. J. Gadsby; a few Scripture Cards, Mr. W. Dewen; 3 Ties, 1 Cap, Mr. W. F. Escott.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				<i>General Fund:—</i>			
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds	10	0	0	Mrs. Barrett ...	0	10	0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris ...	11	5	0	Mr. Eamer, per Mr. H. Mears ...	0	8	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C.				Mr. Jeff, per Mr. H. Mears ...	0	1	0
Evans & Sons ...	19	0	0	Mrs. Helier ...	0	10	6
Southern Baptist Association ...	60	0	0	Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart ...	11	5	0	Mrs. A. Parry ...	0	10	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-				Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
wood ...	8	15	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley "Money Box" ...	1	5	2
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor & Gurney	10	0	0	Mrs. Raffield, "Money Box" ...	0	10	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Thos. Spurgeon ...			
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0	0	Stockwell Orphanage Boys' Christian			
				Band ...	0	2	11
				Mr. E. Brayne ...	1	1	0
				N.B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
	£136	5	0				£15 13 7

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
F. G.	0	5	0	For translations of sermons:—		
H. O. N.	0	5	0			
W. S.	0	5	0	H. O. N.	0	5
Mr. Giles Shaw	3	3	0	A friend (of ... Gaelic sermons, with 10s. for sermons in Braille type)		
Mrs. Hodges	0	5	0			
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	3	0		0	10
Postal order, Northampton	...	0	10	0			
Mrs. Ray	0	5	0		£5	18

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	3,315	11	4	Mrs. Scott	0	10	0
A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0	14	0	Per Pastor James Smith:—			
Mrs. Howell	1	1	0	Moor Green Sunday-			
Mrs. E. Jeffery	0	15	0	school	0	2	6
Mr. James Friend	0	10	0	Atworth Sunday-school	0	4	8
Pastor James Stephens, M.A.	2	2	0				
A working-man, A. H.	0	10	0				
Mrs. White	0	10	0	Second thankoffering for Vol. I. of			
F. G.	0	5	0	<i>C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography</i>	10	0	0
N. B.	5	0	0	Mrs. Dales	1	0	0
Miss Pim	4	0	0	Mies M. E. T., and Mary	0	3	0
Feathered friends, "Westwood"	5	5	0	Mr. Walter J. Benham	1	0	0
Income tax	1	10	0	Mr. E. R. Page	0	5	0
A friend	0	10	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
A dear friend	1	0	0	Ebenezer	26	0	0
Miss S. C. Powell	0	5	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	1	0	9
Mrs. Logan	1	0	0				
					£3,380	14	3

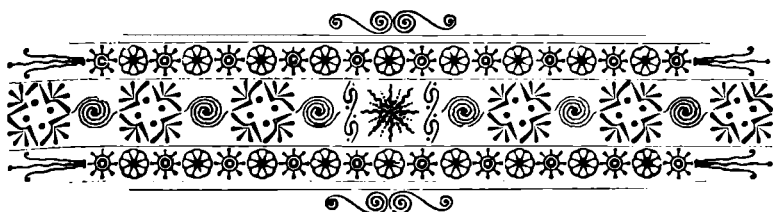
Miss Beckwith asks us to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following additional contributions for the publication of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Braille type:—Phillipo, 2s.; A sympathizer, 6s.; Miss Knight and friend, 5s.; from Whitehaven, 2s. All further help for this good work should be sent to 8, Milner Square, London, N.

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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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.

JULY, 1898.

The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Continued from page 288.)

LXXV.—"BE VIGILANT."



CHRISTIAN should go through the world just as a nervous person walks alone in the dark. That is, he must expect to see an enemy under every hedge, and a robber behind every bush. This fear will be a holy safeguard; for even Satan, like the beasts of prey, cannot endure the steady eye of a watchful man; he likes to spring suddenly on the unwary.

* * * *

LXXVI.—THE HUG OF DEATH.

A change has taken place in the world's behaviour to us; once we were persecuted fiercely, now kings and mighty men want to patronize us. Be not deceived; the world's hate is not gone, it has only changed its mode of attack. Once it growled and tore as the lion, and now it hugs like the bear. Beware of that hug; it is the hug of death.

* * * *

LXXVII.—THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

I like to see a dog with every flock. I like to find a church has some in it who can trace out any departure from orthodoxy, and who will speak out against it; but I do not wish all the sheep to turn into dogs, and forget the pasture, to look out for robbers. Some men spend their Sundays in watching every movement that may be construed amiss, and are never better pleased than when they have something to bark at. Beware of such dogs.

LXXVIII.—PARDON AND CLEANSING.

Jesus Christ uses only two drugs, though He is the greatest of physicians. He has two *catholicons*, two heal-alls,—Blood and Water, to pardon and to cleanse.

* * * *

LXXIX.—SPIRITUAL HOMŒOPATHY.

"*Similia similibus curantur*,"—"Like cures like," say the homœopathists. So says the Christian. Fear cures fear. Fear of God drives out the fear of man. Love to God uproots carnal love. Hatred of sin is the death of all other hatred. Care of soul quenches earthly care. Discontent of self cures discontent in other matters, and so on.

* * * *

LXXX —STARVING SIN.

Sin is so entrenched within our heart that it is hopeless to attempt to drive it out by assault, or to dislodge it entirely; we must therefore turn the siege into a blockade, and since the enemy will not come out to be killed, let us starve him to death; let us prevent anything from entering upon which he may feed, and so weaken his constitution even if he still lingers. You will find the old villain has a good stock of provision stored up in his arsenal, so that he will not die; but if he lives, do not let it be by our feeding him.

* * * *

LXXXI.—FLINT, OR INDIARUBBER.

Some men are hardened in sin so much that you may compare them to flint; but when the preacher hits them a blow with the sledge-hammer of truth, they appear to break up easily. Some are more moral, you can easily make an impression upon them; but it soon wears off, you cannot break them in pieces; such I compare to India-rubber. Well, I think I had rather try to break the hard flint than the softer substance. There is more hope of some profane men than of the moral ones.

* * * *

LXXXII.—MORMONS AND SODOMITES.

There is something ominous in the name of the place to which the Mormons are going, "the Salt Lake." It brings up to one's mind the Eastern Salt Lake, the Dead Sea, the Sea of Sodom. On the shores of the American lake, there are sins committed which rival those of the Sodomites; and a yet more awful doom awaits those who forsake the truth, and lay hold on these lying wonders. "Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for these."

* * * *

LXXXIII.—THE DISPERSION AND THE GATHERING.

When God desired men to disperse, and fill the whole earth, they refused to obey, and built a Babel to assist their opposition; and now that God would gather together in one His children who are scattered abroad, Babel, our confusion of tongues, tends much to perpetuate

our separation, and to retard our union. No two men speak exactly the same language; this lies at the root of our divisions into sects. The best book to give to some theologians would be a dictionary, for they do not say what they really mean, and they do not understand what they often say. Nevertheless, as God effected the scattering, He will effect the re-union also when He desires it.

* * * *

LXXXIV.—CHRISTIANS, AND GAS-LAMPS.

A Christian is a light in the world. He is not an independent light, like the sun; he ought not to be a cold and changing one, as the moon; he is not a meteor, for that dies too soon; he is not a candle, for that grows smaller, but he increases; he is not an oil-lamp, for he has not stock in hand to burn a single moment. What is he? He is like a gas-lamp; he only burns by reason of the continued stream from the Heavenly gasometer. Just turn off the gas at the meter, and the light goes out at once. All the saints receive their supplies from the same gasometer; remove that, and they, however brightly they are now lighted, would return to nature's darkness.

* * * *

LXXXV.—"THAT OLD SERPENT."

The form of a serpent is one well fitted to be an emblem of Satan. Every Christian knows that he will get in through the very smallest crevice; he will wriggle himself in, if we guard ever so vigilantly.

* * * *

LXXXVI.—MAN'S EXCEEDING FOLLY.

As man excels all animals in wisdom, so also does he outstrip them in folly. The rat, once escaped from a trap, shuns the spot in future; and where one is made a victim, you will scarcely ever catch another; but man goes again and again to the same snare, and takes no warning from the end of his comrades. We say that "old birds are not to be caught with chaff," but old men often are. "Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird;" but man sees the snare, and rushes into it to his destruction. Again then we say, that man excels in folly as well as in wisdom.

* * * *

LXXXVII.—FAITH'S VISION.

I can see much, by the eye of faith, which I cannot see with my natural eyes. I can see a pillar of cloud over my house by day, and a fiery flame by night;—my faith conveys them to my mind. I would sooner trust my faith than I would my eyes or my senses. The promise cannot deceive, though natural things may. The eye of faith has had, if I may so speak, more skill employed in its construction than even my natural eye with all its wondrously perfect mechanism. Faith is a glass of more than a thousand eye-power.

* * * *

LXXXVIII.—THRESHING SERMONS OR PREACHERS.

Ruth was wise, for, when she had gleaned, she found herself unable to carry all she had gathered; she therefore threshed it in the

field, left the straw behind, and carried only the corn home. Some people complain that they cannot carry away much of the sermon with them; let them imitate Ruth, let them leave behind all the ill-spoken parts, all the straw, and carry away only the good grains of corn. This art of threshing is too much neglected; if you did but thresh the sermon thus whilst you heard it, you would not so often thresh the preacher afterwards.

* * * *

LXXXIX.—THE VICTORY OF PRAYER.

A Christian church is a little army, and Jesus is its Captain; the minister is only its trumpeter. Every true member of the church bears the sword of prayer on his thigh, and uses it, too. The minister, too, like the common soldiers (and he is no more), bears that same sword of prayer. When an enemy is subdued by grace, the instruments used are the swords of the soldiers wielded by the arm of faith; the minister does but sound the bugle for the onset. The blast of the minister's trumpet showed the moment of the defeat of the foe; but, under God, the triumph was gained, not by his trumpet, but by the swords of the men at arms, who had been earnestly in prayer.

(To be continued.)

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

MY beautiful Chapel at Bexhill is nearing completion, and before it is opened, as by God's grace it will be in August, *free from even the shadow of debt*, I desire to praise and magnify His Name for the abounding mercy and love with which He has prospered our way, and undertaken for us the responsibilities of so great a work. From that well-remembered Sabbath in April, 1895, when I disconsolately wandered up and down the streets of Bexhill, vainly searching for a Baptist Chapel, right on through the intervening months and years, it seems to me that *God* has ordered, and His hand has led, God's counsel has guided, and His supplies have been given; and all we have done has been to sit still, and see the salvation of God. "*Begun, continued, and ended in Thee*,"—that is the history of "Beulah," condensed into one sentence. I had no more idea of inaugurating so important and extensive a service than a coral polyp might be supposed to have of building a reef in the midst of the seas. But the Lord's will came to me by the gentlest of whispers at first, and then "He led on softly;"—day by day His purpose unfolded, step by step the way became plain; and now, what I should, at the commencement, have deemed utter impossibilities, have become undeniable facts, to the praise and honour of Him who is "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

Then, with what Divine sovereignty of grace the Lord drew Pastor Hockey into the compass of His purpose, and fitted and strengthened him for the difficult and delicate task which He intended him to accomplish! As Abraham went to Canaan at the command of God,

not knowing whither he went, so did Mr. Hockey go to Bexhill without any prospect but the pleasure of the King. A record of the first few months of his life there,—a stranger among strangers,—a Pastor without a pastorate, or a people, or a permanent place of meeting,—such a record, if it could be given, would reveal a faith which the Lord has delighted to honour. Yes, truly the Lord has been with him, has given him favour with the people, has filled his lips and life with the glad tidings of salvation, has blessed his ministry to the conversion of many souls, and has brought him to this time of joyful expectancy, marvelling at what God's mighty hand and arm have wrought. Ah! if ever three persons had cause to bless the Lord, and “extol His Name *together*,” those three are Pastor and Mrs. Hockey and the inmate of the “Work-room.”

Beulah Chapel and its dependencies, as long as they stand, will be a lasting commemoration of God's faithfulness, of His delight in answering prayer, and of the certainty of His always providing means to carry on His own work if He be trusted to do so. When first the Lord laid it upon my heart to try to arrange for the building of the School Chapel, I felt that, to look to Him only for the money, would honour and glorify Him far more than begging from His servants. I wanted to follow, in my feeble fashion, George Müller's Scriptural plan of drawing supplies directly from the Throne; but I fear I did not remember that, to secure such answers to prayer as he received, a like faith, and devotion, and constant waiting upon God must dominate the heart and life. Very humbling have been some of my experiences; and I have learned more of my own pride, and unbelief, and selfishness, and sin, during the building of this Chapel, than I ever knew before. And yet, although so severe a discipline has been needful to me, *the Lord has given me the desire of my heart*. I know of only *one* friend who gave a donation to Bexhill Chapel because he was asked. Everyone else has given because the Lord said, “Give,” and the money has come in voluntarily, and largely from strangers to me and to the cause.

Now, we are within measurable distance of the opening day; we have passed the last milestone, and before proceeding on our way, I would ask all those who love and trust the Lord to join me in hearty thanksgiving to Him for all the mercy and truth He hath shown us. Our beginning was small indeed, and we ourselves were of no account; we have received no patronage from the rich ones of the earth, we have had no help from bazaars, or concerts, or entertainments of any kind; and yet, blessed be the Lord, the work is well-nigh accomplished. From the very first, we intended to rely only on the Lord; and He has kept us to our word, with this result,—that all the glory, all the honour, and all the praise, are *His*, and *His alone*. God has remembered us for good, and brought to pass that which we desired of Him. May He now continue His mercy, and satisfy us with favour by granting that, in the place which He has caused to be built to the honour of His Name, and in tender memory of His beloved servant, C. H. Spurgeon, there may be the constant abiding of His presence,

and the visible tokens of His power and grace in the salvation of many souls!

* * * *

The destruction of the Tabernacle by fire has been a great grief to me. That the dear scene of my husband's long ministry,—a place teeming with sacred associations and hallowed remembrances,—should be burned up in an hour, and swept from the face of the earth, seemed an utter impossibility! When the news first came to me, I could not believe it; it was some days before I was able to realize the sad and terrible fact, and even now I feel the loss so acutely that it seems part of, or, mayhap, the finishing stroke of my former sorrowful bereavement. I thank God the fire did not occur in my beloved's lifetime,—it would well-nigh have broken his heart had such a calamity fallen upon him; for had he not laboured incessantly for means to build it, and watched its uprearing with intensest interest, and loved every part and portion of it with an affection born of thankfulness to God for countless blessings received within its walls? Someone, writing to me, the other day, said:—"Do not be cast down, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, the *work* your dear husband did all those years in the Tabernacle, can never be destroyed." That is blessedly true. What a host of saved souls are already in the glory-land, who can say, "I was born there;"—what numbers still living, who owe their conversion, through the power of the Spirit of God, to words spoken from that now vanished platform! The building itself could not "abide the fire;" but the thirty-eight years' holy and faithful service of the devoted Pastor is treasure laid up in Heaven, eternally secure, and constantly bringing in a revenue of praise to the glory of God's grace.

And presently, God willing, there will be a New Tabernacle builded on the pattern of the old; and, though the hearts of some of us are so sore, as we see the new foundations laid, that, like the ancient men of Ezra's time, the noise of our weeping is as loud as the shout of joy raised by the people, yet, notwithstanding our tears, we do not fail to join in "praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever towards Israel."

It is no light task which "Son Tom" has now to face. May his father's God be with him, and strengthen him for such unexpected and laborious service; and may his heart be cheered and his hands upheld by the many who will delight "to set forward the work of the house of the Lord"!

* * * *

Of the many congratulatory letters I have received with reference to the first volume of my beloved's *Autobiography*, I have said never a word, though often my heart has been deeply moved, and my drooping courage has received fresh stimulus by the kindly interest and commendation of my correspondents. But, this morning, from over the sea there has come a sweet message from my husband's true and tried friend, Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, U.S.A., and his approval of the book is so precious to me, that I want to tell everybody of the comforting ray of sunshine which is thus thrown across my "solitary

way." He sends me an article on "The beginning of Spurgeon," which he has written for *The Evangelist*, a New York paper; and, in a private letter which accompanies it, he says:—"You will see that I have quoted from your note in this article which I have written in regard to that *glorious Autobiography*. May you live to complete the grand work, —and I to enjoy it! The book will do *immense good*, as a spiritual tonic to ministers." Then, in the article itself, Dr. Cuyler gives us the following charming paragraph:—"Those who wish to study the beginnings of Mr. Spurgeon's wonderful ministry must read the *Autobiography*. . . . This is the first volume, and it covers the first twenty years of the renowned preacher's life; it is so fascinating a book that I have devoured it like a dish of ripe, fragrant June strawberries. If ever there was a boy who was father to the man, it was the boy Spurgeon. Everything that was characteristic of him in his maturest meridian power,—his racy humour, his keen observation, his originality, his marvellous memory, his eloquence, and his love of sound doctrine,—was as visible in him at fifteen as when he was fifty. He struck twelve from the start."

Many loving thanks, dear Dr. Cuyler, your words have been to me like "apples of gold in baskets of silver."

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.*"—Heb. xiii. 8.

AN UNCHANGEABLE GOD! O heart of mine, inconstant and wavering, is not the fact that thou hast an *immutable* God one of thy choicest comforts; is it not the blessed sanctuary where alone thy weary wings can fold themselves to perfect rest? When friends fail and forsake, when earthly joys vanish, when a sense of the instability of the world's firmest things shakes thy whole being with a great dread, and thine own fickleness is the saddest part of it all;—then, thy Lord's immutability is a tower of refuge, into which thou canst enter, and cling fearlessly to His assurance, "I am the Lord, I change not."

If the Spirit of God will open to us the door of our text, we shall at once have entrance into the Heavenly places in Christ Jesus. At the very threshold, His Name is as sweet-dropping myrrh; and on the door-posts and lintel, we see the dark and sacred stains which tell the wondrous story of salvation through sacrifice, and life by His death. If we do but begin to speak of Jesus Christ,—of "His great love wherewith He loved us," and His atoning death for us,—we are quickly ushered into "the secret place of the Most High," where we may "abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Blessed Name! It is the master-key to all Heaven's portals, the "open sesame" of the gates of Paradise.

"Jesus Christ,—*the same.*" Think of the never-varying purpose of our Saviour's existence, both human and Divine. As He was in eternity, covenanting with His Father to bear our sins, and to impute to us His righteousness;—as He was on earth, loving,—blessing,—healing,—pitying,—saving;—as He was in life, in death, in

resurrection, and in ascension,—“this same Jesus” is now, and ever will be; He has never changed, His tenderness has never varied, His compassions have never failed. May He enable us to realize the eternal repose and fixedness of His designs of love and mercy, that we may trust Him as unreservedly as such a God deserves to be trusted.

“*Yesterday.*” The Lord of all Creation knows not the boundaries of time. The Scripture says, “A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday *when it is past*, and as a watch in the night.” Then, *to Him* it is but as yesterday since He gave His life to ransom our souls! How He must have loved us;—was it not “even unto death”? His heart was filled with such tender pity for us, as poor lost sinners, that He endured the cross, He bore the awful weight of God's wrath, that pardon and acceptance might be possible for us;—and He loves us now with just that very same love which *yesterday* caused Him to die! Does not this thought move our hearts to peace and joy in believing? Can we not rest our burdened souls on such a steadfast Saviour?

“*To day.*” He is on His Throne to-day, reigning and ruling, with all power in Heaven, and earth, and hell; but He is still “this same Jesus.” He wears His priesthood still, and is pleading for His people, calling them to follow Him, cleansing them, opening their blind eyes, and delivering them from death. We sometimes think that, if we could but *see* the Lord Jesus, and fall at His feet, and touch the hem of His garment, and sob out all our griefs in His lovely presence, we should then have the full assurance of faith, and never, never doubt Him again. Ah! but that would be *sight*, not *faith*; and this could not glorify Him as our perfect trust can do. “In whom, though now ye see Him not, yet *believing*, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

“*And for ever.*” Dear reader, what has Jesus Christ been to you in the past years? Have you any fault to find with Him? Has He not loved, and pardoned, and blessed, and borne with you as only such a gracious Lord could do? What is He to you to-day? Does not your helpless soul still hang on Him? Have you any other plea than His most precious blood;—any hope but in His merit? Has He ever cast you from Him, and refused the mercy you have asked? “Ah, no!” you say, “He is all my salvation, and all my desire;” and though I have treated no other friend so ill, I have proved that, ‘As the Heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.’” Then, let the past assure you for the future. All He *has been* to you, all He *now is*, He will *still be*, not only to-morrow, but “for ever.”

“Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.”

Sifting Times.

SERMON DELIVERED AT THE CLOSE OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

"And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xxii. 31, 32.

ONLY as that prayer is answered of which my brother was the mouthpiece,—for I believe you all joined in it,—can I hope to be able to speak to you upon this theme at the close of this memorable week; but the Lord will send succour, I am sure.

This text is as full of truth as an egg is full of meat. Here is, first, *startling information*: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." Here also is, *sterling consolation*: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." And, lastly, a *striking exhortation*: "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

I. Here is, **STARTLING INFORMATION**: "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

I think Christ said these words very solemnly. He did not always call by name those to whom He was about to speak. When He did, it was because He would arrest attention, and reach the heart. "He calleth His own sheep by name." Beneath the tree He cried, "Zacchæus," though the publican was not yet of the fold; and he soon came down to find salvation. On another occasion, He called, "Simon,"—not this Simon, but another,—saying, "I have somewhat to say unto thee," and by sweet persuasion and parable He won him into a better state of soul. When He would reach the heart of the woman at the well, He spoke to her with unusual directness, saying, "Woman, believe Me." To Philip He spoke thus pointedly; and one of our brethren, in his prayer this morning, reminded us of how, after the resurrection, Jesus spoke to one He loved full well, calling her by name in voice of sweetest tone. "Mary," He said, and soon she answered, "Rabboni!" Oh, may He call us also by our names! We may not hear His voice uttering the very words; but He can thus arrest and apprehend us by His love and grace.

But it was by the old name that Peter was now addressed, and there was surely a reason for that. Do you suppose that Jesus would thus remind Peter of what he was by nature, and of the fact that his nature was the same though he was changed? Anything that helps us to look back to the rock from which we have been hewn, and to the hole of the pit out of which we have been digged, is surely helpful.

"Look back. Alas! the gloomy view. Our pasts are full of sadnesses.

So many sins and follies, so few young hopes fulfilled.

The best must have his penitence; the wisest, his regrets."

The old name of each of us is, "sinner;" and we are sinners still, though sinners saved by grace.

Thus Jesus secured attention, and having secured it, He proceeded to reveal to Simon Peter a plot to ruin him.

I am persuaded that it must have come to him as a great surprise, for, first, *he was little dreaming of such dark designs.* There was suddenly brought before his notice a wonderful revelation of the secrets of the realms of darkness. He discovered, in the twinkling of an eye, that conflicts had been going on in the invisible world about his poor soul; that the devil had been laying a train,—so to say,—of the explosion of which Christ Jesus, his faithful Guard and Friend, gives him gracious warning. It may come to some of us to-day that we are thus being beset and besieged. We see so little of it, for the work is underground. Our foes are mining, and trying to sap the foundations of our faith. Satan is hard at it, but he shields himself. Lord, reveal to us the danger! Let us know what we are exposed to, lest, when we discover the peril, it be too late to avoid it! Would it not be wise for us to expect such treatment? We are at enmity with the devil and all evil forces, and they are equally at enmity with us. Our adversary is loth to lose his prey. We shall do well to expect this opposition. We shall be wise, also, if we inspect our surroundings periodically. I am afraid we are apt to underrate the power of the devil over us, the Lord's people. According to half-crazy Cruden, to whom indeed we are most deeply indebted, the devil is "the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of truth, the corrupter of the world, and man's perpetual enemy." A formidable foe is he, who, when quite young, outwitted our first parents, and who, after six thousand years of practice, may now be considered perfect in the art of damaging,—thank God, he cannot damn!—the souls of the Lord's people. O brethren, we must sleep in harness if we sleep at all; and there must be ever on our lips the prayer that Christ Himself has taught us, "Deliver us from the evil one!"

"Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray."

Next, *it may be that Simon Peter wondered that he might not be exempt from such a trial.* It could very well be understood by him that any one or all the disciples might thus be tried, but not himself. Men think all men mortal but themselves. We ministers are apt, perhaps, to think that others may fall, but we ourselves shall scarcely be tempted to slip or slide. Yet others of us know so differently. God has taught us, by bitter experience, that the leaders are the most imperilled, that the mortality amongst the officers is likely to be the greatest,—unless, indeed, those officers are sheltered, as they may be, by the blood of Jesus Christ. The devil's orders to his emissaries and myrmidons are that war shall be made against the King of Israel and the princes of the host. He would fain have the ripest of the fruit, and the fairest of the children. Someone has quaintly said that, when the devil plays chess, he would rather take a bishop than half-a-dozen pawns. We are as the bishops of the chess-board, and the devil is doubtless aiming at us at this very moment. Christ may now be

heard to say, "Simon, Simon, Satan desires to have you." Do you suppose that Peter said within himself, "I have been ever bold and forward, I am a rock-man; Christ Himself said so"? Yes, perhaps this entered into his heart; but we know—as he discovered,—that flaming enthusiasm, untempered by prudence and humility, is oftener a sign of weakness than anything else. "My mountain standeth firm, I shall never be moved." But what has the earthquake got to say to that? It will utter another voice. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." My dear brother, your strongest point is your weakest one. Moses was the meekest of men; his great sin was anger. Abraham was the father of the faithful; but his faith failed him. David was a holy man, a man after God's own heart; but the lust of the flesh brought him down to the dust. Solomon was wise, wiser than all wise men; but there was never a greater fool than he. Elijah, who could defy the hosts of God's enemies, single-handed and alone, on Carmel's hill, fled headlong when the angry queen was after him. Your strongest point is your weakest one. Leave what part of the wall you like unguarded, but guard that most which, from other points of view, might perhaps be considered the strongest against attack.

I fancy, too, that *Peter marvelled that the attack should have been made against him just at that time.* His feet had recently been washed by his Master. Christ had been amongst the disciples as one that served, and so proclaimed His superiority to them all. They had just partaken of the Lord's supper. The flavour of the bread was in his mouth, the taste of the wine was yet with him. They had been conversing, too, holding sweet communion after supper, sitting a while after the meal, digesting both it and the blessed words that Jesus spake. It could not be that Satan was so near. It seemed impossible that, just on the heels of such an ecstasy, there should be revealed to him a plot like this. But you know it is the bright day that brews the storm. You say it will be fine to-morrow because to-day is hot and close; that is the very reason why, in all probability, the thundercloud will shortly break. The horse stumbles at the foot of the hill, just when he is getting to the level ground, for the driver has grown careless, and thinks that the danger is all past. We may be tempted upon—and, unless grace prevent, we shall fall even from—the pinnacle of the temple; tempted when we rise from our knees after communion with God in prayer; nay, tempted in the midst of sweetest fellowship with Him. We may be tempted, and probably shall be, as Jesus was, after baptism, or after any act of obedience and spiritual uplifting. Noah grew drunken when the world was scarcely dry from the great deluge. Some of us, I fear, have gone away and sinned just after the Conference. God forbid that we should do so this time! But the devil is always going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. We are safe only as we expect him at any time. I hear people say, when their friends go from them, and they do not quite know when they may be back, "We will expect you when we see you." "No," I say, "that is just when you will cease to expect them, for as soon as they appear expectation is at an

end." We expect the devil *till* he comes, and he does not keep us waiting long. He does not publish any time-table. If he did, he would not stick to it. He gives you no forecast of the coming weather; and I verily believe that, if he did, it would be incorrect. If there is any time that you may be pretty sure that you will be attacked, it is after the foot-washing, after the eating of the supper, after some season of sweet fellowship with Christ.

Another thing must have mightily astonished Peter. *He was surprised to find that the request of his adversary had been granted.* It was evident, from the words Christ used, that Satan had made request thus to sift Christ's servant, and the original, I believe, will bear the interpretation that Satan had not only asked, but had obtained by asking, this man to be his prey. Don't you think that surprised Peter? "Why, Lord, didst Thou let him have me? He had to come and ask Thee! Thou hast the whip-hand of him always; why didst Thou not save me from this peril? Why didst Thou not prevent him from attacking me? Why didst Thou not remove me from his toils?" "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil one." It is the Lord's wise will that every member of His Church shall be as a lily among thorns. It is for our good and His glory that our souls should sometimes be among lions. And He still whispers concerning this matter, as on other occasions, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." I see Peter, with his eyes wide open with blank amazement, that Christ should not deliver him from the pitfall which He so plainly foresaw, but should only warn him as he went his way. Well might he be startled at the information.

II. We pass to the second point. Here is, STERLING CONSOLATION: "But I have prayed for thee." What a blessed "but"! There is a bow in the cloud. "But I have prayed for thee."

If Peter had been wise, he would at once have gained consolation from the thought that *Christ had foreseen this.* He would have recalled to himself the words of his Master, "The shepherd seeth the wolf coming," and knowing that, he would have felt consoled forthwith. O Shepherd of Israel, is there aught that happens to fold or flock of which Thou art not cognisant long ages ere it comes to pass? It surely was not by accident that the first message of Christ's birth came to shepherds as they kept watch over their flocks by night. It was an emblem, surely, that He who was born in Bethlehem was Himself the Shepherd of the sheep, and the most watchful of all shepherds, too. "He knoweth the way that I take." There is not a gin or snare but He knows its exact position, and the nature of it. He occupies, as it were, the high perch above the maze from which He commands all the labyrinth,—and oh, how good of Him!—He is there, and has that knowledge, only that He may help us in our straits. He flashes His green light down the railway line as if to say, "Proceed with caution!" He blows the fog-horn of His warning signal to keep us off the rocks. O dear brother, be comforted by this! Jesus knows all that is coming. We little dreamed of the fiery trial that has overtaken us this week; but *Jesus knew it.* Nothing can take Him by surprise.

Then Peter would say to himself, if his heart was right, "I will console myself with the thought that *permission had to be asked*. This adversary of mine recognizes the proprietary of the Lord. He works in chains; he has to cringe before the throne before he springs upon his prey." He might have bethought him of Job, and of how Satan had to ask and ask for an order from above ere he could afflict God's servant. Now, my beloved brethren, I pray you, suck the honey out of this flower also. Satan is only an agent, an instrument in God's hand. He cannot do as he lists; he must at least have permission so to do. He is, in fact, God's sieve-holder. Did you think that the sieve belonged to Satan? No, no, it is God's. That mark upon it is not the skull and cross-bones of the pit, it is the broad arrow of the King, and God is allowing you thus to be sifted. Then wherefore fear? The lions are chained, even if you cannot see so much as a link of the fetter. The lions are chained, and you shall pass the portal safely.

But the great consolation, the strong consolation for Peter, lay here, that *Jesus had already pleaded his cause*. There had been two suppliants at the throne. The one was the adversary, and he received his answer of peace; the other was the Christ of God. I think I know who was there first. Jesus always forestalls the enemy. What solicitude was in His heart! "I have made supplication for thee." That is the force of Christ's word. "I have been on my bended knees for thee. I have pleaded with eager heart and streaming eyes for thee." Some of us know what it is to have a praying mother. Thank God for praying mothers! What do we not owe to such a blessing? There is no greater blessing the world around, except—and you may all have this,—a *praying Saviour*!

" There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel
Jesus pleads, and loves me still."

Oh, I think I hear Him saying to me now, as I certainly did hear Him say to me almost at the dawning of this day, "Spurgeon, Spurgeon, Satan hath obtained you by asking, that he may sift you as wheat, but *I have made supplication for thee*." I think I hear Him say to you, "Student, preacher, Satan wants to have you, but I have prayed for you that your faith fail not." And so He speaks to all of us. What shall we say in reply? Just this,—

" In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart."

Now think of *the nature of the prayer*, for this also must have comforted Peter: "That thy faith fail not." Not that you shall escape this temptation, not that the temptation shall be minimized in any degree, but "that thy faith fail not." Some have found a difficulty here. They have read, as we did just now, the rest of the story, the bitter tale of Peter's sad denial, and they have said, "Was Christ's

prayer in vain?" In vain? It could not be, for He said to His Father, "I know that Thou hearest Me always." What, then, is the explanation? For certainly Peter failed; and, as I judge, his faith failed with the rest of him. I think the difficulty is removed when we remember that the word really signifies, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not utterly or finally. I have prayed that thou mayest be delivered from the total extinction of thy trust and confidence." That is the actual expression, and it was literally fulfilled. The flame dwindled down to a spark so small that none but Christ could see it, certainly none but He could have fanned it to a flame again. Have you ever stood on a vessel's deck when a little boat has been launched to seek the shore, or to take a message to another ship? The waves run mountains high. We wonder if the boat can live. Watch it! You will have a difficulty in watching it; it is scarcely ever within sight. Only every now and then does it come heaving up on the white crest of the billow. Presently, through the rack of the sea, it may be, or the extreme violence of wind and wave, the boat is hidden altogether. Keep your eye fixed just there where you lost it, look straight on in the line in which it was going, and you will see it by-and-by. It will live! It will live! It is sore put to it, but it will outlive the storm, cockleshell though it seems to be. So has it happened many a time. So did it happen *here*. Peter was well-nigh swamped, but he did not founder, for Christ had prayed for him that his faith should not utterly fail. Brethren, this is just exactly as it happens with us. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand." "A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again." "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." Thank God, there is a world of difference—a universe of difference—between falling, and falling away! We believe in the final perseverance of the saints, because we believe in the final preservation of our faith in answer to the prayer of our pleading Saviour.

So much for the sterling consolation. May it be applied to your hearts as balm to a wound!

III. And now, thirdly and briefly, for THE STRIKING EXHORTATION: "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

Converted, as you know full well, means here not exactly what we mean when we use it in our evangelistic services;—the meaning of the word is the same, but the application makes the difference. A conversion in any case is, as the Revised Version has it, a turning again, an alteration complete and radical. When I first set sail upon the sea, I said to the captain of the vessel, "This is a fine ship of yours, sir." It is always a wise thing to say that to a captain; he will be bound to agree with you. "Yes," he said, "she is a splendid vessel," and he told me how long he had been the master of her. Amongst other things he said, "You know, this is a converted ship." "Oh!" I said, "I am glad to hear that." I knew that he was a converted man; he used to sit yonder,—I was going to say, I could show you the seat;—that cannot now be, but I know just where he

used to sit. Dear old Captain Jenkins of the *Lady Jocelyn* was a converted man. I said, "Captain, what is a converted ship?" I did not know then, and what little I know now I have found out by saying I did not know, and asking for information. "Oh!" he said, "she used to be a steamer engaged in the China tea trade; she did not answer for some reason or other, so they took the engines and boilers out of her, lengthened her (or shortened her, I forget which, it does not matter), they made a complete change in her, stepped new masts, hung fresh yards, gave her a fresh suit of sails, and turned her into a clipper ship." "That is conversion," he added. I have often used it as an illustration since, though it is by no means perfect. It would serve us better if it was the conversion of a sailing ship into a steamer. There is an easy way out of that difficulty; we will convert the metaphor. The conversion is not only external, but internal. From keel to topmast the man is changed.

But what is this conversion to which our text refers? It is not a repetition of regeneration by the power of the Holy Ghost. "Ye must be born again," says the Word; but I have not yet found it written, "Ye must be born again, and again, and again." It means here, "When once thou hast turned again, when you have got back into the old mind, when you have learned this bitter lesson, when the sieve is still, and the chaff is gone, strengthen thy brethren." So God is going to win after all, you see. Satan will out-do himself; the biter will be bit. Give the devil rope enough, and he will hang himself. He is in God's hands, and his efforts to destroy us will yet ensure his own defeat, thanks to the sovereign decree and gracious work of God. Do you see how it worked for good? Peter was better able to stablish his brethren when he had gone through this experience than he could have been without it. We learn much by our failures, as the little ones learn to walk by the very tumbles that graze their knees. The wheat was winnowed. Satan only got the chaff; that was all he deserved, and Peter was well rid of that. The most helpful man to men is the man who has himself been in the strife, in the valley, in the fire, in the sieve. It is after repentance and pardon, it is when sympathy and knowledge have thus been gained, that we are able to learn the way to men's hearts, and find within our own hands the clue to the labyrinth of the soul. "Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." 'Twas after the sifting that Jesus said to Peter, "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs."

Had time allowed, I should have spoken a little at length concerning the evident deep impression that Christ's words made upon Peter. There was the early preaching, at Pentecost and after, when it was so plain that Peter was an altogether different man,—converted, indeed, turned right round. He stood up with wondrous bravery before the others, and preached of Jesus and the resurrection. If, when you get back to your studies, you will look up the Epistles of Peter, you will find many texts which are, as it were, a reflection and an echo of this event, and of Christ's saving grace. You will find, for instance, that he uses this word "strengthen" or "stablish" three times in those letters of his. Why, it got right hold of him, I can see that; whatever

else he forgot of personal experience, or of words that Christ had spoken, he never forgot that "Strengthen thy brethren," and all his message seems to me to run in that direction. Oh, if I can only help someone in the sieve or out of it, if I can only stablish, and settle, and strengthen some tempted saint, it will not have been in vain that I myself was thus sore put to it. Dear brethren, I have no peroration with which to end. I can only hope and pray that the words I have uttered feebly, but which have come from my inmost heart, may reach yours, and bless you, not here alone, but through the rest of your lives. Amen!

Borderers.

"Neither cold nor hot."—Rev. iii. 16.

WILL ye stay upon the border,
Midway 'twixt the Church and world,
Still remaining undecided

Whose the flag to be unfurled?
Like Lot's sojourn near to Sodom,
Till at length he entered in,
Soon to taste the bitter folly
Of his tampering with sin.

Time is flying;—be decided!
Follow fully; be sincere;
For the Master be whole-hearted,
Be His earnest follower here;
Then,—if thou would'st be a borderer,
Live on *Heaven's* bright borderland,
Shedding forth its light and glory,
Valiant for the Master stand.

"Lukewarm!" neither cold nor fervent,
Nauseous to the Master, too;
Oh, 'tis sad to be a borderer
All one's earthly journey through;
Just to know the love,—and slight it;
Own the cross,—yet pass it by;
While the heart, to nature clinging,
Robs itself eternally!

"Cold nor hot,"—how deep the echo!
"Cold nor hot,"—how sad the tone!
Angels weeping, saints lamenting,
For life's warmth and vigour gone.
Oh, awake! ye listless borderers!
Turn this mourning into praise;
Henceforth, all your spirit's fervour
Spend in Wisdom's Heavenly ways!

ALBERT MIDLANE.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LV.—PASTOR WILLIAM USHER, M.D., TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



DR. USHER is one of the eight of "our own men" who, by the gracious arrangement of Divine providence, have been called, not only to "teach others also" from the platform or pulpit of the preacher, but from the chair of the Professor, the Principal, or the President. As the Pastors' College is unique in other respects, it is also probably alone among its sister-institutions in having found, among its *alumni*, its present President (Thomas Spurgeon), Vice-President (Charles Spurgeon), two of its Principals (David Gracey and Archibald McCaig, B.A., LL.D.), and four of its past, present, or future tutors (F. G. Marchant, J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D., W. Usher, M.D., and W. Hackney, M.A.). Since it is not possible for the later sons of our *Alma Mater* to have the high privilege which their elder brethren enjoyed through personal intercourse with the peerless President, it is well when they can have, as their teachers and leaders, those who can tell them of the brave days of old when C. H. Spurgeon was able to devote so much of his God-given powers to the important work of training men for the gospel ministry. Dr. Usher evidently

took this view of the tutorial work, which comes to a close with the end of the College session, for, in a recent letter, he wrote:—"I feel it a sacred honour to have been one of Mr. Spurgeon's students. My memory will ever cherish the association I had with him, and the fact that, for over five years, it has been my privilege to teach in his beloved Institution, and to repeat to eager listeners, on student benches, many of the lessons I learned from his own lips and life."

Those who were acquainted with William Usher, in his native city of Manchester, from his seventh to his fourteenth year, would scarcely have forecast his future career with any considerable amount of accuracy, for the fatherless lad was then, apparently, ensnared in the net of Roman Catholicism. Yet even this experience, sad and perilous to his soul as it must have been, was overruled by God for His own glory; and the youthful acolyte's practical acquaintance with Popish error gave additional emphasis to the prayer—"God bless Ireland!"—which he offered, many years afterwards, as he first stepped ashore on the Emerald Isle. But what had happened to him in the meantime?

First and foremost, he had been converted. Amongst his young friends was a boy, whose mother was anxious to be made useful in the Master's service. She was a zealous Churchwoman, a devoted Christian, and a strong Calvinist,—three C's that are not always found in such close conjunction. She announced her determination to commence a Bible-class for her son and his companions; and the lad passed on the invitation to his friend Usher in semi-jocular fashion:—"Will you come to our house on Thursday? We are going to do the religious. Mother wants to begin a Bible-class." The other youths seemed to think there was some fun to be found in such a gathering, so they met at the time and place appointed. The good woman asked them to pray, and to seek new hearts; but, for a while, the suppliants made but a sorry failure of their petitions, partly through lack of suitable words, but more through an irresistible impulse to laugh. However, this state of affairs was not to continue, for, one night, the lesson was taken from Matthew vi., and the leader laid especial stress on verse 24: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The heart of one member of the class was touched by the teacher's earnest appeal, and young Usher's attempted prayer became a sincere desire for blessing. Nor was his supplication in vain, for, rising from his knees, he made confession of his faith in Christ, and declared that he was so happy that he could leap a five-barred gate!

He had been for some time attending the Sunday-school connected with Union Chapel, Manchester,—the scene of the world-renowned ministry of Dr. Alexander McLaren; and in due course he was baptized by that now veteran preacher. The desire to work for Christ burned in the young convert's heart, and the reading of Dr. Moffat's *Missionary Enterprise*, and a *Life of Dr. Livingstone*, impressed upon him the claims of the heathen abroad. He and a youthful Christian companion thought they might help the Missionary Society if they could only preach and collect funds, so they decided to try what they could do. To gain the confidence of the people, they resolved first to visit a neighbouring village, to distribute tracts and make enquiries. The result was so far encouraging that they went again, and each of

them delivered, in the open air, his first public testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ. The key-note of our brother's long and successful ministry was well pitched when he announced as his text John iii. 14 : "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." The discourse had been written out, and carefully studied; it was read in the hearing of the mother of the young preacher, and was the means of awakening in her a love for Evangelical literature. She afterwards read Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, which were blessed to her conversion, and she, too, in her turn, confessed her faith by being baptized in Scriptural fashion.

The result of the open-air service was that the preachers were invited to conduct a meeting in the cottage of one of the villagers; they were so overjoyed that they forgot to ask the address of the friend who had given the invitation! They had, therefore, to call from door to door until they found the right one. In the course of their enquiries, they were directed to a house in which one member of the family was lying dead, and another was seriously ill; and they had reason to believe that their visit to the bereaved and suffering inmates was not in vain.

The next Christian work taken up by our friend was that of teaching in Dark Lane Ragged School, Manchester. Business arrangements necessitating his removal to Darlington, he became a local preacher in connection with the Baptist Church, the pastor of which, noticing his usefulness in evangelistic work, encouraged him to apply to Mr. Spurgeon for admission to the Pastors' College, that he might be trained for the Christian ministry.

What an interesting record it would make if each of our brethren would write his recollections of his *first* and *last* interviews with the ever-beloved President! Perhaps that will be the next series when we get to the end of the memories of the "most striking Sermons." (Pastors' College men, kindly make a note of this!) At any rate, Dr. Usher has related his experiences on that important occasion, as follows:—

"In June, 1870, I was the bearer of a letter of introduction and recommendation from my pastor, formerly a student in the College. It was my first visit to London, and, coming from the North of England, with its bracing mountain air, into the sultry June weather in the metropolis, was a wondrous change, causing me literally to gasp for breath, on my way to the Stockwell Orphanage, where I heard Mr. Spurgeon lecture on 'Sermons in Stones.' I was struck with his calm expression of faith as he said, 'I've just received £400. I knew the Lord had some money for me to-day, but I did not know which way it was to come.' I met him in the Orphanage grounds; he took my letter, and said, 'Meet me here to-morrow (naming the hour), and wait until I come.' At the time appointed, I stood upon the now (to me) memorable spot, in front of what was then the head-master's residence. Mr. Spurgeon came from one of the houses, and, leading the way into a room, said, 'Close the door, or we shall have everybody in. Now, sit there,' and he looked me (so I felt) up and down, and through and through, yet with a kindly countenance. Then he questioned me, 'Well, young man, and why do you want to

enter the Baptist ministry? Do you expect to make a fortune by it?' 'No,' said I, 'money is not my object; I desire to win souls for Christ.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'if you think to get rich by the Baptist ministry, you'll make a great mistake. Tell me of your conversion.' This I did, and his next question was, 'How did you come to believe the doctrines of grace?' I said that I felt that God originated any good work which had been wrought in me, and that all the rest seemed to hang on that. 'Yes,' he said, 'our experiences teach us, do they not?'

"After questioning me as to a work in which I had been engaged for the Lord, and as to what would become of it if I left it, he said, 'Well, you can come to College in August. Good-bye; now fill up the entrance form at once, and take it to Mr. —; say I sent you; don't neglect it, for, during the next twenty-four hours, I shall forget that there is such a man as Usher, I am so busy.' I could scarcely believe myself an accepted candidate for admission to the Pastors' College. The interview terminated by the dear President saying, in reply to my surprise at the removal of difficulties as to my coming to College, 'Ah! there are wheels within wheels. God's ways are not our ways.' That day changed the whole tenor of my life. I loved Mr. Spurgeon from that moment, with a love that has increased during all the years that have followed."

During part of Brother Usher's College course, the writer of the present sketch was students' secretary, and in that capacity, one Friday afternoon, was entrusted with a letter asking for a supply for Redhill on the following Sabbath. One of the senior brethren being at liberty, the communication was handed to him at the tea-table, and he entertained us with a glowing description of the place where he was expecting to preach. His rejoicing was cut short, however, by a message that Mr. Usher was to take the appointment, which he did, and the visit eventually resulted in our friend becoming the pastor of the church in succession to the very James Smith whom he was afterwards to succeed at Tunbridge Wells. In each place, he has found delightful tokens of the high esteem in which his predecessor was held, both for his own sake, and for his works' sake; his "memory" is indeed "blessed."

While he was minister at Redhill, Mr. Usher paid a visit to a fellow-student at Belfast, and that trip became a link in the chain of events which led to his settlement for thirteen years at Great Victoria Street Chapel in that town. While in Ireland, he studied for and obtained his degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery; and he not only found his medical and surgical training helpful in his pastoral work, but it has furnished him with much useful knowledge which he has been able to convey to the students in his lectures on physiology and other sciences. Just as this number of the Magazine is being printed, these brethren will be testifying to their retiring tutor their high regard for himself personally, and their gratitude for his painstaking and able tuition. The church at Tunbridge Wells will benefit from the cessation of his tutorial duties; and we can only wish for him and his devoted wife many happy years of successful service for the Master in their present important sphere of labour.

Owing to lack of both space and time, we have not mentioned our brother's pastorates at Dacre Park and Orpington, nor given details of the progress made during his ministry in each place to which the Lord has directed his steps; but, wherever he has gone, he has faithfully preached the gospel of the grace of God, and the Lord has confirmed the Word with signs following. May He continue to do so in yet larger measure!

J. W. H.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

VII.—BY J. J. KNIGHT, ROSS-ON-WYE.

THE SERMON THAT CLEARED US OUT.

IT was the writer's happy lot, during his College course, not only often to hear the beloved President preach, but on several occasions to ride down to the Tabernacle with him. I well remember doing so on Sunday morning, September 28, 1879. On the previous day, the gardener at the Nightingale Lane house had been burning up weeds, and the smoke had been driven by the wind towards the Pastor's study. This little incident, which would have passed unnoticed by thousands, or have been simply complained of as a nuisance, suggested to Mr. Spurgeon the subject for his Sabbath morning Sermon, No. 1,497, "Self-righteousness,—a Smouldering Heap of Rubbish." The text was in Isaiah lxxv. 5: "Which say, Stand by thyself, come not near to me; for I am holier than thou. These are a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day."

The Sabbath morning came, as so many others had come to me, one of "the days of Heaven upon the earth"; and, in due time, *we*—I write that "we" with emotion now,—entered the brougham, and drove to the Tabernacle. The impression is with me, as I write, how happy the dear Pastor was in the prospect of preaching. Of course, he recognized his people who were either riding or walking to the Tabernacle, and his kindly smile, and wave of the hand, no doubt prepared them to hear him as one who knew them and loved them. Arriving at the vestry, and the usual hearty greetings having taken place, prayer was offered by a few of the deacons, and by the preacher himself, asking for a blessing on the service. When we rose from our knees, it wanted about seven minutes to eleven. Looking towards Mr. Spurgeon, I saw him place his hand in his waistcoat pocket, as if searching for something. He seemed perplexed; but, in his most commanding voice, he almost shouted, "Clear out, brethren, and leave me alone." Naturally, all wondered what was the matter, and I ventured to say to the deacons, "I think the Pastor has left his Sermon-notes at home." So it proved to be, for, within a minute of the hour, Mr. Spurgeon came out with a beaming countenance, and exclaimed, "It's all right, brethren; I had forgotten my notes, and I had to make a fresh outline."

Now, as anyone may see who refers to the printed Sermon, it is a most powerful utterance against the sin of self-righteousness. If

ever a man of God preached with truly awful power, dear C. H. S. did so that morning. He was "very bold," like the prophet whom he pictured in the introduction to his discourse:—"Isaiah was very bold to speak the gospel so plainly, when a legal spirit prevailed, and very bold to defy the enmity of his own nation by declaring that they would be rejected for their sins, while the far-off heathen would be brought in by sovereign grace. He was bold to denounce hypocrites to their faces, and to smite a proud nation with the threatenings of the Lord." The Sermon was just what the preacher himself called it, "a cannonade against self-righteousness,—that righteousness which a man makes out of his own doings, his own feelings, his own alms, prayers, or sacraments,—all such righteousness is to be utterly despised."

In the light of that bright September morning, I could see that the people were moved by the power of that wonderful preacher as congregations are seldom moved. It struck me, then, that many of the hearers didn't like it, and the result goes somewhat to prove that my surmise was correct. Generally, after the services, as everyone knows who was connected with the Tabernacle in those days, the vestry passage and stairs used to be lined with a little crowd of people who wanted to speak to the dear preacher; but, on this occasion, he was able to leave much earlier than usual. His Sermon had evidently driven them home; or, in his own expressive phrase to us in the vestry before the service, they had all been "cleared out." Getting into the brougham, almost the first thing the Pastor said to me was, "I say, didn't that Sermon tell? I know it did," he added, "for a most unusual thing has happened. I have had no one to see me in the vestry, this morning. The hot shot has evidently struck a good many; well, I trust we shall all be the better for it." One wonders, to-day, if any other preacher dares to speak out so boldly as dear Mr. Spurgeon did. How we miss the music of that clarion voice which gave no uncertain sound concerning anything that was pure, and right, and true! Let us pray that even the echoes of those trumpet tones may long be heard all over the land, and all over the world.

"What about the Sermon-notes?" some reader may be inclined to ask. Well, on reaching Nightingale Lane, we soon found how the omission arose, and it turned out that *I* was the innocent cause of the trouble. That morning, I had claimed the honour of being allowed to help the great preacher put on his "Sunday coat and waistcoat," taking, for the time, the place of his faithful "Old George." "It was all your fault," said the dear good man; and he added, "Now let us compare these notes, and see if I have made any mistakes." We did so; and, remarkable to say, there was only one item left out of the new and hurriedly-prepared outline, and that one item was an illustration. It may be taken for granted that the discourse on "a smoke in my nose" continues to burn in at least one hearer's mind down to the present day, and that, to him, it will ever remain one of "C. H. Spurgeon's most striking Sermons."

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

VII.—THE NIGHT CRIES OF NATURE.

HOW wonderful is Night,—the shadow of the ever-moving Day,—the dusky wardman of Life's sleeping hours,—the mystic bailiff of the Sun's domain! Night, with lights and sounds peculiar to itself; with dimly-flitting forms, as, when the lamps are low, felt-footed nurses move! Night, with its surprises of colour; its processes of pain, and birth, and growth; its tragic treasury of accident; its sacred memories; its ever-returning presence; its subtle spiritual teaching;—how heart-moving is the Night!

So we felt as, with a companionship of two, we walked amid the solemn pines, and then through woods of more variety till, with the trees as a background, we stood by the river's brink. It was a night late in May. The breeze blew warm, yet now and then there came a chill, the like of which might hurry the departure of a soul.

We had met earlier, when the dusk was deepening; our rendezvous a bridge high over a railway cutting, with fields and woods stretching away on the left and behind; in front, and far away, the lessening lights of the drowsy town; on the right, a circle of houses around a country green; and close at hand a veteran's cottage, often entered, and more than once described. The old Guardsman, fortified from ill effects, joined us on the bridge. To him, the face of Night was nothing new. Nigh fifty years before, he paced as guardian of the sleeping hours of England's Queen. And he, too, saw the moonlight 'mid the isles of Greece; the battlements of Varna, darker than the sky; the nightfall of the Alma; the Russians creeping up the Inkerman ravines while yet Nature lay grey as Death after the birth of a November day.

When the veteran joined us for a season on the bridge, we fancied him to be a modest Moses on a most modest height, and we his Joshua, content to be the registrar of what he saw and heard. His eye is not yet dim, nor his ear heavy. He can pick out the birds by sight; and when they cannot be seen, he knows their call. In his youth, he was with the shepherds on the Devon moors; while in the Crimea, he often heard the shrill whistle or chirp of a thousand tree-frogs in the Balaclava bush; and in his later years, he served as an outdoor carpenter on a large estate. So he can tell the note of the screech owl, and the "toot" of the tawny owl. The "squeak" of a wounded hare does not escape him, nor the "squark" of disturbed water-fowl. He can still walk with us through the meadows, and to the confines of the plantations when the gloaming fades; and he is as interested as we in the things abroad. The nightingale sings both morn and eve in the honeysuckle in the veteran's garden. It is a pleasant sight to see him call his ancient dame to the door to listen to the Spring bird's song; pleasant to hear him punctuate the cadences of the melody with his deep Devonian "*There!*"

So we met the old hero on the bridge at the close of day, and as the rich notes of Night's sweet warbler reached us, we fell to singing softly,—

“ Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land.”

* * * *

At one time, there lived not far from these woods, in a house nestling at the foot of a grassy slope, a choice old squire who took a deep interest in the rare things of Nature. He encouraged the owls to build, by putting boxes in convenient places aloft, till he had established quite a small colony of these birds. A great tree, close to the mansion, was utilized for this purpose. Some years ago, the squire died; and about the same time, a fierce gale snapped off the tree in which the owls had bred for many seasons. The broken trunk can still be seen from the road. The birds did not take so kindly to the locality after the catastrophe. The white owl is not a hard bird to tame, and is most interesting in its habits. The old naturalist must have felt a keen pleasure in watching his pets, for their sportsmanlike instincts are most acute. Their sensitive eyes and ears catch every sight and sound. They “beat” the ground in a most systematic way, and woe be to the field-mice which come within their ken! The voice of the screech owl has been held as foreboding ill, but Shakespeare takes another view, though his lines doubtless refer to the cry of the brown variety,—

“ Then nightly sings the staring owl,

‘To-who;

‘To-whit, To-who,’—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.”

We may as well mention, in passing, another fancy of this country squire. He had a great pond for pike, and another for trout, and one of his hobbies was the periodic weighing of his fish. His men would catch a trout in a net, weigh it by an appliance at the water's edge, allowing for the net; the tail of the fish would then be punctured so that it should be known next time. It was this fish that the men would need to catch again and again to see how much heavier the trout had become in a given period.

* * * *

We walk the fields by night. The bat flaps round the trees on leathern wing; the May-bug “whirrs”; the “churn owl” utters his love-chuckle. These “Night Cries of Nature” come to us as we softly tread. But the gentle breeze seems also to bear the burden of human sighs, for women dwelling in lonely rooms have often let their thoughts stray here, seeking again their dead. In the deep cutting, where the shining water between the steel rails reflects the fitful sky, a man lay prone at mid-day. He stepped aside to let one danger pass, and fell before another. They carried him, in the darkness of the next evening, to a house where the wife had lain ill for a year. As the women held a smoky lamp, and the railway men laid their dead comrade in the small front room, and a bit of candle shed its sickly light on the stricken widow's bed, while her mother, with clasped

knees, watched by, and near at hand young children slept,—it seemed, in that dreary hour, as if the God of the poor was far away. The woman lived,—for the call of a great trouble may be a call upon hidden springs of strength;—and she who, in those lonely hours which followed, oft turned to the wall to weep, and saw afresh the cruel rails and mocking water-troughs, lives hard by still, subdued in spirit, struggling in circumstances, yet with a sacred reliance on the widow's God, for the soothing of His presence is her strength in the night and in the day.

Through this mead, now wet with night dew, a young man, flushed with excitement or worse, stumbled one August afternoon. He carried a gun. He came to a halt on the sward beneath the trees. A lovely spot! The playground of the pretty furry things that burrow in the bank! The air was clear; the sky cloudless; a perfect summer's day! The young man threw himself upon the grass, put the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and drew up his foot to the trigger. A flash,—a minute's fitful tremor,—and the playground of the innocent was dabbled with the blood of the suicide! Now, a young woman prematurely grey, wakes in the night, and, thinking of these grassy fields in which, in early days, she gathered flowers, and of that August eve when her husband's shattered form was carried home, she moans, "O God, what might have been!" Perhaps, as the slow morning comes, she sleeps. For what is sleep but the impartially administered anæsthetic of the Great Physician?

It is a mercy that the tragedies of later life cast no shadow on our childhood's days. The sailor, drowned within sight of home, sings and plays among the village boys with even greater zest than he of vegetative mood, content to grow where the seed of life has dropped. When the barque is moored, and the dock is the little churchyard on the hill, then the men with whom he ran as a boy, and the women whom he kissed as girls, will kindly say, "Poor Tom, what pranks he played!" It is only *after* the awful in life that, going over the past, we can trace far back the scarce-seen path which ended in catastrophe. Yet it is true that the impulses of our early years oft supply the springs from whence a river flows with increasing impetus towards the cataract of an after-time.

* * * *

We stand in a by-way, with our back to the dark trees, and our face to the stream. Now we become part of the dense shade; and, being very still, we train our ear. The far-off tinkle of the sheep-bell tells where ewes lie down with their lambs. The "clack" of a field gate brings up the figure of a shepherd, or of some belated swain. A water-rat splashes into a pool. The trout comes up to feed, and turns off with a "swish." The watch-dog howls to the setting moon, cocks crow, and cattle low. Then all is quiet again, save for the "twitter" of some restless bird. What a sense of solitude comes with these intervals of silence! Anon, we hear the beetle's "droning flight", the soft rhythm of the wings of moths, the "chur-r-r" of the nightjar as he circles round the great trees. Silence once more! How strange it seems to stand amid so many sleepers!

The normal sounds of work have long since ceased. A sleepy world for most, and rightly so. He who makes the greatest noise is still. Man sprawleth somnolent. The "forked radishes" of human-kind lie horizontal at various angles. A genius in his sleep may look absurd. 'Twould make an album of the grotesque to sketch the world snoozing. Not man alone, but birds and beasts have odd ways of disposing of themselves in sleep. Among the hedges all around, in hollows and crannies, the birds of the day take their nap till the first breath of the dawn wakes them. High up in the dense foliage, the rooks roost. Clamorous creatures these, and light sleepers, too. Strike a match, and they will be as garrulous as gossips over a fresh accident. There is no need to rouse *them* up. The nightingale is singing; let harsher notes be hushed, and list ye well!

We shall never forget a walk, one cold May, along a suburban road, to catch with our letters the midnight post. The sky was wondrous fair, for Venus hung like a far-off lamp in the vestibule of the Western twilight, and Jupiter reigned in the zenith. But an icy wind from the North relentlessly swept by. Scarcely open were the buds. Our mind took tone from the season. The possibilities of Summer kept back by chilling circumstances,—so we mused. Then, on the cold North wind, there were borne to us the notes of the nightingale. We almost held our breath to listen. The singer was some distance off, the wind was fitful, and passing trains roared by. But that voice with a spiritual meaning triumphed above all. The wind became the chariot of its praise, the railway its conquered rival. We paused, stood still, and left ourselves to the Great Interpreter. Then the translation of the midnight carol came, and it was this:—"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." So was our ruffled spirit smoothed, and there was "a great calm."

"Take Notice."

BY PASTOR ISAAC NEAR, DESBOROUGH.

OVER the porch of the little village church at Stoke Albany, Northamptonshire, is the following intimation, painted on a board. It is somewhat faded, but can still be easily read:—

"TAKE NOTICE.—MEN ARE DESIRED TO SCRAPE THEIR SHOES, AND THE WOMEN TO TAKE OFF THEIR PATTENS, BEFORE THEY ENTER THIS CHURCH."

This notice carries us back to the time when our grandmothers wore a kind of wooden clog with iron rims to protect their shoes and feet in wet weather. Young ladies of the present period would hardly deign to look at such foot-gear, to say nothing of attempting to walk in such boot-protectors; they would be more at home on what some of them call "a bike" than on pattens; yet, at one time, they were largely

used, and I well remember seeing them in my childhood. As I have looked at this quaint old notice, I have many a time fancied myself away in the dim past, and pictured the folk from all the countryside wending their way to the house of God. As they reached the sacred precincts, the matrons and maids stepped out of their pattens, and the men began cleaning their substantial "deckers" (heavy hobnailed shoes). Young and old felt that they must comply with the request which confronted them; it was so reasonable, so considerate, it would greatly add to their comfort, and prevent the unnecessary defilement of the sanctuary. Surely there are lessons to be learned at the present day from this antiquated announcement.

TAKE NOTICE.—If there had been nothing more than these two words on the board, they would have been enough to command attention and to create thought. Little good can be gained by attendance on the means of grace unless this advice is heeded. It might be well if TAKE NOTICE were printed in large characters, and placed so as to be seen by all who enter church or chapel. In the case of many, we fear this is the one thing lacking, which makes the service unprofitable. No light breaks forth from the Word of God. There is no music in the matchless name of Jesus. "The holy balm of peace and love" never reaches their hearts. The communion of saints is unknown to them. Heaven never comes down their souls to greet. Like the idols of the heathen, they have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not. He who spake as never man spake said, "Take heed *how* ye hear." He also said, and this is of equal importance, "Take heed *what* ye hear." As all is not gold that glitters, so all is not gospel that emanates from the pulpit, even though the preacher may write D.D. after his name. "The Holy Spirit saith, To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." Hear as for life. Hear as for eternity. There will not be many fruitless sermons, nor many teachers of error tolerated, when hearers "have their senses exercised to discern between good and evil."

TAKE NOTICE.—It is also essential, on entering the place of worship, that as much of the world as possible should be left outside. Evidently, those who put up that board believed in keeping as much earth as possible out of the church. In this, they acted most commendably, and set us a worthy example. Godliness and cleanliness should ever be associated; this is of great importance in the home, it is no less so in the house of God. The devil can put up with any amount of dirt and darkness, but our God loves sweetness and light. "In Him is no darkness at all." The priest of old could not appear before the Lord till he had cleansed himself, as well as offered a sacrifice for his sin. Altar and laver were both Divinely appointed. The psalmist exclaims, "Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever."

Something analogous to shoe-scraping and patten-removing is needed as we enter upon the worship of God. How devout, how earnest, how spiritual, would be the service, if all who approach the sanctuary would "take notice," and remove from them, while yet outside, that which appertains to the world and sin! Preparation is needed for true worship. Of Rehoboam it is written, "He did evil

because he prepared not his heart to seek the Lord." It was a beautiful practice of our forefathers to prepare for the Sabbath on Saturday evening. Well do we remember the sacred calm which settled on the home, in our boyhood, on Saturday evening; already the Sabbath had begun. The present age has not improved on this arrangement, by crowding all manner of engagements and entertainments into Saturday night. Often have we sighed, in the midst of these, for the calm of by-gone years. If the Sabbath is to be a delight, and our worship is to be spiritual, we must prepare to meet our God. Heart-preparation is one indispensable qualification for communion with God.

Aaron could not enter the Holy of holies even in his robes which were for glory and for beauty; he must lay these aside, and put on the pure linen garments when he entered the most holy place to minister before the Lord. We may not believe in the sacredness of buildings and of vestments, but we do believe in the Real Presence, and that, in a very special sense, Jesus is "where two or three" of His people meet together in His name, whenever and wherever they gather, in cottage or cathedral, on Sunday or Saturday, in the market-place or at the communion table. There was a spot, in the desert at the back of Horeb, where God said to Moses as he inquisitively drew near, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Joshua found such a spot near to the doomed city of Jericho, and he heard a voice saying unto him, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." And that place must ever be dear and sacred to us "where Jesus holds His court," where He shows unto us His hands and His feet, and makes Himself known unto us as He does not unto the world. Oh, to get rid of earth as we enter the audience-chamber of the King! The world-spirit is out of place in the Church of Christ; it pollutes the sanctuary, and it is prejudicial to piety. All too long has it been countenanced by those who call themselves by the name of Him who overcame the world. Would there be such barrenness, and such spiritual declension as there is in the churches, if professing Christians had made war upon the world as did the Christ whom they acknowledge to be their Lord and Saviour? I trow not. This great truth has been too much ignored: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." Fraternising with the world, the nominal church has become weak, and barren, and powerless; and that church is despised and trampled under foot by the world it has favoured. The sooner there is the return, of which we have so often heard in recent years, back to Christ,—the better will it be for the church and the world, too.

TAKE NOTICE.—All professing Christians are desired to divest themselves of everything which pollutes and degrades the soul,—to remove from them all that emasculates piety and enervates the spiritual life, to lay aside all that weakens their testimony and

impedes the advance of the kingdom of God. If we are to be Christians indeed, worshippers "in spirit and in truth," we must be stripped of all creature-adornment, and of all that pertains to self-righteousness. When we appear before God, the world's business, its pleasures, its follies, its fashions, its sins, must be all removed, that with undistracted mind and undivided heart we may sit at His feet, hear His voice, see His face, and sun our souls in the light of His countenance.

"O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

"Wash out its stains, refine its dress,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought: let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean."

"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. And be not conformed to this world."
"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Brands from the Burning.

(No. II.)

THE title of our list of items of interest connected with the destruction of the Tabernacle has met with a justification for which we hoped from the first. We know of one at least who has been brought to God through the sad event. Her conscience was aroused when a neighbouring minister used the conflagration at the Tabernacle as an illustration of the fire that tries every man's work of what sort it is. She has since been truly converted to God. Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? May there be many such!

The members of our Young Christians' Missionary Union have entered into solemn covenant, as per following extract from their Minutes:—"In view of the new position in which we are placed by the destruction of the Metropolitan Tabernacle by fire, and the high privilege which falls upon us to help provide funds for the erection of a new house for God's worship, we place on record that we cheerfully regard this as a call from God to give to Him on a larger and more self-denying scale, and we hereby covenant that, *God helping us*, this great work He has given us to do at home shall in no degree hinder the great work He has given us to do in heathen lands, but that, by His grace, both shall be done, and done well, and if difficulties be encountered, it shall be, not the new house of God, not our devoted Missionaries, but ourselves that shall suffer." Oh, that this spirit may prevail in all departments!

"Little Henry," aged 5 years, forwards 5s. A shilling for each year is a good idea. Octogenarians, please copy.

An "Art cabinet-maker" promises us as exact a reproduction of the pulpit table (clock and all) as can be made. Is there no other "cunning workman" who will help to furnish the Tabernacle and its vestries?

A friend in South Africa seeks to cheer the Pastor by sending him a cutting from *The Signal*, of April 20 (!). He thinks he recognizes his own words:—"Sometimes the dispensation of His providence is misunderstood, and unless some kind friend comes near to us, like another John, to whisper in our ears and say, 'It is the Lord,' we do not get the benefit and blessing of His approach. Perhaps He has sent me to say this to you to-night. Beloved hearer, you are plunged in the depths of sorrow, you are bereaved, and distressed, and storm-tossed. It is the Lord, it is the Lord! It is not some black-winged angel whom you have to fear and dread; it is the Angel of the Covenant, whose face, perhaps, is shrouded for a while, but who brings you blessings in both His hands."

We note with joy and gratitude that an influential Committee has been formed in Birmingham, to secure funds for the rebuilding. This greatly cheers us. So would the creation of a few more such centres.

The Teachers of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school—faithful souls that they are—have carried unanimously the following resolution:—"We hereby place on record our feelings of deep grief at the destruction by fire of the dear old Tabernacle and Sunday-school. With them have gone hallowed associations which can never be restored. We feel sure, however, that God has some wise purpose in this apparent calamity, and we rest in Him, thankful that the College is left, in which we are able to continue the work to which He has called us. We pledge ourselves anew to His service, and assure the Pastors and officers of the church of our prayerful and loyal support in this trying time, and promise to spare no effort in helping to rebuild the Tabernacle and School."

Our last baptismal service was held at Walworth Road Baptist Chapel (Rev. W. J. Mills). Eight believers were immersed. We were made so welcome. The Pastor and officers were our door-keepers and pew-openers;—in a word, they proved themselves our *neighbours*. Thus was it also at Upton Chapel a month previously.

The British Weekly, *The Echo*, and *The Christian Herald*, still plead our cause, swell our funds, and earn our gratitude.

Resolutions of sympathy have been received from:—

- The Herts Union of Baptist Churches.
- The Baptist Union of New South Wales.
- The Baptist Union of Victoria, Australia.
- The Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.
- The Baptist Church, Dunedin, New Zealand.

The Calvary Baptist Church, New York, has two honoured Pastors,—Dr. R. S. MacArthur, and Rev. F. R. Morse. They both send us generous gifts. Dr. MacArthur says, "I am quite sure that

the time will come, and perhaps speedily, when you and all your dear people will recognize the kind providence which, at the outset, seems so mysterious. Give my kindest regards to all the friends at the Tabernacle who may remember me."

Student-Pastor Robert Walker has collected £7 7s. among his people, "all loyal Spurgeonites." He closes his kind letter by saying that he trusts that the bitter waters of the Marah, by which we are now encamped, may be sweetened by the casting in of the ever-blessed tree.

Dr. E. J. L., of Benares, E. India, sends £5. This is as the gold of Ophir.

The members of the Children's Social at Kenyon Chapel, Brixton, send a welcome gift, and write a beautiful little letter. "We have not got very much," they say, "but we think it will help you a little in your trouble. We are pleased to think that God gave you strength to stand it, and hope that He will give you a long life and happiness; and we hope that we may be able to visit the chapel when it is rebuilt."—The Pastor hopes so, too.

One brother wishes us "Showers of blessing at Exeter Hall, and showers of big cheques for the Building Fund." He encloses £7, a free-will offering from his people,—the smallest gift being two-pence, and the largest two pounds.

A Christian nurse sends 7s. 6d.,—"collected mostly in pence from patients and friends."

The dear boys in No. 7 House, Stockwell Orphanage, have given 15s., "with united love."

"The proceeds of a communion service" have had a specially hearty welcome.

One of our good friends will shortly issue a very handsome album of 40 photographs of the Tabernacle, *and its vestries*. The price to subscribers will be two guineas, and *the whole of the proceeds* will be devoted to the Rebuilding Fund. Write to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, for an order form, and do it quickly, for the issue is limited to 100 copies.

Dr. A. T. Pierson most kindly offers to issue an appeal in his widely-read *Missionary Review of the World*. Much sympathy has been expressed by many of our kin across the sea. All good success attend their brave attempt to end oppression!

Is there not a deeply-sympathetic interest attaching to the gift which is thus described, "What a loved wife would have liked to do"? The good Lord comfort the bereaved heart!

The Secretary of the Weston Y.M.C.A. told the members of the Bible-class that he thought they should be as much interested in the destruction of the Tabernacle as if St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey had been burned down. They evidently thought so, too, for they sent along a goodly sum.

The manager of a well-known Temperance Hotel welcomes a

collecting box "with great cordiality." Let us hope the guests will join the welcome.

"A Souvenir of Spurgeon's Tabernacle," consisting of views taken before and after the fire, is published at popular prices, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.; it is "a first-class Art production," and all profits will be devoted to the Rebuilding Fund. Orders should be booked at once, with the Tabernacle Colportage Association, Temple Street, S.E.; or write to the publishers, Messrs. Hart and Straker, 33, Furnival Street, E.C. We are indebted to some of our enthusiastic friends in the Sunday-school for this effort.

Our Sunday morning services are now held at the Pastors' College and the Stockwell Orphanage. Every arrangement for our comfort and convenience has been made at Stockwell. The evening service is still held at Exeter Hall. Every member should endeavour to be there.

Our Monday prayer-meetings have been remarkable for an earnest and hopeful spirit. So are the Thursday services. This surely is a token for good.

One who is already past the allotted age, writes thus of the late beloved Pastor:—"My dear husband and myself followed him with prayer through all his joys and sorrows in the 'Down-grade' troubles, thanking God for helping him so boldly to uphold the truth. We took the *Sword and Trowel* from the first published, and rejoiced in his joy and sorrowed in his sorrow. His departure was to us a great grief. When our dear Lord saw fit to take His faithful servant home, his work was done, and he needed rest. The destruction of the Tabernacle gave me a great shock,—the building he raised with so much pleasure, and in which he laboured with so much success, where so many souls were born again. We cannot see the end from the beginning; but I feel sure that the Lord has some wise purpose in allowing its destruction. It brought to my mind a Sermon I heard him preach from these words, 'Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?'"

Almost every letter that comes to hand has some tender reference to C. H. S., and to his Sermons and Magazine. We wish we could quote from all. Here is a specimen from one who has never seen the Tabernacle:—"I have read your dear father's Sermons for more than forty years, and once had the pleasure of grasping his hand on the platform of a railway-station. Belonging to the Established Church makes not the slightest difference to the esteem in which we hold him, and all connected with him."

Several seat-holders have enquired if they *may* renew their sittings. Most certainly they may. We hardly see how the work is to be kept going unless this is done. Next quarter we hope for a larger list of seat-holders than before, *although there are no seats to be let.*

Until further notice, the ordinance of the Lord's supper will be observed as under:—First Sunday evening in each month at Exeter Hall, *every* Sunday morning at the Pastors' College, second Sunday morning in each month at the Orphanage.

In the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church Minute-book, there has been placed "A brief Record, by the Pastor, of the destruction by fire of our holy and beautiful House, in which our fathers praised God." After giving particulars of the outbreak of the conflagration, and how it affected the Conference then in progress, the statement continues:—

"It seemed to be taken for granted, from the first, that the Tabernacle would be rebuilt, and, with God's help, it shall be done.

"It is impossible to write down all the feelings of Pastors and people. In view of this most mysterious Providence, it is ours to be both humble and hopeful; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing. We bless our gracious God for all that He permits to fall to our lot, and we would seek to 'glorify God in the fires.'

"We regard it as a matter of supreme thankfulness that no lives were lost, as might well have been the case had the fire broken out at another hour.

"With unwavering faith in God, we have determined to continue, as far as possible, all our services and organizations, and we cherish no sort of doubt that the Lord will, in His own good time, reinstate us, and establish the work of our hands.

"No words can set forth our grief at losing a place endeared to us by ten thousand hallowed associations; but we are persuaded that He, who helped our late loved Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, to rear it, and then so successfully to occupy its pulpit, will enable us to rebuild the structure, and to continue the good work.

"We have lost both the Pastor and the Place, but our faithful God remains.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Thus ends our record of another month of mercy. *Laus Deo!*

T. S.

Rebuilding the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

ONLY at very rare intervals has it been necessary to call together "the men members" of the Tabernacle Church, in accordance with the provisions of the Trust Deed when the business to be transacted related to the church's property. They must be quite the veterans of the host who can remember what transpired at such a gathering, just about forty years ago, when the brethren were summoned to decide the important question of the site for the contemplated new Tabernacle. The beloved Pastor often told the story of that memorable meeting, and his account of it will duly appear in the second volume of his *Autobiography*. In passing, we may mention that the £31,000 usually spoken of as the cost of the Tabernacle included the £5,000 paid for the land, and heavy legal and other expenses only indirectly relating to the great house of prayer. When these items are deducted, it will be seen that the building was insured almost to its full cost. The price of materials and labour has so greatly increased during the past forty years, and the requirements of the County Council and other authorities are so great, that it cannot be replaced for anything like the original sum.

On *Friday evening, May 27*, after due notice on the two preceding Sabbaths, several hundreds of the male members met in the Memorial Hall

of the Stockwell Orphanage, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. After singing, and prayer by Pastor C. B. Sawday, Deacon William Olney, and Brother J. Manton Smith (who had recently returned from America), the Pastor, who had a most hearty reception from the brethren, delivered a brief address, in the course of which he explained that, for the present, the Sabbath morning services would be held in the hall in which they were then assembled at the Orphanage, and also at the College, while the evening services would be conducted in Exeter Hall. The next statement was so heartily applauded, and concerned so many who were not able to be at the meeting, that we give the Pastor's words in full. He said :—

"We have thought that, the sooner we can get back to Newington Butts, the better. The very place is sacred to us,—not in any superstitious sense,—but in a very special manner, because of its many hallowed associations. You will rejoice to hear that we have expert evidence to the effect that it is perfectly possible to clear the entire basement of the Tabernacle, to roof it in with what will eventually be the permanent fireproof floor of the new Tabernacle, and there to hold our services during the time needed for rebuilding the upper part of the structure. We believe that, in this way, in the course of three or four months, we can provide accommodation for nearly 2,000 persons; and I cannot imagine a more pathetic thing than for us to meet, Sunday by Sunday, almost within the foundations of the old building,—for I must tell you that the floor of the basement will be somewhat lowered so as to secure greater height for our future school-rooms and lecture-hall."

This arrangement was at once unanimously and enthusiastically confirmed by the meeting, which then proceeded to the special business for which it had been called. The resolutions proposed, seconded, and carried with practical unanimity, and with great heartiness, have been widely announced in the religious papers, but some of our readers may not have seen them, so we give them here :—

1. "Resolved, that the Pastors and Deacons of the Church, together with Messrs. Charlesworth, Cox, Frisby, and Ford, as representing the Elders' Court, be hereby appointed a Building Committee to consider and carry out a scheme for the rebuilding of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Sunday-school, and other buildings."

2. "Resolved, that Mr. T. H. Olney be and is hereby appointed Treasurer to the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund."

3. "Resolved, that the Building Committee be hereby instructed that the Metropolitan Tabernacle shall be rebuilt as nearly as possible upon the same lines as the original edifice, omitting the upper gallery if deemed necessary and advisable, and subject, of course, to the restrictions of the new Building Acts, and that, when a definite scheme has been approved by the Committee, it be reported to another Special Church-meeting."

The meeting, which had been throughout of a most cordial and cheering character, was closed with prayer by the Pastor. The Building Committee at once met, and elected Mr. Ford as Secretary. Several meetings have since been held, and some progress made with the long and difficult task before the Committee. In the meantime, the *débris* at the Tabernacle has been cleared away, and preparations made, as far as possible, for the first portion of the rebuilding. Our contribution list shows the total received up to June 14; and although it cannot yet be stated even approximately how much will be required, a large sum is still needed. Donations will be most gratefully received by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E., and collecting cards and boxes may be obtained on application to the Secretary at the same address.

It will give pleasure to many friends of the Tabernacle to know that,

during the last few months, several of the rooms were photographed, and various articles of interest connected with the memory of the late dear Pastor, which were consumed in the fire, are thus pictorially preserved. These pictures are intended to illustrate a series of articles by our Pastor in the *Sword and Trowel*; but, in view of the intense interest which is taken in all that pertained to the dear old building, it has been deemed advisable to issue them in the form of an album to a limited number of subscribers. The album will be handsomely bound in half French morocco, gilt back and edges, and will contain about 40 half-plate size photographs (not prints). It will be entitled, "Pictorial Recollections of the Metropolitan Tabernacle." The price to subscribers will be 2 guineas, and the issue will be limited to 100 copies. The whole of the proceeds will be given to the Building Fund.

Among the views taken are, the interior of the Tabernacle (2 views), the platform, the baptistery (2 views), the Pastor's vestry (2 views), deacons' room (2 views), elders' room, ladies' room (2 views), the baptizing room, portraits of Pastors and deacons, and various well-known pictures which hung in the rooms. Specimens of the photographs may be seen at the Secretary's office, College Buildings, Temple Street. Single photographs can be obtained at 1s. each, or 2s. framed.

Early application is necessary, and all letters and enquiries should be addressed to Mr. Bartlett.

The Rally of the Colporteurs.

ONCE more, the sturdy workers in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association have met in Annual Conference. Laying aside the pack for a few days, and carefully arranging so that no engagement should suffer by their absence, they bade farewell to their various Districts in England and Wales, and from North, South, East, and West, wended their way to the metropolis, that they might greet each other, and amid old associations gain new stimulus for their beloved work.

The grounds of the Stockwell Orphanage provided a cheerful rendezvous for their reception on Saturday, May 21; and the sun shone out brightly from the hour when the first-comers were expected. A garden party had been convened by the Young Christians' Missionary Union, and the colporteurs were enabled to share in the abundant entertainment which had been provided by the headmaster, as well as to grace the Memorial Hall platform at the evening meeting, when Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., presided, and several missionaries gave stirring narratives and earnest appeals.

The real key-note of the Conference, however, was struck on the Lord's-day morning when, at an early hour, the colporteurs met in the same hall, and had a season of fervent prayer together. Many of the brethren led in brief praises and petitions, and a season of much spiritual power was experienced, which gave assurance of good times in prospect. The journey to Exeter Hall was an opportunity for personal intercourse; and, seats having been reserved upon the platform, the colporteurs formed a splendid body-guard around their President, while they enjoyed, with no little relish, the privilege of joining with the great congregation in public worship, although there were some lingering regrets that it could not be in the "dear old Tabernacle," which had marked the similar occasions of bygone years.

The Sunday afternoon meeting of the colporteurs was for mutual prayer and testimony. A commodious room in one of the Orphan Homes was placed at their disposal, and about fifty were present, when Mr. James Hall took the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Messrs.

S. R. Pearce, and C. P. Carpenter, and the Secretary, together with colporteurs from Stratford-on-Avon, Salisbury, Woking, Burton-on-Trent, Hadleigh, Bourton-on-the-Water, and Minchinhampton, who all bore testimonies which were both encouraging and instructive. All took tea in company, and had fellowship together before proceeding to Exeter Hall, where again, in glad worship, a happy and memorable Sabbath was brought to a close.

Monday proved a busy day from its commencement until its close. Assembling at the Dépôt in the Pastors' College, Newington, the morning was devoted to business and conference upon practical matters. Not the least important item of the morning programme was the unanimous formation of a "Colporteurs' Prayer Union," with membership open to all lovers of the Colportage work, and pledging to daily prayer for spiritual success; many of the brethren appeared moved by a strong resolve that, henceforth, prayer should be more fully interwoven with the work than in the past. An inspection of the ruins of the Tabernacle was indulged in before proceeding to the Orphanage, where dinner awaited the guests, preparatory to the more public gatherings of the day.

The subscribers' meeting, at 3 o'clock, in the Memorial Hall, was well attended, and a most profitable afternoon was spent. The President's Address was listened to with marked attention; and colporteurs from Cardiff, Eastchurch, Horsforth, Brentford, and Sellindge, spoke with much interest and acceptance; a most genial spirit was manifested, and the time passed only too rapidly which brought the period for adjournment to the tea, which had been laid in the Girls' Play Hall. Very pleasant was the intercourse during the next hour between the colporteurs and the friends of the Association; and before separating, most hearty thanks were expressed to the Ladies' Working Society, which had been, during the year, the channel of much comfort and help to the men and their families. In responding to the vote, Miss Hooper, the Secretary, made a choice little speech, voicing the warm interest taken by the ladies in the welfare of the colporteurs.

The evening public meeting in the Memorial Hall was called for 7 o'clock; but, before that time, the Orphanage choir and hand-bell ringers were discoursing sweet music to the gathering assembly; and, during the evening, the young people further enlivened the proceedings. The muster of colporteurs upon the platform gave promise of a strong list of speakers, and the addresses which followed were of a stirring and enthusiastic character, the only drawback being that time would not allow all to take part who had been selected to speak.

The President expressed his deep interest in the work, and his attachment to the band of workers whose labours were so unremitting throughout the year. The Annual Report—which is included in the present number of the Magazine,—as well as the speeches of the brethren, told of great numbers of Bibles and other good books disposed of, of wholesale visitation in the homes of the people, of thousands of gospel services conducted, and, best of all, of many souls won for Jesus. In presenting the Report, the Secretary took occasion to assure the President of the hearty fidelity of all the colporteurs, of their sincere sympathy in connection with the recent destruction of the Tabernacle, and of the fact that all had been actively gathering the small but willing gifts of the warm-hearted poor people of their Districts, with the result that, on their behalf, he was privileged to hand over a first instalment of fifty guineas toward the Rebuilding Fund. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon responded with much warmth of gratitude and thanks, and at about 9 p.m. this most successful meeting ended.

Through the generous kindness of friends, the whole of the colporteurs were hospitably entertained during their stay in London; and when, on Tuesday, after transacting business at the Dépôt, they separated once more

to return to their various Districts, it was with glad and stimulated hearts that the farewells were exchanged, and new hopes indulged in for a year of much prosperity and blessing.

The Committee of the Association are anxious to extend the work, and each reader of these lines is earnestly asked to become a sharer in the enterprise founded by the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon, and so dear to his heart, by becoming a regular subscriber to its funds. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Mr. S. Wigney, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, 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.

With Midsummer, come Mr. Bullock's three half-yearly volumes, *Home Words*, *Day of Days*, and *Hand and Heart*,—all published at 7, Paternoster Square. In paper covers, costing only sixpence each, they are suitable companions for those who can get away to the country or the seaside, and they are equally appropriate for the stay-at-homes, who will find in them much that will both please and profit. Amid the ever-increasing rush of new periodicals, we are glad to see the good old Magazines holding on their way.

REV. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A., and his publishers, Messrs. Nisbet and Co., are to be heartily congratulated on the completion of the New Testament portion of *The Biblical Illustrator* by the issue of two volumes,—the first containing the three Epistles of John and the one of Jude, and the other, the Book of Revelation. These latest issues have evidently been compiled with similar care to that expended on the earlier ones, and they ought to be greatly helpful to preachers and teachers who have but scanty libraries. The arrangement for supplying the work at a reduced rate is also a boon to those who have little money to spare for books.

If the publishers can obtain a sufficient number of subscribers, they will issue, at six shillings, an Index to the New Testament volumes; the price after publication is to be 10s. 6d.

Messrs. Bagster and Sons have prepared and published *The Calendar Bible* with the special purpose of encouraging the systematic daily reading of the Holy Scriptures. Anything which conduces to that end is highly desirable, and the plan of *The Calendar Bible* is simplicity itself. No alteration has been made in the arrangement of the text, but in the margin certain dates are neatly printed, and anyone carrying out the method thus indicated can read the Old Testament through once in two years, and the New Testament once a year, or oftener if desired.

Prices range from 5s. to 27s. 6d., and, beside the Scriptures, there is much information likely to be useful to Bible-students and Christian workers.

"One of our own men," Pastor G. ANDERSON MILLER, at a "quiet day" of the Rochester and Chatham District Evangelical Free Church Council, read a most timely and Scriptural paper on "The Place of the Social Element in our Churches." It has been published by request, under the title, *A Plain Word on Amusements*, and can be obtained of Messrs. Marshall Brothers, Paternoster Row, at 1s. per dozen, or 6s. per 100, post free. It should be circulated wherever the craze for amusements is drawing professing Christians away from the spiritual service to which they are called.

The forty-fifth Annual Report of the OPEN-AIR MISSION is an exceedingly interesting pamphlet. Readers would do well to send sixpence for it, to Mr. Frank Cockrem, 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and also to enclose any contribution they can spare to help on the good work. In an accompanying letter, Archdeacon Sinclair pleads very earnestly for increased support for the Mission, which is the only one by which many of our fellow-countrymen can hope to hear the gospel.

The twenty-ninth Annual Report of the EVANGELIZATION SOCIETY records, with deep regret, the acceptance of the resignation of the late Honorary Secretary, Captain Smith, with whom so many of "our own men" have long and happily laboured, but who was too great a sufferer to remain longer at his post. The work is being continued on the old Evangelical basis, and is well worthy of generous support. The new Honorary Secretary is John Wood, Esq., and the office is at 21, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

Indian Village Folk. By T. B. PANDIAN. Elliot Stock.

BRIEF, interesting descriptions of life in Indian villages, by one who was there born and brought up. The village itself, its public life, the various trades and professions, with the different forms of sports and amusements there indulged in, are all treated with considerable skill; and the dozen photographs greatly aid the reader in realizing the strange scenes depicted by the writer. The little book is well worth reading, and should help Mr. Pandian in his noble endeavour to reach and raise the low-caste pariahs in our vast dependency.

Two Men of Devon in Ceylon. A story of East and West. By SAMUEL LANGDON. Charles H. Kelly.

THE fiction in this book is strange, but the truth in it is stranger than fiction. The queen of English counties and the island of Ceylon are linked together by the life-story of two brothers, whose fortunes and

misfortunes are here told in a style that will be best appreciated by Devonians. The volume contains much of interest concerning Ceylon more than two centuries ago. The old-world style of this work invests it with a peculiar charm; the illustrations of Devon and Ceylon scenery are admirable.

British Guiana; or, Work and Wanderings among the Creoles and Coolies, the Africans and Indians, of the Wild Country. By Rev. L. CROOKALL. T. Fisher Unwin.

A MOST interestingly-written volume, descriptive of a section of our world-wide empire of which great masses in the home-country know comparatively little. A work like this is far more entertaining than fiction; it is brim full of information. Some of the incidents, which are so interesting to read, must have been far from entertaining to the narrator when they occurred. Having commenced the book, we were held in captivity till we reached the end, which is so abrupt as to create the impression that the work was hurriedly finished. The volume is worth the six shillings charged for it; the illustrations as a whole are excellent, but several are too realistic for our taste.

Memorial of Walter R. T. Auld. By his MOTHER. Oxford: J. C. Pembrey, 164, Walton Street.

THIS is a third edition, but it ought by no means to be the last, for this brief maternal tribute to a gracious and gifted youth is worthy of a wide circulation. It would be well for Scotland if she had many more sons like this young man who was so early called home. Let parents give the booklet to their children, and pray that its reading may be blessed to them. It costs only sixpence.

The Journal of John Woolman. Andrew Melrose.

THIS is a volume of "Books for the Heart" Series; and most appropriately is it placed. The writer of the "Journal" was a devout Quaker

in America, who gave his life largely to freeing the slaves. To read his quaint, gracious jottings, is to breathe an air of pious peace, and sturdy devotion to practical righteousness. They are like a leafy lane in some lovely district, where the birds sing, and the river softly murmurs, whilst the breeze is so light that the trees just rustle only. There are touches of quiet humour, tender pathos, and intense godliness, that soothe, refresh, and inspire as whole cartloads of modern trashy literature cannot possibly do. For devotional stimulus and preparation for personal communion with God, this will be a sweet aid.

Voices of the Day; or, Thoughts on the Message of God in Nature. By C. S. WARDLE. Elliot Stock.

THESE "thoughts" are eloquently uttered in choice and vivid description, and evidently from the mind and heart of a true Nature-lover. There is a delightful peace and restfulness in them, and all who find a charm in the wonderful works of God will value these poetic reveries. Earth, air, sea, sky, mountains, flowers, and many other of Nature's beauties are despatched upon, and lessons of Divine providence and goodness drawn therefrom. This book should have a large sale, and be prized by young and old alike.

The Elector, King, and Priest. By A. S. LAMB. Nisbet and Co.

A ROUSING appeal to the British electorate to form a Protestant party that shall oppose the Romish ritual and practices of the Establishment. Recent events have given special timeliness to this trenchant booklet; but we are not sanguine as to practical fruits arising therefrom. The vast mass of the clergy, and almost the whole of the bishops, are Romanist in their sympathies, though the "old man of the Vatican" snubs them for their presumption in asking for his recognition.

When freed from the corrupting trammels of State connection, there may be some hope of the Church's

purification; but not until then. She must choose between Christ and Cæsar; she cannot have both: and to this choice she is being driven nearer, every day. Mr. Lamb's love to the Protestant faith should go a step further, and show him the utter fallacy of a spiritual society being ruled by godless politicians and Erastian prime ministers.

Assurance, and How Rendest thou?

By Bishop RYLE. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

Two tracts in the Bishop's well-known style; definite, clear, persuasive. There is very much in both these tracts with which we are in hearty agreement, and we could not wish for every one of the inhabitants of the "second City of the Empire," from the Lord Mayor downwards, anything better than that they should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these wholesome words.

Nevertheless, we have a strong conviction, and we hope we may be forgiven for expressing it, that one of the most fruitful causes of the lack of Christian "Assurance" which the Bishop so much desires to see, is the fact that so many are taught that they were made Christians by a rite administered to them in their unconscious infancy, which teaching their subsequent experience flatly contradicts.

The Latest Fruit is the Ripest. The Sequel to "Perfect Womanhood." By F. J. GANT, F.R.C.S. Digby, Long, and Co.

THIS is a kind of auto-sketch by a Christian scientist. It ranges over subjects religious and medical, and ends with a plea for Sisterhoods. The world will not be much the wiser for this contribution to its literary stores. If this is the latest and ripest fruit, what must the earliest have been? It would require quite as powerful a magnifying glass to find ripe fruit here as the author says would be needed to discover the publishers' balance in his favour on former works which reviewers have extolled. Perchance their "slating" would have paid him better.

Letters to an Aged Friend. By the late JOSEPH BROWN, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17, Princes Street.

THE title inadequately describes the contents of this choice volume, which abounds in treasure trove. Here are over a hundred outlines of sermons and addresses; in fact, many of these letters, as now published, are just homiletical sketches, all other matter having been removed. It was a beautiful idea to send letters containing so much precious truth to an aged saint; such communications must have been very helpful and comforting. The editing of the letters has been admirably done, and the binding is worthy of the work. The volume should have a wide circulation among Christian workers. It is most suitable for home-reading, especially for the sick and the aged. It has our heartiest commendation.

Leaves from a Preacher's Note-book.

A Collection of Outlines, Bible Studies, Hints, etc. Compiled by A. F. WOOLLEY. G. Stoneman.

MULTUM *in parvo*, and all for twopence. True, many of these "outlines" and "studies" are little more than paragraphs from an index of Bible subjects; and it is evident that the compiler has made good use of his *Cruden*. Still, he would be a poor workman who could not find both tools and material in this booklet.

The Ten Commandments. By G. JACKSON, B.A. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

POWERFUL sermons on topics that are largely overlooked in these lax days. We demur to some of Mr. Jackson's sentiments and precepts,—notably some on the Sabbath question; but with the general drift and aim of his discourses we are in heartiest agreement. There is need, in many quarters to-day, of a revival of practical truth and high standards of righteousness; and this volume will, we believe, help to this end. Evangelical preaching is the best foundation for practical holiness, and Romans viii. 4, is for ever true; but, sometimes, Evangelical truth has been divorced from high ethical

standards, and has soon ceased to be Evangelical. These sermons are sound, strong, sane, and but for one or two blemishes, spiritual. An open-eyed preacher will find much usable material here.

Some Bible Problems. By D. W. SIMON, D.D. Andrew Melrose.

A BOOK emphatically for students, and even those of a very hard-headed type. With most that Dr. Simon urges, we agree; but wish he had not conceded so much to the vagaries of modern critics. These gentry are insatiable in their demands, and everything yielded to them increases their voracity. There would be little left to us of the Bible as we have received and known and loved it, were we to accept all their gimcrack theories. This work, able as it is, is very dry, and will have but few readers, and they will need to exercise their senses pretty vigorously.

Things Written in the Psalms Concerning Christ. By M. S. CLARK. A. Holness.

A MODEST little book on a boundless theme. There is nothing novel or startling, but much that is devout and gracious. Miss Clark aims not at the speculative, but the devotional and practical. Those who love the truth of the Lord's Second Coming will be pleased with this production.

Saints of Christ. By T. F. LOCKYER, B.A. C. H. Kelly and Co.

A DOZEN terse, suggestive talks on Christian saintship, sure to be of great help to every thoughtful reader. Mr. Lockyer knows how to hit the centre of the target. There is no waste verbiage, but every phrase strikes and sticks. Every now and again he gives, in a few words, a new exposition of familiar Scriptures that surprises and delights with its freshness. This is a capital little volume in a very useful series.

Studies of the Mind in Christ. By Rev. T. ADAMSON, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is a clever and learned work, and in some respects throws fresh

light on parts of the gospel story. Yet we cannot but regard it as, on the whole, very unsatisfactory. It aims at explaining the double consciousness of our Lord in His earthly life; but the mysteries are still mysterious, the perplexity still as baffling, and the nature of His self-limitation made more difficult by its so-called explanation. The ordinary reader will find no help here, and the acute theologian will have more problems suggested than solved. We wish the scholarship and Scriptural exposition had been used for something much more practical than metaphysical speculation.

Christ the Substitute. By E. R. PALMER, M.A. J. Snow and Co.

A BOLD and uncompromising attack upon the central truth of the Redeeming Gospel. Assuming the universal Fatherhood of God to all mankind, the author builds upon that foundation a system of theology that explains away all the profound and solemn aspects of the atoning sacrifice of Calvary, declares all mankind to be equally interested in a universal regeneration, and yet not necessarily born again. This is new thinking with a vengeance, and will surely be its own best antidote except to those who prefer the dreamings of men to the revelation of God. Our readers need not trouble either to buy or read this ingenious bit of literary somnambulism.

Life on High Levels. By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. C. H. Kelly and Co.

THESE gracious, racy talks are worth their weight—printed and bound—in gold. Seldom have we been privileged to read such delightful loving counsels to the young,—especially, young girls. Every mother and father ought to see that, as their daughters become young women, they have at least the opportunity to read this book, if they will. It stands quite alone in its unspeakable wisdom and charm; and as we read, our heart is filled with admiration, and gratitude to God for so wise, affectionate, and devout an

adviser to “our girls.” These “familiar talks on the conduct of life” should be a treasure indeed to the young womanhood of this kingdom.

A Dream of Paradise. A Poem. By ROBERT THOMSON. Elliot Stock.

RIGHTLY named. It is a poem, and by one who evidently has both the poet's vision and inspiring speech. But we sorely fear that, neither his theme, nor his singing of it, will bring much wealth to him. Few are the men who to-day care for poetry, and fewer still when the subject is religious and profound. For those few, however, our author will have distinct attraction. He is no mere jingler, no stringer together of empty rhymes; but a true son of the Muses. We shall be glad to know that this effort has brought him substantial reward as well as deserved praise.

The Sunday School Red Book. A manual of Instruction and Advice for Superintendents. By F. F. BELSEY. Sunday School Union.

THE very thing for “the man at the desk,”—full of shrewd hints as to the manifold duties that belong to his responsible office. Mr. Belsey is no theorist; he speaks from the accumulated experience of many years, and the consensus of many other superintendents too. If these leaders of the young will only carefully master this red book, and put its teachings into practice, they will keep out of the black books both of teachers and scholars. Surely, that is worth doing.

The Great Secret. By F. E. CLARK, D.D. Sunday School Union.

WHATEVER Christian - Endeavour-Clark writes, is sure to secure a wide reading, and this slight, little, chatty book will be no exception to the rule. There is absolutely nothing that is novel here; but the common-places of the Christian life are set forth in pleasant, pictorial, and devout language, by which many young folk will be helped to wise counsels about health, beauty, happiness, friendship, &c., &c.

The Care of the Sick at Home and in the Hospital. By Dr. H. BILLROTH. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

THIS "handbook for families and for nurses" is a little out of our usual line of books for review; but we learn, on good authority, that it is thoroughly reliable and helpful. This is the fifth edition, revised and enlarged. If any member of a family intends to be qualified as a nurse, here is a book which would be invaluable to her.

Your Health and How to Keep it. A book for boys (and others). By RICCARDO STEPHENS, M.B., C.M. Sunday School Union.

NINE chapters full of information and instruction, which ought to help many to get strong and to keep strong. In an interesting and often amusing fashion, with the occasional interpolation of useful medical knowledge, the important items of diet, exercise, gymnastics, &c., are discussed. The closing chapter should be carefully and prayerfully studied by all smokers ("boys and others"). Possibly, some devotees at the shrine of *My Lady Nicotine* may be induced by Dr. Stephens' wise words to fling away their idol, and never smoke again. If so, others beside themselves will be benefited.

The Franks. By LEWIS SERGEANT. T. Fisher Unwin.

ONE of the best of "The Story of the Nations" series. A history full of charm and romance, put in transparent style and attractiveness. The figure of King Clovis, in particular, is here made very vivid and real, whilst an earnest endeavour is exercised to separate fact from mere fancy and tradition about him. The story, too, of the Emperor Charles the Great is cleared of much historical lumber, and made reliable. We feel that both author and publisher have done good public service to literature by this excellent volume.

The Spring of the Day. By Hugh MACMILLAN, D.D. Isbister and Co.

To review such a work as this, is quite unnecessary; the only thing to do, is to say, "Dr. Macmillan has published another book, and the sooner you get it, read it, and assimilate it, the better." The poet's eye that reads Nature, loves it, and can interpret it in beautiful form, is seen here on every page; and, in addition, the Christian's delight in using Nature to teach the deepest spiritual truths, is radiantly manifest. Even the titles to the papers are sometimes strokes of brilliant genius. It is a book to be revelled in, and to be grateful for.

Notes.

Special Preliminary Notice.—The date arranged for the opening (D.V.) of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, is *Wednesday, August 17*; the afternoon service to be conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the evening service by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who has also kindly promised to stay and preach on the following Lord's-day morning and evening (August 21). Friends who are contemplating a visit to Bexhill may be glad of this early intimation, so that they may, if possible, be present at the first gatherings in the new house of prayer.

The Christian Leader closes its notice of our June number with a sentence which is, in our esteem, the highest praise that could be given to us:—"Altogether, the *Sword and Trowel* is the most Evangelical magazine we ever came across."

Almost at the same time as this commendation reached us, a letter came from "one

of our own men" in Canada, which contained the following cheering testimony:—"I am glad that the *Sword and Trowel* keeps well up to the original standard,—that its tone does not vary,—that its principles do not change. Even its 'Notices of Books' seem much as of old. . . . I am glad, too, that the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* is as rich and full in gospel truth as aforetime. The titles, whether chosen by the loved President or by others, are happily in keeping with the several sermons. The proof-reading is remarkably well done."

Next month, we hope to announce the date of the publication of Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, and also to give information concerning its contents. It will be well for friends who have not already done so, to order the volumes or parts at once either from their booksellers, or the Tabernacle colporteurs, or Messrs.

Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

On June 3, there passed away, at Cannes, another of the faithful friends whom Mr. Spurgeon used to meet each winter in the South of France,—*Mr. Cheyne Brady*. Our readers may remember his striking story entitled, "Have you Tried the Blood?" which we reprinted a few months ago, when we gave a hearty commendation of the book in which it appeared,—*The Message of Reconciliation* (Drummond's Tract Depôt). Mr. Brady, in giving us permission to use others of his narratives, also kindly sent his reminiscences of Mr. Spurgeon, and copies of letters that will probably appear in due course in the *Autobiography*.

Our friend was well known as a writer of gospel tracts, of which very large quantities were circulated, with great benefit to the readers. His home at Cannes was a centre of gracious influence, and the Bible-readings held there were helpful to many of the visitors to the sunny South. We commend all the members of the bereaved family to Him who is *the Comforter*.

The annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY, will (D.V.) be held at the Pastors' College, on *Monday afternoon*, July 11;—tea at 5.30, to be followed by the public meeting, at which Pastor C. B. Sawday is expected to preside. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon hopes to be present to receive parcels of clothing, &c., and donations on behalf of the Society. New or slightly-worn garments, suitable for pastors and their wives and families, and material that can be made up, are always acceptable; they should be addressed to the Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E. Last year, nearly 2,000 garments were received, and forty-four pastors were provided with parcels, for which they were deeply grateful. Special liberality is needed on this occasion, in consequence of the destruction of so much of the Society's stores in the Tabernacle fire.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. T. Knight, at Chatteris, Cambridgeshire; Mr. C. S. Rose, at Coggeshall, Essex; and Mr. C. H. Clapp, at Horsham, Sussex; though the last-named brother will not be leaving the College till the close of his course.

Mr. W. H. Millard is removing, from Wick, to Clydebank, near Glasgow; and Mr. J. Wilkins, from Woudover, to Attleborough, Norfolk.

Mr. E. J. Burrows asks us to say that he was invited to settle at Mundesley, but he did not feel led to do so; and he will therefore be glad to supply elsewhere with a view to the pastorate. His address is still, — Attleborough, Norfolk.

Brother Patrick has safely reached "Brackenhurst," Redhill, Surrey; and he, too, will be pleased to hear of any opening for preaching where the Lord may desire him to labour at home as he has faithfully served Him abroad. Before leaving Tangier, he received practical proofs of the esteem in which he was held both by his Spanish and his English-speaking friends.

In memoriam.—On May 15, another of the elder brethren of our College fraternity, *Pastor William Coombs*, was "called home." A member of Mr. Hanks' Bible-class, and afterwards of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he laboured, first at Victoria Bank House, Threadneedle Street, then at Streatham, afterwards at Kings Stanley and Princes Risborough until, in 1895, repeated attacks of angina pectoris led to his retirement. Pastor H. E. Smith, of Fenny Stratford, writes:—"Our brother was for years the Secretary of the Bucks Association, and his sound judgment and gentle, courteous manner endeared him throughout the county to pastors and members of that Association. He was a man who knew what sorrow meant, and yet it was a joy to see him, and realize how fully he rested in the God of all grace. For the past few years he lived at Aylesbury, but to the last he showed his ceaseless interest in the churches: and though he resigned his secretaryship of the Association, the brethren so esteemed him that they would not accept it, but appointed one to assist him, so that his wise and cheerful help could be given. He was lovingly ministered to by his one daughter during his long-continued illness. He was a true hero: uncomplainingly he bore his heavy load, and never failed to seek to aid and cheer other burdened hearts. He was buried at Princes Risborough (where he laboured so long amid the friends who miss him sorely). Thank God for such men as William Coombs!" May his surviving relatives be graciously sustained under their bereavement!

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes:—"The event which marks the past month for us, is our first baptism in Sousse. The convert was a young Jew from a neighbouring town. Having pitched a tent upon the sea-shore, we sat down, and heard his story. Years ago, as a boy in a mission-school in Tunis, he heard and opposed the teaching that Jesus was the Messiah, yet the truth clung to him till, at last, he believed. He wrote to the missionary to tell him, and to ask for a New Testament; but he had not the courage to post the letter. Years of silence followed, till, on Mr. Cooksey settling in Kairouan, the young man's desire to acknowledge that he was a Christian revived.

"Mr. Cooksey bore witness to the convert's boldness in discussion with Moslem opposers, and, after prayer and exhortation,

baptized him in the sea,—that same sea over which Paul sailed, and which John watched. Our prayer for our brother is, that he may be like these other Jewish disciples, and follow their faith. Already, persecution has befallen him in his home; but he stands firm, and brings others to hear about the Messiah. Will all Christian readers remember him in their prayers?

"Our patients' numbers have fallen during May to 410,—mainly because harvesting has commenced. What an example to us are these people! Too busy harvesting to think of themselves; while we, alas! are sometimes too busy with ourselves to think of harvesting."

On Tuesday, July 12, a meeting of the collectors and shareholders in connection with the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION will (D.V.) be held, when an address will be delivered by Mr. Patrick. Will friends who are not likely to be able to be present kindly send their contributions or collections to the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark; but will all who can, come to the meeting? Tea at 6.30, public meeting at 7.30.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival is being held just as the Magazine is published, so we must defer our report of the proceedings

until next month, when our cash-lists will announce the amounts received in connection with the commemoration of "Founder's Day."

COLPORTEAGE.—The reports of the past month indicate a sad amount of poverty in some Districts, and the dear loaf has, on all hands, diminished the demand for literature. In at least one case, the colporteur has been enlisted in the actual distribution of bread to starving households; we hope and pray for brighter times.

The members of the Ladies' Working Association, who so constantly assist the colporteurs, have been greatly encouraged by the gift of a new sewing machine, which has been generously presented by the Singer Manufacturing Co., to replace the one which was destroyed in the Tabernacle fire. The ladies desire very heartily to acknowledge the welcome gift, and to express their appreciation of the ready generosity of the above-mentioned firm.

N.B.—More lengthy "Notes" of the Colporteur Association will be found in the article on "The Rally of the Colporteurs."

Baptisms at Walworth Road Chapel, for Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 2, eight; at Haddon Hall, June 11, one.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	1,187	7	6	Contributions from friends at Evesham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. B. Case, B.A.	3	3	0
Miss L. Ball	1	0	0	A friend, Lochee, per Mr. D. Henderson	2	0	0
Received by Pastor T. Spurgeon, at prayer-meeting, May 16	2	18	0	Mr. E. Pullum	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Crafts	5	0	0	Mr. T. Weeks	1	10	0
Mr. J. J. Armistead	1	0	0	Miss M. J. Jones	1	0	0
Mr. A. Griffin	1	0	0	A friend, per Mr. F. Thompson	1	0	0
A friend	5	0	0	Collection at Gresham Baptist Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor F. G. Wheeler	4	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Vincent	2	0	0	Mr. George Jones	5	0	0
Miss Fletcher	0	10	0	"A fellow-pilgrim"	1	0	0
Mr. Grose	0	10	0	Messrs. Adkin and Sons, per Mr. B. F. Foyle	2	2	0
	1	0	0	Miss Alice H. Cox	2	2	0
Misses A. G. and E. Gould	2	2	0	Mrs. Faulkner	1	1	0
Mrs. Bonetto	10	10	0	"For the Fire Fund" postmark Epping	20	0	0
Mrs. Chadwick	5	0	0	Proceeds of lecture by Pastor A. Hall, Queen Street Baptist Chapel, Port Elizabeth	2	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Clarke	1	1	0	Freewill offering from friends at Baptist Chapel, Bishop's Stortford, per Pastor W. Walker	7	0	0
Mr. J. R. Whittard	1	1	0	Collection at Bülth Baptist Chapel, per Pastor Arthur G. Jones	1	10	0
Mr. Richard Pope Froste, M.A.	10	0	0	"Colporteur Tabernacle Restoration Fund"	62	10	0
Mr. S. J. Fowler	1	1	0	Mr. J. H. Anstee	1	0	0
Collection and donations from Chatham Baptist Church, per Pastor F. E. Blackaby	6	0	0	Mrs. Haskin	20	0	0
Contribution from Rochester Baptist Church, per Pastor G. A. Miller	2	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson, and Miss Guthrie	50	0	0
Mrs. M. H. Harrison	1	0	0	Mr. R. Cartwright	1	0	0
Mr. Richard Giles	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Finlayson	1	2	0
Mr. Bridges	1	0	0	Postal order from Redruth	1	0	0
Mr. E. W. Winter	1	0	0				
The British Weekly (3rd instalment)	103	4	10				
Subscriptions from Shepherd's Bush Tabernacle, per Pastor G. W. Pope	5	5	0				
Mrs. Spry	1	0	0				
Mr. G. F. Dean	10	0	0				
Mr. E. Vincent	1	0	0				
Friends at the Railway Mission, Hastings, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	1	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Two friends...	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Rev. F. A. McCune	1	0	0	Friends at Old Southgate, per Mr.			
Mrs. S. F. Clewents	50	0	0	Robert Walker	7	7	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (4th instalment)	38	7	6	Collected by an admirer of the past			
Received by Pastor T. Spurgeon, at				and present Pastors	4	14	6
prayer-meeting, May 26	1	5	0	Miss Wade	5	0	0
Miss E. Hayward	2	0	0	Messrs. Tarn and Co.	10	10	0
Contributions from friends at Stroud				Mr. J. Bettinson	25	0	0
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. T.				Mr. H. W. Rumsey	1	1	0
Soper	3	15	6	A. P. B.	1	0	0
Pastor Noah Heath	1	11	6	Communion collection at Walkley			
Mr. George Ranson	1	0	7	Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. G.			
Mr. J. K. Read	1	1	1	Haste	1	15	0
Mr. W. W. Nicoll	1	5	0	Mr. J. Dickie, proceeds of lecture upon			
Contributions, per Mr. E. J. Gorringe	3	19	6	C. H. Spurgeon	2	0	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Mr. S. Jones	1	0	0
Miss Roper	1	0	0	Collection at Leytonstone Road Bap-			
Miss Cunningham	5	0	0	tist Mission, per Mr. C. Beer	2	3	0
Mrs. Rhodes, and friend	1	0	0	Dr. E. J. Lazarus (Benares, India)	5	0	0
Mrs. Phillips	1	1	0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Mrs. Bullock	1	0	0	Mr. James Steynor	1	0	0
E. L. S.	2	10	0	Mrs. Manning	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Craig	1	0	0	<i>The British Weekly</i> (5th instalment)	39	10	5
Mrs. Lloyd and sister	1	10	0	A friend in Texas, per Miss C. Smith	10	0	0
Amounts under £1	0	15	0	Miss H. V. Woods	1	0	0
	14	16	0	Pastor G. D. Hooper	1	1	0
Mr. S. Platin	1	1	0	Mrs. A. Baker	1	0	0
Miss and Mr. Darling	5	0	0	Mr. James Murray	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. Farmer-Atkinson, per				"Four O's"	4	0	0
Pastor J. A. Spurgeon	4	0	0	"Jack"	1	0	0
Mr. W. Beer	1	0	0	Contributions from Baptist Tabernacle,			
Collection at Communion Service, at				Great Yarmouth, per Pastor T. B.			
Centenary Meetings, Mare Street				Curry	1	0	0
Chapel, Hackney, per Rev. J. E.				Sermon-readers at Reston, per Mrs.			
Bennett, B.A.	3	17	6	Dods	1	0	0
Mr. W. McClintock	1	0	0	Mr. Walter S. Earl	1	0	0
Y.M.C.A., Wellington Place, Belfast,				Contributions from members of Arthur			
per Pastor R. Foster Jeffrey	25	0	0	Street Baptist Church, King's Cross,			
Mr. John L. Bennett	1	0	0	per Pastor J. Love	2	10	0
One shilling subscriptions from Arundel				Mr. M. D. Pringle	2	0	0
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. A.				From friends at Lundi	1	0	0
Bowes	1	0	0	Mrs. Bulley	1	1	0
A. E. T.	2	0	0	Mr. P. W. Ward	1	2	6
From Baptist Chapel, Junction Street,				Miss M. M. Ewing	3	0	0
Derby (collection, £1 10s; various				Mr. and Mrs. Patrick	1	1	0
gifts, £1 10s.), per Pastor P. A.				"In Memoriam"	5	0	0
Hudgell	3	0	0	Collection at Doals Baptist Chapel,			
Miss A. Buckland and sisters	1	0	0	Bacup, per Pastor A. Harrison	3	14	0
Mrs. Platts	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
"What a loved wife would have liked				"Mr. Spurgeon's old			
to do"	2	2	0	friend"	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Blackwood	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Dundas	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Allmeyer	1	0	0	Amounts under £1	1	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. and E. Proctor	2	0	0		7	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Knott	5	0	0	Thankoffering for Pastor C. Spur-			
Mr. and Mrs. W. Park	5	0	0	geon's visit to Chatsworth Road,			
Collection at Ross Baptist Chapel, per				Clapton, per Pastor W. Moxham	4	4	0
Pastor J. J. Knight	3	10	7	Amounts under £1	30	18	1
Mr. Wm. Edwards	21	0	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Mott	14	0	0
Mr. R. F. Powell	3	3	0	Collected by Miss F. Hancock	1	14	7
Mrs. Ferris	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Huddock	2	6	6
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. C. L. Marsh	12	16	6
<i>The British Weekly</i> (5th instalment)	13	16	7	Collected by Mr. W. Verré	4	6	0
Contribution from members of Arundel				Collected by Miss A. M. Bailey	0	11	0
Square Church, Barnsbury, per Rev.				Collected by Miss L. E. Bailey	0	10	0
J. Jameson	3	12	6	Money in Tabernacle gate-boxes	5	7	7
Mrs. Hammond	1	0	0		£2,055	0	4
Mr. Jones	5	0	0				

Received with thanks from Mrs. Wheeler, Birmingham, 36 copies of "Our Own Hymn Book."

Amount acknowledged last month:—Friends at Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, per Pastor T. Hancock, 14s. 7d., should have been £14 7s.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss C. Sloden	0	7	6	F. C. W.	0	2	6
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0	Mr. J. R. Whittard	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Gowing	1	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. G. T. Convey	100	0	0
Mr. A. Fenninga	100	0	0	Executors of the late Mr. Robert Souter	72	19	11
Miss E. Milroy	2	0	0	R. J. L.	2	0	0
Collected by Master Spinney	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	15	6
Lieut.-Colonel S. Dewe White	0	5	0	Mr. B. Phillips	3	0	0
Mr. A. W. Faxman	1	0	0	Mr. H. M. Brunel	1	0	0
Mrs. Rennard	2	0	0	J. M. C., Edinburgh	3	0	0
Anon.	0	12	6	Mrs. S. Dales	1	0	0
Mr. Burleigh				Richmond Street Sunday-school	21	0	0
The Misses A. J. and E. Gould (in sacred remembrance of our dear father's birthday)	3	0	0	M. M., a thankoffering to the Lord	0	2	6
The Misses Pearson	0	8	0	Miss M. M. Ewing	2	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	0	10	2	Mrs. Scott's children	0	12	0
S. B. S.	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Everndon	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper (No. 6 Girls)	0	18	0	Box at Orphanage gates	1	1	7
Harry	5	0	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. A. Burr	0	5	0	Battersea Park Tabernacle prayer-meeting	1	3	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Harlesden Baptist Chapel	9	1	10
Collected by Miss J. Permain	1	4	0	Shooter's Hill Road Band of Hope:—			
S. and N.	5	0	0	Proceeds of meeting	16	12	5
Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per Mr. T. W. Pearson	10	0	0	Collected by Mr. G. F. Merralls	6	7	7
Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. French	1	17	0				
A worker	0	5	0				
Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	1	1	0	Harbour Light Mission, Hackney	23	0	0
Miss A. Tait	0	2	6		1	1	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0	Sale of programmes, Elderton Road, Bermondsey	0	10	10
Mr. S. Leath	0	5	0	Lansdowne Place Mission, Borough, per Mr. F. Fisher:—			
Young Christians' Missionary Union, per Mr. H. W. Harvey	2	7	6	Mr. F. Fisher	1	1	0
H. E. S.	10	10	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	1	0
E. M.	0	2	6	Mr. Charles Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0	Mr. J. Fogden	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	5	6	Mr. J. Passmore	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Simmonds	0	3	3	Sale of programmes	0	7	5
Messrs. Horn and Co., and employees	3	17	6				
Trustees of the late Thomas Porter's Equipment Fund	60	0	0				
Mrs. Calder	21	0	0				
					£736	8	0

List of Presents from May 16th to June 15th, 1898.—Provisions:—45 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 27 lbs. butter, Messrs. J. Pentelow & Son; 18½ lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 1 sack Corn-flour, Mr. C. Wagstaff; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 24 quarterons Bread, Mr. Burr; 6 Pots Jam, Mrs. J. East.

Boys' CLOTHING:—12 Vests, 12 Shirts, Mrs. J. East; 6 Shirts, 1 pair Stockings, The Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss R. A. Taylor; 11 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—26 Articles, The Baptist Working Party, Newbury, per Mrs. A. H. Nias; 29 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 Articles, Mrs. Curtis; 84 Articles, Mrs. J. East; 19 Articles, The Christian Inasmuch Society, South Croydon, per Miss R. A. Taylor; 12 Articles, Miss R. Daniell.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Cut Flowers, Mr. and Mrs. Featherby; 3 Dolls, Anon.; 2 volumes "Illustrated London News," Mr. Alder; a quantity of Toys and Games, The Misses Stacey; 1 bicycle, the Granville Cycle Co.; 4 Guards for lamps in Boys' Playhall, Mr. W. Northcroft; 2 Books, 1 pair Braces, 1 Inkstand, Mr. W. F. Escott; 25 Fancy Articles, 1 Doll, 1 set of Table Mats, Mrs. Hitchman; 47 Fancy Articles, 1 Quilt, Anon., Ashford; 2 Antimacassars, Miss K. Smithyes; 8) Books, 1 Fender (for Seaside Home), Mrs. Emerson; 5 Beaded Collars, Miss L. Reynolds.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>				Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0	Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, J.P.	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Pastor E. W. Tarbox	20	0	0	Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny	11	5	0
Radleigh, per Mr. W. F. Durant	10	0	0	Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman	11	5	0	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association, per Pastor T. Hancock	50	0	0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10	0	0	Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0
Brentford, In memoriam	10	0	0	Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sudd	7	10	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0				
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler	11	5	0				
Penrhiwcoiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0				
Abridge, per Mr. C. Masters	1	0	0				
					£208	10	0

<i>General Fund:—</i>		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. S. Bascomb	1 0 0	Mrs. Fordham ...	0 3 0
Mr. and Mrs. Higginbottom	0 10 0	Mr. A. J. Day ...	0 2 6
Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited	2 2 0	Miss Gunner ...	0 8 0
Mr. R. H. Thorn	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain ...	1 0 0
Collections at Annual Meetings	11 13 8	Mr. H. Band, per Mr. H. Mears ...	0 10 0
Sale of Reports	0 9 8	Mr. W. Payne ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Ellwood	3 0 0	Mr. W. H. Willcox ...	1 1 0
The Misses Buswell	1 0 0	Mrs. W. Leverton ...	0 2 6
Mrs. Blackwood	1 0 0	Mr. W. Olney ...	1 1 0
Miss Spliedt	1 0 0	Mrs. W. P. Olney ...	0 10 6
M. H. R. S.	0 10 0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair ...	0 5 0
F. C. W.	0 2 6		
Miss Van Notten Pole	0 10 0		
				<u>£29 7 4</u>

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

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mrs. S. Helston ...	0 10 0	Miss Everest ...	0 10 0
F. C. W. ...	0 2 6	A thankoffering from a friend ...	3 0 0
A Higblander ...	0 4 0	For translations of sermons:—	
Jessie Taylor ...	0 10 0	F. C. W. ...	0 2 6
Mrs. Holder ...	0 10 0		
Mary Barker ...	0 5 0		<u>£5 14 0</u>

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	3,950 14 3	Miss Roper ...	1 0 0
"Of Thine own have I given Thee" ...	200 0 0	Mr. W. Sparks ...	0 4 0
Mrs. Clark ...	0 6 6	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—	
Miss Bevan ...	1 14 0	Profit on photographs ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Bullock ...	1 0 0	B. ...	0 2 0
Mrs. Denman ...	2 2 0	W. B. ...	0 2 0
Mrs. G. ...	5 0 0	A friend ...	0 10 0
E. L. S. ...	2 10 0	Miss Palmer ...	0 7 8
Mrs. Hoskin ...	5 0 0	Mr. Mumford ...	5 0 0
Mrs. Lloyd ...	0 10 0	A brick from Hurstmonceux ...	0 1 0
A. and E. Davis ...	2 0 0	Ebenezer ...	1 0 0
Miss E. Allen ...	0 10 0	Miss Norton ...	1 0 0
Miss Caffyn ...	0 10 0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	2 8 10
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A. ...	2 10 0		
Mrs. Keevil ...	10 0 0		<u>£8,027 7 1</u>
A. Z. ...	1 0 0		

Also promised, £150.

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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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 31st Annual Report

OF THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

Colportage Association,

— 1897. —



VIEW OF THE COLPORTAGE DEPOT.

Pastors' College, Temple Street,
St. George's Road, LONDON, S.E.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE Colportage . Association.

Founder :

PASTOR CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,
1866.

President :

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President :

PASTOR JAMES A. SPURGEON, D.D.

Treasurer :

C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

Committee :

S. R. PEARCE, Esq, <i>Chairman.</i>	
JOSEPH PASSMORE, Esq.	JAMES HALL, Esq.
FRANK THOMPSON, Esq.	SAMUEL JOHNSON, Esq.
J. J. COOK, Esq.	M. LLEWELLYN, Esq.

Honorary Secretary :

C. P. CARPENTER, Esq.

Secretary :

MR. STEPHEN WIGNEY.

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.*

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT, 1897.

ANOTHER year has passed since this Association entered upon the fourth decade of its existence; through all its returning seasons mercies have been experienced, and once again the stone of Ebenezer is raised as the Committee, with grateful hearts, present the Thirty-first Annual Report.

They are fully conscious of much imperfection with regard to the instrumentality put forth; but they recognize so much of the Lord's goodness in blessing the efforts, that they are constrained to begin with a song of thanksgiving to Him who hath done all things well.

The record of the twelve months is a satisfactory one, from the fact that FIFTY-FOUR earnest godly men have been working diligently in the manifold duties of the Colporteur's vocation. The "Word of God," which is the "Bread of Life," has been abundantly distributed both as a written message and also as a proclaimed Gospel, and many hungry souls have been led to taste for themselves and have found it satisfying.

The total sales effected during the year have amounted to £6,826 3s., and represent a total of 759,456 publications, of which no less than 9,357 were either Bibles or Testaments. In addition to these sales the Colporteurs have conducted 6,824 public services, some in chapels, some in mission rooms, and others in the open-air, to which may be added multitudes of visits to the sick, the distressed, and the dying, which have afforded abundant comfort and solace in the time of trial.

In the new year upon which the Committee have entered, they are most desirous to see an EXTENSION of the work of the Association. Various circumstances have transpired in recent times which have somewhat reduced the scope of the good work, but they are now looking forward eagerly and hopefully to a revival of interest in the favoured organisation founded by the late beloved Charles Haddon

Spurgeon, which shall enable it to rise to a point of prosperity as high as any which would mark its past career. To enable them to carry out this extension, they appeal for a greatly enlarged constituency of regular subscribers to the general funds, and would impress upon all friends that the Colportage Association is one of the most economical agencies extant for the dissemination of the Gospel, and that it is worthy of their continuous and generous help.

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,
Mrs. PERCY, Miss C. PEARCE, Miss J. PEARCE.

DURING the past year this work has continued to be a source of real help to the Colporteurs, some 22 parcels having been forwarded to families where clothing has been needed.

In each case where an application has been received, there has been an endeavour to send the articles specially asked for as far as possible.

The Society desire to record their gratitude to a Faithful God first of all, and next to return their warm thanks to the many friends who have given their time from week to week in making garments, and to those who have kindly forwarded materials or made-up articles to them.

The recent fire at the Tabernacle having destroyed a considerable amount of clothing which had been prepared, the work is at present somewhat retarded, and the sewing machine which had been so helpful having shared the destruction, progress must be somewhat slow. The Society desire to push forward hopefully, and would greatly value the kindness of any friend who would replace the sewing machine destroyed, enabling them to work with more expedition.

A working meeting is held every alternate Monday at the Pastors' College from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. Any friend who can spare the whole or portion of the time will receive a hearty welcome.

Parcels may be addressed to Miss HOOPER, Secretary, Ladies' Colportage Working Society, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

"A Theatre Proprietor Saved."

"A most interesting case has been that of the proprietor of a travelling theatre, who, when I first went to see him, was as ignorant of the plan of salvation as a child, but his mind seemed just as receptive. I visited him two or three times a week, and during Christmas week nearly every day, and I have reason to believe the 'Good tidings of great joy' came to him. I never felt more grateful to God, than, when on Christmas Day he wrung my hand, and said, 'I am thankful for your visits, they have done me good, and I now believe in Jesus Christ.'"

From W. BIRD, of Wallingford.

"A Family Lament."

"I do thank God for all His goodness as I have (notwithstanding much physical weakness and weariness) taken more money in this one month than ever before in my 8½ years in the Association. The sales this month are £20 18s. 9d. The Wallingford people are more than ever delighted with the Christmas cards, they are so good and so cheap. One family bought several, and their great lament was that they had not patronized me before."

From R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

"As Dark as any Heathen."

"A young man gave me a welcome when I called, and I had a long talk with him and his wife about spiritual things; I found them both in true earnestness to become Christians. The husband said, 'I could sit up all night to hear you talk about these things,' he said, 'I have lived to serve the devil for 30 years; I was as dark as any heathen until I came to live here, I went to church and read my Bible, but I never realized that I was a lost sinner, I see it now, and I mean to be a Christian.'"

From F. COLLIER, of Swaffham Prior.

"Seeking to let his Light shine."

"During the month of January I received a letter from a former member of my Bible Class who has gone to South Africa, in which he says how thankful he is that he was led to decide for Christ before he left home, since the town where he now lives abounds with all manner of evil. He induced a friend there to commence a Bible Class for young men, so that he is seeking to let his light shine in that corner, which, I trust may be a means of leading others to the Saviour whom he loves."

From E. GARRETT, of Axbridge.

"A Good Record."

"My sales for last year were 39 Bibles, 35 New Testaments, 605 Books under 6d., 784 Books at and above 6d., 13,829 magazines, 170 small books, 1,254 Scripture and Christmas Cards, 543 Almanacks, 426 Scripture Texts, 2,488 Penny Stories; 35 Services or addresses, 563 tracts, books, &c., given away. Total value of sales, £253 4s. 11d. Average sale, per month, about £21. This last year's sales brings up the total, since the district was opened, to the sum of £6,457 19s. 5d. Number of publications sold for the year 1896, 20,072. The late President's Sermons are still much valued by many people who look forward to having them every month."

From A. W. GOULD, of Denmead.

"Not Lost in the Snow."

"I have visited the sick, and I have conducted Sunday Services. One Sunday in January, I walked through the snow five miles to a village, taking the Morning Service, Afternoon Bible Class, and preaching again at 3 o'clock p.m. I then walked back to Denmead, and conducted the Evening Service, thus, I travelled ten miles, conducted four Services, and, thank God, I did not get lost in the snow."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

"Sent on Purpose."

"On January 15th I was very discouraged, as sales were bad, but, at the last house at which I called, I saw a woman who had undergone an operation, and had been very ill, and that day had arrived at her daughter's house for a change. We got into conversation concerning God's goodness and love, and she said as I left that she had been greatly cheered and helped by our conversation, remarking that I was sent there on purpose, and her daughter expressed the same feeling."

From R. HALL, of Conisborough.

"A Hearty Good-bye."

"Upon the occasion of my leaving Ilkeston, the brethren and sisters at Queen Street Baptist Church had a farewell tea-meeting, and a very pleasant evening gathering, to show their love and interest in the Master's work in which I had been engaged. I have been endeavouring to sow the good seed of the Kingdom, and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit of God, I trust, blessing has followed both upon my preaching and teaching in the Sunday School. My class of young ladies presented me with a beautiful writing desk, accompanied by a very nice letter, praying that the Lord would make me a blessing in my new district."

From W. HODGE, of Wellow.

"A Year of steady Progress."

"During the last year I have sold 89 Bibles, 47 Testaments, 3,715 books under 6d., 666 over 6d., 7,465 magazines, 61 packets of books, 2,083 Scripture texts and cards, 95 Scripture almanacks, amounting in value to £132 6s. 8d. This is an increase of 1,411 upon the total sold last year, and to accomplish this I have travelled 2,110 miles. I have also conducted 37 Gospel services during the year, and I have given a helping hand to every good work I possibly could."

From T. HAINES, of Corton.

"Nothing like Spurgeon's Sermons."

"The late President's Sermons are a very great help to many; one said, 'Mr. C. is very anxious about his soul, nothing seems to help him like Spurgeon's Sermons; another said, 'Have you got a Sermon in your pack? I still have that one which you sold me upon a former visit, it has helped me so much that I read it over and over again,' another customer remarked 'Spurgeon's Sermons are so good.'"

From J. KEDDIE, of Maldon, Essex.

"Showers of Blessing."

"My Mission work is very encouraging, I had two more souls decide to follow Jesus last Sabbath evening, and more are labouring under deep conviction. We are experiencing a great revival here, such as I have never witnessed before. We have had the showers now we are praying for the floods of blessing, which we are promised at our precious Father's hands."

From C. PAYNE, of Repton.

(1) "A promising Young Man."

"I have visited a young man here, who has been very ill, and who thought he would not get better, but through the mercy of God he has partly recovered. I believe he has been awakened to a sense of his condition as a lost sinner. I have sought to instruct him about eternal things, pointing him to Jesus as the only way of salvation. He has told me he will trust the Saviour, and I have great hopes that he will now lead a different life."

(2) "Telling the Old, Old Story to an Aged Sinner."

"I have visited an old man several times, he seems to be near the end of his earthly pilgrimage; and I have sought to point him to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' I explained to him the way of salvation as simply as possible, and told him of God's wonderful love in the gift of Jesus Christ, he seems glad to hear the old, old Story, and, I believe, he understands something of it, although so feebly."

From E. PAINE, of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"Bringing their Seats with them."

"In one of the villages I hold a monthly cottage service, there are several aged people who live a long distance from any place of worship, and I am very greatly encouraged by seeing so many attend, and hearing of the good received; some of the people come bringing their seats with them. After visiting some elderly people who were very ill, they said how thankful they were that I ever came round to see them, for they felt that they had been spiritually benefited by my visits."

From H. WEBB, of Barrow.

"The Little Child Influenced."

"Upon calling at a cottage to-day, the old lady told me about a little child who was present when I was there a month before, I had read and prayed as usual; this little child had since then gone several times and kneeled down against a chair, saying that is how the book man did; we find that our work is thus noticed even by the children."

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

"It was Good."

"One man over 76, who I persuaded to come to the small chapel, when I spoke to him at the close of the service, said, 'It was good, I never thought, measter, it was like this. I have never been to a service in my life before, either church or chapel; but I shall always come when I know you are going to be there.'"

From J. BROOKER, of Cowfold.

"Preaching on a lump of Stone."

"One evening, when returning home after a long, drearish, and trying day's work, I was stopped by a man driving a light cart, who said he was converted five years ago through my preaching on a lump of stone. He came to upset the service, but the Lord upset him, and brought him to Himself, another instance of finding after many days."

From R. DODDS, of Langley Moor.

"A Shilling is never ill-spent on a guid book."

"I was out with my Bible carriage the other day when an old man said to me, 'That was a nice book my wife bought.' I asked him what book it was, and he said 'The Traveller's Guide.' I showed him other books, and he bought two, remarking, 'A shilling is never ill-spent on a guid book.'"

From R. FIFIELD, of Horsell, Surrey.

"An Infidel's Confession."

"The work of a Colporteur is very varied, having to call on all sorts and conditions of men, from the rich to those in the deepest poverty, and it is very noticeable how sin leaves its mark, and the people, in many cases, are just longing to be saved from sin, and it is also a great joy to point them to 'The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' I have had this privilege in many cases, and hope and believe the good seed will spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God. I had a long conversation with a professed infidel at Pirbright, and at the close, she said, 'Well, I must own you have had the best of the argument, and your prospects for the future are certainly brighter than mine.'"

From A. W. GOULD, of Denmead.

"The Enemy sowed Tares."

"The enemy is at work sowing tares amongst the good seed. Upon calling at a house in a scattered district, I found a man who was boasting of his knowledge, for had he not books in his possession that had made him exceedingly wise. In fact, the Bible was out of date; could I tell him who God was, and where He was located? I told him I knew a teacher that could tell him all he wanted to know about God, and invited him to come to the Lord Jesus, and He would be his teacher."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

"It was Viduals to me."

"I met a woman at S., who in our conversation told me she had been reading a sermon of the late President's, on 'Jonah and the gourd,' and testified to the blessing received through reading it. To use her own words, she said 'I did enjoy reading it for it was viduals to me.'"

From E. PAINE, of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"I want Jesus only."

"I have several times visited a woman who is very ill, and my visits have been very helpful to her. The Rector called to see her, and upset her about Confirmation and Sacraments. She said, 'I don't want these; I want Jesus only.' I saw her a few days since, and she said, 'I wanted to see you, for I will trust alone in Him.'"

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

"Nobody ever told me these things before."

"A man, who had never been accustomed to attend God's house, was prevailed upon to go and hear the little man from Melksham. After the service was over I spoke to him, and he told me 'that he had never been inside a chapel before to a service,' but he said, 'I shall be here again to-night.' He came, and I conversed with him after the evening service; he said, 'Do come and tell me more about that Jesus; I never thought it was anything like what you say. Nobody ever told me these things before.'"

From J. W. ANDREW, of Sellindge.

"Praying for Pastor Thomas Spurgeon."

"I have had testimony that the Book Sermons have been the means of much blessing. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's sermons are read with great pleasure and profit, and some have spoken highly of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermons, expressing their interest in him and his work, and that they often pray to God for him."

From W. BEER, of Greenwich.

"The best jug to fetch beer in."

"A rather rough man came to my stall and bought a book; the next time he came he said, 'Look you here, I want a better one than the last, for that brought me bad luck.' Seeing that he was the worse for drink, I looked out one entitled 'The best Jug to fetch Beer in,' which he bought. He still comes for more, for that last book taught him some good lessons, which he seems to have practised."

From G. BROOKER, of Cowfold.

"It's all right now!"

"I had an hour's conversation with one of my customers, trying to convince her of her personal need of Jesus. I pleaded with her to accept God's gift of salvation at once, and not to bother herself about whether church or chapel was best for worship. I then left her in the hands of our God, praying that He would bless the word spoken to the salvation of her soul, and last week she sent me word, saying 'It's all right now!'"

From R. DODDS, of Langley Moor.

"Worship in the Bedroom."

"When going my rounds one afternoon, I called to see an old lady who is confined to bed and cannot go out-doors. After talking a little while, I read a portion of Scripture, sang a hymn and played my concertina, after which the old lady said 'It was as good as being at a service, it has been refreshing.' I need not say it did me good to hear her say this."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

"Leaving a blessing behind."

"A few days ago I visited an aged couple, and read one of the President's sermons, and then had prayer with them. Upon leaving, the old lady, as she shook my hand, said 'So glad to see you; you always leave a blessing behind.'"

From R. FIFIELD, of Woking.

"Not feelings, but Christ."

"On calling at a house, I found a poor woman in great distress of soul, and after a little talk I found she was a backslider, and, consequently, had lost the joy of salvation; she was also making the great mistake of trusting in her feelings. I pointed her to Christ as the one to trust in, and she at once saw her mistake, and after a little prayer with her, I left, leaving the Holy Spirit to apply the word. When I called this month I found her rejoicing in Christ, and she told me she had learnt one great truth, and that was, 'Though her feelings changed and were rarely two days alike, yet she had found that Jesus was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

From E. GARRETT, of Axbridge.

"Tact, Push and Coaxing required."

"It takes a good bit of tact, push and coaxing to sell or to get an order for a Bible or New Testament. I see now more and more the need of keeping the Scriptures well to the front, because it is the Word of life. Ritualism and careless indifference are constantly on the increase, and bookshops open now who sell and get down any rubbish in a few hours that the people ask for."

From R. HALL, of Ilkeston.

"Knocking about the Villages."

"You will see that I am knocking about the villages and using all my persuasive powers. I am glad to say that God has blest me in telling the old story of the Saviour's willingness to save, and I am endeavouring to use all the tact, energy, and courage that I can command."

From J. KEDDIE, of Maldon, Essex.

"On Opportune Call."

"I called at a house, where a young man lived who had fallen off a high horse right on to the top of his head, and causing concussion of the brain. He sat in a chair unconscious, and I advised the people what to do, they being far away from a doctor. I received a letter afterwards from the young man's mother, saying how grateful they were that God directed my steps to their house just then, as they should not have known what to have done if I had not called."

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

"It's their Conscience."

"A case of some interest has been that of an old lady in my district. Early in June I was informed she was ill, and I began to visit her. I noticed that most of the family went out of the room while I was present with her, and upon asking the reason, the old lady said, 'Oh, sir, it's their conscience; but they are glad for you to come and see me, take no notice.'"

From A. W. GOULD, of Denmead.

"Picture of the Good Shepherd."

"We have evidence that visits to the sick are blessed. One man tells me that a picture of the Good Shepherd was a great comfort to his wife, and she constantly pointed to it when too weak to speak, and gave them to understand that she was safe in the Good Shepherd's keeping. There are a number of Catholic pictures sold in the district, and it is a joy to know that our work is counteracting these."

From C. G. HICKS, of Thornbury.

"Enjoying the Sermons."

"In September, I called at a house and saw an aged couple. I need not say what a welcome I get in that cottage with these aged poor; they are always reluctant to let me go again. I always read one of our late or present President's sermons to them, and the hearty amens and responses testify how they enjoy the same; and on this visit, after prayer with them, the old sister took my hand and held it tight, saying 'God be with ye; you always leave a blessing behind.' This testimony comes from very poor people who cannot purchase, but they are so glad for me to call and see them."

From T. HAINES, of Corton.

"I was so glad."

"Blessing continues to rest upon the Sermons of the late President, one said to me, 'One of those sermons I bought of you did me so much good that I took it across the way to my neighbours for them to read it;' another said, 'Before I was converted I was a great novel reader; I wondered what I should do about reading, but you came along the next morning, I was so glad.'"

From S. HOLLY, of Penrhiwceiber.

"Gospel Services in the Workhouse."

"I am unable to report any increase in sales, yet I think, considering the depression in trade and the change, there has been much good done in trying to keep up the sales and work; the work has been arduous, but God has helped me and blessed my words in the salvation of one. I have conducted Gospel services at Pontypridd Workhouse, which I trust God will bless. I am pleased to report that Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's book on 'Christ's Glorious Achievements' has been the means of conviction. I trust the Holy Spirit will reveal Christ to him."

From R. HALL, of Conisborough.

"Praying and Selling."

"I have been praying that I might push Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's 'Morning by Morning' and 'Evening by Evening'; I think, if people would read these two books we would not live without seeing a different state of things. I have sold eleven of them last month, and wherever I have sold them they have given satisfaction. I ought to sell as many in a week, I wish I could. My work is very hard, but the Lord's blessing rests upon me; thank God, I am very happy."

From J. KEDDIE, of Maldon, Essex.

"A Terrible Upset."

"I have much pleasure in saying that my work goes on steadily, and I am now receiving tokens of the great Master's approval. The following incident was told me quite unsolicited, viz.: that I had gone to a village to preach, and been the means of a terrible upset. The woman said, 'It was such a storm as she never saw before.' A man and woman came to the meeting, and the woman sat down just inside the seat on which she herself sat; and I read the story of the Woman of Samaria, and explained it. I had not proceeded very far (said my informant) when this woman said she would be going, as she had had enough of it; but my informant would not let her out, so, after several successful attempts to hold her in, when the meeting was over she went out, and swore and called me everything she could think of, and on the Monday following she came to my informant and said that 'some of you women have been jawing to Mr. Keddie about me, and my husband is at home blaring, and I cannot get him to leave off,' but, I added, 'What had I to do with all this matter?' 'Oh!' she said, 'this man and woman had been living together, and had five children, and had never been married; and when you said 'he whom thou now hast is not thy husband,' she thought you meant them; but,' my informant added, 'you have done good, for they could not rest until they were married, and further, I believe the man is born again and is living for God.' I wish I could upset many more with the same blessed results."

From A. PORTINGALL, of East Dereham.

"Her Mother could not forget my Visit."

"I called upon three aged persons, two of these are unable to attend a place of worship through infirmity; in conversation with one, she told me no Christian person had visited her for two years. I had spiritual conversation, read a portion of God's word, and offered prayer with her, she seemed so thankful and delighted, saying she had received much blessing through my visit, asking me to call again next month; both of the others expressed much thankfulness, especially one of them, for I called last month but she was gone out from home; but her daughter who she lives with told me that her mother could not forget my visit, she had spoken of it several times, and had said how much she enjoyed my conversation, and the reading of God's word and prayer, which we had together."

From E. PAINE, of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"I have a good Hope now."

"About two months ago I was on my way to see a woman who was in a dying condition, when I was told that a man in the same village was ill, and wanted to see me; I went at once, and found him very bad. He said, 'I am so glad to see you,' and I said, 'What is your hope for the future?' He said, 'It is a very poor hope, I have lived without God.' I spoke to him of Jesus Christ coming into the world to save just such as he, and I pointed him to some of those in the Gospels whom Christ saved, and that Jesus was just the same; I then prayed with him, and if ever I felt the power of the Holy Ghost, it was then; I then left him, and I saw him again in about a week, and as soon as I saw him he said, 'Oh! thank God I have a good hope now, my sins are all gone and I am not afraid to die.'"

From JOB SMITH, of Aylesbury.

"The Colporteur in the Water."

"We have had Special Meetings at the different Mission Halls, Mr. Geo. Hunter has been the Missioner, and there are several who, I believe, have been converted. This month I have been privileged to baptize two."

From S. WATKINS, of Hereford.

"After the Battle of Waterloo."

"I called on an aged man, who is 92 years of age, and he remembers the soldiers returning from the Battle of Waterloo. His sight has failed in a measure so that he cannot see to read, but his mental faculties are wonderfully good. I read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with him, as I usually do when I call, and he always appears very thankful for my visits."

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

"I do like to hear you speak of Jesus."

"There are at least six families attending God's house, and their children the Sunday School, who never went anywhere before I called on them, and although they declared they were so poor that they could not buy any books, yet, after a great deal of persuasion, they did, and now the same people look anxiously forward to my visits, and three of them in particular say, 'You must never come without staying and giving us a service, for we do like to hear you speak of Jesus.'"

From H. WEBB, of Bury St. Edmunds.

"I am sure I shall not rust out."

"I feel very thankful to our Father in Heaven for continuing to me such a good measure of health and strength; blessings they are that are much required for our work. I find that my life is a busy one indeed, what with the book-selling, week-night and Sunday services, and sick-visiting, I am sure I shall not rust out, for which I have no wish. As I go about I frequently hear words of encouragement, one and another say, 'I count upon your coming to see me.' A short time ago an old lady said to me, 'I often think about the short unkind way I spoke to you the first time you called, but now,' she said, 'I always look for your coming.'"

From J. P. ALLEN, of Swadlincote.

(1) **"A First Qualification."**

"Early in September, I went through a neighbouring pottery, when one of the men said to me that he would like a job like mine, and knowing that he was an ungodly man, I said, 'You are not qualified.' He replied that he could preach a bit and sell books. I referred him to the first qualification, viz., that of being saved by Divine grace, and knowing the way of life before attempting to teach it to others. From this standpoint I preached to him Jesus the Saviour of men, dealing plainly with him as to the need of the forgiveness of sins and peace with God, whether a Colporteur or potter."

(2) **"Better ever Since."**

"I was sent for to visit a poor man, who, the doctor said, had internal cancer. I found him racked with pain, and in a sad state spiritually, and he could neither read nor write. I spent some time in conversation with him, read several portions of

Scripture to him, commenting a little as I went on, and prayed with him. He was profuse in his thanks and seemed somewhat better, and begged that I would go again. Two or three days later, as I went through the pottery, a man who had always seemed to treat sacred things very lightly asked me if I had been in again to see this man, to which I said, 'No, I intend to go again to-night.' He replied, 'You do, he has great faith in your prayers; he declared that he never heard such a prayer in his life, for, while you were telling the Lord what He could do, and praying for his poor body, the Lord relieved him, and he has been better ever since.'"

From J. W. ANDREW, of Sellindge.

"An ever welcome Visitor."

"I have just been in my district 15 years, and it is pleasing to me to know how I am welcomed, and the interest there is in reading the books, magazines, &c. How often I hear the words 'We have been expecting to see you,' and 'We are so glad you have come, as I wanted my magazine or book,' and I have several clergymen who are very kind to me and are good customers, especially at this time of the year."

From R. BELLAMY, of Fritham.

"Seeing the Word while on the Bed."

"One young woman thanked me for my visits, and told me I had done her so much good. Another said, 'There will be a good many, Mr. B., who will thank God through eternity for your creeping about here, for you have done me good many times.' Another man said, 'My sickness has led me to see how near death I was, and made me think. I thank you for your visits; bring me some texts for my bedroom, so that I can see the Word of God as I lie in bed.'"

From G. BOTWRIGHT, of Lymington.

"Sweet Testimonies."

"One book, 'Steps to Christ,' sold by me to a woman, was the means of her conversion, also of her husband and two children. 'The Traveller's Guide' has been used again; a young woman who bought one decided for Christ, and, through her, two of her fellow-servants and quite an old lady are resting in Jesus. I met a young woman the other day who once lived here, and she told me the word spoken ten years ago by me was the means of her salvation."

From T. BOULTON, of Evesham.

"Antidote to Rome."

"By the Father's mercy I am still permitted to continue work for the Master in this district, and still believe that the seed I am sowing by life, prayer and word, with the quantity of good books scattered, is not in vain, for, now and again, testimony is given me which gives me confidence that God is with me, and I find it more needful than ever that, this work should continue to be done in opposition to the teaching of Romish doctrines so prevalent around us."

From W. BEER, of Greenwich.

"The Sweetest Music after all."

"A man came to buy a new 'Christian Choir' with tunes, at my stall, and when I asked him if he was yet saved, he said 'These things did not trouble him now, for Christianity was well-nigh played out.' I said to him, 'Why do you want these sacred hymns?' when he replied, 'Because that kind of music is the most soothing after the day's work is over.'"

From F. COLLIER, of Swaffham Prior.

"The Man with the Knapsack appreciated."

"I am often told of good attending the reading of books I have sold even years ago. One lady has had several of the 'Dairyman's Daughter' to give to her servants, and has ordered another for a girl who has just entered her service, as others have received good from them. It is cheering to know that after having been in the district nearly 17 years, that my services are as much valued and sought after as ever by the people, both in my visits to the homes and especially among the sick, of whom there have been and still are many, and often finding those who need a word of

comfort to be spoken ; some anxious about salvation, others by reason of affliction or bereavement or other causes, and it has pleased our Heavenly Father to make us a blessing to others in this way, as well as in the public services conducted in various places around, one and another saying to me after the service, 'God bless you, the words spoken have done me good.'"

From E. PAINE, of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

"A Blessed Tract."

"In August I called at a cottage, and the woman asked me if I had called next door, as she said the woman living there was very ill, and would like to tell me about the tract I left some time ago, which had been made a blessing to her soul. I called and found her with the tract on her bed, and she was so happy with the Lord."

From C. PAYNE, of Repton.

(1) "Trusting without Questioning."

"In my work here I have openings to speak for Jesus, and I am glad to be the means of helping some to a better life. One woman, with whom I had a conversation, was of a perplexing turn of mind, and said she could not accept the providences of God and His dealings with us without question. I told her faith in God must be without question on our part, and that she must have a simple child-like trust if she wanted to know the peace of God."

(2) "Golden Opportunities."

"I am glad to record the good hand of God with us here in working for Him, and in the many opportunities He has given me in bearing witness for Him. May His name be glorified in the salvation of sinners."

From JARVIS SMITH, of Eastchurch.

"Preachers Wanted."

"The question of supplying our villages with Gospel Preachers becomes more difficult every year. One or two of the places would have no preacher for several Sundays together, apart from the services I am able to render, which I believe are made a blessing to God's people and the means of leading sinners unto Christ."

From T. R. TODD, of Earls Colne.

"All is well."

"In one home here I have always received a hearty welcome, and a few days previous to the death of the woman of the house I visited her, as she desired to see me. As I entered the room I could see that death had made its mark upon her, and bending over, I said, 'Is it well?' She replied, 'Oh yes, all is well, and I have nothing to fear.' Breathing a few short sentences in prayer, she said, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

From A. WALKER, of Melksham.

"I do thank God."

"Only the other Tuesday evening after the evening service, an old lady said to me, 'I want to speak to you, to tell you what a rich blessing I have received to my soul this night. Oh! I do thank God He ever sent you into our midst; may your life be spared and you be permitted to visit us in our homes, and to preach to us as you do the blessed truths of the gospel.' Several similar cases have been the result of efforts put forth during this last quarter."

From H. WEBB, of Bury St. Edmunds.

"Words spoken, never forgotten."

"Sometimes I hear a few words that help and encourage me. The other day a woman came to me, and said, 'I never forget those words you said in Barrow Chapel when you first came there.' Visiting in Barrow, a few evenings ago, I called upon an aged couple with whom I had some conversation and prayer. Upon leaving, a friend (who was on a visit to them) came outside and said to me, 'I am sure your visits here have done him good, for at one time no one hardly dare mention to him anything about religion; now, when I go, he mostly says, "Will you oblige us with a little prayer?" and they often tell me about your visits when they write to me.'"

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 1897:—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	5,049	Books under 6d.	66,406
Testaments	4,308	Books over 6d.	40,921
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,095	„ in Packets	14,956
„ John Ploughman's do.	3,356	Scripture Texts... ..	31,584
„ Books (various) ...	2,040	Cards in Packets	66,646
Almanacks (various) ...	6,646		
Penny Illustrated Books... ..	122,968		
TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS		121,283	
„ SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS		98,230	
„ PENNY STORIES		122,968	

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	2,540	Notes on Scripture Lessons ...	2,756
Appeal	2,108	Our Little Dots	4,784
Band of Hope Review	9,401	Our Own Gazette	3,426
Band of Hope Treasury	2,298	Prize	7,052
Child's Own Magazine	4,052	Sunshine	4,986
Gospel Trumpet	3,750	Silver Link	2,310
Herald of Mercy	1,950	Good Tidings	9,936
Juvenile Missionary Herald ...	4,050	Chatterbox	3,944
Baptist Messenger	2,249	Our Darlings	1,228
British Workman	5,972	Sword and Trowel	4,320
British Workwoman	2,958	Young England	2,910
Child's Companion	4,345	Boy's Own Paper	3,112
Children's Friend	7,330	Girl's Own Paper	6,852
Cottager and Artisan	6,660	Quiver	11,520
Family Friend	17,928	Sunday at Home	3,212
Friendly Visitor	3,488	Cassell's Family Magazine ...	2,360
Home Words	4,302	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	83,892
Infants' Magazine	3,688	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons ...	12,500
Mothers' Treasury	2,284	Woman at Home	2,696
National Temperance Mirror...	1,564	Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons	4,800
TOTAL PERIODICALS		271,513	

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 54 Colporteurs. In addition to this they distributed gratuitously upwards of 58,716 Tracts, made about 299,834 visits, and conducted 6,824 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£204,246 16s. 2d.

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	1,211 10 6	127,130	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 7	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 1	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
				1897	54	6,826 3 1	299,834	6,824

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to Mr. S. WIGNEY, Secretary, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to SECRETARY, Colportage Association, Pastors' Collage, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1897.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1878	Mr. H. Woolf.
Dorking	Surrey... ..	S. Townsend	1873	A. Chabot, Esq.
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. C. Evans & Sons.
Eresham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton	1874	Local Committee.
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	Miss E. A. Tyler.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
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.
Swadlincote	Derbyshire... ..	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton	Staffordshire	C. Payne	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew	1882	Mr. E. Sharwood.
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire...	J. A. Skeet	1882	Rev. J. E. Brett.
Thornbury	Do.	C. G. Hicks	1882	Mrs. S. Taylor.
Great Totham	Essex	T. Bendall	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhiwceiber	Aberdare	S. Holly	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.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire	S. Bartlett	1884	Messrs. J. Smallwood.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. C. Spurgeon.
Estover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. O. Serpell, Esq.
St. Margaret's	Kent	B. R. Slater	1889	{ Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Cowfold	Sussex... ..	J. Brooker	1889	

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
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	Hy. Wobb	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Eastchurch... ..	Sheppey, Kent	Jarvis Smith	1890	L. H., Anonymous.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	J. Ford	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.
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.
Withington	Hereford	S. Watkins... ..	1894	W. H. Godwin, Esq.
Canterbury	Kent	A. R. Richards	1894	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Langley Moor	Durham	R. Dodds	1895	J. Raw, Esq.
Bridgnorth... ..	Shropshire	V. E. Tharston	1897	G. Lloyd, Esq.
Taunton	Somerset	J. W. Knee	1897	T. Penny, Esq.
Dereham	Norfolk	A. Portingall	1897	Rev. H. Freeman.

No. of Districts occupied during 1897 :—54.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

*Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1897.**(Previously acknowledged in The Sword and the Trowel.)*

FOR DISTRICTS.			GENERAL FUND.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Arlesbury	40	0 0	Anonymous	1	10 0
Brentford, in memoriam ...	40	0 0	Anon.	0	5 0
Barrow, per Mr. S. H. Harwood	40	0 0	A friend	0	10 0
Bridgnorth, per Mr. G. Lloyd	22	10 0	A friend, per Dr. J. Spurgeon	5	0 0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	20	0 0	Ackland, Mr. and Mrs. F. G.	5	0 0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	45	0 0	A friend, per Mr. W. E. Ives	20	0 0
Cowling Hill Baptist Church	40	0 0	A friend, per Mrs. Stevens	0	1 0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory	45	0 0	Anonymous, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	1	0 0
Cardiff and Penrhiwceber, per Mr. R. Cory	45	0 0	Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	2	0 0
Cambridge Baptist Association	40	0 0	A friend, per Mr. E. Ives	30	0 0
C. M. for Ayrbridge	1	0 0	Brazil, Mr. R.	1	0 0
Conisborough, per Mr. F. E. Smith	45	0 0	Bullman, Mr. and Mrs.	0	15 0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	15	0 0	Bully, Mrs., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	10 0
Devonport, per Mr. W. Hawkes	7	10 0	Batty, Mr. Jas.	1	0 0
Eastchurch, per L. H.	45	0 0	Buswell, The Misses	1	1 0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	40	0 0	Brown, Mr. J.	0	10 0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	40	0 0	Batty, Mr. James	5	0 0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	45	0 0	Blessing the poor is lending to the Lord	0	10 0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	40	0 0	Billing, Mr. Joseph	1	0 0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam	7	15 0	Brown, Miss, per Mr. Joseph Passmore	0	9 6
Great Staughton	15	0 0	Collected by Mrs. Raffield	1	5 3
Home Counties Baptist Association	60	0 0	Collected by Colporteur G. Powell	0	2 9
Hadleigh Congregational Church	30	0 0	Collected by Stockwell Orphanage Boys'		
Hereford District	45	0 0	S.S. Christian Band	0	7 0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	45	0 0	Clout, Miss	0	2 6
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	40	0 0	Collection at Annual Meeting	17	13 9
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	160	0 0	Chamberlain, Mr. J.	1	0 0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	33	15 0	Conference Tea Table	1	3 3
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	45	0 0	Calder, Mrs. E. A.	5	0 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Newington and Walworth	40	0 0	Collection at Withington Baptist Chapel	0	11 0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans & Sons	40	0 0	Donaldson, Mrs.	1	0 0
Maldon, Friends at	45	0 0	Dale, Miss E.	0	10 0
Orpington	50	0 0	Daniell, Miss R.	0	10 0
Repton and Swadlincote	60	0 0	Eakin, Mr. J.	1	0 0
Sellindge	27	5 0	Elgee, Mrs. ...	1	1 0
Sellindge, per a friend	0	10 0	Ellison, Mrs.	0	2 6
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per E. A. Tyler	45	0 0	Fiddymont, Mrs. A.	1	0 0
Southern Baptist Association	240	0 0	Firstfruits	0	2 0
Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire, Association	30	0 0	Friend, for purchase of President's new issue of Sermons	2	5 0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	35	0 0	Friends' collection at Little Bethel Chapel, Minster	1	3 0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	24	10 0	F. C. W.	0	1 6
Tewkesbury District:—			Garard, Mrs.	0	10 0
Mrs. Robinson	20	0 0	Gardner, Mrs.	2	2 0
Mrs. Thomas White	5	0 0	Gale, Mr. W.	0	5 0
Rev. W. Davies	5	0 0	Grant from Pastor T. Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	10	0 0
Rev. E. Brett	3	15 0	Howes, Miss L. J.	0	5 0
Rev. E. Balmford	3	15 0	Hayward, Mrs. J. R.	1	0 0
	37	10 0	H. A. B.	0	10 0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor	15	0 0	Hiley, Mr. W.	20	10 6
Totham, Great, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	40	0 0	Hamon, Mrs.	1	0 0
Taunton, per Mr. A. H. Chapman	22	10 0	Harrald, Miss F. M.	0	5 0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	13	15 0	Higgs, The Misses	5	0 0
Western Baptist Association	45	0 0	Haward, Mrs. L.	0	5 0
Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies, Toronto	45	0 0	Harvey, Pastor J. H.	0	5 0
Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association	33	15 0	Hegarty, Miss	0	3 0
	£2,047	5 0	H. H.	0	3 0
			Halls, Miss	0	10 0
			Harker, Mr. E.	1	1 0
			Hooper, Miss C. S.	1	1 0
			"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	50	0 0
			L. H.	0	5 0
			Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0 0
			Lawrie, Mr. W.	0	12 6

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Marnham, Mr. John	2	2	0
M. C.	0	1	0
M. A. K.	0	5	0
Marshall, Miss, per Mrs. H. Mears	1	0	0
Narroway, Mr. W. K.	0	10	0
O. B.	10	0	0
Price, Mr. C. H.	2	0	0
Palmer, the late Mr. G.	20	0	0
Parker, Mr. S. J.	0	2	6
Postal orders, Park Street, Camden Town	0	7	0
Priestley's, Mr. E., Shop Fund	0	18	0
Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, 2 Cor. 5, 8	0	10	0
Pierson, Dr. A. T.	0	10	0
Quick, Mr. J.	0	3	6
Raybould, Mrs. E.	4	0	0
Rainbow, Mrs.	1	0	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	4	0	6
Rawle, Mrs.	0	6	0
Rabbitts, Mr. C. J. Whittack	5	6	0
Smith, Mrs. M. F., Java, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	2	10	0
Smith, Mr. J. Spencer	0	2	6
Sale of Reports	0	9	4
Sortwell, Mr. R., per Mr. H. Mears	0	2	0
Scotch Note	1	0	0
Spiedt, Miss	1	0	0
Spurgeon, Pastor Thomas	1	0	0
Thankoffering, per E. F.	0	5	0
Thomas, Miss H.	0	10	0
Thankoffering for President's visit to Bacup Baptist Chapel	1	0	0
Tarrant, Miss	0	4	0
Van Notten Pole, Miss	0	10	0
Wigney, Mr. and Mrs. S.	1	0	0
Walter, Mrs., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
W. S., per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon ...	0	5	0
Williamson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Williamson, Mr.	1	0	0
Windmill, Mrs. H.	0	10	0
W. S.	0	4	0
Young, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Yoxall, Mr. J. A.	0	10	6
	£290	9	10

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Barratt, Mrs.	0	10	0
Clarke, Mr. C. Goddard	2	2	0
Evans, Mr. W.	5	0	0
Ellwood, Mrs.	2	0	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Fisher, Mr. F.	1	1	0
Fitzgerald, Mr. E.	1	1	0
Gardiner, Mrs.	1	1	0
Higbed, Mr. H.	0	5	0
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Mead, Mr. and Mrs.	2	2	0
N. B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Penny, Mr. T. S.	1	1	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	5	0	0
Poate, Miss	1	0	0
Spiers, Mr. J.	0	10	0
Spurgeon, Pastor J. A., D.D.	0	10	6
Stevens, Mrs.	0	5	0
Thorne, Miss E.	0	5	0
Willcox, Mr. W. H.	1	1	0
York, Miss	0	10	6
	£323	7	4
Legacy, the late Mr. Thomas Bareham	20	0	0
	£343	7	4

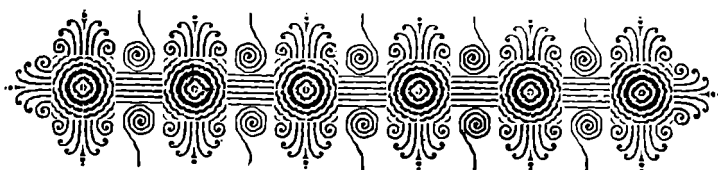
METROPOLITAN TABERNAACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

Dr.

General Account, December 31st, 1897.

Cr.

To Colporteurs—				£	s.	d.			
Wages	3,556	17	3			
Expenses	342	11	4			
„ Depot and General Expenses—							3,899	8	7
Salaries—Secretaries and Assistants	389	19	6			
Printing, Stationery, and Annual Reports	46	12	0			
Postages and Telegrams	19	3	9			
Advertising and Travelling	5	19	0			
Sundries, Cleaning, &c.	21	19	6			
Annual Meeting Expenses	30	17	10			
New Office Fixtures	8	0	9			
							522	12	4
							£4,422	0	11
						</			



THE
Sword and the Crowel.

AUGUST, 1898.

' The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Continued from page 336.)

XC.—THE CHRISTIAN'S CROWN.

THE golden plate inscribed with "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" was the most conspicuous object on the head of the high priest. So should holiness be ever seen on the forehead of believers, who are a royal priesthood; and it should be the most prominent thing in our lives. But some wear on their brow, for their golden plate, "Experience." Now this is good as a girdle, but not as a coronet. Holiness of life is the Christian's royal crown. Some men wear gilded plates, which were not fashioned by the Holy Spirit of God. Ah, friend! thou wilt not cheat infinite wisdom, nor pass off thy tinsel morality for golden, deeply-engraven holiness. Take my advice, and throw thine own righteousness to the dogs; though even they will not have it. Tear it up, bury it, or burn it, only do get rid of it, and think thyself well off to be clear of it, even if thou hast to use thy couch of carnal ease as the firewood to consume it.

* * * *

XCI.—HOUSING THE CORN.

When there is any prospect of a rainy harvest, farmers try to get their corn housed as quickly as possible. This is one reason why

I desire all true Christians to enter the church. I love corn anywhere; but I love not to see the shocks unnecessarily exposed. I know that the communion of saints is blessed, and that their society is safe and pleasant. I wish I had a little carting to do just now.

* * * *

XCII.—THE FOUR LOOKS.

No man may look forward to a life of happiness till he has taken three other looks. Young persons are too prone to be expecting and looking out for pleasure, but this is forbidden till, first, you give a look *backward*, with shame and penitence; secondly, a look *Christward*,—to *Calvary*, to behold by faith the bleeding Redeemer; and then a look *upward*, of love, submission, and resignation to the will of God. Then look *forward* as much as ever you like.

* * * *

XCIII.—THE ME-ITES.

I have discovered a numerous and influential set of men, who are ranked under the name of Christians, and who belong nominally to various sections of the Church of Christ, but who really form a body by themselves. They might be called by the expressive name of *Me-ites*. They worship a god, whose true name is "great I." Their code of law is simple, but most comprehensive; it is this,—

"TAKE ALL POSSIBLE CARE OF NUMBER ONE."

Their creed may also be easily learned by persons desirous of knowing denominational mysteries; it runs thus:—"I believe that I am the most important individual in the universe; the world, creation, providence, and salvation have all a more than ordinary reference to me. It is my duty to look out for myself, to keep my charity at home, to mind my own business, and only see that other people do not get much out of me. If I find my dear self at all injured by another, and do not have every grain of respect I can claim, and a little more, I must be very cold to the offenders, and I must find out their faults, so that I may not be outshone by them. Above all, I must not be guilty of such a sin of apostacy as to deny myself."

I am not over fond of this denomination, and claim no more credit for discovering it than a naturalist expects when he finds out a new species of viper.

* * * *

XCIV.—FORKED LIGHTNING.

What is called by some sheet lightning produces none of the effects which follow the sharp flash of the forked lightning. When it does not centre on a point, but spreads generally over the sky, then you may sit and watch it without fear. So if, in preaching, you see the sermon spreading, as you think, over all but yourself, you will not be struck. You should pray God that His sons of thunder may send, not a blaze for others, but a pointed flash at yourself. Pray for the forked lightning, that your sins may be shivered by it.

XCV.—SAFETY IN PROGRESS.

Buonaparte once said, "My power would fall were I not to support it by new achievements. Conquest has made me what I am; and conquest must maintain me." So may the spiritual soldier say, "It is by fresh victories, by new triumphs, that I must live." God's Spirit saves us by hurrying us on;—to stay, to rest, would be death; but He suffers it not, He hastens us from the overthrow of Jericho to the capture of Ai, and ever on and on. Only by progress do we truly live. Like the spinning or rolling coin, we are upright so long as we keep moving; and motion is the means of standing. We keep what we have only by winning more.

* * * *

XCVI.—WHICH FORCE ATTRACTS US?

The nearer one body is to another, the greater is the attraction between them. Thus, the moon, though very much smaller than the sun, yet exerts a more powerful influence over the earth because it is nearer to it than the sun is. So, in the spiritual heavens, God should exert more influence over man's mind than does Mammon with its cares. God is infinitely more attractive, but Mammon is nearer, and therefore many yield to its influence. So, too, the Christian, who is so dependent upon the great fount of light, the Creator, feels too much the influence of his constant and closer attendant, the flesh. God draws us most, we trust; but our dark, ever-changing satellite keeps us in close company, and draws, alas! far too powerfully. We want to get more into the influence of the sun's attractions, and we can only do so by keeping near to him. The tide always runs to the side where the nearest body is attracting, so we may, from this fact, learn to tell, by the tide of a man's thoughts and actions, on which side of him there is the greatest attracting force. God is nearest to the godly, and the world is dearest to the worldly.

* * * *

XCVII.—BRETHREN, THOUGH NOT ALL ALIKE.

Why do we wonder that there are so many varieties of Christians, differing so much from one another, and yet all of them brethren? If we only look around us, we see quite as wonderful a circumstance when we behold such numerous classes of men as English, Hottentots, Chinese, Indians, Arabs, and a thousand more, yet all the offspring of one man, our father Adam. Surely, the second Adam's sons may differ, and yet be all His sons.

* * * *

XCVIII.—THE STRONGER FAITH, THE CLEARER VISION.

Some men see more of Heaven than others do because their faith is stronger. I like to hear a man speak who can see well with this powerful instrument. There is as much difference between what he sees and what the little faith beholds, as there is between the view through my pocket magnifying glass or Lord Rosse's telescope. We can see the morning star through either of them; but I prefer to look at it through the large glass. 'Tis a mercy that God gives to some of His children the great telescope, for thereby they see much which becomes a means of comforting those who only have the smaller glass.

XCIX.—SATAN, AS A MATADOR.

When, in the Spanish circus, the brave bull pursues the matador, he puts a red cloak before its eyes, and, himself escaping, whilst it is tearing on, he stabs it behind. The same thing has been done a hundred times in the arena of the world. When some strong minister is bruising Satan, and dashing courageously at everything which opposeth himself, the enemy is not slumbering. He will not stand in the man's way, and openly oppose; that were but to throw himself upon the horns of the mighty. No, he knows better; he gives him popularity, throws it before his eyes; he pursues it, but, alas! soon the fatal blow is struck, and then the saints cry, "How are the mighty fallen!"

* * * *

C.—THE AXE AND THE RODS.

God's axe is tied up in a bundle of rods, like the Roman magistrate's axe was in olden days. He does not cut down till He has tried gentler means. They who fear not the rods will feel the axe.

* * * *

CI.—SUN-STROKE.

If the sun of prosperity should shine as much as we desire it, we should soon die from the *coup de soleil*.

* * * *

CII.—MINISTERS LIKE DIAMONDS.

Real diamonds have great cutting power, and so have true ministers. He who cannot or does not cut his hearers sometimes, is but a paste gem, though he may be set in a ring of gold.

* * * *

CIII.—STATE AID FOR RELIGION.

To request the Government to help us in supporting our religion, is but acting like the coward Britons who asked aid from the Saxons to fight the naked Picts; a similar result will follow. We should be like the pigeons, afraid of the sparrow-hawk, and flying to the falcons for shelter.

* * * *

CIV.—ONE CHRISTIAN'S FALL.

The waterfall makes more noise than a thousand streams flowing in their steady course, so does it happen that one fallen Christian is more talked of by the world than numbers who pursue their even course gladdening and fertilizing all around.

* * * *

CV.—"LITTLE SINS" TO BE DREADED.

The coral insect makes a rock that might sink a navy, so would what some call "little sins" prove our shipwreck were they allowed to continue their evil work. Those sins are most to be dreaded which dwell in our own breast. Purge out these minute animalculæ of sins; fear these most.

CVI.—GRASPING THE NETTLE.

I have found that, in reproving anyone for sin, it is better to be plain and bold. Brush the nettle gently, and it will repay you with a sting; but nip it boldly, and you will feel nothing.

(To be continued.)

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

I TRUST that many hundreds of sympathizing friends will show their love to my dear husband's memory, and their interest in *my own* memorial of him, by their presence at the opening (D.V.) of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, on *Wednesday, August 17*. I trust it will be a time of great joy, as it certainly will be of abundant gratitude to God. We have decided that, though the Chapel will be opened entirely free of debt, "thankofferings" may be taken at each service, as there will be items of furnishing to provide for, and, moreover, a dear little Chapel-house to secure to the church for its pastor. I do not think friends would feel quite happy if, after seeing the "beautiful house", and hearing the gospel for the first time proclaimed within its walls, they were prevented from giving expression to their hearty fellowship with Mr. Hockey and myself in this successful accomplishment of a work, which has been pre-eminently "the Lord's doing" all the way through. If health permit, I hope to be present; and whether my friends give gifts, or greetings, or congratulations, or all three together out of the abundance of their heart, I shall be delighted to see and welcome them there, and we will "exalt His Name together."

* * * *

There is one item of sweet labour connected with the "Work-room" which always brings in a rich harvest of praise to God, and blessing to His people. I refer to the "Text Union," by means of which the daily portions of God's Word, selected by me for the *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*, are made a means of grace to thousands of readers. I think the following letter will show how blessedly the Lord can use these chosen texts to comfort and confirm His servants. The letter speaks so pointedly for itself that it needs no further comment, and I have again and again heartily thanked the Lord for its precious testimony:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—It is with great pleasure I write to say how much I have been blessed by *our* texts from time to time." (Mark the possessive pronoun.) "May I give you one instance? Our text for Sunday, July 3, reads thus: 'He blessed him there.' As soon as I had looked at it, the Holy Spirit seemed to say, 'That is for you,' and it truly proved to be so before the day had closed. I am a relief-man on the—Railway, and have two daughters aged twelve and six years, and the best wife in England. I had to come out here to relieve a station-master; and soon after leaving home, I heard that my youngest child was suffering from scarlet fever, and then I received orders not to return until the doctor certified that she was well, and

all was right. Oh! you can imagine what I felt,—the little one ill,—wife up night and day nursing, and I not able to help her, and not knowing whether I should ever see 'Bab' again! Yet our text was, 'He blessed him there,' and I knew it must be true.

"I was asked to speak at a Mission Hall that evening, and what better words could I choose than those which had so impressed me? So, as I tried to speak (I am only a talker), the blessed Master filled my heart with joy, and my eyes with tears, and you will not wonder to hear that many other eyes overflowed also; and many said, after the service was over, 'He has blessed us here.' I was a stranger amongst them, but the old Christians gathered round me, saying it seemed to them like old times, so great had been the blessing. Up to now, my little one is going on well, and the dear mother is being kept up; so, even though I am away from all I love, I can say, *He has blessed me here.* Your thankful friend,—F. W. S."

"P.S.—I wish there could be a margin to the *Almanack*, so that we might make a note opposite the texts, when we get such a big blessing from them as I have had."

* * * *

I have several items of interest to record concerning the translation of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. Two new issues in *Lettish* are paid for, and are being distributed. Mr. Frey writes that they have sent an evangelist to Siberia, entrusting to his charge a portion of the latest edition, and that he describes the people as being "very thirsty" for the gospel, and receiving eagerly the Sermons and Newman Hall's *Come to Jesus*. It is a great joy to know that thus Christ is preached in Siberia.

Mr. Graham, of *Argentina*, writes to thank for the cheque last sent for printing of Sermons, and gives grand testimony as to the steadfastness of the recent converts at the camp of which I told you a few months since. "They have been greatly tried lately," he says, "by the devices of the evil one. One young girl has had to leave her place, choosing to do that rather than to keep silence concerning the Lord Jesus. A man and his wife, whom I baptized a short time ago, left their home for the same reason; and three of the brightest young men in the place are leaving shortly. The splendid witness, which all these have borne for Christ, has materially shaken Satan's kingdom round about their location, so that the owner of the estate is wondering whereunto this will grow, and he intends to rid himself of them unless they keep silence, which they certainly will not do. Please do not forget these dear souls at the throne of grace."

Then, in *Spain*, the work is going on prosperously. Three of the Sermons in pure Spanish (editions of 1,000 copies each) have lately been published, and Mr. Lund says of them:—"I am just trying to get a number of the Sermons sent to Cuba, as soon as it is open and free. Considerable interest is being taken in the evangelization of the Spanish-speaking people of Central and South America at this time. I am in correspondence with several of the missionaries, and I

will do my best to have Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons circulated there. I have written a short biography of him, and had it sent about in several Spanish-speaking countries as a forerunner, to prepare the way for the preacher."

God bless this "Holy War" with Spain!—a war which brings life rather than death, joy instead of sorrow, and substitutes songs of peace and hope for the shrieks of wounded and dying men!

I have read, with inexpressible horror, of the dynamite guns of the *Vesuvius*, with their noiseless work of wholesale destruction and slaughter; how they carry desolation and carnage on their silent wings, and swoop down on their unsuspecting enemies like evil night-birds of prey. How gloriously dissimilar are "the weapons of our warfare," and their results! We, too, have our "bombs", and hope to drop them silently into the houses and hearts of those who know not God. One of them is called "The Brazen Serpent;" and it will carry life and healing to all who, by faith, will look unto Him who is lifted up in it. Another is named "The New Birth," and this will prove the necessity of the power of God to convert a soul; while a third, "For whom is the Gospel meant?" will, by the Lord's blessing, bring to many hearts the conviction that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and that, *therefore*, believing, they may have life through His Name. Do, dear friends, pray earnestly that this spiritual warfare may be triumphantly accomplished.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"If I have found grace in Thy sight, shew me now Thy way, that I may know Thee, that I may find grace in Thy sight."—Exodus xxxiii. 13.

Moses was in the immediate presence of the Most High when he prayed thus, yet with what holy boldness does he press his suit, and what gracious acceptance does he find at the hands of the Lord! Come, my soul, darest not thou also use like mighty pleadings? Those were Sinai days, and "law and terrors" were the symbols of God's government; but thou art under Calvary's sacred shadow, surely thou canst ask great things from "the Shepherd of love" who suffered there for thee.

"If I have found grace in Thy sight." If Thou hast loved me from all eternity, and chosen me, a poor sinner, to be Thine own pardoned child, I may certainly draw from Thy past mercy a sweet reason for asking Thee to continue and extend it. My position at this moment, in Thy presence, and at Thy feet, abundantly proves that I have already found grace in Thy sight, or Thou wouldst not have called me by name, and taught me thus to seek Thy favour. And now that I am admitted to the audience-chamber, and Thou hast graciously held out to me the golden sceptre, help me, O Lord, so to present my petition, that Thou mayest give me what I ask!

"Shew me now Thy way." Thou knowest how blind I am by nature, how often I am puzzled and astonished at Thy dealings with

me, and how frequently the way before me is dark, and hidden, and rough. Throw a ray of Heavenly light across all that seems indistinct and gloomy; let "Thy way" be illumined by the clear shining of Thy love; then how easy and pleasant will it be to walk in it! In days gone by, I have sought and striven to go my own way, and, O Lord, it has been sorry travelling indeed; but now Thy grace has made me, not only willing, but determined that my feet shall tread no other path than that which Thou dost mark out!

"That I may know Thee." My gracious God, in thus showing me Thy way, Thou must needs draw me closer to Thee. Thou wilt touch my eyes, that I may see; Thou wilt reveal Thyself to my heart, that I may understand Thy will; Thou wilt permit endearing communings with Thee, which will ravish my soul, and be to me a foretaste of Heaven. There have been times when Thou wast as a stranger to me,—when Thy love was not recognized, nor Thy claims regarded; but Thou hast now manifested Thyself, with Divine power, as the Lord and Master of my spirit, and I am longing, with intense desire, to know Thee, and the power of Thy resurrection! Lord, there is nothing my heart craves for so passionately as "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." I understand somewhat of Thine amazing love and grace;—but to be able to plunge into the great deeps of Thy covenant mercies,—to soar into the limitless space of Thy faithfulness,—to travel from East to West of Thy pardoning love, and never find any boundary to Thy pity and Thy power, this would be to taste of the unspeakable joy which glorified spirits know. Ah! dear Lord, "if I have found grace in Thy sight," will Thou not at least so sweetly reveal Thyself to my waiting heart that I may be constrained and enabled to exclaim with the spouse in the Canticles, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend"?

"That I may find grace in Thy sight." Blessed Master, the more I know of Thee, the more grace I shall find in Thy sight, and when Thou seest anything of Thine own likeness in me, Thou wilt perfect and complete it. Thou wilt draw me, and I shall run after Thee; and the very fact of following Thee will clear my vision, and enlighten my understanding, so that I may see and comprehend more of Thy beauty and preciousness,—more of Thy marvellous grace to me. Thou knowest that everything of earth tends to hide my Lord from me; Satan envelopes me in dark clouds of unbelief, my own sinful heart blinds me, cares oppress and crush me, and carnal fears gather round, intent on my bewilderment; but, loving Saviour, "if I have found grace in Thy sight," nothing can separate me from Thee; Thou hast taken my hand in Thine, and through all dangers, over all difficulties, and in spite of all enemies, Thou wilt lead and guide me safely home to Thyself. "I pray Thee,—if I have found grace in Thy sight,—shew me now Thy way,—that I may know Thee,—that I may find grace in Thy sight."

S. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LVI.—PASTOR H. RYLANDS BROWN, DARJEELING, N. INDIA.



H. RYLANDS BROWN is very distinctly a child of the Tabernacle. Writing home by the last mail, after expressing his deep sympathy with his relatives in their grief over the destruction of the building they all loved so well, he adds:—"It was there I was led to decision for Christ; there I was baptized upon profession of my faith in Him; there that I was stirred to enter the ministry and trained for my life-work. It is consoling and cheering to call to mind the truth that, though beloved pastors die, and hallowed buildings perish, yet Christ remaineth."

Mr. Brown's parents were decided Nonconformists, both possessing a great deal of character. His mother had been brought up among very "sound" people, and so greatly valued the privileges she had had herself that she was most anxious that her children should enjoy the same advantage. It was her constant prayer that she might be led to some ministry that would be really profitable to her little flock. Diligent search was necessary before she found her ideal preacher; but, at length, C. H. Spurgeon came to New Park Street Chapel, and,

like everyone else, Mrs. Brown went to hear him. "That's the man!" was her decision. Some of her relatives objected to her frequent pilgrimages to the grimy Bankside neighbourhood that, for all time, Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson have rendered classic, and C. H. Spurgeon's ministry has made sacred. Her husband, however, met all objections by declaring that, under the Park Street teaching, she grew "better and better;" so they both joined the church, and, in due time, migrated with the rest of the congregation to the Tabernacle. Their son Henry, who has this year kept his fiftieth birthday at Darjeeling, was of course quite a little fellow when his parents became Spurgeonites, so that his earliest religious impressions were those of a Tabernacle boy. When he was old enough, he joined the Boys' Class then conducted by Elder Croker, and many a time, in after years, did he tell of the good that Class was to him, and how in it he ultimately decided for Christ, once and for ever. Afterwards, as one of the elder lads, he was appointed to give an address. A boy was converted under that address; a circumstance which suggested to the young speaker, in his delight over the winning of this first soul, that, if he were to give more addresses, other souls might also be won for Christ. He therefore threw himself heartily into the evangelistic work connected with the Tabernacle, taking part in open-air services, small Missions, and so on.



ELDER CROKER.

Mr. Brown's father, long since departed, was a schoolmaster at the gloomy old Millbank Penitentiary, which then stood on the site of the present Tate Gallery; and he took care of his son's early education in many ways, so that, when Henry entered the Pastors' College, he had already a little stock of knowledge both of books and of practical life with which to start his ministerial career; while, having grown up in a family especially devoted to the whole of the Tabernacle work, he had imbibed, half unconsciously, a large amount of experience in the details of the church organization which were to him both familiar and beloved. To grow up among Christian activity sustained on so great a scale, is in itself an important factor in a young man's education.

And now it is necessary to leave the young student a while, and consider the still younger church that was destined to become his first charge.

About forty years ago, when Mission Halls were among the "new departures" of the period, certain inhabitants of the well-to-do suburb of Blackheath were concerned for their poorer neighbours in what was then a small working-class colony at the back of the Shooter's Hill Road, and so built for them a little Hall, which was to

be conducted on purely undenominational principles. The effort proved a dismal failure. The undenominational supporters withdrew, leaving the building, the builder's unsettled account, and the quarter's gas-bill to three or four persons of very limited means, who had resolved to hold on a little longer, and who, moreover, were all Baptists.

After a time of heroic but apparently fruitless struggle, during which things grew worse and worse, it was resolved to apply to Mr. Spurgeon for the services of his students. A little success—a very little—attended this step. The neighbourhood seemed utterly dead; beyond the faithful few, no one took the slightest interest in the place. The hinges of the door creaked, but when the creaking told of the entrance of another person, it was hailed as the sweetest music by those in the nearly empty Hall.

One student after another came. After he had been there a few weeks, a few persons would be attracted, and come to hear him; then, just as he was getting on a little, he would have to go, and his friends would go also. It was most discouraging; still, as months became years, a little good was done until there were as many as eight persons anxious to be formed into a baptized church in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Three elders were accordingly sent from the Tabernacle, on Sunday, December 20th, 1863, and the new church was duly formed. Those who were present remember the extreme solemnity of the occasion, especially of the moment when all stood together, with united hands, while one of the elders from the mother church implored the Divine blessing.

Here was the beginning of a distinctly better state of things; still, the deadness of the surroundings and the parting with the student-pastors remained very great difficulties, and growth was extremely slow; although, the church once formed, members were now and then added to it.

Just two years after the formation of the church, the indifference of the neighbourhood was suddenly broken up. The little church was all at once turned out of the Hall, and had to take refuge in a "large upper room" belonging to one of the deacons. The neighbours felt that the friends had been hardly used, so the room was soon crowded to suffocation. In these close quarters, people grew hot in more ways than one. It was felt that the church must have a home of its own. A Building Fund was started, and, by a series of wonderful circumstances, this handful of poor people, who would have been quite content with a site in a back street, found themselves the lessees of an awkwardly-shaped but beautifully-situated piece of ground in the main road.

The last student-pastor was Mr. Charles Welton (now of Morley, Yorkshire), who took a most kind interest in the new effort, but, like the others, the time came when he had to leave. H. Rylands Brown was appointed to succeed him.

"I am glad," said Mr. Welton, "you will have Mr. Brown. He is a most godly young man."

Mr. Brown came. The people had long been used to young men;

but the new student-pastor looked so very young, and was so very small, that some were inclined to resent having "a little boy" sent down to them. This "little boy," however, soon showed the stuff of which he was made, and manfully tackled the situation, bristling as it was with difficulties. He rarely talked about difficulties; but they had a remarkable way of dissolving before him. When he believed that God intended him to do a thing, he just went and did it. The Building Fund grew rapidly under his management. The congregation was allowed to return to the Hall, and filled it. When Mr. Brown's College term came to an end, his people feared they would have to part with him; but Mr. Brown had done a good deal of private work for Mr. Spurgeon, who valued him highly. (Part of this work was the tuition of the youthful Charles and Thomas Spurgeon.) C. H. S. had also become greatly interested in the heroic struggles for existence of this little daughter church of the Tabernacle; and, at this juncture, came most generously to the rescue. Mr. Brown was allowed to continue at College, and with the President's approval accepted the offer of the people he had learned to know and love, and became their first pastor.

"Mr. Spurgeon's graciousness and kindness were such," said the elder who reported the interview, "that the pastor and I could only cry over it." His help was indeed an untold boon, as were also his practical advice and great influence.

In due time, Shooter's Hill Road Chapel was built. As it was nearing completion, the young minister had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which seriously affected an always fragile frame. The chapel is certainly not beautiful, and it is situated on a picturesque site that seems actually to clamour for a beautiful building. That it was ever built and paid for at all, seems to the old members a positive miracle; some of them feel that it came straight down from Heaven, so absolutely did it appear that every step had been directed by the great Head of the Church.

During the fourteen years of Mr. Brown's pastorate, Shooter's Hill Road Church grew steadily; the chapel debt was paid; the school built, and the whole work placed on a firm basis; better still, the church itself was built up in its most holy faith and love so that it has gradually become a great spiritual influence in the neighbourhood.

As a preacher, H. Rylands Brown—as Shooter's Hill Road knew him—had his limitations, but his own strong common sense taught him to recognize them. He was aware that he had not those brilliant gifts that attract and hold together enthusiastic crowds. As he himself said:—"Our College tutor used to tell us, 'Do the thing you can do, as well as you can do it.' And this advice," he would add, "I made up my mind to follow." It was characteristic of him that, what he made up his mind was right to do, he did. He could study the Scriptures diligently, so he rose early that he might have quiet before the day's work began; he could put the great truths of the gospel plainly and forcibly before people; he could deal with individual souls; he could take up much work that others neglected; these things he could do and he did them, with an unswerving fidelity, and an intense directness of aim, that were unspoiled by the slightest touch of

self-seeking, but were done as in God's sight alone, with the sole object of glorifying his Master and of helping his fellow human-beings.

This was the kind of thing he would do. There was an outbreak of fever in a certain poor neighbourhood. Well-to-do people gave their money; Mr. Brown, who was like Peter and John in the matter of silver and gold, simply, in defiance of all hygienic teaching, went and sat with the parents of the fever-stricken children, hoping that at such a time their hearts might be open to his message. Many were greatly touched. Sick people highly valued his visits. One of his Sunday-school boys was long an inmate of a large hospital. When Mr. Brown was himself laid up with rheumatic fever, those who took his place in visiting this boy could but notice how "sister" and nurses and patients were all concerned at the illness of "the little minister," who had become a power in that ward. It was by countless acts such as these, as well as by his earnest gospel preaching and his business faculty, that H. Rylands Brown gained a hold on the respect and affection of a great number of people, who, although he has left them now for over seventeen years, remember him still.

A second and very severe attack of rheumatic fever, and a tedious convalescence, threatened to permanently injure Mr. Brown's health. His work during the last few years at Shooter's Hill was too often done under circumstances of extreme physical pain and weakness.

At length, Mr. Spurgeon received an application from the Union Church at Darjeeling, then in need of a pastor, and Mr. Brown, despairing of health in the English climate, and urged also by the desire to take the gospel to those who had not many opportunities of hearing it, with Mr. Spurgeon's approval accepted the offer of this Anglo-Indian community.

It is difficult for one who has never been in India to write of Mr. Brown's life and work there; but it is evident that Darjeeling has been the right place for him, and he the right man for Darjeeling. It is now over seventeen years since he left Blackheath. Certainly he is not "a rolling stone," for he has been pastor of the Union Church the whole time. He has been fortunate enough to meet with a lady, intimately acquainted with Indian society, and herself a missionary, who, as his wife, is an admirable co-worker. Mr. Brown edits a little monthly record of the news connected with the Union Church, from which one may easily see that it is the centre of a great many intensely evangelistic and highly spiritual movements, that are doing much to counteract the enervating influences of an Indian health-resort.

Briefly, Mr. Brown's present service may be arranged under three heads:—Work connected with the Union Church; work among soldiers, over whom he has acquired a strong influence; and a very important and especially interesting work among the scattered tea-plantations,—carried on, during the cold seasons, under the auspices of the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society.

This last is an enterprise for which H. Rylands Brown is peculiarly adapted. It seems hardly possible that he should now be able to ride

for day after day, perhaps through tropical rains, among dangerous mountain passes, or over steaming plains; but he does it. In the evening, he arrives at a solitary plantation; perhaps he finds the planter himself the only European for many miles, and meets this lonely man, it may be, rapidly running down to destruction. Such a one he knows how to "stir up to lay hold of God's strength," throwing himself intensely into the difficult task of trying to win that one soul. Or perhaps there are two or three; a merry, social party. They receive him kindly; the next morning, there is much light "chaff" when he proposes "getting the people together for a service." But H. Rylands Brown is proof against any amount of "chaff"; and one of the group, laughing, will presently beat an old biscuit tin, while the others will hunt up the people, and in spite of everything the service will be held, and good will be done.

On a fascinating subject like this, a whole book might be written; and from time to time notices of these tours have appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*; so, with these little specimens, this paper must conclude.

LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE.

The Stain of Sin.

"Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord GOD."—Jeremiah ii. 22.

THOUGH I wash, of nitre taking,
And of soap, a full supply,
Naught the stain of sin removeth,—
Naught can cleanse its crimson dye.

"Still thy sin is marked before Me,"
Thus God sees no unstained spot;
Soap or nitre, though abundant,
Sin's pollution cleanses not.

Must it, then, remain still festering?
Must the foe his object win?
Nay! the precious blood of Jesus
Cleanses from *all* guilt and sin.

Bowing low before the Saviour,—
God's free gift to ruined man;
Though the nitre cannot cleanse thee,
Jesu's blood—soul-cleansing—can.

As thou art, e'en now, this moment,—
Mercy's gates are open wide,—
Take salvation, freely offered,
Thou may'st live,—for Christ has died.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Vol. II.*

THOUSANDS of our readers will rejoice to see the announcement that, between August 20 and 25, Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* will (D.V.) be published. Before giving an outline of the contents of the new volume, the compilers feel that there is one fact with reference to its predecessor of which grateful mention should be made. While collecting and arranging the superabundant material at their disposal, all Mr. Spurgeon's printed works and great stores of his manuscript and other records have been examined, as well as the many authorized and unauthorized "lives" of him that have been issued; but, up to the present time, not a single paragraph has been discovered which ought to have been included in Vol. I. This remarkable evidence of the completeness of the first part of the work is almost a matter of surprise to the compilers themselves, and is a cause for devout thanksgiving to the Lord who has so graciously guided and helped them in the labour of love which they undertook at His call and with a view to His praise and glory.

With regard to Vol. II., regular readers of the *Sword and Trowel* are already aware that the opening chapters are written by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, and that they deal with the "Love, Courtship, and Marriage" of herself and her beloved. It is a remarkable circumstance that, although Mr. Spurgeon occasionally related a few of the notable incidents of this happy period, none of them appear to have been recorded, so that Mrs. Spurgeon's narrative will have the charm of novelty in addition to the sweet attractiveness of the theme itself as handled by the only one who can now reveal the tender details. What the effort has cost her, few can imagine; but she will be amply repaid as those who peruse her writing see that, both as a lover and a husband, C. H. Spurgeon's rule always was,—Christ and His service first; all else subservient to Him. We will not give even a glimpse of the three chapters which invest the beginning of Vol. II. with a peculiar interest; but we may mention that, among the illustrations which have been specially prepared for this portion of the *Autobiography* are three which will be sure to have a hearty welcome,—“My Brixton Home,” “Our Trysting-place,” and “Facsimiles of Lovers' Keepsakes,”—portraits of the young couple when they were engaged. There are also *facsimile* reproductions of several inscriptions written by Mr. Spurgeon in various books, including his characteristic record, in the family Bible, of the marriage in 1856, with a loving comment added eleven years afterwards.

Even the “love-letters” of 1855 contained references to the storm of abuse which had already burst upon the young preacher's head, so two chapters are devoted to “Early Criticisms and Slanders,” while two more give the other side of the question as taken by Mr. Spurgeon's “First Literary Friends.” A portrait of James Wells, the minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, and one of Mr. Spurgeon's bitterest assailants,

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by His Wife, and his Private Secretary. Vol. II. 1854—1860. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With many Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers.

is inserted, together with the likenesses of the Park Street Pastor's defenders,—Charles Waters Banks, Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*; James Grant, Editor of *The Morning Advertiser*; and Edwin Paxton Hood, author of *The Lamps of the Temple* and other works. It may here be noted that, at intervals in Vol. II., will be found copies of several of the caricatures which helped to increase Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, though they may not have been issued with that intention. Some that are familiar to the Christian public are omitted; but others, with which most people nowadays are scarcely acquainted, are included, viz., "The Slow Coach and the Fast Train," "The Old and the New Conductors," "The Young Lion of the Day and the Funny Old Woman of the Day."

The autobiographical narrative is resumed in Chapter XLI.,—"In Labours More Abundant,"—in which Mr. Spurgeon describes, in his own unique style, some of his early preaching experiences in London and the country. His record of a memorable service at Tring is made still more interesting by comparison with a "revised" version written by the London correspondent of a Glasgow newspaper, and accepted as a true statement by some who ought to have known better. This chapter contains an admirable portrait of Dr. Binney, with an account of his earliest and later opinions of the young Baptist preacher. A full-page engraving of "C. H. Spurgeon Preaching at Exeter Hall, February, 1855," introduces that notable period in the history of both Pastor and people when the church made its first great "forward movement," and so prepared the way for the still more striking services which followed.

Chapter XLII. closes with a series of letters, written in 1854—1856 by Mr. Spurgeon to his very special Cambridge friend, Mr. J. S. Watts, of whom mention was made several times in Vol. I. of the *Autobiography*. In July, 1855, the young Pastor paid his first visit to Scotland. The record of his reception and services occupies Chapter XLIII., which includes a life-like portrait of his friend, Rev. John Anderson, of Helensburgh, taken from the one which for many years hung in the Pastor's vestry at the Tabernacle.

Chapter XLIV.,—"Marvellous Increase, Facts and Figures,"—opens with an account of the Church of Christ in general, and of the Baptist denomination in particular, at the time Mr. Spurgeon's ministry commenced in London; and contains statistical and other tables showing how great was the change wrought in the course of a few years, together with the Pastor's testimony concerning the converts of those early days and the church-members as a body. Illustrations of "C. H. Spurgeon in the Pulpit of New Park Street Chapel" and "Group of Baptist Ministers (about 1856)" add to the interest of the chapter. Yet the following one—"Seeking the Souls of Men"—is likely to be valued even more highly, for it shows "Mr. Great-heart" actively employed in the main occupation of his life, of which he said, "I am engaged in personally-conducted tours to Heaven. It is my business, as best I can, to kill dragons, and cut off giants' heads, and lead on the timid and trembling."

The chapter on "A New School of the Prophets" gives a fuller and more accurate account than has ever before appeared in print of

the events that led to the founding of the Pastors' College; and includes portraits of the first student (Pastor T. W. Medhurst), and of the first tutors (Revs. C. H. Hosken and George Rogers), with amusing (and sad) stories of some of the earliest of "our own men." A long chapter, entitled, "First Printed Works,—Author, Publishers, and Readers," will appeal to all lovers of Mr. Spurgeon's writings, as in it he tells of the unparalleled success of the various publications, and relates notable cases of conversion through the reading of the Sermons. Portraits of the author and publishers, several letters of great interest,—one so special that it is given in *facsimile*,—and specimens of Mr. Spurgeon's corrections of the small-type sermons, with views of the premises where the works are printed and published, make up a score or so of the most noteworthy pages in the volume.

Mrs. Spurgeon again takes up the thread of the story in two chapters on "Early Wedded Life," in which she gives a charming description of the short honeymoon trip to Paris, with illustrations of some of the historic buildings of the gay city; many delightful peeps at the home-life of those long-past days; an account of the Sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon, first in his sleep, and afterwards at New Park Street Chapel; and an emphatic contradiction of the "story" often told concerning the announcement of the birth of the twin-sons. A touching narrative of the more private aspects of the great catastrophe at the Surrey Gardens is appropriately followed by the chapter giving full particulars of that terrible tragedy, and another showing how the Lord overruled for good that sad disaster. Here also is introduced Mr. Spurgeon's record of the service at which he addressed the largest congregation ever gathered in any building during his forty years' ministry. The memorable assemblies in the Surrey Music Hall and at the Crystal Palace are also pictorially represented.

The chapter on "Varying Voices—*Pro and Con*," explains itself; and the one entitled, "The 'Down-grade' Controversy Foreshadowed" shows that, in his earliest as well as his latest ministry, Mr. Spurgeon contended earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints. Next follow two more chapters from Mrs. Spurgeon's pen, under the title, "Helensburgh House and Garden," very copiously illustrated, and full of interesting incidents. One of the most pathetic parts of this portion of the narrative is a description of the visit of Mr. John Ruskin to the young Pastor when he was recovering from a serious illness in 1858.

Then follow "Early Pastoral Epistles," and "Building 'Our Holy and Beautiful House.'" The story of the beginning and growth of the fund for the erection of the largest Nonconformist place of worship in the world, will be read with all the more zest because of the fire which so recently destroyed the great sanctuary. The illustrations of this chapter include a view of the Fishmongers' Almshouses, which formerly occupied the site on which the Tabernacle was built; "the accepted design" of Mr. Pocock, which formed the basis for the ultimate plan of the new building of which he was the architect; the exterior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle as it was when erected; and an admirable portrait of Sir Morton Peto, who laid the first stone. His son, Sir Henry Peto, very kindly lent the photograph

for use in this volume, together with a letter written by Mr. Spurgeon to Sir Morton at an important crisis in his history. A chapter on "Week-day Services, 1858—1860," includes narratives of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching for the first time in Ireland, Wales, and France; and the volume concludes with an account of "Meeting in the Unfinished Tabernacle," with views of the platform, baptistery, and vestries, now, alas! consumed by fire.

Vol. II. naturally provided more subjects for illustration than could be found in the first twenty years of Mr. Spurgeon's life, so they have been unsparingly inserted (notwithstanding the additional cost of so large a number of half-tone blocks), in the full belief that they will be gratefully welcomed by the readers. There are more than a dozen different portraits of the beloved author of the *Autobiography*; beside those already mentioned, there are two in which he appears with Mrs. Spurgeon, one with his twin-boys when they were quite little fellows, one in the study of his first home, and one in the centre of a group of 193 celebrities. The frontispiece of each volume is intended to represent Mr. Spurgeon at the time mentioned in its closing chapters, so the one for Vol. II. shows what he was like when he was shortly to preach in the great house of prayer for whose erection he had laboured so diligently and given so generously.

The volumes and parts can be obtained through any of the Tabernacle colporteurs, and of all booksellers, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London. Orders for them should be given at once. Friends who are taking the work in the monthly shilling parts will find that Part IX. will be ready for issue with the September magazines; they will also be glad to know that a handsome cloth gilt case for binding Vol. I. of the *Autobiography* is now ready, and can be procured through all booksellers, or direct from the publishers for 2s. nett, or 2s. 3d. post free.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

MORE BRANDS FROM THE BURNING.

"**B**RANDS from the Burning" are to be transferred this month to "The Pastor's Page," which is in danger of perishing through disuse.

The destruction of our Tabernacle is ever before us. So long as the blackened walls remain roofless, the fiery dispensation is likely to be our constant thought and theme; ay, and long after the glad day of re-opening, which we confidently anticipate, we shall keep these things, and ponder them in our hearts. So strange a providence "should never be forgot."

Even now, we find it by no means easy to believe that "the dear old place," as we affectionately call it, is no more. We used to suppose that its destruction was impossible. This we dreamed, despite the fact that another delusion had been dispelled only six years before. It seemed out of the question that C. H. Spurgeon's unique ministry

should come to an end,—at least, so soon. Now, both preacher and place of preaching have ceased from among us. Our cherished dreams are swept away, and the things we could not even dream of, have surely and sadly come to pass. “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight!”

It is not a little interesting to note that the Metropolitan Tabernacle had been open only a few weeks when the Pastor, preaching from Isaiah xliii. 2, said:—“Before we explain the metaphor of the text, it may be well for us to remark that we are not sufficiently grateful, I fear, for the preservation which God affords us from fire. To be startled at the dead of night with the alarming cry, and to find one's self, and children, and goods in danger of being immediately consumed, must be no small trial. *I have felt, myself, extreme gratitude to God that, while both on the right hand and on the left the flames have raged, He has been pleased to spare to us this temple of our solemnities, this place where we delight to worship.*”

That was indeed cause for gratitude, and more than thirty years of immunity from the devouring element should cause us to bring forth a thirty-fold harvest of thanksgiving. Nor will we praise our gracious God less, now that He has permitted us to mourn the destruction of “this temple of our solemnities.” Still do we bless His holy Name, as indeed it is our bounden duty to do.

I wish I knew how to thank the crowd of sympathisers on every hand. Resolutions are still arriving, each vieing with the other in kindness and cheer. Among those who have thus heartened us are the Baptist Associations of Kent and Sussex; of Denbigh, Flint, and Merionethshire; and of East Glamorgan (Welsh). Sister churches in distant parts have greeted us,—for instance, The Auckland Tabernacle Church, the English Baptist Church in Cocanada, India, and the Church at San Salvador, Congo. All these refreshed my spirit.

Time and space would fail to tell half the interesting items that might be gathered from the letters which have reached me. The cry is, “Still they come.” Many of the gifts are small to the human eye, but they weigh heavily in God's scales. An aged couple in an almshouse send half-a-sovereign as a thankoffering in connection with their golden-wedding-day. May it be light at evening time with the dear old souls!

The College brethren are doing magnificently. One of them sends me the proceeds of no less than six lectures which he has himself delivered, and he who suggested that each Pastors' College man should raise £10 has himself sent nearly £20. This will compensate for some whose churches could hardly be expected to raise anything like £10. The promise that was so enthusiastically made at Conference time is not falling to the ground. We knew the brethren meant it, and their people are glad to help them in the keeping of it.

A friend in Canada, who signs himself “Your 5,000-miles-away well-wisher,” tells of how he suffered great loss of property by a prairie fire, but how, at a critical moment, by a change of wind, certain valuable goods were saved. He says that there rose at once to his lips the words, “He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the East wind.” He adds, “you can say the same.” Yes, indeed I can,

for there has been much of mercy mingled with this trial; and, oh, it might have been a thousand times more terrible!

No words can tell the loving sympathy of mine own people. They are rallying better than ever,—*especially for prayer*. The financial strain upon them is much greater than before, but the spirit of self-sacrifice is among them. Someone has written to inform me that there is an idea abroad that we are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing. I can only say that *the reverse is the case*. Our General Fund, and our Poor Fund, and the institutions which we are pledged to maintain must suffer unless the Lord sends us both silver and gold, and the Rebuilding Fund is, of course, only yet in its infancy. The work goes on as expeditiously as possible. It does one's eyes good to see the vast area quite clear, the excavation complete, the concrete laid, and some of the iron columns in position.

It is just possible that we may occupy the basement at the beginning of October. Oh, that will be joyful! It may not prove an easy place to speak and hear in; it may not be free from draughts, and other drawbacks; but *it will be home!* By then, if not before, we shall, I hope, have the plans for the Tabernacle proper passed by the Church and the County Council. We shall then be able to give a fairly accurate estimate of the cost, and the steady stream of contributions will swell into a river deep and broad.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

VIII.—BY R. SHINDLER, SYDENHAM.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Spurgeon commenced in the fifties, and what I have to relate concerning him and his Sermons belongs to the latter half of that decade. I had been settled some five or six years as pastor of a church meeting at Matfield Chapel, Brenchley,* five miles from Tunbridge Wells. It was of the Particular and Strict Communion order. The whole of that district—the Weald of Kent—was pervaded, more or less, with the influence of the teaching of William Huntington, S.S., who was born at Cranbrook. Ultra-Calvinism prevailed among Nonconformists, and in too many cases took the form of Antinomianism. The Baptist churches generally did not go to the latter extreme, but the good men who presided over them would not tolerate any approach to what they called Fullerism; and a minister, however good, and great, and holy, who invited sinners to come to Christ and believe on Him for salvation, would not be admitted into their pulpits. My own church was scarcely an exception, though the names of Dr. F. A. Cox, Joseph Ivimey, and John Chin are in the original Trust-deeds.

* Mrs. Jemima Luke, author of "I think when I read that sweet story of old," attended this chapel with her parents when a little girl. At my only interview with her, the fact that I had been minister of that congregation gave her manifest pleasure.

Before making the acquaintance of Mr. Spurgeon, my views as to the mode of addressing the unconverted had been modified, through a careful study of the Word of God and the writings of Jonathan Edwards. I had always *warned* sinners, but now I also invited them to come to Christ and believe in Him. I also took a deep interest in the young. I need not enter into the difficulties I had to contend with; it may be hoped that those who opposed me meant well, but they were certainly ignorant of many things connected with the gospel of Jesus Christ and His claims on the unreconciled and the unsaved.

When Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons began to find their way into the country, I read them with ever-increasing appreciation and delight. They helped me mightily, and I did my best to circulate them. As a minister, I felt very isolated, but I had, as my friends, W. Poole Balfour, of Bow, and Joseph Mountford, of Sevenoaks, both of whom had travelled or were travelling the same path as myself. The vicar of the parish, too, the Rev. Francis Storr, was a sympathizing friend and brother. I do not think there was, at this time, a Baptist church for many miles around (Brother Kendon's work at Goudhurst had not been originated then), excepting my own, which would have invited Mr. Spurgeon. The Tunbridge Wells churches were no exception to the general rule. It was, therefore, a perfect God-send when a gentleman obtained for him the use of the large Congregational Chapel in that town. The spacious building was always crowded, although admission was by free tickets. I used to procure a good number of these, and urged my friends, especially my young people, to go, which they did. Oh, they were glorious times! We went home singing, and were supremely happy. Not only did Mr. Spurgeon's preaching carry out to the full my own convictions as to truth and duty, but he presented the gospel in such an attractive way, so different from what was commonly to be heard in the Baptist chapels thereabouts, that people were compelled to listen, and in many cases the strong prejudice against the free invitations to sinners was totally removed. There were conversions, too, I have no doubt.

I remember one Sermon in particular, though more than forty years have passed since I heard it. It was from the text: "But it is good for me to draw near to God" (Psalm lxxiii. 28). The divisions were very quaint and striking. Mr. Spurgeon said, "First of all, I shall use the text as a *touchstone*; in all true prayer, the soul seeks to draw near to God. Secondly, I shall use it as a *whetstone* to sharpen the edge of our desires in prayer; and, thirdly, I shall set it up as a *tombstone* over the multitude of dead prayers in which there is neither heart nor life." He hit home, and he hit hard, sparing neither the formality of set prayers, nor heartless extemporaneous utterances. I saw three clergymen there, Canon Hoare, Mr. Ridgway, and Mr. Weston. I asked them what they thought of the discourse, and they expressed their unqualified approval; and, as a proof of this, they obtained Mr. Spurgeon's permission to print the Sermon as a booklet for local circulation.

But the greatest joy of all for me and my people was when Mr. Spurgeon came to preach in my chapel. That was a day of days. The chapel seated from 400 to 500, but we expected many more; so

we took out the large windows right and left of the pulpit, and put up a temporary erection at the back. The good vicar showed his sympathy by saying, "Go into the church, and take what seats you want, and mind you take the best." He also forwarded £5 for the collections, and sent his household to the services.

The afternoon's service began at 2.30, but people began to arrive soon after eleven o'clock in the morning. The text was: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). In expounding the first part of the verse, Mr. Spurgeon brought out the great truths of God's sovereign love in the election of His people, and their predestination to eternal life, in and through Christ, and the certainty of their everlasting salvation through faith in Him. There were many present who held these truths in theory, if they did not experimentally realize their infinite preciousness, or adorn in a godly life the truths they held; and there were others who did both. The countenances of these two classes of hearers expressed their approval; but, in the case of the former, there was a marked change of aspect when the second part of the text came to be expounded, and the preacher set forth the ready accessibleness of Christ, and His loving willingness to receive all who come to Him, and followed the exposition with earnest and urgent appeals to the undecided to accept His invitation, and "lay hold on eternal life." Then they shook their heads, and looked inexpressible things. But many were cheered, and helped Christward; and, doubtless, the great day will declare that, as the result of the service, some found salvation by believing in Jesus.

The evening discourse was from the text, "Thou art the man" (2 Samuel xii. 7). Mr. Spurgeon drew a number of imaginary character-sketches, and, at the completion of each one, pointed in a particular direction, exclaiming in tones to arrest every hearer, "Thou art the man!" Among other word-pictures, one was drawn of a self-sufficient and conceited sceptic. He knew none of the congregation, but there was one such before him, and, at the end of the description, he pointed directly to the person, and said, "Thou art the man!" Poor fellow! the preacher had hit off his portrait exactly, and he was very angry; he could not endure the sight of his own features.

That day had been long anticipated, it was longer talked of, and still longer remembered. Doubtless the now-glorified preacher has met some "before the throne" who were then won to Christ. Thirty years after, at the close of the first meeting, in Exeter Hall, for "Faithful Testimony" in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, Mr. Spurgeon referred to that visit; and I reflect on it still with unmingled pleasure.

Mr. Spurgeon's many printed works will have a long life, but I believe his Sermons will outlive all the rest. There are multitudes on earth, and myriads in Heaven, to whom they have been the means of salvation; and when the tide, that is now beginning to turn in the direction of sound doctrinal teaching, shall more fully set in, these Sermons will be yet more prized and blessed. After a ministry of fifty-two years, I turn to them again and again, and find them always fresh and new.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

VIII.—HERBS AND HERBALISTS.

WHILE yet the March winds wrestle with the trees, all stalwarts full of rising sap, the struggle frees the violet's lively scent, and scatters forth the fragrance of the first primrose. Anon, the April rains distil the cowslip's rich perfume, and wet afresh the lady-smocks all drying in the sun. And when sweet May has come, and makes her toilet by the shining brook, she spreads cosmetics all around,—her dressing-room the flowery field, festooned with blooms and leaves, her case of exquisites the vials of Spring. And should she languish through the sultry heat, Nurse Nature, ever near, brews tonic from "the rheum foe" and bitters from the glade.

Time was, when myths were many, when "holy wells" their wonders worked, when every dell a fairy held, and oaks and elms were dryads' homes. Then all the plants were herbs; their blossoms salves; their leaves and stems medicinal virtues held; their roots in powder or in pulp persuaded pain away. Then grand-dames, crammed with old-world lore, prescribed sweet violet juice for childhood's ills, and nettle tea, with rue and wormwood brew, for youth and maid; then country housewives pressed the leaves of plants, and, mixed with viper's fat, an ointment used which laid rheumatic groans to rest. And, still, in parts removed, belief in herbs yet strongly sways the rustic mind; nor has the worthy woman, wise to heal, quite passed away. The doctors and the druggists hold the towns,—the magnets for the country round,—and, drawn thereto, the people come, and buy their medicines as they do their clothes,—made up; but even now, remote, inland, and round the coasts, and sheltered on the spurs of stretching moors, communities exist where clothes and cordials are alike home-made.

In one of these, the village cobbler issues forth at early day, and gathers simples wet with dew. He knows the virtue of the butcher's broom, and can sapiently descant as he distils. He does not tell you all he knows. Like others of the healing art, he wraps his potions up in mystery, and keeps his recipes from vulgar gaze. A wooden shutter drops below his leadlight sash; a door, the under half of which he bolts, the upper half leaves open; a bench drawn up beneath the light, well scattered with material for his craft; a covered form, flush up; and he, a little man with stubble beard and grimy face, but shrewd yet kindly eyes. A man who wears his hat, nor takes it off to peer or peasant, but treats his betters now and then with hasty courtesy expressed by brown forefinger lifted to a greasy brim. He works in spectacles, but takes them off if you advance beyond his half-closed door.

When you enter, then he stands, as if to ask your business, and guard himself and all he knows against your town intrusions. For what he knows, he knows; and can tell you, if he will, where

you may find the all-heal and the live-long, the throat-wort and the eye-bright. He can initiate you into the virtues of the house-leek, and you can hereafter cure your corns with its succulent leaves. He can direct to where the borage grows upon the chalky cliff, and whisper, if you wish for courage, to gather well the borage, and make a drink of it, and forthwith melancholy shall flee, and the heart be rendered glad. But if you want to hear "the old man eloquent," lead him to discourse upon the periwinkle salve made from the leaves of the trailing plant of Spring. Perhaps he will tell you that an ancient herbal magnifies the binding qualities of this blue bind-weed, and gravely urges man and wife to eat the leaves that their affection for each other may be more secure.

A curious decoction is this son of Crispin; a mixture of medicine and moralities, with a flavour of literature and law. A village oracle to all except his wife, who long ago went over to St. Ebb's, and placed her soul within the keeping of the parish priest. But Crispin holds on his way, collects his herbs, cures children with the cramps, applies his salve to wounds, does all things gratis for the poor, save mending shoes, or doctoring black eyes with starch-wort water. A fee he never takes, but cobbling covers much, and men whose drunken brawls have left them blue have their own ways of paying.

An independent man is Crispin, attending mostly Sabbath days at little Zoar, where things are high; but patronizing, now and then, some other "cause" to show an open mind;—a man who takes the opposite in every argument from sheer contrariness. But he is not malicious, only wilful,—though the difference is not great. There is one place where he is never seen,—the parish church. His wife goes there, and that is enough for both. Peace be to him! With all his "contrarious" ways, as Mrs. Crispin calls them, a helpful man where few know anything; an early riser, a herbalist, a conservator of ancient legends, temperate, frugal, and a worshipper at Zoar.

But out in the West, long years ago, there dwelt a sweet old dame who could have given Crispin yards in the healing art, and then have beaten him. Tales of her wonders still survive, and grow more wonderful as years go on. She lived to patriarchal age, and long over eighty exercised her skill. If half the tales are true, the world is poorer for the loss of *her* prescriptions. What would not some patent-medicine vendor give to know what were the methods of this Devon dame?

Along the sunny walls of that grand shire, there grows the pennywort. This the wise one used to gather, but what she mixed with it can ne'er be told. Yet this we know,—for do not old Devonians tell the story?—that the guardians of the poor sent two sad boys whose heads were shining bald; these lads to Barbara came to get a crop of hair, nor did they come in vain. Her salve and soap she used till these, the children of the poor, displayed such locks as scions of a peer might care to show. Then grew Dame Barbara's fame, and she was sought for far and near. Upon a horse she rode, and no light weight was she, but "fourteen stone." Yet was she ever to and fro in doing good, not only to the body but the soul. For Barbara knew her God, and humbly laid her gift, such as it was,

upon His altar. Poor when her partner died, she fought her way by faith and honest toil. Full many a one she nursed who never paid. But some remembered, for thus she lived and reared her boys, and others' boys as well.

A petty squire lay vexed with pain, and doomed to amputation. So runs the story.

"I will not have my arm off till I see my foster-mother. Send for Barbara," said he.

She came.

"Barbara, can you cure my arm?" the sick man asked.

"I cannot say, sir, but I'll try," the dame replied.

"Then I won't have it off till you have tried!"

So the squire determined, and for many years he walked about with two sound arms,—a trophy of old Barbara's skill.

Many quaint sayings the old nurse had, and quaint ways, too. "Ah, cheeld!" she said to a son's wife who had come down to Devon for the first time, "you are like the Saviour of the world, you have cast in your lot among strangers."

"But, mother," said the young wife, "He said, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

"And so we will, girl, body and soul;" and opening her arms, the younger woman wept for joy upon the widow's breast.

When Barbara, after a long life, passed away, some lines were written about her. We may not be exact, but this was their purport,—

"There was an old woman who lived in the West,
Of all the old women this one was the best;
She knew all the plants in the field and the wood;
She knew what was ill, and she knew what was good;
For near ninety years she doctored the people,
And now lies at rest beneath the church steeple."

* * * *

The old-time lore as to the medicinal virtues of plants would take a long while telling. The herbalists of Tudor days were astrologers as well, and took pains to gather their specifics when certain signs were ascendant. So, mullein plucked when the sun was in Virgo, and the moon in Aries, was a preventative carried on the person to ward off falling sickness and evil spirits. The nomenclature of the flowers and shrubs of the Middle Ages was saturated with the superstition of the time; and apostles, martyrs, the Virgin and the saints had each his or her special herb. The cowslip was "Herb Peter" because the blossoms were supposed to hang like a bunch of keys. "St. John's wort" was gathered with much ceremony on the 24th of June, and was kept as a preservative against thunder from above, and demons from beneath. The sweet blue speedwell became "Veronica"; the yellow rocket, "Barbara"; the great-eyed daisy, "Marguerite"; while dead nettles were called "archangels." "Herb Robert" got its name from a questionable Benedictine abbot to whom the 29th of April was dedicated. The plants whose qualities were supposed to correspond to the virtues of "Our Lady, the Virgin," were almost

legion as to number. But what boots it? All the sentiment is swept away, with the web of legends which hung from flower to flower. Instead, we have a survival of names without association, or break-jaw Latin which only the learned can understand. Yet the herbs flourish as of yore; and, though the Pharmacopœia regards them not, the periwinkle, the common bugle, and the mullein still grace our ways with pleasant leaves and blooms. Nor need we think that all our British plants, which our forefathers invested with such healing power, have been discarded. Into the *Materia Medica* of the regular practitioner many a herb has found its way, and received official seal, its virtues recognized, regulated, and prescribed, known the better by research and comparison, and applied with the accuracy of scientific calculation.

The herbalists had their day, — picturesque, poetical, and helpful. Many of their recipes have, no doubt, been appropriated and improved, and many have been lost. Great schools of medicine have risen in their stead, and knowledge of Nature with her products and powers increases daily. We would not have the old days back again; but who does not feel, as one watches the waving of the summer grasses, that much remains yet to be known as to the uses of the salts, and oils, and acids drawn from the sun, and air, and soil by the flowers of the field.

Many plants have been shorn of their renown, cast out as weeds and frauds, while, with others, the popular regard has received official recognition. There is one Plant we wot of, whose renown remains, though fools may cry its virtues down. Specific for the soul! Though from dry ground it grows, and deeply scarred, from all its wounds a stream of healing flows. O Herb Divine, what medicine shall compare with Thine? There was a wood which, cast in Marah's well, made bitters sweet; fit emblem of His work who, dying on His cross, becomes the Tree of Life. "*Officinalis*," let physicians cry! "*Officinalis*," He can claim; for, in the great forever He was sealed by Him who, in Creation's later hour, pronounced "the fruit-tree" "good." And ever since, from bank and brake, with each returning year, the "all-heal" and the "speedwell" ray Him forth, the "throat-wort" and the "live-long" the "feverfew" and "eye-bright" are His modest witnesses. For, onward through the ages long, and through the years that be,—

"A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears,"—

is He,—JESUS,—OUR LORD.

"With His Loving Hand to Guide."

THE skipper of the fishing trawler, *Mary Ann*, belonging to an important sea-port on the North-east coast, was a godly man, and an earnest worker in the Baptist church of which he was a member. He was held in great esteem for his works' sake. His life

at sea, like that of all "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," was full of peril; and, often, he and his crew were only saved, as it were, by the skin of their teeth, from a grave in the angry deep. Repeatedly, when the coast was visited by the terrible gales which bring so much destruction to life and property, and the little craft had to put in somewhere for the friendly shelter a harbour affords, or had been delayed by the force of the gale from returning at the expected time, grave fears were entertained for the safety of those on board, and great were the rejoicings at their eventual return.

On the memorable evening with which this narrative is concerned, when the *Mary Ann* left the harbour for the fishing-grounds, there were no indications that the night would differ from so many of its predecessors; nor could it have been supposed that Captain R—— would never in this world see the faces of the dear wife and child from whom he had so recently parted; nor that he would prove himself to be of the stuff of which Christian heroes are made.

That night, one of the wildest storms ever experienced, swept over the coast (already famous for having had as many as fifty wrecks in one night); and among the small craft that suffered was the *Mary Ann*. Caught in the teeth of the gale, unable to obtain shelter, she suffered severely. Nets, spars, and everything loose on deck, were swept away; and with paddle-wheels injured, she had hard work to keep afloat. Little hope was entertained of ever getting her into harbour.

During occasional lulls in the storm, out of the darkness could be heard the voice of the skipper,—who never for a moment left his post,—encouraging his crew to faith in God, alternating with words of prayer to the throne of grace. He knew no fear. In the God who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand, he trusted and never doubted that all would be well. Presently he broke into song,—

"With His loving hand to guide, let the clouds above me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me!
I can brave the wildest storm with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amid the tempest, 'Praise the Lord.'"

Scarcely had he finished the verse, before a huge billow rolled over the boat, sweeping off, in its course, everything that came in its way; and, among other things, the bridge upon which Capt. R—— stood, and with it the body of this man of faith,—never more to be seen till the sea gives up its dead,—and his soul returned to the God who gave it. There is something solemn and awe-inspiring in the thought of the calm serenity and peace which filled the soul of this devoted seaman when surrounded by the darkness of night, and exposed to the fury of the storm, every moment expecting death, yet never for an instant fearing it. Surely to him was fulfilled that gracious word, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

CHARLES STANLEY.

Inside the Dispensary, Sousse, Tunisia.



I WELL recollect the quaint and forcible way in which the beloved President, now in glory, said to me, "Churcher, if I could *preach* to people, I would let others doctor them." This is a very wise rule for England, but the *medical* missionary has a special fitness among fanatical Moslems. My impatient patients at times audibly mutter, "We come for medicine, not for your preaching."

Practically, we find that *the medicine attracts*, for people come from all directions and long distances. *It gains confidence*, for, among the Arabs, the doctor is proverbially the friend of everyone. *It overcomes opposition*. Thus, the gentleman who has broken up my wife's boys' class, and made himself our enemy, finding his infant daughter sick, this week condescended first to send and then to come himself for medicine, finally receiving a missionary visit in his own house.

And what of the man in the picture? He is our native servant, engaged in making up powders. He is the Medical Mission "boy"—a nice fellow, kind and willing; but why does he not become converted, and give up his sins? Ah! why? I asked one of his friends that question just now; he answered me, "We don't believe that Jesus did leave the Gospel with His followers; because, if He had done so, when Mohammed came, long

afterwards, he would not have found people worshipping the cross, and idols, and pictures." Thus, unfaithfulness in the seventh century is still a stumbling-block in the nineteenth. "Be sure your sin will find you out," is true of systems no less than of individuals.

"And do *you* never doubt?" I asked, for we had, just before, read together in the Koran what seemed a gross error.

"The Moslem who has the smallest doubt should, by law, be killed," he answered, and continued:—"The Mufti of — is a very pious man; he pays the expenses of poor men who desire to go on pilgrimage; he feeds poor students, and does many good deeds. Well, he had a son, who studied French, and had many books; and he said to his father, one day, 'Father, I have my doubts about Mohammedanism. The Gospel is older than the Koran, Jesus Christ came before the prophet (Mohammed), and it seems to me that the older religion must be the right one.' The Mufti was very shocked that *his* son should think thus, so he tied him up in one of the rooms of his house. Each day, for a week, he tried to bring him back to Islam; but as he still would not submit, his father, with some other Moslems, secretly killed him."

Whether the story is true or not, I have no means of knowing; but, without doubt, such wicked action would be commended by many pious Moslems. It is an interesting, though sad question, "How wicked might a man be, and yet remain a good, pious Mohammedan?"

What, then, shall *we* do? Leave them to perish? Did God leave us? Nay, for "when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ *died* for the *ungodly*." And our Lord said to His disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." His last command to them was, "Preach the gospel to every creature," and His last assurance, "Lo, I am with you always." Surely, not to do "the last thing our Lord has asked us, would be equal to passing a vote of want of confidence in the government of God."

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

More about German Baptists in Queensland.

BY PASTOR WILLIAM HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

ASSUMING that my former article about German Baptists (see *Sword and Trowel*, April, 1897,) was of some interest to English readers, I venture to hope that a further notice may be acceptable. During the recent Easter holidays, the Baptist Association of Queensland, of which I have the honour to be Secretary, held its half-yearly meetings at Engelsburg, by the kindness of our German brethren there. Engelsburg is a small township, about twenty-five miles from the border of New South Wales, and forty miles from the coast; and consists of about a score of houses. The surrounding district is cut up into farms of from 80 to 300 acres in extent. Originally covered with dense scrub, a few years have witnessed quite a transformation. It is almost exclusively a German settlement, and, perhaps through being first in the field, the Baptists are far more numerous than any other religious body. There is a German Lutheran church, and a Roman Catholic meeting-place, which, of course, serves all nationalities. The English-speaking population is supplied by a Methodist chapel and Salvation Army "barracks."

Our German Baptist church is by far the largest; and though seating 250 persons, it is none too large for its ordinary requirements. Its history is an interesting chapter of Colonial life. In 1875, a number of German Baptists having taken up farms in the district, they showed their sturdy

adherence to Baptist principles by forming a church, and erecting a small building, one of their number, John Stibbe, being appointed pastor. He supported himself by his farm, as did the other members, who numbered about twenty. The following year, there settled in the district Carl Krueger, the present pastor, then a young man of twenty-six, recently converted, and full of youthful zeal. Circumstances presently led to his appointment as pastor, and he held the position for about a year, until the arrival of Rev. H. Windolf, from Germany, in 1878. Mr. Windolf, however, removed to Marburg, some three months afterwards. Meanwhile, Mr. W. Peters had settled in the district, and he was appointed pastor, with Carl Krueger as deacon and assistant-minister. This was a happy arrangement, and continued for seven years, during which time the church increased greatly, its membership amounting to about one hundred. The failure of Mr. Peters' health compelled his resignation, and before he left the district Mr. Krueger was again installed as pastor of the church, which position he continues to occupy. The blessing of God has rested upon his labours. The membership has risen to over 170 local members, and there are four preaching-stations connected with the church, one of which, twelve miles distant, has 22 additional members. In 1888, it was found necessary to lengthen the building, and for the past five years Pastor Krueger has been set free from financial anxiety, so that he now devotes all his time to the work of the church. There is no baptistery in the building, but Warril Creek has witnessed scenes which must have vividly reminded onlookers of the days of John the Baptist. After one gracious revival, no less than thirty-four were baptized there one Lord's-day afternoon; and smaller though still large numbers have been immersed on other occasions. The services are all conducted in the German tongue; but the language problem, to which I referred in my former communication, still exists, and its settlement must be left to future developments.

The recent visit of our Baptist Association was a notable event for the church, and a happy incident for all privileged to take part in it. Twenty-one English Baptists went from the churches in the Brisbane district, and the ministers included Brethren Whale, Page, and the writer, from the Pastors' College. The hospitality of our German friends was most cordial; all the meetings were largely attended, and some were crowded, while the spirit of hearty enthusiasm left nothing to be desired. Space will not permit me to refer to the meetings in detail, but a passing reference must be made to the gatherings on Easter Monday. A camp-meeting was announced for two o'clock, and long before that hour the churchyard presented an animated appearance. From all directions people were arriving, a few in spring carts, more on horseback, but most in the two-horse German waggons, each containing from six to a dozen occupants. Before the meeting began, I counted ninety-eight horses, and the number subsequently reached about a hundred and twenty. At the appointed hour, our President, Mr. J. C. Keith, mounted one of the German waggons, and the young men's brass band of fifteen instruments soon gathered the people round. The chief feature of the afternoon was a sermon by our Brother Whale, who delivered a powerful discourse from 1 Cor. xv. 3, 4. Tea followed, tables being spread both inside and outside the church, and fully two hours were occupied in satisfying the wants of, I suppose, nearly four hundred people. It was, of course, impossible to get all into the building for the evening meeting, though some, who had little children with them, had taken their departure. As the moon was rising, the procession of horses and vehicles filed out of the churchyard, some for a journey of many miles before reaching their homes.

I need hardly add that, during our visit, all the services were in the English language, which is well understood and spoken by all the younger members of the community, though followed with more or less difficulty

by the older folk. Most of our delegates visited the district then for the first time, and all felt that it was good to get into touch with brethren who, in another sphere, and under other conditions, are yet contending earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints. Perhaps the two sketches which I have written concerning our German co-religionists may, in some measure, serve the same end with English readers.

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 Faith which Overcomes, and other Addresses. Weighed in the Balances,—Addresses on the Ten Commandments. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

OUR late beloved Editor said, "There can be no need for us to commend the living, blazing speech of our Brother Moody;" and we feel that these addresses by the world-renowned evangelist need no commendation from us. It is enough to say that they are by Mr. Moody, for then everyone will know that they are full of those direct, earnest appeals and that intense Evangelical fervour which have ever been characteristic of this God-honouring and God-honoured preacher. Long may his bow abide in strength!

Bible Class Primers. Edited by Professor SALMOND, D.D., Aberdeen. *Elijah and Elisha, Prophets of Israel.* By Rev. RONALD G. MACINTYRE, B.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

AN excellent Primer, invaluable to Bible-class teachers. Those who are taking the International Lessons for the present quarter will find it a real aid. No attempt is made here to explain away the miraculous. More may be learned from this Primer than from many far more pretentious works.

The Silver City, and other Allegories. By MARGARET E. ASHDY. Headley Brothers.

THESE Allegories are considerably above the average of such productions; their style and spirit make them very pleasant and profitable reading.

Hymns and Hymn-Makers, by Rev. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, B.D., is a book of modest dimensions, and is necessarily limited in its scope. It is equally modest in price (1s. 6d.), though paper, printing, and type are all that could be desired. It is in "The Guild Library" Series, and is published by A. and C. Black, London; and R. and R. Clark, Edinburgh. The annotations are perfectly reliable, and there is an entire freedom from those crude and apocryphal stories about hymns which sometimes find a place in current literature. It seems to be intended chiefly for Presbyterian readers, as four of the six Hymnals annotated are those in use in that Church, the other two being *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and *The Congregational Church Hymnal*. The Baptist *Psalms and Hymns*, *Our Own Hymn Book*, Dr. Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion*, and the various Methodist Hymnals are not noticed.

A few well-authenticated anecdotes are introduced here and there, and, no doubt, this first course of a big feast will whet the appetite for more.

The Church Hymnary. Henry Frowde.

THIS Hymnal is authorized for use in public worship by the Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, the Free Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. The compilation has been made by a joint committee of twenty-eight, with the aid of members of the Presbyterian Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Canada. With such a multitude of counsellors,

the work should be well done, and the result is largely satisfactory. An amount of knowledge, labour, and research has been expended which none but experts can realize and estimate. The indexes are very full, and have involved immense toil. The 625 hymns comprise some of the best of the older compositions, and a large proportion of those of modern date, and include translations from Latin, German, and other sources. The collection is thoroughly Evangelical in tone, but it lacks that strong backbone of hymns on the doctrines of sovereign grace, as taught in Ephesians i. and Romans viii., which are so Scripturally set forth in the Westminster Confession, and which find a place in the standards of all branches of the Presbyterian Church. This omission is to be regretted, for never was there a time when these cardinal doctrines of Holy Scripture were more necessary to be taught for the instruction and comfort of all believers.

The volume before us, which is in anticipation of other editions to be issued later in the year, is all that could be wished as to type, printing, and general get-up. It may interest our readers to know that many of the best of the hymns in this Hymnary will be found in the forthcoming Supplement to *Our Own Hymn Book*.

A Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, M.A., D.D. Vol. I. T. and T. Clark. Price 28s.

NECESSARILY, this is a miscellaneous work, dealing with a host of subjects of minor as well as major interest. When completed, it will rank as an imposing monument of industry and multifarious research. While heartily recognizing the wealth of information to be gleaned from these pages, we confess to a frequent feeling of disappointment as we read the more important contributions, which, though they have a certain air of intelligence, are lacking in spiritual acumen and solidity of judgment. The special feature of this voluminous Dictionary is the space afforded for the display of the higher critical notions; and as

these have no spiritual savour that we can discover, and make a complete tangle of the Canon of Scripture, the effect to us is the damping of interest in regard to every subject they concern. In our judgment, the deepest knowledge of the Inspired Word is not to be obtained through the modern critical apparatus, but rather through the unassuming scholarship which dispenses with it, and through the unction of the Holy One, which can afford to ignore it. It is only fitting, however, that those who are satisfied that up-to-date criticism is pure gold should set forth its products on a monumental scale.

Studies in Comparative Religion. By ALFRED S. GEDEN, M.A. C. H. Kelly.

THIS work is one of the "Books for Bible Students," and deals with Origins, Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, Zoroastrianism and Mohammedanism. The real key to the study of comparative religion lies in Scripture, and not outside of it. Modern students seem to evolve everything out of "the mists of a dim and unfathomed antiquity." But this is an utter mistake. What are called "Origins" are but egregious retrocessions from a Divine knowledge from which man wilfully departed; and mark simply the extremity of ignorance which is the resultant of the reprobate mind. The failure to perceive this, leads to many false inferences and erroneous conclusions, so much so that what are really colossal marks of a godless apostacy have read into them the elements of a real progression. Equally unsatisfactory, in our judgment, is the prevailing scholastic attitude to the false prophet and his corrupt system. If ever a character was steeped in lying, cruelty, and the vilest lust, Mohammed's was; but it does not seem to be convenient now to construe Mohammedanism as a mass of lies.

A Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons. By JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHILE a shade too much of a homily to suit our taste, and somewhat

overburdened with advice, this treatise is undoubtedly excellent,—the outcome of a judicious and trained mind in which, as far as seems possible to man, the subject of the Preparation and Delivery of a sermon is threshed out, expounded in counsel, and reduced to rule. We may regard this Homiletical work as a correct and discreet guide, all round in scope, and in nothing wanting or erratic. The division is fivefold, and is especially able as it concerns "The Arrangement of a Sermon" and "The Delivery of Sermons." It is gratifying that a work of such solid parts should have reached the 23rd edition, and should be the recognized Text-book in so many theological seminaries.

The Christian Interpretation of Life, and other Essays. By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. C. H. Kelly.

THESE Essays are far above the average in intellectual power. The only objection (if it be an objection,) is that, to follow them intelligently, presupposes in the reader a wide and exact acquaintance with all the modern forms of Agnostic, Unitarian, and Positivist views. We doubt the wisdom of close familiarity with the schools of thought which are "of the earth, earthy." There is a lurking danger in the acquaintance. Even with the best intentions, the thinking of the Christian Apologist, in such circumstances, becomes insensibly infected with the rank savour of unhallowed and profane thought; and his wisdom, at times, is rather the wisdom of intellect than of the spirit. We seem to see occasional faint traces of this danger in these pages. There is a great call for deepened thought in the Church to-day; but a scholastic mould is to be avoided, and a constructive, rather than a polemical aim, taken.

Studies on the Second Advent. By JOHN STEPHEN FLYNN, B.D. Elliot Stock.

THESE studies are admirable in their method, but avowedly do not aim at precision in details. We think that

the writer's main object will be promoted by them, for they certainly tend to give vividness to the central fact of the Pre-millennial Advent itself; at the same time, there are many important points left unexplained and untouched.

As Englishman, Jew, and Christian. By MARK LEVY. Partridge & Co.

WE would bespeak for this little book of poems a considerate greeting. While rough in form, these measures have a human and generous glow, and tell their homely story ever cheerily.

The Book of the Prophet Isaiah. Chapters XL.—LXVI. By Rev. J. SKINNER, D.D. Cambridge University Press.

THIS is Dr. Skinner's second and closing volume on the Book of Isaiah; and is undoubtedly an able contribution to the Cambridge Bible Series for Schools. We could have wished that the division of the Book of Isaiah into two had not involved the partition of the Isaianic authorship as well. Dr. Skinner has judged otherwise; but from his conclusion we dissent heart and soul.

Death's Microbe. By HAMILTON ORTON. Elliot Stock.

THE havoc and the sorrow caused by death, the intense longing for life evinced by the diseased and the dying, and the earnest search for the secret of death's power, and the means of overcoming this enemy, are here pathetically and vividly described. At length, the secret is discovered. Sin is found to be death's microbe, and the only way of conquering death is revealed by Him who came from above to overthrow sin, and to give everlasting life to every believing soul.

It is not to be expected that such a weighty subject can receive adequate treatment in a tractate of fifteen pages, but there is blank space enough even here for a few sentences on Calvary where the Life-Giver was "made sin for us," and, in dying, gave death its death-blow.

David Brown, D.D. A Memoir, by Dr. W. G. BLAIRKIE. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FINE memorial of an Evangelical stalwart. Dr. Brown's career nearly covered the century, and he witnessed many changes in religious life and Church history; but through them all he remained profoundly loyal to the gospel and the central passion for "soul-winning." His work, both as preacher and College Professor, was full of power and charm, and the whole religious world is the poorer for his promotion to "the Homeland."

The reference in this volume to the beloved C. H. Spurgeon as a model to preachers in the use of their voice, is both apt and graceful; and we know that, in other respects, Dr. Brown was a fervent admirer of the revered prince of preachers. This is a biography that will live, and should be a stimulus to all readers, but emphatically to preachers and students.

Dr. J. L. Phillips. A biographical sketch. Sunday School Union.

AN altogether charming life-story of a splendid man and Christian worker. It cannot fail both to interest and to inspire. The cheery personality, the fine manly enthusiasm, and the modest devotion of Dr. Phillips, all help to captivate mind and heart; and to read the record of his life and labours is to be refreshed as with a breeze from the sea. The little touches of playful humour greatly add to the interest of the volume, and throw into clear relief its abounding seriousness and power. A biography to read, to remember, to be profoundly grateful for; just the book to put into the hands of young men and women seeking to find a human model for stimulus and encouragement. May it quicken many to follow in the train of Him who lived, and laboured, and laid down His life for many of "the children of India," as well as for us!

The Life of Gerhard Tersteegen. With Selections from his Writings. By H. E. GOVAN, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A CHOICE piece, both of biography and spiritual extract. Tersteegen was

a man of truest devotion to the person of His Lord; and one who, loving much, was able to disclose much to others. His writings are the modern "ivory palaces," where the myrrh and aloes and cassia make fragrant the least garments of the King. He tells, in glowing words, the raptures that fill his soul; and when speech will not suffice, he bursts into adoring song. To devout souls, this little book will be very precious; and all Christians may find in it much that is quickening. Without reserve, we recommend it.

Bells at Evening. By F. J. CROSBY. With Biographical Sketch by R. LOWRY. Morgan and Scott.

A CHOICE little collection of sweetly-gracious songs. The singer has put the Universal Church in deep debt by her delightful hymns, and the rest of the poems in this book are worthy companions to them. It is a precious memorial of a devoted and gifted servant of Christ.

Twisted Threads; or those Villagers. By H. E. STONE. Baptist Tract Society.

THE village land and allotment question, made into a story; and with considerable skill, too. Whether all the author's political economy is infallible, we are not positively certain; but his loyalty to Scripture and his sturdy Nonconformity are unimpeachable. This story ought to go into every Sunday-school library, and be upon our home tables, to teach our lasses and lads the nobility of their heritage, and how it is to be maintained. Mr. Stone writes with profound conviction, intimate knowledge of his subject, and large descriptive power; he may yet give us the standard story of village Nonconformity.

Kate. A Story of Grace. By J. H. B. Marshall Brothers.

A SIMPLE story of successful rescue work in Edinburgh. Such a narrative will greatly encourage those who are labouring to uplift and save the fallen and the lost.

Does God Hear Prayer? By Rev. JOHN THOMAS. Bristol: W. F. Mack and Co.

A LARGE collection of anecdotes and illustrations of answers to prayer, which cannot fail to strengthen faith. We are not sure whether the chapter on "Prayer and Bodily Ailments" is wisely included, for it sounds a note of controversy about "Faith-healing," which had better have been silent. There is so much that is unquestioned in the volume, that this portion adds nothing to the proof-power of the book, and may suggest to many an element of fanaticism. The teaching of faith-healing raises very wide and far-reaching questions, both in theology and philosophy, which cannot possibly be treated in a mere booklet; and to assume its universal reality, is to invite doubt and distrust. Bating this, the book is a very respectable collection of prayer "ana."

In Answer to Prayer. Isbister and Co.

A SINGULAR collection of so-called testimonies to prayer being answered. Some are very direct and definite, but others are vagueness itself. Dr. Watson's is not on prayer, but on what is known as telepathy. Does that mean that prayer is, to him, no more than a subtle influence of one mind over other human minds? This medley of papers may be sifted by a discriminating reader, but it will remain a medley to most, and not a very striking one either.

The Greater Gospel. By J. M. BAMFORD. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN ingenious endeavour to bring the witness of real life and experience to speak for the gospel's power. The author is very severe on the average preacher and church-member, suggesting that they are generally fossilized, if not mere formalists, and that the one crying need of to-day is a personal testimony to the gospel's regenerating and uplifting power in the life. This is so clearly declared by Mr. Bamford that, though it is not a greater gospel, but only one aspect of it, yet we cordially welcome him as an ally in the war we wage against the sin and sorrow that burden the world.

Fight and Win. Talks with Lads about the Battle of Life. By Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

EXACTLY the book that a boy will read with avidity, and never forget. Saturated with gospel teaching and robust appeal, it must surely be of rich blessing to our lads. Sunday-school teachers, too, will find in this little book plenty of fresh illustrations to sparkle up their lessons. It is bound to sell, and do good service.

Characters and Characteristics of William Law. With Introduction by Dr. A. WHYTE. Third Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SELECTION of extracts from the celebrated mystic's writings, chosen with much skill and loving enthusiasm by Dr. Whyte. Law is always full of penetrating insight, especially into the human heart and its recesses of sin; and his teachings here alone would amply justify the republishing of these "characteristics." That this volume should have reached a third edition, is a proof that, if only theology be wisely and profoundly taught, it is still "the queen of the sciences," and compels attention. We commend this book very heartily to all experienced believers, but especially to ministerial students.

For Love's Sake. By Rev. EVAN THOMAS. H. R. Allenson.

THESE are brief, bright, all-alive, up-to-date papers on the beautiful story of Onesimus, the runaway slave. The preacher has been into the rich pastures of Dr. Cox and Dr. McLaren; but he has assimilated their thinking quite legitimately, and added much that is valuable of his own. A wakeful, inspiring set of pulpit talks, that will charm young people, and may help a jaded preacher to a theme for next Sunday.

The Heart of a Servant. By J. E. A. BROWN. Elliot Stock.

A WELL-WRITTEN treatise upon service in general, and domestic service in particular. The recognition of mutual dependence, and of mutual indebtedness, would do much to make the machinery of life in the home and in the nation run more smoothly.

Finn's First Fruits, and other Stories.

By LENA TYACK. C. H. Kelly.

CHARMING little tales suitable for reading or relating to children. The first tells how a girl dedicated her early primroses to God by sending them to a sick child. Another records the home-coming of a wanderer through his little niece reading that, in the year of Jubilee, "he shall return unto his own family."

Fairy Greatmind. By MAUDE M. BUTLER. Oliphant and Co.

A PRETTY fairy tale, showing how a little girl dreamt of a visit to fairy-land, where she learnt that happiness consists far more in doing good to others than in getting all for oneself. This is a lesson which others might learn without either dreaming or trying to find the imaginary realm of the fairies.

The Song of the Shepherd. Meditations on the Twenty-third Psalm. By R. S. DUFF, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

MAKING no pretension to be original, these meditations are easy, pleasant, devout talks about this familiar "Song of Zion," and will doubtless be helpful to the many godly folk who

have no access to larger and more suggestive volumes. The student will find little here that he has not known for many years, and will not therefore invest in this latest reproduction of obvious reflections.

The Empire Reciter. Sunday School Union.

PUBLISHED at one shilling nett, this volume of 183 pages is wonderfully cheap, and ought to have a large sale. The selection of pieces suitable for recitation is remarkably well done; and they are adapted to various ages and classes. A good many old favourites find a place, but there is also a considerable addition of new compositions which will soon become as much valued as others have been.

The Leading Aisles. Vol. I. Gardner and Co.

WE give it up. "Ask us another." What the writer means by it all, we cannot tell. It is wonderful, as a puzzle; it has neither beginning, nor end, nor middle. Had words been scattered out of a pepper-box at haphazard, they would have made something like this. For poor humanity's sake, we trust this first volume of "Aisles" that lead nowither, will also be the last.

Notes.

Special Notice.—The date arranged for the opening (D.V.) of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, is *Wednesday, August 17*; the afternoon service to be conducted by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the evening service by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who has also kindly promised to stay and preach on the following Lord's-day morning and evening (August 21). Friends who are contemplating a visit to Bexhill may be glad of this early intimation, so that they may, if possible, be present at the first gatherings in the new house of prayer.

Arrangements have been made for the issue of special excursion tickets from London to Bexhill on August 17. The return fare will be four shillings. Early application should be made to Mr. Bartlett, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark.

The death of Canon Jeffreys, of Hawkhurst, has been mentioned in many papers,

both religious and secular; but, so far as we have seen, none of the writers appear to have noted the fact that he was the clergyman whose conversation with the lad at the Church of England school at Maidstone was the means of making C. H. Spurgeon a Baptist. The story is told at length, and in a most interesting fashion, in Vol. I. of the *Autobiography*; but this paragraph from it contains the name of the minister with whom C. H. S. had the memorable encounter which he has so graphically described:—

"When at Mentone, on one occasion, I was greatly pleased to receive the following note from a lady I met there, as it enabled me to identify the esteemed clergyman who had shown himself so interested in my welfare while at Maidstone:—

"Mrs. S— wrote me, the other day, that she had been dining out, and sat next to Canon Jeffreys, of Hawkhurst. The conversation turned upon Mr. Spurgeon,

and his valuable Commentary on the Psalms. The Canon said that he once examined at some Grammar School where young Spurgeon was, and that he was the only boy, out of I forget how many, who could answer most of the questions. Some boys could not do *any*, while young Spurgeon did all excepting those on the Church Catechism."

One of "our own men," who is earnestly labouring for the Lord many thousands of miles from his native land, writes:—"Is there any chance of us poor foreign chaps getting a copy of the Conference book-gift?" We pass on to our readers our brother's pathetic enquiry, for it is possible that some of them can answer it. Mrs. Spurgeon is unable to send this year's Conference Present to the brethren abroad; for, in addition to the price of the *Autobiography*, each volume would cost from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 9d. for postage; but she would be very pleased if readers of the Magazine would make it possible for those "poor foreign chaps" to share the privilege enjoyed by their comrades at home. Any contributions sent to the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, for this purpose, shall be expended in forwarding Vol. I. of the *Autobiography* to needy missionaries and ministers in distant lands.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held at the Pastors' College, on *Monday evening, July 11*, after a tea-meeting which was numerously attended. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and, together with Deacon W. Olney and Elder J. T. Dunn, spoke on behalf of the good work carried on by the Society, which is the means of great encouragement and help to poor country pastors and their wives and families. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon was present, and had the pleasure of receiving a large number of parcels containing garments. The Report contained an interesting comparative statement of the progress of the Society during the year. At the last annual meeting, 1,060 garments were received (888 the previous year); total number received during the year, 3,380 (1,855 the year before). To 48 pastors, 2,472 articles, valued at £394 16s. 7d., were sent (in the previous twelve months, 44 ministers received 1,888 articles worth £298 15s. 9d.). Since the fire at the Tabernacle, 1,343 garments have been contributed to replace many that were burned, and Messrs. Willcox and Gibbs have generously presented to the Society a No. 1 sewing machine, in the place of the one then destroyed. The Report gratefully acknowledges the gift, and also the receipt of 75 articles from the Branch Society at Blackheath Baptist Chapel, and 38 articles from the Penge Tabernacle.

Copies of the Report may be obtained on application to the Honorary Secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, who will also be glad to receive parcels and donations.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—On *Tuesday evening, July 12*, a well-attended meeting of the collectors and missionary circle shareholders was held at the College, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who expressed his pleasure at meeting his helpers in this part of the service, and encouraged them to continue their efforts for the Master's sake.

Mr. Patrick spoke of his nine years of happy toil in Tangier, and said that he would not now be in the homeland if his return had not been necessary in consequence of the state of his children's health; as he has buried two little ones in Morocco, he has need to take care of those that are spared. Since he has been home, he has heard that bitter persecution has again broken out; while he regrets this for the converts' sake, he rejoices in it for the work's sake, for persecution always ends in greater blessings.

Mr. Weekes mentioned that the missionary circle, which has hitherto helped Mr. Patrick, would transfer its assistance to Dr. Churcher; and then Dr. Charles North, who has come from New Zealand to continue his medical studies in preparation for service in India, referred to the usefulness of medical missions in heathen countries. He also showed that this form of labour was in accordance with our Lord's example, for He went about "preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people."

Collecting boxes and missionary circle cards can be obtained of the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. Hay has completed his course, and settled at Grantown-on-Spey, N.B.

Mr. H. Spendelow, of Dartford, is removing to Great Grimsby; and Mr. T. Perry, of King's Lynn, is going to King-williamstown, South Africa.

Our Brother Chadwick, of South Norwood, acting upon urgent medical advice, is taking a season of complete rest. In October, he hopes to enter upon entirely new work in a district of Ilford which appears to afford special scope for such service for the Master.

We are glad to note that Mr. W. H. Gausson, who has been rendering temporary help at the College since Professor Marchant's retirement, has accepted the invitation of the President and Trustees to a place on the tutorial staff. Mr. Gausson is a native of Co. Kildare, and comes of a good stock, being a descendant of the same Huguenot family as the late Dr. Gausson, of Geneva. He is an M.A., and LL.B., of

Trinity College, Dublin; and his course there was a distinguished one. He gained a Hebrew "entrance prize" at his matriculation, having studied that language with the Baptist pastor at Brannoxtown, who is now the Principal of the Pastors' College. Mr. Gaussen obtained a gold medal in logic and ethics, and first honours in English literature. His scholastic qualifications for the tutorial work are all that could be desired; and during the time he has been at the College, he has practically proved his efficiency, and has won both the confidence and the esteem of the students. For some time, the new tutor has been assistant to Pastor Frank H. White, and he possesses not a little of the spirit of our esteemed brother. By Mr. Gaussen's appointment, the rose, shamrock, and thistle are once more represented on the tutorial staff, as in the olden days.

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival took place on *Thursday, June 23*, and the large company of friends who gathered at Stockwell were favoured with fine weather. The attendance (between seven and eight thousand) showed an increase upon last year's, but the financial results of the day were scarcely as good as on that occasion. Most of the speakers announced were present, and it was again most noticeable how many of them bore testimony to the undying influence of the Founder of the Orphanage, and the first Pastor of the Tabernacle Church. The chairman at the evening meeting, Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, M.P., stated that he and five other young men were at the first anniversary at Stockwell, and the words spoken by C. H. Spurgeon then had exerted a marvellous power over the whole six of them, until the present time. The whole of the programme was carried out satisfactorily, and there was plenty to interest visitors up to a late hour.

The Annual Report, included in the present Magazine, shows that the Orphanage has had a prosperous year.

COLPORTEAGE.—One of the colporteurs sends a pleasing testimony concerning a lady in his district, who has regularly read C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons for upwards of forty years; her love for them has led her to purchase and distribute large numbers during that period. With this habit she now combines the perusal of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's weekly Sermons, which she declares bear, as the weeks go by, an increasing resemblance to those of his beloved father.

Last month, the Association issued the first number of its new halfpenny paper, *The Colporteurs' Messenger*. It is hoped that the circulation of this little monthly, which is full of good and interesting matter, will bring the claims of the Colportage work into greater prominence, and lead to enlarged sympathy with the noble service, which, founded by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in 1866, has for nearly thirty-two years been the means of spreading the good tidings of salvation in the most needy localities of our land. The Magazine can be obtained from the Dépôt, or of any of the colporteurs.

The Colporteurs' Prayer Union has considerably increased during the month; names of members are being forwarded from many parts of the country.

Friends are urged to acquaint themselves with the colporteurs and their work in any District where they may be visiting, to join in daily prayer for a revived spiritual blessing upon the effort in all its branches, and to form a direct relationship with the Association by a regular annual subscription, however small, which will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E., from whom collecting boxes may also be procured.

Baptisms at Upton Chapel, for Metropolitan Tabernacle:—June 30, nine; at Haddon Hall, June 30, three.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	2,055	0	4
Contributions from Dolton Baptist Church, N. Devon, per Pastor J. R. Way	1	2	0
Collection at High Street Chapel, Bow	1	8	0
Mr. B. Phillips	2	0	0
Pastor and Mrs. A. Macdougall	1	0	0
Mr. A. Culverhouse and family	4	4	0
Contributions and collection from Barnet Tabernacle, per Pastor P. J. Smart	6	10	0
In memory of late Mr. W. Woolland	3	0	0
Mr. H. Woolland	1	0	0
Miss Woolland	1	0	0
Offering from friends at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting Hill, per Pastor F. H. White	7	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Miss S. Hasler	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lees	1	10	0
Mr. R. Spink	5	0	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (7th instalment)	7	7	10
Mr. and Mrs. Sexton and friends	10	10	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, King's Lynn, per Pastor T. Perry	6	1	6
Contributions from friends at the Tabernacle, Southport, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	6	4	9
Mr. and Mrs. Potts	5	0	0
"A lover of Mr. Spurgeon and reader of his Sermons"	1	0	0
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Contribution from Great Marlow Baptist Church, per Mr. J. E. Joynes	8	16	0
Mr. J. Dickie	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor and Mrs. E. J. Edwards and friends at Salem Chapel, Dover ...	18	12	6	Contributions from friends at Leafield Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Sullivan ...	1	0	0
Collection at Boundary Road Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor W. Murray ...	4	5	9	Contributed at Flower Service, Peckham Rye Mission, per Mr. E. Floyd ...	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Jeffery ...	2	10	0	Mr. Henry Smith ...	5	5	0
Friends at Oaklands Chapel, Surbiton, per Pastor W. Baster ...	5	14	6	Mrs. Perry, per Mr. E. Frisby ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Meredith ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Jeffries ...	4	0	0
Postal order, Woodside Green ...	1	0	0	Proceeds of lectures and contributions from friends at Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker ...	11	11	0
Mr. L. Stillman-Gibbard ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. T. Smith, per Pastor J. A. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Mr. Tilden Eldridge (Singapore), per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-			
Collected at Baptist Chapel, Highfield Road, Dartford, per Pastor H. Spendlow ...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Stephens (Assam) ...	3	0	0
N. B. ...	25	0	0	Mrs. Jane Stewart ...	1	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Warwick Street, Leamington Spa, per Pastor A. Phillips ...	10	10	0	Madame Van Gogh ...	1	0	0
Collection at Drummond Road Chapel, Bermondsey, per Pastor H. Burleigh ...	4	4	0	Miss Atkins ...	5	0	0
Miss Catherine Job, per J. T. D. ...	5	0	0	E. T. ...	0	7	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall ...	10	0	0		10	7	0
Contributions from friends at St. Leonard's Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Rodger ...	6	6	0	"A friend," per Mr. W. Olney ...	10	0	0
Mrs. E. Yallop ...	2	0	0	Contributions from Kesusai Rise Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Maycock ...	2	0	0
Mrs. W. S. Ashby ...	5	0	0	Donations from friends at Bassett Street Chapel, Kentish Town, per Pastor A. Day ...	1	4	0
Pastor and Mrs. R. Herries ...	2	0	0	Mr. A. J. Malcolm ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Buckmaster, sen. ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Stevens and friends on the London Corn Exchange, 100 shillings ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. F. Doggett ...	2	0	0	Mrs. C. Mannington ...	1	0	0
Pastor H. Rylands Brown ...	1	0	0	Pastor J. M. G. dos Santos ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Brown and family ...	4	0	0	Mrs. M. Bell ...	3	0	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (8th instalment) ...	36	13	0	<i>The Christian Herald</i> (1st instalment) ...	39	8	8
Mrs. J. White ...	1	0	0	Offering from Chesham Baptist Church, Bury, per Pastor F. J. Greening ...	4	12	2
Collection at Praed Street Chapel, W., per Pastor J. Briggs ...	2	0	0	Offering from Sweet Turf Baptist Church, Netherton, per Pastor A. Griffiths ...	2	6	0
Sale of mementos at Orphanage Festival ...	6	11	3	Mrs. S. Keary and friend ...	1	0	0
Received at Orphanage Festival by Pastor T. Spurgeon :-				Mr. J. Crocker ...	2	0	0
Mr. Carter ...	1	0	0	<i>The British Weekly</i> (9th instalment) ...	1	14	6
Miss Wain ...	1	0	0	E. K. ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Perrin ...	1	10	0	Collection at Abingdon Baptist Chapel, after sermon by Rev. W. Hackney, £2 4s. 9d.; donations, 15s. 6d. ...	3	0	3
Mrs. Stuart ...	2	2	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Howard Street, N. Shields, per Pastor C. Stanley ...	1	19	6
Sums under £1 ...	0	18	0	Mrs. Raybould ...	5	0	0
	6	10	0	Collection at Hockliffe Street Baptist Chapel, Leighton Buzzard, per Pastor R. E. Chettleborough ...	6	0	0
Miss Dransfield ...	10	10	0	Mr. Lavender ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Drayson ...	5	0	0
Contributions from Cottage Green Baptist Church, per Pastor J. Smith ...	7	0	0	Pastor W. Colin Bryan ...	1	3	6
Mr. John Coutts ...	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Muller ...	3	3	0
Mr. John Short, jun. ...	1	1	0	Collection at Ely Place Baptist Chapel, Wisbech, per Pastor A. G. Everett ...	5	3	6
Contribution from West Green Baptist Church, per Pastor J. Edmonds ...	2	0	0	Contributions from members of English Baptist Church, Cocanada, India ...	1	6	4
Mr. R. E. Walker ...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Woolidge ...	1	0	0
Mr. Roberts ...	1	0	0	Mr. Edward Mounsey ...	10	0	0
Pastor J. J. Irving ...	1	0	0	Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A. ...	52	10	0
Contributions from a few friends at Guildford, per Pastor J. Rankine ...	5	5	0	Contributions from friends at Coggeshall Road, Braintree, per Pastor A. Curtis ...	3	6	0
Contribution from Irwell Terrace Baptist Church, Bacup ...	1	0	0	Collection at Victoria Place Baptist Chapel, Paisley, per Pastor R. E. Glendening ...	7	0	0
Contribution from Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, per Pastor J. Jasper ...	8	0	0	Miss Hudfield ...	10	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Crawley, per Pastor J. McAuslane ...	5	0	0	Mr. R. W. Campbell ...	1	0	0
Contributions from friends at Poole, per Pastor W. G. Hailstone ...	4	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Adney ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Butten ...	1	0	0
Contributions from a few friends at Fulham Baptist Chapel, per Mr. Burden ...	1	1	0	O. B. ...	50	0	0
Miss Briggs ...	1	1	0	Mr. A. Smith, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Miss Edith Sutton ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Peckman ...	1	0	0
Contributions from friends at Willesden Green Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. J. Sears ...	1	1	0	Contributions from friends at Walkern, per Mr. J. Russell ...	5	8	0
Mrs. A. Bidewell ...	1	0	0	Mr. G. D. N. Ford and friends, per Mr. H. Sawday ...	3	0	0
Collection at Markyate Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Chapman ...	1	6	1				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Chilman	0	5	0	Mr. J. Hayes	0	2	6
Mrs. Newberry	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0
Mr. W. F. Day	2	2	0	Mr. J. B. Elgar	0	2	6
Rev. D. Taylor	0	5	6	Mr. W. Lawrie	0	10	0
Mr. T. Cole	0	10	0	Mrs. Cornish	0	1	0
Mr. G. Tingey	20	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Bignell ...	0	6	11
Miss Harris	5	0	0	Collected by Miss R. Bignell ...	0	6	7
In memory of C. H. S. ...	1	1	0	In memoriam	0	1	0
A grateful grandmother... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Hout	0	2	6
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0	Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Patmore	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. F. D. Scott ...	0	3	6
Mrs. G. Bantick	0	5	0	Collected by Miss A. Wilkinson ...	0	8	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay ...	0	3	0	Christian Innomuch Society, per Miss			
Miss M. Hayward... ..	0	10	0	K. A. Taylor	0	15	10
Mr. R. Stewart	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Comber	0	2	6
Postal order, Pangbourne ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Watson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Greenop	1	0	0
Miss E. Leeder	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Clubb	2	5	0
Miss Hewlett	0	1	6	Collected by Miss G. Copley	0	3	0
Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0	Collected by Miss R. Platt	0	12	0
Mrs. Mason... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Miss V. Ashford ...	0	2	7
Mrs. U. R. Porter	0	10	6	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	8
Mr. R. Parsons	0	10	0	Rev. W. Parry	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Alston	0	10	6	Miss Maunders	2	0	0
Miss A. Baker	0	7	6	Cross Street Baptist Chapel, Islington,			
Mrs. C. Knock	0	5	0	per Mr. E. Green	5	0	1
Miss N. Mizen	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. S. Holder	1	3	9
Rev. F. M. Rowden	0	10	6	Mrs. L. Knowlman's farthing box ...	0	15	0
Miss Riddell	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Womersley ...	0	4	0
Miss F. Hall	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Lee... ..	0	10	6
Miss A. Saltmarsh	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Pickard	0	12	0
Fines for spots on table-cloths...	0	11	4	Collected by Mrs. Robinson	0	5	0
Miss V. Smith	10	0	0	Collected by Miss Larwill	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Stewart	2	0	0	Mr. M. Powell	0	3	0
Miss S. Cabban	0	5	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland ...	0	7	6
Dr. J. A. Dunbar	2	2	0	Collected by Mr. Perfect... ..	0	5	2
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. Cox ...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0	15	6
Collected by Mrs. Lang:—				Collected by Miss G. E. Clarke... ..	1	8	0
Mr. A. Beckingsale	0	5	0	Collected by Miss L. Jenkins	0	2	6
Mr. T. Beckingsale	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Finch	1	1	8
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang ...	2	0	0	Collected by Miss L. Pears	0	2	0
	2	10	0	Collected by Miss L. Staveley:—			
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0	Mr. A. W. Staveley	0	10	6
Mrs. H. Creasey	1	0	0	Mr. J. Edginton	0	10	0
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	0	0	Miss Gardiner	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Jenkins ...	0	3	0	Miss Staveley	0	5	0
A. M. W.	1	1	0	Mr. J. W. Hewitt	0	2	0
Mrs. W. Bell	0	2	6	Mr. A. Smithwell	0	5	0
Boyne Street Sunday-school, per Mr.				Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	2	6
S. T. Hudson	0	10	0	Mr. F. Gardiner	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Wheaton ...	0	10	0	C. M. Bellars	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Holloway... ..	0	5	0	J. F. Tyars	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Gunter	0	5	0	Mr. Jno. Cockett	0	10	0
Mr. W. Markram	0	2	6	Mrs. Gardiner	0	2	6
Mrs. Rugg	0	10	0	Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6
A friend, Dover	0	4	0	Mr. M. Le Pla	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Bradley	1	10	0		3	12	6
Mrs. Zuber	0	3	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Elding	0	3	6
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. R. Garrett ...	0	9	6
Miss M. Parker	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Ward	0	2	9
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6	Collected by Miss A. Jones	0	6	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Wells	0	4	0
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	11	9	Collected by Mr. Curtis	1	0	0
Miss J. Stewart	0	10	0	Collected by the Misses Gerry ...	0	4	0
Mr. E. Sparrow	1	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Pavey	0	12	0
Collected by Miss F. Cook ...	0	9	4	Collected by Miss K. R. Smith ...	0	4	0
Mr. C. Hooper	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	1	12	0
Miss E. Farley	3	0	0	Collected by Master F. Pearson ...	0	2	6
Mr. R. Dawson	0	7	6	Collected by Miss L. Harrison ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Yallop	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. J. Farmer ...	1	3	6
Mr. P. Cockerell	0	10	6	Collected by Miss M. Daniels ...	0	6	6
Mr. A. Tessier	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Chapman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Campbell	2	0	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Hunt ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. G. Blake	0	4	0
Mr. R. Brown	1	0	0	Mrs. Dunn	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. C. Clover ...	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Jamieson	2	0	0
Mr. F. C. Neve	1	0	0	Mr. J. Robertson	0	5	0
M. B.	0	1	0	Miss K. A. Legg	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Dickerson... ..	0	2	0	Mr. T. Greening	1	6	0
Mrs. Fox	0	5	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. G. Rogers	0	10	0	Collected by Miss E. Cobley	0	7	0
Mr. C. Buys	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. E. Kent	0	4	6
Miss N. Burbridge	0	7	8	Collected by Miss J. Smith	1	1	0
Mare Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. J. F. Sorrell	4	4	6	Collected by Mr. G. Page	0	3	0
Mr. T. W. Doggett	3	0	0	Mrs. M. Wee	0	5	0
Miss Atfield	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Smith	0	4	0
The Misses Davis	1	1	0	S. M. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. P. A. Bonetto	1	1	0	Mrs. M. J. Warren	0	10	0
A Welsh friend	1	0	0	Mrs. R. Batty	0	5	0
Mrs. Layzell	1	0	0	Mrs. Maclean	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pentelow, sen.	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Crawley	0	10	0
Mrs. Beard	0	13	0	Collected by Miss E. Kind	0	1	6
Miss Barker	1	0	0	Miss Muil	1	0	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Collected by Miss Ryder	1	1	0
Mr. J. T. Collis	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cattell	2	2	0
Miss Parker	0	2	0	Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	2	6	Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible-class, Henley	0	5	0	Mr. Geo. Baker	0	10	0
Tavernacle, per Miss E. Harbert	1	0	0	Mr. Shilson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Phillips	0	10	0	Mr. G. Wood	0	2	8
J. B., Strathaven	0	10	0	A thankoffering, T. H. S., Bunwell	0	5	0
Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	1	0	In loving memory of a dear mother	0	5	0
Miss J. Allan	0	2	6	Mr. Wm. Newton	0	5	0
Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0	Collected by Miss F. Palmer	0	6	0
Mrs. Bickford	0	4	0	A. A. J.	5	0	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0	Rev. W. Priest Peck	1	1	0
W. and A. Butler	0	5	0	Miss M. S. Rolston	1	0	0
Master J. Burt	0	10	0	Mr. Simpkin's Bible-class, Lansdowne Baptist Church, Bournemouth, per			
Mr. J. Forster-Cooper	1	1	0	Miss M. A. Scott	1	0	0
Mr. H. Freestone	0	7	0	Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0
Mr. Barker	0	2	6	Miss L. Bibby	0	2	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	Yetholm F.C. Sabbath-school, per			
Mrs. S. R. Young	0	2	6	Rev. A. C. Hogg	0	5	6
Mrs. Benyard	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. G. Carpenter	0	13	6
Mr. J. F. Spencer	0	5	0	Mr. G. W. F. Pringle	1	0	0
Mr. B. Carey	1	10	0	Mrs. Boden	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Parsons	0	10	0	M. A. Fenton	1	0	0
Mrs. F. C. Bishop	0	5	0	Miss Mathew	1	0	0
In grateful remembrance of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's ministry	0	5	0	Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust	5	5	0
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Curtisden Green Sunday-school, per			
The Misses Kemp	5	0	0	Mr. S. Kendon	0	10	0
Mr. W. F. Heath	1	1	0	Miss Stevenson	0	10	0
Miss Creek	1	0	0	Postal order, Kirkmichael	0	10	0
Mr. W. Webber, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	7	8	Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0
Per Mr. F. Thompson:—				Collected by Mrs. Hillier	0	1	6
C. F.	0	5	6	Pastor Wm. Sullivan	0	5	0
M. A. W. and E. W.	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. B. A. Fennell	0	11	11
				Miss Huit	0	10	6
Collected by Miss L. Jackson	1	3	0	Mrs. G. Chapman	0	1	6
Collected by Miss C. Bidewell	0	9	6	Mr. T. Steer	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. E. Ladin	0	2	6	A. B.	10	0	0
Miss E. Ladin	0	1	0	Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> :—			
Collected by Miss L. Stephens	0	5	0	Coal-miner	0	5	0
Mrs. Penney	0	7	6	Anon.	0	1	0
Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0	8	0		0	6	0
Collected by Miss A. Cromwell	0	8	0	Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Messrs. Cory Bros. & Co., Ltd.	120	18	8
Collected by Mr. O. B. Casey	1	0	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	5	0	The Misses M. and C. Hawke	0	2	6
Collected by Miss C. Heslop	0	2	6	Miss S. Simpson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Snape	0	14	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon	0	5	0
Cranford Baptist Chapel, Hounslow, per Mr. W. Smith	0	9	0	H. M. F.	0	3	0
Miss S. A. Johnson	0	12	0	Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	7	6
Collected by Miss M. Rayner	0	5	2	Mrs. S. Hinton	2	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Griffin	0	6	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	7	6	Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0
Miss Briggs	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Jones	5	0	0
Collected by Miss H. Fuller	0	5	0	Mr. J. Goodman	4	4	0
Collected by Miss Luxford	0	5	0	Postal order, Weymouth	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Robins	0	18	0	Miss E. J. Thompson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. E. Downing	0	12	0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Collected by Miss E. Kitson	0	7	0	A friend, per V. J. G.	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	18	6	Collected by Miss J. Frost	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Farrow	1	9	6	Collected by Mrs. Page	0	5	7
Mr. F. Mullis	1	1	0	Collected by Miss E. Elford	0	12	0
Rev. O. Heywood	0	10	0	Mr. T. T. Nesbit	0	10	0
Thou knowest	0	7	0	C. W.	0	1	0
Miss R. Darrell	0	5	0	Mr. G. Butcher	0	3	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	0	6	0	Executors of the late Mr. T. W. Munday ...	18	0	0
Mr. T. H. Adams ...	2	0	0	Executors of the late Mrs. L. A. Le Geyt ...	90	0	0
Mr. J. Jackson ...	3	0	0	Meeting by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Miss Maxwell ...	1	1	0	Uderton Road, Bermondsey ...	4	0	0
Mr. I. J. Carter ...	1	1	0	Received at Annual Festival, June 23rd.			
Mr. W. J. Lewis ...	1	1	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
Miss Barrett ...	0	5	0	Abrahams, Miss ...	0	6	2
Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	5	0	Adey, Miss S. ...	0	1	4
Mrs. M. A. Eaton ...	0	5	0	Albert, Master H. ...	0	1	5
Mrs. Polly ...	0	5	0	Allen, Miss ...	1	17	9
South Street Men's Bible-class, Greenwich, per Mr. E. M. Dodge ...	2	14	8	Allen, Miss A. ...	0	6	3
Communion collection, Wishaw Baptist Church, per Pastor G. Whittet ...	2	3	0	Angus, Mrs. ...	0	5	10
Mrs. J. D. Le Feuvre ...	0	10	0	Appleton, Miss ...	1	12	11
Miss S. Wiffin ...	1	0	0	Ayres, Mrs. ...	0	3	0
Mr. P. Mackinnon ...	10	0	0	Ayres, Miss Lilly ...	0	4	2
Mrs. S. Bawtree ...	1	1	0	Atkinson, Mrs. S. ...	0	7	4
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Bailey, Miss ...	0	13	8
Mrs. Meredith ...	0	10	0	Banks, Miss E. ...	0	13	3
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P. ...	3	3	0	Barnden, Mrs. ...	0	9	9
Mrs. Elgee ...	0	10	6	Barnard, Mrs. ...	0	6	2
Mr. S. A. Read ...	1	0	0	Barrow, Mrs. ...	0	17	0
Mrs. Read ...	0	10	0	Baskett, Miss N. ...	0	13	6
Mr. Daintree ...	0	2	6	Black, Miss ...	0	4	4
Mr. Geo. Hazell ...	0	10	0	Blake, the Misses L. and E. ...	0	19	6
	6	6	0	Blandford, Miss ...	0	2	7
Mr. A. Davies ...	0	10	0	Branch, Mrs. ...	0	5	9
Collected by Master J. Dixon ...	0	9	7	Brazier, Mrs. ...	1	9	8
Sunday dinner-table box, Mr. R. Giles ...	0	15	3	Bedwin, Mrs. ...	4	4	7
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	0	17	6	Belfontein, Miss ...	0	2	1
Friends at Kingskerswell, per Mr. W. P. Aultin ...	0	12	0	Bellieni, Miss C. ...	0	2	0
Mrs. M. O. Sellar ...	1	1	0	Bellieni, Miss M. ...	0	1	10
Mr. W. Tucker ...	1	0	0	Bennett, Mrs. R. ...	0	3	10
Collected by Mrs. Tidley ...	2	5	6	Bennett, Mr. F. P. ...	0	1	8
Mrs. Evans ...	1	1	0	Benningham, Miss ...	0	1	2
Miss Cousin ...	1	0	0	Bennington, Miss ...	0	10	0
Miss I. Cobain ...	0	10	0	Best, Mrs. ...	0	7	7
Mr. J. Foulkes ...	0	5	0	Bignell, Master ...	0	1	7
Mr. J. Carter ...	0	2	6	Bingham, Mrs. ...	0	6	2
In memory of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis ...	1	1	0	Birrell, Miss K. ...	0	1	9
Miss L. B. Hardie ...	0	1	0	Blight, Mr. F. G. ...	0	6	10
Mr. E. J. Martell ...	0	10	0	Bliss, Miss ...	0	4	0
Miss Sadler ...	0	10	0	Hoot, Miss N. ...	1	17	4
Miss M. Sadler ...	0	10	0	Boughton, Master H. ...	0	1	10
Collected by Miss Sheen ...	0	7	7	Bowerman, Miss ...	0	8	4
Mrs. E. Collins ...	0	2	6	Bowyer, Miss E. ...	0	1	11
Collected by Miss Davey ...	0	6	6	Box, Mrs. J. ...	0	2	4
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits ...	10	10	0	Broomfield, Mrs. ...	0	11	2
Miss S. A. Consins ...	0	1	6	Brooking, Mrs. ...	0	16	3
Miss A. Neville ...	0	2	6	Brotherwood, Miss L. ...	0	2	5
Stamps, Callington ...	0	2	0	Brown, Mrs. ...	0	1	6
Miss E. Randell ...	0	1	0	Burden, Master ...	0	1	10
Collected by Miss E. A. Briggs ...	0	9	0	Burn, Mr. B. ...	0	6	10
Collected by Mr. A. Carman ...	0	6	6	Burrows, Master B. ...	0	1	2
Y. R. A. M. ...	2	12	0	Burton, Mrs. W. ...	1	15	9
Rosneath ...	5	0	0	Buswell, Miss ...	1	8	8
Mrs. Hills ...	2	2	0	Butcher, Miss ...	0	5	1
Miss L. Jacob ...	1	0	0	Butler, Mrs. ...	0	15	5
Mrs. Colyer ...	0	10	0	Butt, Miss D. ...	0	9	0
Saxnia ...	0	5	0	Buyzman, Master C. ...	0	1	9
Mrs. M. A. Stringer ...	0	2	6	Boyce, Miss G. ...	0	7	0
Postal order, West Bromwich ...	0	2	6	Barnes, Mr. T. ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil ...	1	1	0	Bullman, Mr. ...	0	7	9
Young Men's Bible-class, Belle Isle Mission ...	2	0	0	Brown, Mrs. ...	0	7	6
Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0	Cairns, Miss M. ...	0	13	2
Mr. J. Wilson ...	0	10	6	Oane, Miss ...	0	8	9
Miss B. Frost ...	1	0	0	Clay, Mrs. ...	0	4	0
Collected by Miss C. Spurgeon ...	0	3	0	Chapman, Miss H. E. ...	0	17	0
Collected by Miss Mann ...	2	19	8	Chase, Mrs. ...	0	5	3
Collected by Mrs. Robertson ...	0	6	5	Claridge, Miss ...	0	2	8
W. W. ...	1	0	0	Crawford, Miss ...	0	3	3
A. E. G. ...	0	5	0	Clegg, Mrs. ...	0	8	10
Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P. ...	3	3	0	Chaddock, Mrs. ...	0	6	10
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Ching, Miss F. ...	0	3	10
Madame Van Gogh ...	1	0	0	Chiswell, Mrs. ...	0	10	4
Mr. Jas. R. Bayley ...	1	0	0	Collier, Miss D. ...	0	2	4
	2	0	0	Collier, Miss ...	0	8	4
Executor of the late Mrs. Mary Ellis ...	50	0	0	Conway, Miss ...	0	4	10
				Cook, Mrs. ...	0	18	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Cook, Miss A.	0	9	8	Harman, Master ...	0	2	5
Cooper, Mrs. J.	0	14	2	Harmer, Miss ...	0	2	5
Cornish, Miss ...	0	4	7	Harris, Mr.	0	13	5
Corry, Miss ...	1	6	0	Harris, Miss ...	0	10	3
Cover, Miss ...	0	5	0	Harrington, Mrs. ...	0	1	9
Cox, Mr. H. O.	0	8	0	Haselden, Master E. ...	0	2	6
Clow, Miss ...	0	10	2	Hawgood, Mrs.	2	16	3
Crow, Miss ...	0	3	3	Hayden, Master A. ...	0	3	11
Culley, Miss F.	0	3	11	Hayter, Miss ...	0	11	6
Church, Mr. F.	0	4	0	Hayward, Miss ...	0	7	5
Crown Baths wall-box	0	5	0	Herman, Mrs.	0	6	9
Colley, Mr.	0	14	0	Higgs, Miss ...	2	17	5
Chamberlain, Master J. ...	0	12	0	Higgs, Mr. W., jun. ...	2	1	6
Darch, Miss ...	0	6	10	Higham, Miss H.	0	1	8
Davenport, Mrs.	0	8	0	Higham, Miss L.	0	1	4
Davey, Miss ...	0	5	6	Higham, Miss ...	0	1	5
Davies, Mrs.	0	10	0	Hitchcock, Miss A. ...	0	1	2
Dawes, Miss H.	0	1	0	Hockley, Miss B.	0	2	0
Dennish, Mr. A.	0	2	2	Hodder, Miss ...	0	3	2
Dobson, Mr. J.	0	6	6	Hollobone, Mrs.	0	6	0
Dobson, Miss B.	0	4	3	Horwood, Mr.	0	8	0
Dobson, Mrs. H.	0	5	0	Howard, Mrs.	0	10	6
Dobson, Miss L.	0	2	6	Howard, Master W. ...	0	3	3
Dorin's, Mrs. (Bible-class)	0	14	3	Hyde, Miss G.	0	4	8
Doyle, Miss ...	0	4	6	Hughes, Miss A. M. ...	0	7	10
Durwin, Mrs.	0	10	2	Huitt, Mrs.	0	5	5
Druce, Miss ...	0	4	3	Hunter, Miss F.	0	5	0
Dunn, Mrs. J. T.	0	14	0	Hutchinson, Miss ...	0	5	1
Dykes, Mrs.	0	15	0	Huitt, Miss E.	0	4	7
Davis, Mr. W.	0	8	0	Huitt, Master W.	0	6	0
Eaton, Miss ...	0	2	6	Harald, Miss ...	1	15	0
Emmans, Miss ...	0	1	8	Harrison, Mrs.	0	1	6
England, Miss ...	0	3	10	James, Mrs.	0	5	0
Elliott, Miss ...	0	4	7	Jarvis, Miss ...	0	4	9
Ellis, Mr.	0	6	9	Jeal, Mrs.	0	1	7
Edwards, Mrs.	0	5	0	Jeckell, Mrs.	0	1	11
Edwards, Miss E.	0	8	7	Javell, Master E.	0	4	0
Fairbairn, Mrs.	0	6	6	Jawhurst, Miss ...	0	6	8
Fathers, Mrs.	0	2	0	Johnson, Mr. E. F. ...	0	5	1
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	10	0	Johnston, Miss ...	0	12	1
Fitness, Mr.	0	2	10	Jones, Mrs.	0	8	8
Fitch, Mrs.	0	4	3	Jones, Miss E. E.	2	4	4
Frisby, Miss M.	2	1	7	Jones, Miss ...	0	5	8
Forbes, Mr.	0	18	2	Jones, Miss M.	0	1	7
Ford, Mrs.	0	4	0	Jones, Mrs. A.	0	2	10
Forsdike, Mrs. F.	0	4	4	Joslin, Mr. F. H.	0	6	9
Forward, Miss ...	0	1	10	Jago, Mrs.	0	12	6
Fowler, Mrs.	0	1	9	Jones, Mrs. J. J.	0	10	0
Furlong, Mrs.	0	2	3	Kerridge, Miss ...	2	11	7
Furlong, Master Thomas ...	0	2	2	Kington, Mrs.	0	8	0
Fuller, Miss ...	0	5	1	Kirby, Mrs.	0	6	6
Fuller, Miss E.	0	9	0	Keylock, Miss ...	0	8	8
Fosdick, Miss S. A. ...	0	15	0	Law, Miss ...	0	5	6
Fern, Mr. C.	0	12	0	Le Seigneur, Mrs.	0	13	4
Gale, Master T.	0	8	1	Levey, Miss E.	0	3	6
Garland, Mrs.	0	12	10	Lewindon, Miss ...	0	8	8
Garrett, Mrs.	0	2	3	Lindsay, Master W. ...	0	11	0
Grant, Miss ...	0	10	2	Long, Miss ...	0	6	0
Grant, Mrs.	0	2	10	Lott, Miss ...	0	10	2
Grant, Miss A.	0	1	10	Lott, Miss E.	0	1	10
George, Master E.	0	4	4	Low, Mrs. E. Leslie ...	0	1	10
Green, Miss ...	0	10	3	Limes Academy, per Miss			
Green, Miss J.	0	7	6	Limebeer ...	0	10	8
Green, Miss D.	0	2	10	McCrombie, Mrs.	0	6	9
Greengrass, Miss N. ...	0	2	1	Maple, Master A. J. ...	0	1	7
Giles, Master H.	0	4	1	Marshall, Mrs.	0	4	7
Giles, Master B.	0	1	6	Young women employees			
Grimes, Miss ...	0	2	1	of Messrs. Freeman and			
Goode, Mrs.	0	4	6	Hildyard, per Miss Mar-			
Godbold, Mrs.	1	3	5	shall ...	0	12	1
Gosling, Mrs.	0	3	3	Mason, Miss ...	0	7	11
Goslin, Miss A.	0	6	0	Matthews, Miss ...	0	2	10
Grose, Master A.	0	8	9	May, Miss A.	0	4	2
Grover, Master W.	0	1	11	Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	10
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.	1	6	3	Middleton, Mr. A.	0	2	5
Gurteen, Miss ...	0	1	8	Moore, Mrs.	0	4	2
Godfrey, Miss ...	0	13	6	Morgan, Mr. F.	0	5	10
Halsall, Mrs.	0	1	0	Morgan, Mr.	0	6	2
Hammond, Miss ...	0	4	4	Morris, Mr. W.	0	9	5
Hare, Miss J.	0	5	7	Mills, Mr. W. (shop-box)...	0	11	3
Hare, Miss E.	0	3	2	Nance, Master J.	0	1	3

	£	s.	d.
Newton, Mrs.	0	1	4
Norman, Mrs.	0	8	3
Noble, Mrs.	0	8	0
Osborn, Mr. D. E.	0	4	6
Oswald, Master	0	1	1
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	15	1
Orsman, Miss A.	0	15	0
Oxford, Miss E.	1	1	6
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
P. A.	0	4	10
Parker, Mrs. J. B.	2	17	6
Parker, Mrs.	0	2	7
Parker, Master H.	0	1	5
Parker, Miss	0	6	5
Pavey, Miss	0	10	0
Pawsey, the Misses A. and E.	0	9	9
Payne, Mrs.	0	13	2
Payn, Miss	0	5	4
Pearce, the Misses J. and L.	0	18	5
Pearce, the Misses	0	17	8
Peck, Miss	0	1	7
Peck, Mr.	0	4	4
Pegg, Mrs.	0	4	10
Prebble, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Preston, Miss A.	0	1	7
Pitt, Mrs.	0	2	11
Price, Miss	0	3	10
Price, Mrs. E.	0	3	8
Polley, Mrs.	0	3	5
Powell, Mr. A. H.	0	11	2
Powell, Master C.	0	5	1
Powers, Miss D.	0	1	3
Plummer, Miss N.	0	7	9
Perrin, Mr. J. P.	0	10	0
Pugin, Mrs.	0	2	6
Page, Miss L.	0	7	0
Randall, Mrs.	0	8	3
Reading, Mr. W. H.	1	5	6
Richardson, Mrs. H. G.	0	8	9
Richardson, Mrs.	0	7	0
Riddington, Miss	1	0	4
Ring, Miss M.	0	4	8
Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	8	6
Robins, Mrs.	0	8	7
Robson, Master	0	2	10
Roper, Mrs.	0	6	7
Round, Miss E.	0	8	0
Rugg, Mrs. S. H.	0	10	9
Rumsey, Pastor G. Hunt..	0	4	8
Russell, Mrs.	0	5	5
Sampson, Miss H. E.	0	3	0
Slade, Miss	1	7	3
Stapleton, Mrs.	0	5	8
Spaul, Mrs.	0	16	5
Swain, Miss	1	1	4
Seward, Miss G.	0	16	4
Speh, Miss	1	19	0
Shears, Mrs.	0	3	8
Shepherd, Mr.	1	0	0
Snice, Miss C.	0	3	6
Sneed, Miss E.	0	2	8
Stevenson, Miss M.	0	3	11
Streeter, Miss L.	0	3	7
Simmons, Miss	0	3	4
Sims, Mrs.	0	1	11
Smith, Mrs.	0	3	0
Smith, the Misses D. and N.	0	4	3
Smith, the Misses V. and O.	0	1	0
Smith, Miss M.	0	2	8
Smith, Master T.	0	6	0
Smith, Mrs.	0	7	8
Smith, Master F.	1	1	11
Spiller, Mrs.	0	7	5
Soar, Mr. W. E.	1	12	0
Scott, Miss	0	4	4
Shotton, Miss	0	1	4
Spooner, Mr. O.	0	7	2
Surry, Master L. H.	0	10	2

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Taylor, Mrs. S. J.	0	8	2			
Taylor, Miss	0	14	1			
Thomas, Mr.	0	6	7			
Tompkins, Miss H.	0	4	5			
Towers, Miss R.	0	2	8			
Thompson, Master A. E.	0	3	7			
Trowell, Mrs.	0	2	4			
Tucker, Mrs. F. T.	0	3	4			
Turner, Miss M.	0	6	4			
Thomason, Miss	0	6	0			
Underwood, Miss	0	9	4			
Veats, Mrs.	0	16	0			
Veats, Mrs.	0	3	5			
Vincent, Mrs.	0	9	1			
Waddell, Mrs.	0	12	9			
Wagstaff, Miss	0	5	7			
Waite, Miss	0	8	11			
Walsh, Miss W.	0	4	7			
Walton, Mrs.	0	9	6			
Waterman, Miss	1	9	0			
Watling, Mrs.	0	16	6			
Watts, Master A.	0	2	6			
Waumsley, Mrs.	0	8	5			
Weeks, Miss	0	5	6			
Welsh, Miss	0	2	2			
Westbrook, Mrs.	0	10	10			
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	4	5			
Whyte, Mrs. P.	0	3	7			
Wicks, Miss	0	7	2			
Wiffen, Mrs.	0	2	3			
Wilkins, Miss L.	0	9	10			
Williams, Mrs.	1	0	7			
Willmott, Mrs.	1	11	3			
Willmott, Mrs. A.	0	10	3			
Willoughby, Miss	0	3	4			
Willmott, Mrs.	0	8	9			
Windsor, Mrs.	0	4	0			
Winters, Miss	0	1	9			
Wiseman, Miss H.	0	8	6			
Witte, Mrs. de	0	1	2			
Whitehead, Master A.	0	5	7			
Whiting, Mrs.	0	4	10			
Wright, Mrs.	0	8	1			
Wood, Miss H.	0	5	4			
Wren, Mrs.	0	5	1			
Wigney, Mr. P. S.	0	16	0			
Yewen, Miss	0	8	10			
Young, Mrs.	0	2	9			
Young, Mr. W.	0	3	1			
Box, name obliterated	0	4	0			
Boxes containing under one shilling	0	10	4			
Odd farthings and half-pence	0	1	1			

157 11 2

Collecting Books:—

Allum, Mrs.	2	0	0
Angus, Mrs.	0	12	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	8	3	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	1	2	0
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—			
E. J. P.	0	5	0
J. B.	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Bumstead	1	1	0
Causton, Miss E.	1	10	0
Crawford, Mrs.	1	12	6
Coleman, Mrs.	0	10	0
Cockshaw, Miss	0	12	6
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1	0	0
Evans, Mr. W. J.	4	0	0
Everett, Miss A.	4	18	0
Finch, Miss E.	0	10	6
Gentry, Mrs.	0	18	6
Goslin, Mrs.	0	7	6
Honour, Mrs.	1	10	0
Howes, Mr. O.	0	12	0
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0	4	0
Laver, Mrs.	1	6	10
Miller, Miss H.	0	18	6

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Per Mrs. Mott:—				Mr. and Mrs. Jonas			
Mrs. Davies ...	1 0 0			Smith ...	0 10 0		
Miss Miller ...	0 10 0					2 10 0	
Miss O. Miller ...	1 0 0			Hewkley, Mrs. ...		0 10 0	
Mrs. Mott ...	2 8 0			Hinkley, Mr. J. ...		0 5 0	
		4 18 0		Hoare, Mr. ...		0 10 6	
Nance, Master J. ...		0 7 8		Hudson, E. ...		0 3 0	
Noble, Mrs. ...		0 10 0		In memoriam of the late			
Saunders, Mrs. E. W. ...		2 0 0		Mr. Chas. Chester ...		1 1 0	
Wain, Miss E. ...		7 0 6		In memory of G. T. ...		0 5 0	
			48 0 4	Jones, Miss M. ...		0 5 0	
<i>Donations:—</i>				Johnson, Mrs. E. ...		1 0 0	
Ashman, Mrs. A. A. ...		0 8 0		Kewer, Miss ...		0 11 0	
Allen, Mrs. ...		0 5 0		McCaig, Dr. ...		1 1 0	
Andrews, Miss E., and				Manby, Mr. J. T. ...		0 6 0	
Master F. ...		0 10 0		Mandrell, Mrs. ...		0 10 0	
Anon ...		0 15 0		Newbery, Mrs. A. ...		0 15 0	
A. and E. ...		0 10 0		Olney, Mr. T. H. ...		20 0 0	
A. toiler ...		2 9 3		Olney, Mr. W. ...		2 2 0	
Barton, Mr. J. ...		1 1 0		Page, Mrs. ...		2 0 0	
Belcher, Mr. S. ...		0 5 0		Parry, Mrs. ...		1 0 0	
Bown, Mr. H. ...		5 0 0		Pearce, Mr. E. ...		5 0 0	
Buckmaster, Mrs. ...		1 1 0		Porter, Mrs. ...		0 5 0	
Chisholm, Mrs. ...		1 2 8		Found, Mr. ...		1 1 0	
Cox, Mr. Josiah ...		0 5 0		Randall, Mrs. M. ...		0 10 0	
Cooper, Mr. J. ...		1 1 0		Raybould, Mrs. ...		1 1 0	
Cullingham, Mr. and Mrs.		1 0 0		Speiman, Mrs. ...		2 2 0	
Dransfield, Miss ...		1 1 0		Stiff, Mrs. J. ...		5 0 0	
Drayson, Mrs. ...		0 10 8		Stewart, Mrs. ...		2 2 0	
Dodson, Mrs. ...		0 2 8		Tudor, Miss ...		1 0 0	
Everett, Mr. J. ...		2 2 0		Turley, Mr. ...		1 10 0	
Everett, Mrs., and son ...		0 5 0		Vincent, Mr. W. ...		0 5 0	
Everitt, Mrs. J. ...		0 5 0		Wragg, Mrs. ...		1 0 0	
Ellwood, Mrs. ...		5 0 0		Wayre, Messrs. W. and Son		3 3 0	
Essex, Mrs. ...		1 1 0		Woodcock, Mrs. J. ...		2 2 0	
Felton, Mrs. ...		0 10 0		Young, Miss M. ...		0 2 6	
Fisher, Mr. G. ...		5 0 0					92 12 9
Fort, Miss ...		0 10 0		Collections at meetings ...			12 11 0
Per F. R. T.:—				Ladies' stall (sale of work) ...			27 9 3
Mr. Joseph Benson ...	0 10 0			Bookstall (Colportage Association) ...			2 0 0
Mrs. Joseph Benson ...	0 10 0						
Miss Grace Benson ...	0 10 0						
Mr. Cecil Benson ...	0 10 0						
							£1,005 3 2

List of Presents from June 15th to July 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—54lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 30 quarterns Bread, Mr. J. Law; 6 quarterns Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—2 Shirts, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—43 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higga; 8 Articles, Miss Briggs; 66 Articles, The Ladies' Working Party, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, per Miss Aylett; 22 Articles, The Campsbourne Dorcas Society, Hornsey, per Mrs. Musk; 48 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 1 parcel Worn Garments, Mrs. Butcher.

GENERAL:—76 Table Plants, 1 basket Cut Flowers, Walworth Road Baptist Chapel, per Rev. W. J. Mills; 1 parcel Pieces, Anon., Brixton; a few Remnants, Anon., Tottenham.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1898.

District Subscriptions:—	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Repton and Swadlincote, per Mr. E. D.		Sellindge, Mr. H. Headly ...	0 10 0
Salt ...	20 0 0	Sellindge, Mr. J. Swinnard ...	0 10 0
Shifnal, per Mr. G. Lloyd ...	6 0 0	Codicote, per Mr. A. Lockhart ...	11 5 0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J.			£105 15 0
Harvey ...	10 0 0		
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keovil ...	11 5 0	<i>General Fund:—</i>	
Barrow, per Mr. S. J. Harwood ...	10 0 0		£ s. d.
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G.		Mrs. Rainbow ...	0 2 8
Priestley ...	5 0 0	Mr. John Neal ...	1 1 0
East Doreham, per Pastor Freeman ...	11 5 0	Mr. W. C. Edwards ...	0 10 0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. E. R. Lewis ...	10 0 0	Miss Annie N. Price ...	0 10 6
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans		Mrs. Bayley, Addlestone ...	1 0 0
and Soas ...	10 0 0	Mrs. Windmill, Redhill ...	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. J. Cook	1	0	0	In memory of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lewis	1	1	0
Mrs. Louisa Haward	0	7	6	Mr. E. J. Murtell	0	10	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	0	10	6	Mr. E. Priestley	0	4	0
Mr. J. Thomson, per Mr. A. Frost	0	5	0	Mr. A. Cochran	0	4	0
Mr. A. Reeve, Tunbridge Wells, per Dr. Usher	1	1	0	Mr. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. E. Rawlings	5	5	0	Mr. S. Patrick	0	5	0
Mrs. Mayes, Earls Colne	0	2	0	Mr. Jas. R. Bayley, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. Fiddymant	1	0	0				
Mrs. Bocoock, per Mr. Webb	0	2	6				
"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	50	0	0				
							£67 2 0

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

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Jas. R. Bayley	1	0	0	S. D.	0	5	0
O. H.	0	7	0	For translations of sermons:—			
"From a widow in her 87th year"	1	10	0	A few friends in New South Wales, per Jessie Macdonald	0	12	0
Phebe	0	10	0				
Mr. W. J. Sparks	0	2	6				
Mrs. Robert Wilson	2	0	0				£6 6 6

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	3,627	7	1	Mrs. Phillips	2	2	0
Mrs. Bridges	5	0	0	Mr. E. Rawlings	5	5	0
Jane Stewart	0	10	0	J. B. Strathaven	1	0	0
Capt. and Mrs. Smith	0	9	6	Miss M. H. Sharp	0	10	0
In memoriam, L. H. Miss Dransfield	5	0	0	L. S., in loving memory of dear J. S.	10	0	0
Mr. Jas. R. Bayley	2	2	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
N. O. H.	1	0	0	Mr. Hayward	0	10	0
Dividend	0	5	0	Dr. Morgan	1	1	0
E. H. T.	21	5	4	H. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. Gregory	5	0	0	Ebenezer	1	0	0
Mrs. Bell	1	0	0	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel	0	12	5
Miss Burls	2	0	0				
"Highgate"	0	10	0				£3,695 9 4
	1	0	0				

Also promised, £150.

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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

President and Treasurer:

Pastor JAMES A. SPURGEON, D.D.

Vice-Presidents:

Pastor CHARLES SPURGEON. Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
JAMES HALL.

JAMES E. PASSMORE.
WALTER MILLS.
FRANK THOMPSON.
SAMUEL R. PEARCE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.
JAMES FREDERIC GOODHART, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon:

CHARTERS JAMES SYMONDS, Esq., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:

JOHN BOWRING LAWFORD, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Consulting Throat and Nasal Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

Dentist: W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer:

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

Bankers:

LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED,
NEWINGTON BRANCH.

Head Master:

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE & SONS, WHITECROSS STREET, E.C.
1898.

THE SPURGEON ORPHAN HOMES.

SUMMARY OF GUIDING PRINCIPLES:

- 1.—The Institution receives **Fatherless Boys** between the ages of 6 and 10, **Girls** between 7 and 10.
 - 2.—It is conducted on the **Separate Home System** ; each Home is presided over by a Christian matron.
 - 3.—It is **Unsectarian** ; children are received, irrespective of 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,

1897-98.

THE difficulty of writing an Annual Report, if it is to possess the charm of novelty, does not lessen as the years go by. There may, however, be sufficient interest, to atone for the want of novelty, in the repetition of the statements, that the work of the Institution has been maintained in full efficiency for another year, and that we have abundant cause for thanksgiving in the tokens for good which we have been permitted to witness.

"Patient continuance in well doing" throughout the year may be regarded as a very prosaic statement; but we are thankful we can place on record such a concise summary of another year's ministry "for Christ and the children."

As is well known, there is no public election to the Orphanage, consequently the applicants are not put to any expense in canvassing for subscribers' votes. Visitors are appointed to enquire into the merits of each case, and only those adjudged to be the most needy at the time are selected for admission. While our subscribers do not enjoy the patronage they would have under the voting system, it is only right that any cases they may nominate, should be selected if they come within the rules of the Institution. The Managers are bound, by the terms of the Trust Deed, to show no partiality except for the most needy and helpless. We have known instances of widows requesting to withdraw their own application in favour of other widow's children when, waiting in the ante-room before being called before the Committee, they have heard the story of their more hapless plight. The soundness of our rule of admission, as formulated by Mr. Spurgeon, "always let the greatest need have the loudest voice," needs no more pathetic illustration.

To have been able, within the year, to receive 90 fatherless children, 55 from London, 33 from the country and 2 from Wales, is a fact easily stated; while all that it means, of want relieved, sorrow solaced and hope inspired, is very difficult to realize. In darkened homes, and from hearts which have come well-nigh to breaking, the psalm of thanksgiving has silenced the groanings of despair; and, through tear-dimmed eyes, many have looked upon the rainbow of the covenant, radiant with promise and hope. By a very little stretch of imagination, our subscribers may see on the official receipt for their contributions, the water-mark of tears of gratitude and joy. Whether they have given little or much, their interest is assured in this most blessed ministry which makes life worth living.

During the year, 49 boys and 37 girls, 86 in all, completed their term of residence and left the Institution to be followed by our earnest solicitude and prayer for their guidance and upholding. It is a joy to us to know that so many of our boys and girls are in

Christian fellowship, many of them occupying positions of usefulness in the evangelical sections of the Church of Christ. Our subscribers, we feel sure, will unite with us in prayer, that the little ones of our charge may all become "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty," and that we may meet them, at last, in "Our Father's house on high."

"It is a fair tradition, one of old,
That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we ministered
On Earth, shall greet us as we enter in,
With grateful records of those lowly deeds
Of Christian charity, wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto his Lord.

"May we not so believe, since He hath said
That, inasmuch as it was done to one
Of those His little ones, 'twas done to Him ?

"Oh ! think, if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled, shall glisten there ;
How many hearts whose burden thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes elastic through the joy
Of new found hope, and sympathy, and love,
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem."

The celebration of the Queen's Jubilee diverted large sums of money from the established channels of philanthropy, and we regret that many institutions had to report a serious deficit. It is with special gratitude that we are able to present to our subscribers a favourable balance-sheet. To God be all the praise !

By the issue of our Quarterly Magazine, "Within our Gates," we have kept our friends informed of the principal events of the year in connection with the Institution ; the following must, however, find a record in the pages of our Annual Report.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE PRESIDENT, DR. J. A. SPURGEON.

The Trustees of the Pastors' College, having placed on their minutes a grateful record of his long and valuable services to that Institution, a testimonial was presented to him by nearly 450 ministers who were students during his active connection with the work. A beautifully illuminated album, bearing the signatures of the contributors, was presented to Dr. Spurgeon, at the annual soiree of the Pastors' College Conference Association held at the Orphanage on May 5th, Thomas H. Olney, Esq., Senior Deacon and Treasurer of the Tabernacle church, presiding. This tribute of esteem and affection was gratefully acknowledged, as were, also, the expressions from the various speakers.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL AND FOUNDER'S DAY.

This took place on June 17th, the number of visitors from all parts of the country exceeding that of the previous year. The Chairmen were J. Compton Rickett, Esq., J.P., and Sir A. Seale Haslam, of Derby. A summary of the annual accounts was given by the Treasurer, Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, and the following speakers very

warmly advocated the cause of the Orphanage,—Pastor Charles Spurgeon, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., Rev. A. J. Poynder, M.A., Rev. H. Arnold, Rev. R. Westrope, Rev. Thomas Cross, Rev. T. Graham Tarn, and the Rev. Charles Joseph. The Rev. John Spurgeon and the two children of his grandson, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, were present, thus securing a representation of four generations of the Spurgeon family.

COLLECTORS' MEETINGS.

These were held in November, '97, and in March '98, under the presidency, respectively, of Joseph Benson, Esq., J.P., and William Jones, Esq., of Orpington. It would gladden our hearts to enrol new collectors, from time to time, to fill the gaps caused by death. As we can communicate with our friends through the post, if they are not able to attend the Quarterly Meetings, we trust that distance will not be urged as an excuse for not joining our esteemed band of collectors.

CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE FUND.

The total amount collected, mostly in pennies, was £82 16s. 6d., for which we desire to express again our very hearty thanks. We hope this custom of making a thank-offering at the Christmas dinner-table for the orphans at Stockwell, will prove a permanent and an increasing source of income. Envelopes for this purpose may be obtained by writing to the Secretary.

C. H. SPURGEON MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

On the last Sunday in January, being the date of Mr. Spurgeon's death, many of our Sunday-schools arranged for a collection to be made for the Orphanage, the sum realized was £50 15s. 3d. If the custom were more generally observed next year, and we trust it will be, this amount will be largely increased.

SEA-SIDE HOME.

The amount received and promised for this Special Fund, up to the time of writing this report (and greatly through the exertions of Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon), is £2,607 3s. 2d., for which we are very grateful. A freehold property, in an advantageous position, having been secured at Cliftonville, Margate, we are now anxious to see it furnished, and the first contingent of our delicate children in residence.

Do we hear it whispered that the Institution should not be burdened with delicate children? What, then, is to become of them? If the Orphanage does not hold out a helping hand, who will? Their misfortune is not their fault. It is not merely an asylum they need, but the loving sympathy and tender care which parentage implies; but of which they are deprived by a providence, the wisdom of which we dare not question, and the mystery of which we are not called upon to solve. In many instances, orphanhood implies the heritage of an enfeebled constitution, and this is not always apparent at the time of their admission to the Institution. To such, even an occasional residence at the sea-side may, by the blessing of God, enable them to ward off disease, and to gain a new

lease of life. The responsibility imposed upon us makes it absolutely necessary that we should do as much for these delicate little ones as we should wish done for our own children if they were left in the same hapless condition.

It is our earnest hope to be able to raise a capital fund to yield a permanent income for the Sea-Side Home; should we be disappointed, then we must look for special contributions, so that as small a demand as possible may be made upon the general fund of the Institution. If our friends are heartily with us in this important enterprise, we feel sure the needed help will come. Having fulfilled the apostolic injunction, "make known your requests unto the Lord," we must leave the answer with Him; and we bear record that He has never yet disappointed the faith which pleads His own promise at the throne of grace.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Committee.

Gentlemen,—

I have the pleasure to submit my Report for the year ending March 31st, 1898.

The number of ordinary ailments in our family of nearly 500 children has been below the general average; and I am thankful to say that none of the cases of measles and whooping cough, during the recent epidemic, proved fatal.

The health of the children admitted is a matter of primary importance; and the Orphanage *regime* is directed towards their equipment for the battle of life which awaits them when they pass from our immediate care.

The Sea-side Home at Margate will, I am sure, prove of immense service to our more delicate children and to those recovering from sickness. For many years I have felt the need of such a department, and I cherish the hope that it will become a permanent branch of the Institution.

One of our honorary consulting physicians, Dr. Gervis, whose services to the Institution have been, for so many years, of incalculable benefit, has felt it necessary to resign his appointment; but I am happy to say that Dr. J. F. Goodhart has kindly consented to fill the vacancy.

My best thanks are due to all the members of our medical staff; also to the officers and the Board of Management, with whom it has been my pleasant duty to co-operate for so many years.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM SOPER.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The Annual Meeting was held on February 11th, when addresses were given by Rev. Thomas Greenwood, of Balham, the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, of the Congo, and Mr. John Kirk, Secretary of the Ragged School Union. The Superintendent of the School, Mr. W. J. Evans, and Mr. Charlesworth, the Head Master of the Orphanage, also addressed the meeting. This re-union of the voluntary Teachers and the members of the Orphanage Staff is always greatly enjoyed, and unifies the spiritual work of the Institution.

At the Quarterly United Services addresses were given by Rev. E. Henderson, of Clapham; Rev. W. Townsend, of Wandsworth; Rev. David Walker, of Bermondsey; and the Rev. Thomas Hooper, of Camberwell. We are most grateful to those good friends for their valuable services to the Institution.

The Sunday-school Prizes, subscribed for by the Teachers and other friends, were distributed at a Special Meeting by J. Williams Benn, Esq., L.C.C., who gave one of the characteristic addresses for which he is so deservedly popular.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, Conducted by the Brixton Auxiliary of the Sunday School Union.

SUBJECT :—The Sermon on the Mount.

Our Scholars secured 17 prizes; and 127 first-class, and 72 second-class certificates.

Per centage of passes :—Boys, 96; Girls, 97.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Present Membership, 75.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Present Membership (including former Scholars), Boys, 235; Girls, 386. Total 621

BAND OF HOPE.

Twenty-eight meetings were held during the year. Addresses were given by the Superintendent, Mr. W. J. Evans, and other friends, and Illustrated Lectures by J. Cooper Ashton, Esq., J. Fidler, Esq., and Miss Fricker.

Our Band of Hope Choir having succeeded in the third competition, the Challenge Banner, offered by the local Auxiliary of the Band of Hope Union, will find a permanent home at the Orphanage.

Two of our girls gained first-class prizes at a recitation competition, and one took the first prize for an essay on "Five Reasons for being a Total Abstemious."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission in North Africa	1	10	1
Baptist Missionary Society	8	17	0
Do., for the support of a boy and girl at Wathen Station, Congo River	10	0	0
Indian Sunday-school Mission	2	7	9
Continental do.	1	1	0
Ragged School Union Holiday Homes	1	3	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work	21	0	0
Band of Hope Union Jubilee Fund... ..	6	6	10
	<u>£52</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>8</u>

We bespeak for our earnest workers the prayers of all our friends, that the blessing of God may still rest upon their labours.

TWO THOUSAND & EIGHTY-THREE ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1898.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN:—

Mechanics and Printing Trades ..	502	Soldiers	10
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	297	Journalists	10
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen ...	279	Solicitors	7
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	255	Surgeons and Dentists ...	7
Warehousemen and Clerks ...	227	Architects and Surveyors ...	4
Mariners and Watermen ...	73	Firemen	4
Farmers and Florists ...	66	Cooks	4
Ministers and Missionaries ...	63	Royal Engineers	4
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	55	Butlers	3
Railway Employés ...	52	Auctioneers	2
Commercial Travellers ...	48	Photographer	2
Schoolmasters and Teachers ...	26	Bandsman	1
Policemen & Custom House Officers	24	Gas Inspector	1
Commission Agents ...	21	Gentleman	1
Accountants ...	17	Vaccination Officer ...	1
Post Office Employés ...	16	Exhibition Proprietor ...	1
TOTAL...	2,083		

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS:—

Church of England	830	Presbyterian ...	32	Roman Catholic ...	4
Baptist ...	554	Brethren ...	20	Moravian ...	2
Congregational ...	210	Bible Christian ...	4	Salvation Army ...	2
Wesleyan ...	167	Society of Friends ...	4	Not specified ...	254
TOTAL...	2,083				

NOTE.—These Tables show the inter-denominational character of the Institution.

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED:—

Balham ...	12	Hampstead ...	5	Pentonville ...	5
Barnsbury ...	4	Harlesden ...	1	Pimlico ...	8
Battersea ...	32	Harringay ...	1	Plaistow ...	2
Baywater ...	9	Hatcham ...	1	Poplar ...	7
Bermondsey ...	109	Haverstock Hill ...	4	Rotherhithe ...	13
Bethnal Green ...	8	Herne Hill ...	2	Shadwell ...	2
Blackheath ...	1	Highbury ...	6	Shepherd's Bush ...	2
Bloomsbury ...	2	Holborn ...	10	Shoreditch ...	5
Borough ...	11	Holloway ...	25	Soho ...	7
Bow ...	21	Homerton ...	4	Southwark ...	38
Brixton ...	50	Hornsey ...	11	Spitalfields ...	1
Bromley ...	4	Horselydown ...	6	Stepney ...	6
Brondesbury ...	3	Hoxton ...	15	Strand ...	2
Camberwell ...	65	Islington ...	41	Stratford ...	13
Camden Town ...	10	Kennington ...	20	Streatham ...	5
Canonbury ...	1	Kensington ...	10	Stockwell ...	9
Chelsea ...	11	Kentish Town ...	10	Stoke Newington ...	12
Clapham ...	24	Kilburn ...	16	St. John's Wood ...	3
Clapton ...	13	Kingsland ...	3	St. Luke's ...	4
Clerkenwell ...	17	Lambeth ...	73	St. Pancras ...	8
College Park ...	1	Lewisham ...	9	Sydenham ...	3
Dalston ...	5	Limehouse ...	6	Tottenham ...	11
Deptford ...	9	Marylebone ...	23	Vauxhall ...	9
Dulwich ...	13	Mile End ...	10	Walworth ...	68
Edmonton ...	1	Newington ...	21	Wandsworth ...	26
Finsbury ...	5	New Cross ...	17	Westminster ...	13
Forest Gate ...	4	Norwood ...	21	Whitechapel ...	3
Forest Hill ...	1	Notting Hill ...	14	Willesden ...	4
Fulham ...	9	Nunhead ...	6	Wood Green ...	6
Hackney ...	23	Old Ford ...	1		
Haggerston ...	2	Paddington ...	11		
Hammersmith ...	6	Peckham ...	66		

LONDON... TOTAL 1,250

Bedfordshire , Bedford	6	Durham , Middlesbrough	2	Hampshire ,	
" Leighton Buzzard	1	" South Shields	2	" Hayling Island	1
" Luton ...	2	" Stockton ...	4	" Headbourne -	
" Tingrith ...	1	" Wolsingham ...	1	" Worthy ...	1
Berks. , Ardington Wick	1	Essex , Ashdon ...	1	" Landport ...	4
" Chieveley ...	1	" Barking ...	1	" Lymington ...	1
" Childrey ...	1	" Boxted ...	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1
" Faringdon ...	1	" Braintree ...	2	" Newport, I.W.	3
" Maidenhead ...	2	" Brentwood ...	1	" Pokesdown ...	1
" Newbury ...	5	" Burnham ...	1	" Portsmouth ...	5
" Reading ...	34	" Chelmsford ...	2	" Portsea ...	1
" Slough ...	2	" Chingford ...	1	" Ryde, I.W. ...	1
" Uffington ...	1	" Coggeshall ...	1	" Romsey ...	1
" Wantage ...	2	" Colchester ...	3	" Sandown, I.W.	3
" Wargrave ...	1	" Dunmow ...	1	" Southampton	9
" Windsor ...	1	" East Ham ...	2	" Southsea ...	7
" Wokingham ...	1	" Epping ...	2	" Totton ...	1
Buckinghamshire ,		" Grays... ..	1	" Waterlooville	1
" Chesham ...	1	" Great Bardfield	1	" West Cowes, I.W.	2
" High Wycombe	1	" Great Braxted	1	" Winchester ...	2
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Halstead ...	1	Herefordshire , Kingston	1
" Winslow ...	2	" Harlow ...	2	" Ledbury ...	1
Cambridgeshire ,		" Hatfield Heath	1	" Michaelchurch	1
" Cambridge ...	7	" Ilford... ..	2	Hertfordshire ,	
" Cottenham ...	1	" Leyton ...	4	" Berkhamstead	1
" Histon ...	2	" Leytonstone ...	8	" Boxmoor ...	1
" Landbeach ...	1	" Little Ilford ...	2	" Codicote ...	1
" Linton ...	1	" Loughton ...	1	" Dunstable ...	1
" Newmarket ...	1	" Maldon ...	9	" Hemel Hemstead	1
" Soham ...	1	" North Woolwich	2	" Hertford ...	1
" Waterbeach ...	1	" Ongar ...	1	" Hitchin ...	1
" Wisbech ...	2	" Paglesham ...	1	" Hoddesdon ...	1
Cheshire , Birkenhead	1	" Plaistow ...	1	" Redbourne ...	1
" Chester ...	1	" Rayleigh ...	1	" St. Albans ...	2
" Hyde... ..	1	" Romford ...	4	" Ware ...	1
Cornwall , Falmouth	3	" Southend ...	3	Huntingdonshire ,	
" Fowey ...	1	" Stanstead ...	1	" Fenstanton ...	1
" Penzance ...	3	" Thorpe-le-Soken	1	" St. Neot's ...	1
" Porthleven ...	1	" Upminster ...	1	Kent , Ashford ...	4
" St. Columb ...	1	" Wakes-Colne	1	" Belvedere ...	2
" Truro ...	2	" Walthamstow	13	" Bexley ...	3
Derbyshire , Alfreton... 1		" Wanstead ...	1	" Blackheath ...	2
" Belper ...	1	" West Ham ...	3	" Boughton ...	1
" Derby ...	5	" Witham ...	2	" Broadstairs ...	1
" Matlock Bath	1	" Woodford ...	6	" Bromley ...	5
" Swadlincote ...	1	Gloucestershire , Bristol	7	" Canterbury ...	1
" West Hallam	1	" Cheltenham ...	3	" Charlton ...	3
Devonshire , Appledore	1	" Cinderford ...	1	" Chatham ...	5
" Axminster ...	1	" Cirencester ...	2	" Cranbrook ...	1
" Bideford ...	1	" Fairford ...	2	" Crayford ...	1
" Brixham ...	4	" Gloucester ...	2	" Deal ...	3
" Dartmouth ...	1	" Nailsworth ...	1	" Dover ...	3
" Devonport ...	3	" Painswick ...	1	" Eastchurch ...	1
" Exeter ...	2	" Stroud ...	2	" Eltham ...	1
" Newton Abbot	1	" Tewkesbury ...	1	" Erith ...	1
" Plymouth ...	3	" Weirstone ...	1	" Eynesford ...	2
" Stoke... ..	1	" Wotton ...	1	" Eythorne ...	1
" Torquay ...	4	Hampshire ,		" Folkestone ...	5
Dorsetshire , Poole	3	" Aldershot ...	1	" Goudhurst ...	1
" Lyme Regis ...	1	" Bournemouth... 6		" Gravesend ...	4
" Portland ...	2	" Christchurch... 1		" Greenwich ...	15
" Swanage ...	1	" Fleet ...	1	" Hollingbourne	1
" Weymouth ...	3	" Fremantle ...	1	" Lee ...	1
Durham , Darlington	1	" Farnborough ...	1	" Maidstone ...	5
" Durham ...	1	" Gosport ...	1	" Malling ...	1

Kent,	Margate ...	8	Norfolk,	Holt ...	1	Surrey,	Cranleigh ...	1	
"	New Brompton ...	8	"	Lynn... ..	3	"	Croydon ...	25	
"	Northfleet ...	2	"	Norwich ...	3	"	East Moulsey ...	1	
"	Orpington ...	3	"	Yarmouth ...	1	"	Farnham ...	1	
"	Plumstead ...	8	Northamptonshire,	Brackley ...	1	"	Godalming ...	2	
"	Ramsgate ...	3	"	Kettering ...	2	"	Godstone ...	1	
"	Rochester ...	2	"	Northampton ...	2	"	Guildford ...	1	
"	Sevenoaks ...	2	"	Oundle ...	3	"	Horley ...	1	
"	Sittingbourne ...	4	"	Peterborough ...	2	"	Kingston ...	3	
"	St. Mary Cray ...	1	"	Rushden ...	2	"	Leatherhead ...	1	
"	Swanscombe ...	1	"	Thrapstone ...	2	"	Mortlake ...	1	
"	Tonbridge ...	1	"	Walgrave ...	1	"	Norbiton ...	1	
"	Tunbridge Wells ...	4	Northumberland,	Newcastle ...	1	"	Penge ...	5	
"	West Wickham ...	1	Nottinghamshire,	Nottingham ...	1	"	Putney ...	1	
"	Whitstable ...	6	"	Retford ...	1	"	Red Hill ...	1	
"	Woolwich ...	1	"	Sutton ...	1	"	Reigate ...	1	
"	Wrotham ...	1	"	Worksop ...	1	"	Richmond ...	2	
Lancashire,	Ashton-under-Lyne ...	3	Oxfordshire,	Banbury ...	2	"	Selhurst ...	1	
"	Blackpool ...	1	"	Chinnor ...	1	"	Surbiton ...	2	
"	Bolton ...	1	"	Chipping Norton ...	3	"	Sutton ...	6	
"	Fleetwood ...	1	"	Kidlington ...	1	"	Thornton Heath ...	1	
"	Liverpool ...	9	"	New Headington ...	1	"	Tooting ...	4	
"	Manchester ...	4	"	Oxford ...	6	"	Wallington ...	1	
"	Morecambe ...	1	"	Thame ...	1	"	Wimbledon ...	2	
"	Rochdale ...	1	"	Witney ...	1	"	Woking ...	2	
"	St. Anne's-on-Sea ...	1	Rutlandshire,	Uppingham ...	1	Sussex,	Brighton ...	12	
Leicestershire,	Leicester ...	1	Salop,	Aston-on-Clun ...	1	"	Buxted ...	1	
"	Loughborough ...	1	"	West Felton ...	1	"	Chichester ...	4	
"	Lutterworth ...	1	Somersetshire,	Bath ...	2	"	Faygate ...	1	
Lincolnshire,	Alford ...	1	"	Curry Mallet ...	1	"	Halleham ...	1	
"	Boston ...	2	"	Taunton ...	3	"	Hastings ...	5	
"	Grimsby ...	5	"	Wellington ...	1	"	Horsham ...	2	
"	Lincoln ...	4	"	Weston ...	1	"	Lewes ...	2	
"	Stamford ...	1	"	Yeovil ...	1	"	Newhaven ...	1	
Middlesex,	Acton ...	4	Staffordshire,	Bilston ...	1	"	Portslade ...	1	
"	Barnet ...	1	"	Burton-on-Trent ...	1	"	St. Leonard's ...	3	
"	Brentford ...	2	"	Stourbridge ...	1	"	Seaford ...	1	
"	Chiswick ...	2	"	West Bromwich ...	1	"	Worthing ...	1	
"	Cricklewood ...	1	"	Wolverhampton ...	1	Warwickshire,	Birmingham ...	6	
"	Ealing ...	2	Suffolk,	Aldborough ...	2	"	Coventry ...	1	
"	Edmonton ...	3	"	Bungay ...	1	"	Leamington ...	1	
"	Finchley ...	1	"	Bury St. Edmunds ...	2	"	Oxhill ...	1	
"	Hampton-Wick ...	1	"	Clare ...	1	"	Quinton ...	1	
"	Harlington ...	1	"	Fressingfield ...	1	Wiltshire,	Calne ...	1	
"	Harrow ...	2	"	Halesworth ...	1	"	Chippenham ...	1	
"	Hendon ...	2	"	Ipswich ...	8	"	Devizes ...	2	
"	Hounslow ...	2	"	Southwold ...	1	"	Downton ...	1	
"	Isleworth ...	3	"	Stanstead ...	1	"	Pinton Stoke ...	1	
"	Old Hampton ...	1	"	Stowmarket ...	4	"	Salisbury ...	2	
"	Roxeth ...	1	"	Woodbridge ...	1	"	Summerford ...	1	
"	Southall ...	1	Surrey,	Addlestone ...	1	"	Magna ...	1	
"	Walham Green ...	8	"	Barnes ...	4	"	Swindon ...	2	
"	Wembley ...	1	"	Bletchingley ...	1	"	Trowbridge ...	1	
"	Whetstone ...	1	"	Buckland ...	1	"	Warminster ...	1	
Monmouthshire,	Abergavenny ...	1	"	Catford ...	1	"	Westbury ...	1	
"	Blaenavon ...	1	"			"	Leigh ...	1	
"	Maindee ...	1	"			"	Wroughton ...	1	
"	Newport ...	7	Worcestershire,	Cradley ...	1	"			
Norfolk,	Attleborough ...	1	"	Evesham ...	1	"			
"	Dereham ...	1	"	Hampton ...	1	"			

<i>Yorkshire.</i>		<i>Wales, Aberystwith</i>	1	<i>Wales, Hay</i>	1
" Bedale ...	1	" Brecon ...	1	" Holyhead ...	1
" Burley ...	1	" Bridgend ...	3	" Llanbister ...	1
" Leeds ...	2	" Builth ...	1	" Llandudno ...	1
" Goole ...	1	" Cardiff ...	18	" Llanelly ...	1
" Sheffield ...	1	" Carnarvon ...	1	" Narberth ...	1
COUNTRY...TOTAL	787	" Cilgerran ...	2	" Rhyl ...	1
		" Dowlais ...	1	" Swansea ...	3
		" Haverfordwest	3	WALES ... TOTAL	41

<i>Scotland, Dunfermline</i>	1	<i>Scotland, Larbert</i>	1	<i>Ireland</i>	2
		" Lennoxtown	1		

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1898.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Balham ...	1	Chelsea ...	1	Holloway ...	2	Paddington ...	1
Battersea ...	1	Clapham ...	5	Islington ...	1	Plaistow ...	1
Bayswater ...	1	Clapton ...	1	Kennington ...	2	Peckham ...	1
Bethnal Green ...	1	Clerkenwell ...	1	Kensington ...	1	St. John's Wood	1
Bermondsey ...	2	Dulwich ...	2	Kings Cross ...	1	St. Luke's ...	1
Brixton ...	3	Forest Hill ...	1	Lambeth ...	1	Stratford ...	3
Bow ...	1	Fulham ...	2	Mill End ...	1	Shepherds Bush	1
Borough ...	1	Haggerston ...	1	Newington ...	2	Walworth ...	1
Brondesbury ...	1	Harlesden ...	1	Notting Hill ...	1		
Camberwell ...	3	Herne Hill ...	2	Norwood ...	1	TOTAL	55

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Barnes ...	1	Fowey ...	1	Norwich ...	2	Wembley ...	1
Brixham ...	1	Goole... ..	1	Oxford ...	1	West Hallam	1
Bromley ...	1	Greenwich ...	1	Reading ...	1	Whitstable ...	1
Chiswick ...	1	Hemel Hemp-		Richmond ...	1	Woodford Green	2
Cranleigh ...	1	stead ...	1	Rushden ...	1	West Ham ...	1
Cricklewood... ..	1	Little Ilford...	1	St. Anne's-on-Sea	1		
Croydon ...	1	Liverpool ...	1	Selhurst ...	1	TOTAL	33
Devizes ...	1	Landport ...	1	Thornton Heath	1		
Ealing ...	1	Maidstone ...	1	Walthamstow	1		

FROM WALES:—Cardiff, 2.

TOTAL ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR, 90.

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.

TOTAL DISMISSALS FOR THE YEAR:—

Boys, 49; Girls, 37. Total, 86.

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London ...	1,250	Wales ..	41	Ireland ...	2
Country ...	787	Scotland ...	3		
TOTAL ..					2,083.

IN RESIDENCE AT THE TIME OF WRITING THE ANNUAL REPORT:—

Boys, 238; Girls, 215. Total, 453.

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.

BY THE TREASURER AND PRESIDENT.

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 my heart if the ordinary 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 £757 8s. 6d. Once a quarter, I endeavour to meet our band of willing helpers, and personally to thank them for their efforts for this 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 £227 1s. 0d., 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 £984 9s. 6d. 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. I would earnestly appeal to friends to 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. May the Lord bless all our helpers for their kindness to His little ones.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by

Yours to serve in this good work,

J. A. Spurgeon,

Treasurer.

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 **Christmas 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 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 persons 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:—

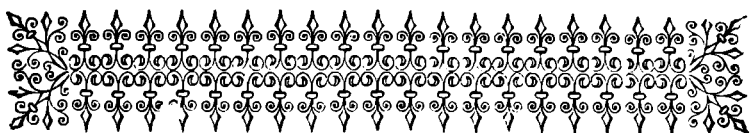
*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the parcel of freehold land—here give the
exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the title
deeds.*

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.”



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

The Young Pastor's "Posy."

MEDITATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON BEFORE HE LEFT WATERBEACH.

(Concluded from page 405.)

CVII.—A STAR IN THE MILKY WAY.



SO long as I may be a star in God's Heaven, I wish not for an existence distinct from any other star. I desire to be simply one in the galaxy, the Milky Way of Heaven, adding a little to the splendour, but not discernible as a separate individual.

* * * *

CVIII.—ENTERTAINING THE LORD.

God should not be entertained with cold fare; rather let us set warm and glowing hearts before Him; thus shall we show that we give Him a hearty welcome, and admire His company.

* * * *

CIX.—THE WORST IDOLATRY.

Idol-making is one of the most common arts of man. Like the Hottentots, we can make a god out of almost anything; yea, and worse than they do, we may even worship ourselves.

* * * *

CX.—HOW TO USE THE CROSS.

When thou wouldst chastise thyself for sin, do it with a cutting from the cross. If you would slay your sins, dip the arrows you fire in the blood of Jesus. Are you wanting a spear to hurl at Satan?

Take one of the nails that pierced Christ's feet, and form a spear-head with that ancient metal. Would you melt a rocky heart? Dissolve it with the vinegar Jesus tasted. There is not a single sliver of the cross, or a drop of Christ's blood, or a piece of the bunch of hyssop that is not most precious in some way in the Heavenly pharmacy, or in the stirring up of drowsy souls. I would I could put one of the thorns from His crown into my veins, too full of blood; 'twould be a Heavenly lancet, and might spare me the severer goad of the thorn in the flesh.

* * * *

CXI.—A CHRISTIAN NAME.

I was once asked, when I was a boy, what was my Christian name; and I honestly replied, "I have none, for I feel that I am not a Christian." I cannot tell my Christian name even now, though I believe I have one, for it is hidden in the white stone which I hope one day to receive from the King. He gives new names when He gives new natures.

* * * *

CXII.—SERVING THE LORD PRIVATELY.

When we design to make an offering to God, or to render Him some little service, it is best to let Him have the first sight of the gift, and if possible to let none be present at the presentation. On anything else, he who feasts his eyes does not diminish it; but, in God's service, count that everyone who sees your labour of love may lessen its value. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

* * * *

CXIII.—THE WATER-MARKS OF PRAYER.

In listening to the prayers of men who have professed to be new converts, I have been sometimes entrapped, and have taken them for genuine. Indeed, there are some prayers so skilfully forged that we feel that we cannot suspect them. There is one way however of detecting imposition, that is, serve the prayer as you would a bank-note; hold it up to the light, and look for the water-marks. If there are not, in the first prayers of professors, many marks of true repentance, the religion of those men is vain and valueless.

* * * *

CXIV.—HUNTING BUTTERFLIES AND MEN.

I saw some young gentlemen with nets seeking butterflies. They were fresh at the sport, and from the common yellow one up to the finest sorts, all were objects of pursuit; but when a fine specimen came near, their zeal was doubled; and while but one pursued the humble insect, five or six followed the gaudier one. Ah! I thought, this is the case in loftier matters. Enemies enough are after all of us; but if one is rich, noble, handsome, or clever, his foes will increase their exertions ten times. The common, every-day, humble man will be much in danger; but his fellow-worm in showier array will be far more likely to be hunted.

* * * *

CXV.—THE SPIRITUAL NAUTILUS.

The nautilus is mostly to be seen sailing in smooth water, on very sunshiny days. On the slightest approach of danger, or the least fear of trouble, this beautiful creature sinks to the bottom, and in silent obscurity awaits the time when fine weather and a glassy sea will allow it to unfurl its sails with glory and pleasure to itself. It may be thought by some to be very delightful to see such a number sailing so gallantly with us in our days of prosperity; but there is a fear that our nautilus friends may go to the bottom once too often, or going down, may sink into that pit which is bottomless.

* * * *

CXVI.—COMET BOOKS AND SERMONS.

Some books I read, and some sermons I hear, are like the tails of comets; they are grand and brilliant, but extremely light. As to real solid matter, a million square miles of their substance might be condensed into one square inch of the same density as the common atmosphere which supports our life.

* * * *

CXVII.—THE FERTILE VALLEY.

The greenest pastures of grace are found where the air is heaviest with the fogs and damps of soul-trouble and tearful repentance.

* * * *

CXVIII.—"EXAMINE YOURSELVES."

Men will scarcely buy a loaf of bread without examining it; yet many will let the affairs of their soul go unsearched for years and years.

* * * *

CXIX.—STORMY PETRELS IN THE CHURCH.

There are stormy petrels on land as well as on the sea; the appearance of certain men in our churches is an omen of ill.

* * * *

CXX.—EXPERIENCE GIVES CONFIDENCE.

The child, who has never been further on the water than the breadth of the ferry, is timid on the sea; but the man, who has been "rocked in the cradle of the deep," has more confidence in his safety on the surging waves. Faith needs experience to strengthen it.

* * * *

CXXI.—FIRE AND SIN TO BE DREADED.

A Christian will have a dread of sin beyond that which is known to ordinary men. A person, who has had a narrow escape from a burning house, will be careful of fire; so we, "snatched from the burning" by an almighty arm, tremble at even the sight of the flame.

* * * *

CXXII.—A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A gentleman once told me of a narrow escape he had. He said

that he was riding a fine horse at Dover, and wishing to display his horsemanship, he spurred his steed toward the cliff; it rushed madly on to the very edge, he tried to check it, but his rein snapped. All seemed lost, but God's arm saved him; the horse, terrified at its own danger, started back, and threw its rider off behind. I thought, how well it pictured man dashing madly to hell,—the reins broken, or fallen from his hands. Oh, what mercy is that which rescues from ruin those who are hurrying thither!

* * * *

CXXIII.—VIEWS OF TERRESTRIAL OBJECTS.

How different the same things appear when viewed from other points! How much depends upon the medium through which we gaze! Through a green glass, men, houses, horses, all seem green. Through red or blue, all are changed in colour. I imagine that this accounts for the different lights in which men regard the affairs of life. The Mammonite puts on yellow spectacles, and estimates the value of things by the pounds, shillings, and pence table. The warrior dips his glass in blood, and sees only red-coated men, gory battle-fields, cannons, wooden legs, and so-called "glory." The politician and sectarian use the colour of their party as a shade. The lover of pleasure dips his finger in Satan's magic ointment, and applying it to his eyes, he sees gold where others find filth; the black galleries of crime and sin are brilliant with pearls, and darkness shines like noonday. The Christian alone sees things through a pure medium; but even he discerns not all, for much depends upon the place where he stands to look upon the prospect.

* * * *

CXXIV.—"DESPISING THE SHAME."

How rich are these words! We can easily perceive their meaning. The shame that the Redeemer had to endure as our Substitute, He despised. As Jacob thought seven years' toil little for the love he bore to Rachel, so did our Lord count His sorrows as nothing by reason of the compassionate love He had for us.

The immense labour, the intense agony, the tremendous burden of suffering, He saw, He reckoned at its full price, He knew what the cost must be, He foreknew it all; but, in the sight of the mountain of our guilt, He cried, "O great mountain, thou art as a mere plain to Me!"

He hid not His face from shame and spitting; He felt it, and felt it most keenly, too;—but, whilst smarting under it, He looked beyond it at His ransomed ones, His darlings.

On Heaven's hill He stood, and saw us sinking in the floods below; He beheld the fierce waves that a deliverer must buffet, saw the boiling ocean He must swim, the raging billows of liquid fire into which He must plunge; but one sight of lost man, one wail of his ruined soul, one shriek of the sinking rebel called all the powers of His noble soul into action,—down He dashed, smiled at the torrent, stemmed it with His mighty arm, seized us, bore us to the shore, and then, though in the act He sank, rising He cried, "Terrible ocean of

wrath, I have endured thy fury ; and if any of Mine enemies laugh at what I have done to save a worm from death, as thy waves roar let them shout, 'He despised the shame.'"

Put all the sneers and taunts of men and devils into one, heap calumny on scorn, and contempt on calumny ; pile up the songs of drunkards, the revilings of priests, the rudeness of the mob, the scoff of the malefactor ; heaps on heaps lay on the cruel mockings, the mimicry, the laugh, the buffetings ; add as climax the boast and sneer of all the legions of hell, and then behold our Jesus bear the whole away as if it were only a thing to be despised.

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

A CARILLON OF BELLS has found so much favour with God's people, especially with the tried and afflicted ones among them, that I am encouraged shortly to publish a companion volume, which I have entitled,—

"A CLUSTER OF CAMPHIRE ;"

or, *Words of Cheer and Comfort for Sick and Sorrowful Souls.*

Like the former book, the contents (with one exception) will consist of the "Personal Notes on a Text" which were written for the monthly numbers of the *Sword and Trowel*.

They are heart experiences, and the Lord has permitted them to speak to other hearts in so wonderful a way that I have often felt amazed at His goodness in using my simple, trembling sentences to carry strength and consolation to fainting hearts. Yet it is just like the Lord to do this. He condescends to avail Himself of the poorest tools, and the feeblest agency, to work out the pleasure of His will toward His children ; and this does but cause His glory to shine the brighter, and manifest more clearly the omnipotence of His grace.

I can most truly say that I care *chiefly* for the spiritual success of my little book ;—its financial profits are a secondary consideration, though these also belong to the Lord, and are joyfully used in His service. Will you accord a generous welcome to the new volume, dear readers ? Its price (1s. 6d.) is so small that a large distribution of it, by gift from friend to friend, is rendered easy and pleasant. I heartily commend it to your love and companionship.

* * * *

Testimonies to the far-reaching power and value of the beloved Pastor's life and work, still flow in to cheer the hearts of those who love him. I am constantly receiving letters which tell, not only of his vast influence for good while living, but of the force his words still possess to move and melt men's hearts, and lead them into the light. Here is an extract from recent correspondence with a servant of the Lord in Scotland :—"To me, Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has been one of the most wonderful in the world. It has certainly been, and will continue to be, one of the most instructive and inspiring. Whatever his name may mean to others, to me it stands for one of the great

objective evidences of the truth of Christianity. *Spurgeon is an enigma without Christ.* But, in the light of that great Personality, his career is intelligible and convincing.

"I owe more to Mr. Spurgeon than to all my teachers, yet I only heard him preach twice,—once in Glasgow when I was a boy, and once in the Tabernacle, in 1890. He did more than any other to bring me into the light, and I am very conscious of him leading me to assurance; yet we never met. This shows what a splendid teacher as well as preacher he has been."

Another friend, who is well qualified to express an opinion upon the subject, writes:—

"In looking back over the nineteenth century, now so near its end, there are *three* wonderfully gifted and successful evangelists, or apostles, for whom, in a special degree, *all* the churches are bound to be *very* thankful to God. They are, Charles H. Spurgeon, George Müller, and Dwight L. Moody. But the *first* was the greatest of the three. He was great in his humility, great in his prayerfulness, and *therefore* so marvellously great in his success."

I have received, from a Swedish pastor, the following letter, which has so greatly interested me that I must share the pleasure with the readers of the Magazine:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—

"When I read, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, which I have had every year, about Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, I thought I would give you some account of the effect of them on persons here in Sweden. I related one of these incidents to Mr. Spurgeon, and he wished me to repeat it to his people at a prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, which I did.

"There was a clergyman, in the West of Sweden, who was going to preach his trial sermon in order to get the living. He thought no one in that part of the country knew anything of Mr. Spurgeon and his Sermons, so he selected one from the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit* about the prodigal son, which is translated into Swedish. The people thought it was a wonderful discourse, and everyone praised the preacher. But there was an old Christian woman, who knew this Sermon, and she said to the people, 'I am sure that Mr. Spurgeon will get this parsonage.' And, sure enough, he got it! I told Mr. Spurgeon, the last time I met him, that he ought to come to Sweden, and claim his parsonage; but he said he did not wish to disturb the clergyman who was there, and he preferred to stay where he was.

"Several years ago, another clergyman, who had read Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, thought so much of them and of the man who had preached them, that he felt it was a pity he did not believe in infant baptism, so he decided to go to London on purpose to convince Mr. Spurgeon of his error! He went early on the Sunday morning to the Tabernacle, and the sight of the vast building made him think that Mr. Spurgeon was not an ordinary preacher; and when he saw the crowds coming in, he was still more surprised. When he heard Mr. Spurgeon pray, he could not help shedding tears; and after the sermon, he was quite overpowered with emotion, and felt how little

he was compared with the great preacher. After the service, he went into the vestry to see Mr. Spurgeon, and said that he had come to London on purpose to hear him. Mr. Spurgeon asked him if he had anything particular to say. He answered, 'I have come to convince you that infant baptism is right, and that you are wrong in your opinion regarding it.' Mr. Spurgeon looked him straight in the face, and asked, 'Do you believe the Bible?' 'Yes,' he replied, with some hesitation. Mr. Spurgeon looked him still more earnestly in the face, and again asked him, 'Do you believe *the Bible*?' The clergyman almost trembled as he answered, 'Yes.' 'Then debate the question of baptism with that Book,' replied Mr. Spurgeon, laying his hand on the Bible.

"The clergyman went home, and related this story to a Baptist who lived in his parish, and said to her, 'Read Mr. Spurgeon's books as much as you like; I will never say a word against them.' This clergyman was afterwards made a bishop, and he was always friendly towards the Baptists.

"Yours truly,

"T. TRUVÉ."

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?*"—Psalm lxxviii. 19.

To be sure He can! The question is a most distrustful and cruel one! Our indignation burns against the rebellious people who could thus discredit the power of their gracious God, though He had done such great things for them. "He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused waters to run down like rivers." He had delivered them from galling bonds of slavery, and had fed them with bread from Heaven; yet they doubted His ability to supply them with the meat their heart desired, and "they spake against God" in thus questioning His love and care. As we read their history, and wonder at their hardness of heart, we say, "How could they be so blind, so ungrateful, so perversely unbelieving?" But, the next moment, we bow our heads in shame, and our own hearts condemn us as we remember how often we have committed the very same sin. We, too, have "limited the Holy One of Israel," and grieved the Spirit of our gracious God by our persistent unbelief; for, many a time have we thought, even if we have not said it, "Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" when His loving, bounteous hand has been preparing and spreading it before us! Have you not found it so? Have you not sometimes been shamed into a lively faith, by receiving the very blessings which you doubted the Lord's power to give? Has He not often proved Himself "able to do exceeding abundantly" above all that you have asked or thought, even while your faithless heart has "believed not in God, and trusted not in His salvation"?

Dear readers, I would fain take you into the wilderness with me,

this morning, and bid you look back upon some of the "tables" which, in past days, the Lord has furnished for you there.

Do you not remember that desert experience of *sore affliction*, when you were laid very low, when heart and flesh failed, and you were brought into the dust of death? Did not the Lord then come and strengthen you upon "the bed of languishing," and tenderly furnish your sick-room table with the rich cordials of His love, and the life-giving elixir of His healing power? And, after that display of His mercy, can you not recollect how quickly the fever left you, and what joy it was to rise and minister unto Him?

Or,—have you forgotten that dread hour of *spiritual darkness*, a "waste howling wilderness" of terror, when your soul was assailed by some horrible temptation, and Satan beset you so furiously that, for a moment, you almost despaired of deliverance? Was not that very moment the time of the Lord's gracious relief and succour? Did He not appear on your behalf, and lead you forth from the conflict, to find the table of His love spread as for a banquet for your sake, and the leaves of the Tree of Life ready plucked for the healing of your wounds?

Can you not recall those other *seasons of distress*, when some sad bereavement, or some great crisis of your life had brought you into a Sahara of desolation and grief? Almost broken in heart, your soul fainted within you, and you "wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way," believing yourself to be cut off from the land of the living. But you cried unto God; and how blessedly did He answer you! He turned the dry ground into water-springs, the sandy desert into a rich pasturage of grace and mercy, and there He prepared "a table before you," and the desert yielded royal dainties.

Ah! these tables in the wilderness! They are standing rebukes to our want of faith, and constant memorials of God's faithfulness and love! Yes; but times without number it is true of us, as of those cities we read of in the Gospels, where "He did not many mighty works there, *because of their unbelief*." God does not work wonders for us if we mistrust Him; His miracles of grace and power are wrought on behalf of those whose faith is strong enough to claim the performance of His Word. How very few of us, who call ourselves Christians, ever live up to our high privileges, as "*heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ*"! Did we but realize our true position as sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, there would be nothing impossible to us. A recent writer on this subject says:—"If there be a discrepancy between our life and the fulfilment and enjoyment of all God's promises, *the fault is ours*. If our experience be not what God wants it to be, it is because of our unbelief in the love of God, in the power of God, and in the reality of His promises."

Is not this the reason why so many of God's own children are living at such a miserably low level of spiritual existence? It is a positive fact that *they do not believe what God has said*; they are as distrustful as if He had never given them the blessed assurance, "I AM THE LORD, I CHANGE NOT;" as poor as though He had never made the promise, "WHATSOEVER YE SHALL ASK IN MY NAME, THAT WILL I DO;" and as

unhappy and full of care as if His own lips had not spoken those other sweet words, "LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED: YE BELIEVE IN GOD, BELIEVE ALSO IN ME."

Beloved, when you think of the wilderness through which you have been brought, never forget the tables and their furnishings which were there prepared for you. This will help you to trust God for the future, while you praise Him for the past.

S. S.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LVII.—PASTOR W. D. MCKINNEY, ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.



THE North of Ireland has established a title to something more than honourable mention for the number and achievements of its distinguished men as lawyers, judges, statesmen, soldiers, authors, and orators. For zeal and eloquence, the Protestant pulpit has had no more

brilliant preachers than those who have hailed from the Emerald Isle. That Ireland has given so many of her sons to every department of thought and action, is a sweet revenge for the real and imaginary national wrongs which seem so difficult of redress.

The subject of our present sketch, PASTOR W. D. MCKINNEY, is an Irishman by birth; and is, moreover, proud of his nationality. Born in Belfast, December 24th, 1842, he has nearly completed an octave of apprenticeships, and reached the age when human powers are at their prime.

His grandfather, a sturdy farmer of the old school, adopted the young tyro; and the farm at Carrickfergus became the home of his boyhood. Under the shadow of the venerable castle, one of the most famous of Ireland's historic monuments, the lad acquired a thirst for knowledge and a love for patient industry, which are two of his most prominent characteristics at the present time.

Choosing the profession of a designer in art on leaving school, he had every prospect of a successful career; but, at the age of seventeen, his conversion awakened his soul to a new world; and the call of God to a life of Christian service met with the quick response, "Here am I, send me!" This was during the revival of 1859, when converts were numbered by hundreds, many of whom became devoted evangelists, missionaries, and pastors. The incidents of that remarkable period are something more than a cherished memory, they are an abiding inspiration; shall we ever witness such another wave of blessing?

In the Rev. Robert Knox, pastor of the Linen Hall Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, the young convert found, not only a wise spiritual teacher and guide, but a true friend, whose gracious influence helped to mould his character, to shape his creed, and to inspire him with the loftiest ideals.

Becoming an earnest Bible-student, his views on baptism very soon underwent a change; and it was not long before he was baptized upon a profession of faith, and joined the church of which the Rev. R. M. Henry was the beloved pastor. The decisive step opened up a career of usefulness for which many will have cause to bless God through a glad eternity.

Before seeking admission to the Pastors' College, the young enthusiast spent some time in Dublin, where he devoted himself to mission work, employing such leisure as he could command in the study of every subject essential to a candidate for the ministry. When, at length, he came to London, it was a serious disappointment to him to learn that Mr. Spurgeon was not then able to accept any more students who would be chargeable to the College funds. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. McKinney very cheerfully offered to maintain himself so long as his means lasted; and his cherished wish was realized when he found himself duly enrolled as a student for the ministry. His application to his studies was intense; and, after some time, he yielded to the entreaties of friends at Waterford, Ireland, to serve the church there for a brief period; but he remained for two years, and then returned to the College in 1867, to complete his course.

A fellow-countryman of Mr. Gracey, a friendship was established

between them; the tutor being proud of his brilliant *protégé*, whose studies took a far wider range than the subjects prescribed. His zeal as a student was the admiration of the President and Tutors; and many of the students sought his help, which was always generously given.

In the sermon-class, there were few keener critics than Mr. McKinney, and none were more ready to offer words of encouragement to the juniors whose abilities were often so seriously discounted by their nervousness or fears. If at any time he was severe, it was only when inflated genius invited the sharp point of the shaft of satire or of ridicule. It was, indeed, a real kindness to the student when, on returning from an oratorical flight, he found himself stripped of the feathers, some of them only borrowed, with which he had plumed his wings. If Mr. McKinney had the reputation of being one of the ablest of College critics, no one ever charged him with being unjust or unkind. Those who knew him best, still cherish the memory of his friendship in those far-off College days, and speak of him as "dear old McKinney."

A second call to Ireland, in connection with the Irish Mission, did not promise well; so, like many of his countrymen, he sailed for New York in 1870, and shortly after his arrival he received an invitation to the church at Port Jervis, where he laboured for nine years, and then removed to Kingston. After holding his second pastorate for nearly three years, he was called to the church at Ansonia, Connecticut, where the remaining years of his life are likely to be spent, as his ministry there has been greatly blessed, and he is held in loving esteem by his church and congregation.

When I landed at New York, with the Orphan Choir, in the autumn of 1896, Pastor McKinney was one of the first to greet us; and his brotherly sympathy did much to reconcile us to the hardships we had to face during our temporary expatriation. After a week in New York and Brooklyn, we made for Ansonia,—beautiful for its situation and surroundings, in the romantic valley of the Norgatuck river. The warmest of welcomes awaited us, and I was the privileged guest of our good brother and his devoted wife in their charming New England home. I preached in his church, and spoke in his Sunday-school; I became acquainted with his church-officers, and some of his personal friends; and from all I saw and heard, I was profoundly impressed with the greatness and goodness of our brother, and cannot but thank God at every remembrance of him as "one of our own men."

A man with a big brotherly heart, of sound judgment and ripe Christian experience, I was not surprised to learn that his sympathy and counsel are sought and prized by all classes of the community. Such honours as his ministerial brethren can give, have been freely bestowed upon him; and the College may be proud of such an able and loyal representative on what our American cousins are pleased to call "the unlimited side of the Atlantic"!

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"CLOCKS TO MEND!"

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE.

ONLY a week ago, we held the Annual Conference of our Colportage Association. It was, in its way, as great a success as that of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. It does my heart good to see and hear these earnest toilers; they are so unconventional and hearty. Was it not one of themselves who prayed that noteworthy prayer, "Lord, make us not only courageous, but outrageous"?

It was my privilege to address the earnest band on the Monday afternoon. I could not wish for a better audience. I do not think there could be a better one; except, perhaps,—well, present company is *always* excepted. I reminded them of how, a year before, one of their number had told us that, having knocked at a cottage door, and waited long, a head suddenly appeared at an upper window, and a decisive voice exclaimed, "We don't want any clocks mended to-day." The good dame had evidently mistaken the vendor of literature for the mender of timepieces. Surely she would have let him in had she known his real errand.

The recall of this story gave me an opportunity to remark how good a thing it is to be able to say things that stick. This is a gift indeed. Most of our words are slippery enough; they are all too like the proverbial water on the duck's back. Our arrows are not barbed. Our late loved President had the knack of saying things that remained in the memory and heart. All over the country. I hear quotations from sermons listened to long years ago. I believe that some of them, at all events, could be verified. They were striking things,—but all striking things are not sticking things. These were both. They were harpoons. His way of saying them further impressed them on the mind. Is this impossible to us? I think not. Most of these memorable things were homely enough. In some instances, it was their homeliness that made them hold so fast. The rapturous flight, the soaring into the empyrean, which some affect, will sooner be forgotten than the clear-cut Saxon sentence, and the homespun metaphor. I well remember dear father describing from this platform one of these soarers. He mounted up as on eagle's wings, he looked the sun in the face, he spurned all lower spheres, but, all unexpectedly, a change came o'er the spirit of the scene, and when the soarer fell to earth, he was found to be nothing better than "a decayed cock-sparrow."

I was able to congratulate at least one colporteur on saying something tenacious, something adhesive, for I had remembered his words for a whole twelve-month. Happy shall we also be if we can thus impress our hearers. I verily believe that, if we were more at our ease, and more in earnest, as these untutored book-hawkers are, we should have more success in this direction.

Certainly, there is cause for fear that we may be too parsonic, too sermonic.

Having thus opened the address with a word of cheer, which, by the way, is often a wise procedure, I went on to use the colporteur's experience as an illustration of the work the colporteurs attempt to do. As that work, brethren, is closely akin to ours, I have tried to recall (as no stenographer was present), what I then said, that I may repeat it in your hearing. If I say aught now that I said not then, it will help to prove (provided it be worth the saying) that an address that is worth giving once is worth repeating. Kindly imagine yourselves to belong to that faithful fraternity. All they do (except the actual trading) will fall to your lot in the pastorate. Visiting the sick and dying, reading and praying with the cottagers, speaking a word in season to those that are weary, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, cheering, guiding, comforting,—in all these good works you will soon be busily engaged. So you are colporteurs for the nonce, if you please, and I am (in either case) happy to be your President.

Brethren, the good woman was not so far out, after all. The mistakes of her life had been many, and this was yet another; but I fear there had been more serious ones than this. The colporteur *is* a clock-mender in a sense. He visits that he may mend, and wind, and clean, and oil, and regulate the hearts and habits of men and women. I fear she was all too near the mark, also, when she said he was not wanted; for if there is one thing mortals are not anxious for, it is being put right and "seen to." You are *watch-men*, brethren, if you are not watch-menders. The old clock-repairer, as I remember, used to go about the streets striking the bell of the clock he carried under his arm, and, I think, crying his trade as the knife-grinders still do theirs. So *you* pass from village to village, and from house to house, proclaiming the good tidings, and offering to help the hearts of men to keep time with God's great infallible clock. The profession of horology has much in common with the profession of theology, as we shall presently perceive.

Mending is the first and foremost duty of the Christian worker. The clock-man's task is easy in comparison with his. The heart of man is not so readily put right as are the works of a timepiece. In most instances, the mischief is with the mainspring. The Christian worker is so sure of this that he goes straight for the root of the evil. Setting the hands and polishing the face of the clock involve only waste of time if the motive power within is out of gear. "Is thine heart right?" is the main question. A watch that "goes" only when you carry it, and a clock, however ornamental, which has "stopped short, never to go again," are useless incumbrances, whether in the pocket or on the staircase; but a heart that is not "in every thought renewed,"—

"A copy, Lord, of Thine,"—

is a slumberer as well as a cumberer, and nigh unto cursing.

Brethren, we must aim at men's *hearts*. All is wrong till they are right. All the tinkering with the clock is wasted while the mainspring needs renewing. Polishing, and lubricating, and jewelling,

are superfluous till the spring is coiled again, or the chains and weights are put in working order. What a task is ours! For some who are professedly willing to be right refuse to believe that anything is wrong. They would have us pray with them, but not for pardon; they would have us comfort them, but not convert them. Yet it were fatal to give them what they crave, and to withhold what they need. The clock-mender must leave the house with a pain at his heart if the owner of the broken timepiece says, "You may varnish the case, or enamel the dial, but you must not on any account interfere with the works." Yet this is what *they* virtually say who hold that the concerns of the soul must not be spoken of, and who resent heart-searching questions, and faithful dealing. Whether they bear or forbear, we must tell them of their deep deep need of new hearts and right spirits.

Sometimes it is the alarum that is out of order. The conscience will not work. When it is out on strike, it declines to strike, and the soul lies sleeping still. It is interesting to call to mind the fact that the alarum was originally invented for the purpose of rousing the priests for their morning devotions. Oh, that the bell that calls to prayer were mended! Whether we be colporteurs or collegians, we shall come across men whose consciences stand in sore need of fixing. They once did duty splendidly. The very thought of sin was foolishness at one time, and brought the mantling blush to the cheek. To neglect their devotions, in private or public, was never even dreamed of. To seek their own pleasure instead of God's glory on the Sabbath day, never occurred to them. *Then*, they were wary and diligent; *now*, they are weary and negligent. What a change has taken place! They flush with pride who once could blush with shame. They sleep, as do others,—only rather more soundly. They hear sermons as faithful as before; they are the subjects of the Spirit's strivings; providences, strange and trying, have not been wanting; but none of these things move them. The inward monitor is silent. Maybe the hammer moves, but it does not reach the gong. O men of God, how great your charge! Yours it is to endeavour to get this spiritual mechanism to work again. The Lord give you good success! What joy will be yours when you note the welcome change,—when the heart grows tender again, and the mind susceptible, the will subdued, and the conscience quick! We could all do—could we not?—with an improvement in this direction. Is there one among us who will not pray,—

"Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake" ?

Sometimes, the watches with which we have to do need repairing as to their jewels. The graces of the renewed nature are as the jewels in the holes of the watch. It is just here that the friction is greatest. There is a constant strain on love, and joy, and zeal, and patience. Who can wonder that the jewels—close-grained and hard though they be,—wear down, or work loose, and sometimes even

splinter? What a delightful task it is to replace or repair the graces of tried believers! A word in season will do it. A gracious thought felicitously expressed, or a passage of Scripture aptly quoted, or an earnest prayer, may serve to supply a jewelled pivot on which the wheel of willing service may long revolve. Carry with you, dear brethren, a bag of such jewels. See to it that your "communication" is "that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

The next duty of the clock-man is *Winding*. I suppose that, in the country districts, it does not often happen that the winding is done professionally. Most homes can do their own watch and clock winding; but, in some establishments, the winding is contracted for, and regularly attended to. Methinks, the pastor and the colporteur have many such contracts on hand, even in rural places. How soon the saints run down! "Big Ben" requires two hours of winding every week. Some of our people give us only about an hour every seven days to wind them up. These are the "oncners" who venture out on Sunday mornings only (and not then if there's a cloud in the sky), and who shun Monday prayer-meetings and Thursday preachings most religiously, or rather irreligiously. How can they expect to "go" if they are only partially wound? The weights must be drawn right up, the spring must be coiled tightly, if the clock is to "tick, tick," the week through. We must be prepared in heart for the duties of the days to come. We must receive Divine impressions and influences if we are to pulsate with Heavenly energy. There must be the winding up if there is to be a fulfilment of the function of telling the time. My dear father never carried a watch save when he went abroad, and then he always forgot to wind it. Even he had to do without the knowledge of the hour if he neglected to wind his watch. The law is inexorable; it is no respecter of persons.

Well, now, here is another task that even angels might be found coveting. What if we can put a little more "go" into a fainting heart? What if we can stimulate flagging zeal or failing courage? What if we can turn a key that will tighten the springs of devotion, or pull a cord that will lift the weights of holy activity? It is well worth our while to try. To set others going, is good work. It is better than attempting to do everything ourselves. The model leader *leads*, the ideal chief directs, the wise pastor sets all his folk to work. He must, of course, be a worker, too. Joan of Arc revealed her secret of success when she said, "I tell my soldiers to go boldly in among the English, and then I go boldly in myself." If you would wind others up, you must be wound up yourselves.

By the way, what a remarkable expression "wound up" is! Thanks to the eccentricities of our wonderful language, it may mean either of two very different things. Used in the sense in which we have already employed it, it signifies that the concern—be it clock, or watch, or musical box, or colporteur, or minister, or cottager, or church-member,—is in a state of preparation for further effort. The activities had indeed been dormant for a while, but a better state of things now inaugurated. The clock has ceased its slumbers, the hair-

spring of the watch pulsates again almost as if with life, the musical box is ringing and tinging and tintinnabulating as sweetly as ever, the colporteur has shaken off the spirit of heaviness, the minister has recovered from his fainting fit, the cottager resolves to buy a copy of *Morning by Morning*, and the church-member actually sets out for the week-night service! But "wound up" has a very ominous sound as it is sometimes pronounced. So-and-so is being "wound up," means not that he is about to go again, but that he is "no go." A business concern that is "wound up" is not "a going concern,"—it has stopped short. O beauteous English tongue,—how versatile art thou! The same phrase "to wind up" signifies "to put into a state for continuing motion," and (which is a very different thing), "to bring to a conclusion, or a final settlement." It were well if certain things were "wound up" in the second sense. I would like to wind up the chatter of the tale-bearers, "repeaters" that they are; the innuendoes of the whisperer; the grumblings of the crotchety; the vengeance of the spiteful; the frigidity of the ice-bound. Oh, that all of these, and kindred abominations, might fall into absolute and hopeless bankruptcy! Let us set our hands and hearts to wind them up, so that, in the other sense, we may wind up all that is true, and noble, and God-glorifying!

Another task that is ours, in common with the clock-maker, is that of *Cleaning*.

Many a watch and clock cease their welcome service for want of cleanliness. The dust soon gathers. The wheels quickly clog. It is wonderful how small a grain, how short a hair, will stay their revolutions. Many a good Christian ceases to be of use to God or man because of an inconsistency which in itself is slight. It is easy indeed to get out of touch with God, and things divine. A fault that is comparable to a mote that dances in the sunbeam, visible only there, will suffice to clog the wheels of the spiritual life. An accumulation of them will do so most effectually. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." We cannot watch too jealously against trifling blemishes, and venial faults so-called. From these, we must diligently seek to save ourselves, and those that hear us. They are as the quickly-gathering dust that first retards, and presently stops the clock. The heart, the home, the business, the church, may all be hindered thus. Cleanliness is said to be next to godliness,—possibly because Saturday night (that is, tub-night) precedes Sunday morning;—but there is a still closer relationship between the two. Cleanliness of person, and of premises, should certainly accompany cleanliness of heart and spirit. "Even from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid." "Be ye clean, who bear the vessels of the Lord."

I marvel that some of the clocks in our churches go at all;—I refer to the members rather than to the object that receives so much attention towards the close of the service. The dust of ages is upon them. Wonders of grace to God belong, or these musty, fusty, dusty hearts had long since ceased to beat. But it is impossible for them to keep true time. The minister has to "put them on" a deal

every now and then. A Convention or a revival is absolutely necessary occasionally, or they would come to a dead stop. Now, what is wanted? Is there a cure for this? Better still, can it be prevented? Assuredly it can. When our friend, the travelling clock-repairer, suspects that there is nothing wrong but dirt, he will probably borrow the bellows, and send a miniature tornado sweeping through the works. Again and again the blast is repeated. The purifying breeze does the business effectually. The housewife might have done it herself had she only known. Oh, that we could get the breeze of God's Spirit to pass like mighty, rushing wind through the hearts of men! How the dust would fly! Farewell to the cobwebs then! Soon, the springs of communion and the wheels of consecration would be at work again. Come from the four winds of heaven, O Spirit of the living God, and chase away the gathered grime and grit that clog our souls!

“Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.”

I think that, if it had been my lot to serve my generation as the assistant of a provincial watch-maker and jeweller, I should have rejoiced if part of my work had been to light the dials of the clocks in the market-place, and Town Hall, or other public buildings. This is surely happy if somewhat humble service. Whether colporteur or minister, I fain would imitate this task. To go about doing good, was Jesu's life-work. Oh, to be engaged in lighting up faces,—helping our fellows, not only to keep time, but to tell it by night as well as by day! Keble's face was said to remind one of an illuminated clock,—so shining was it. We little know who helps to keep the light burning,—perhaps some very humble instrument. It is Christ-like work to make the world happier. It is gloomy enough, God knows; and even the people of the Lord meet with sorrows neither few nor small on the way to Heaven. “Let the blessed sunshine in,” if you are able. Shed a ray of light *on* the dial if you cannot put a light behind it. The latter is the more excellent way. “The inner light” is best of all.

Yet another duty belongs to the keepers of clocks and souls. A little oil works wonders with works. *Lubricating* has to be attended to. It can easily be overdone, of course. “Oil often,” was the legend on the handle of an American lawn-mower I once possessed. If the oil is of good quality, “Little and often,” is the best motto. So with the clock,—so also with men and women. A cheery word, a hearty handshake, an expression of appreciation, a token of sympathy, a little gift, a pleasant smile,—all these are as the drops of oil which help to make the complicated machinery in society and in the church run noiselessly.

Do not overdo it, or the oil will cause the very thing you are seeking to avoid. Do not call so often as to wear out your welcome, nor smile so sweetly as to run the risk of having your intentions misinterpreted, nor give so frequently as to seem to wish

for something in return, nor congratulate so often as to cause question as to your sincerity, nor speak so cheerily as to border on frivolity. "Oil often," but a drop will suffice. Ah! my brethren, if, in the homes where grinding poverty, or wasting sickness, or hideous drunkenness is doing its deadly work, you can say a word, or sing a psalm, or offer a prayer, or give a flower, or leave a book, or provide a meal, you will be doing better service (because on a higher plane) than he who, passing from house to house, lubricates the clockwork in the cottages. See to it that you have oil in your vessels for this very purpose.

How many clocks need *Regulating*! Some are fast and some are slow; some vary with the weather, and regulating is delicate and difficult work. If you move the indicator clean over from slow to fast, you may get the clock to go as fast as it went slow before; but it will be no easy matter to hit on the happy mean. You should have gently approached it from the side where the fault was. If you had worked towards it gradually, you would have hit it exactly. There are spiritual parallels to these facts.

We have a few among us who are altogether too go-ahead; they are wanting in balance and ballast. Their pendulum has slipped off, and away they go, nineteen to the dozen! There is need enough for zeal, indeed; but zeal *minus* discretion is almost as much to be dreaded as is lethargy. Now, mind how you deal with these people. Don't expect to regulate them at your first attempt. A little pressure on the indicator, week by week, is better than a rough movement of it "hard over" all at once. Patience, patience!

And what is to be done with the slow coaches? They must be hurried gently. Draw them rather than drive them. If you bawl to them to "hurry up," they will deem you impertinent. If you endeavour gently to induce them to *accelerate their speed*, they will almost unconsciously quicken their pace. If they refuse to hasten by sweet persuasion, harsher measures must be resorted to; but not till then. Oh, that these laggards could, by some means or other, be expedited! What a nuisance they are! The folk who block our progress on the side-walk are not those who are going the other way. We may occasionally collide with these, or have a little dodging to do to avoid them; but we are hindered most by the loiterers and saunterers, who are bound in the same direction as ourselves. How we wish they would "move on," or stand aside! A gospel preacher recently exclaimed in his sermon, with the emphasis of earnestness, "Look and live! Look and live!" When he came to revise the reporter's version of his address, he discovered that he was made to say, "Look alive! Look alive!" There is need for this exhortation as well as for the other. This is a gospel message, too. Christ has come that we may have life, and that we may have it *more abundantly*. It is not enough to be living, we want to be lively. Happy are we if we can help some child of God to keep good time,—zeal guided and tempered by discretion,—judgment and caution fired with tender love and holy energy,—every grace in right proportion,—heart and head duly balanced. Then will God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, where all things are meet, and perfect, and fitly framed

together. There mercy is sweetly mingled with might, tenderness co-operates with almightiness, the Lamb is in the midst of the throne.

The apparatus by which the clock sounds forth the hour of day is ingenious and somewhat complicated. It is striking in more than one sense. What an advantage it is for the timepiece to speak! I wish we had more striking Christians,—men whose every word proclaims their position and principles. Yet this has to be done humbly,—not ostentatiously. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs eight tons; and has inscribed upon it these words, "Richard Phelps made me." Thus, let us sound His praise abroad who first loved us, and loosed us from our sins by His own blood. "I am what I am,—I am what I am,—I am what I am,—by the grace of God." We will try to get others also to bear this testimony to the saving and keeping power of grace Divine. If the striking apparatus is out of gear, we will overhaul it, and try to set it in order again.

And what is to be done with inconsistent professors, of whom there are specimens on every hand? What a deal of mischief they work, especially amongst those who expect perfection from a church-member. They do not make allowances, as friends and fellow-members do,—why should they? It is all very well for my friend to say that he understands his clock, and does not want it righted; it is "nigh enough" for him. When it strikes four, and the hands point to ten minutes to nine, he knows it is five-and-twenty to one! Well, that's plain enough; but you need to be in the know, don't you know. So with the Christian whose peculiarities are not quite understood. Who can be blamed for being puzzled by his eccentricities? The only safe way is to be true throughout. We ought to be reliable. This is better than being ornamental. I would rather be a Waterbury that kept good time than a centre-second chronograph jewelled in ten holes that needed putting right every other day. John McNeill told us, you remember, of a presentation clock which told the days of the month, and the changes of the moon, and several other things,—everything, in fact, except the time,—"but then," said he, "you couldn't expect it to do *everything*." Those who expect everything of us deserve to be disappointed, but they ought not to look to us in vain for truth, and probity, and charity.

These things also we must seek to cultivate in the hearts of those to whom we minister. We must tell them that Heaven expects every man to do his duty, and that men (worldly men) as well as God demand that they live up to the profession they have made.

But I must wind up, or you will be thinking that I am wound up to go on for ever. I stay only to tell you of two famous timepieces which I think may serve you as illustrations. The first of these was a watch which one named Arnold made for George III. "Its size did not exceed that of a silver twopenny piece. It contained 120 different parts, but altogether weighed not more than five penny-weights, seven grains, and three-fourths. So intricate were the works, that Arnold had himself to make tools before he could make the watch. The king was so delighted with the work that he sent Arnold 500 guineas. When the Czar of Russia heard of this, he offered Arnold 1,000 guineas to make a similar one for him; but

this the artist refused, determined that his own sovereign's watch should be unique." There,—in the closing sentence,—is our lesson, brethren; our best work must be done for Christ. Our talents are at His disposal; and when a flattering world offers us great gain if we will do as much for it, we must boldly answer, "No; we are determined that our own Sovereign shall have our best,—our all, indeed."

"The old church at Lubeck has a specimen of early clock-work representing the changes of the heavenly bodies until 1875; and when it strikes twelve, a number of automatic figures are set in motion. The Electors of Germany enter from a small side door, and inaugurate the Emperor, who is seated upon a throne in front. Another door is then opened, and Christ appears, when, after receiving His benediction, the whole cavalcade retire amidst a flourish of trumpets by a choir of angels." So let it ever be. When Christ appears, kings and princes may quit their thrones, and doff their crowns. When Jesus blesses, what can we want besides? We can dispense even with the choir of angels while the pierced hands of the Son of man are spread in benediction.

"None among the sons of men,
None among the Heavenly train,
Can with Jesus Christ compare,
None so sweet, and none so fair!"

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER
STORIES," ETC., ETC.

IX.—A SUMMER'S SUNRISE.

IT is but at intervals during the three months of the summer that the glory of the coming and going of the sun can be appreciated by the dwellers within the limits of this misty isle. Even though the air be warm, our firmament is so often overhung by heavy curtains of cloud that the sky effects of the sunrise and sunset are altogether hidden. A clear evening with a dry wind, or a fresh dawn after rain; or, again, a spell of anticyclonic weather, calm, hot, with ground mist, is most likely to give the favourable opportunity for viewing the wondrous phases of the sun's magnificence. The best season of the year for observation is the latter part of May, the months of June and July, and, in the North, the period of early August. But there must be a combination of felicitous circumstances to produce a superlative picture. What we are about to describe may prove that such a picture on the eye and mind can be obtained even within the circle of smoky London. In doing so, we humbly ask leave to include a morning among our "afternoons."

A summer's sunrise has been seldom portrayed in print. This may surprise many; yet it is, nevertheless, true. There are but few allusions in the writings of the poets to the dawning of the day, compared with the many which set forth the charms of the eventide. We

might almost infer from the little they have to say on one of the most magnificent spectacles in Nature, that the poets, as a race, have not been early risers. Yet the inference might not be strictly just, for the approach of night may have a greater power to quicken the imagination.

Several fine stanzas on the coming of the morning can, however, be quoted. Tom Hood has a splendid "Hymn to the Sun," wherein this verse finds place,—

"Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flow'rs
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies."

Tennyson speaks of the "daffodil sky" of dawning day, and Shelley has the following delicately delightful description in "Prometheus" (the spirits of the Hours are calling to the sleepers),—

"The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling,
As fawns flee the leopard:
But where are ye?"

Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet has been often quoted, and it stands unique, so far as we know, in its description of early morning stealing over London,—

"This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air."

The grime of the city and the glare of the streets too often spoil the effects of the sunset to the dweller amid the throngs of men. The sky at dawn is much more likely to be seen to advantage, especially if the observer can watch from the top of a tall building. To get out on a city roof, is not so difficult a feat as might be supposed.

It takes some courage to turn out at three, even on a morning of early July, just to see the sunrise. The resolution of the previous evening becomes as the morning cloud and early dew as you hear the rousing cry of your friend, which seems to say, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?" You feel inclined to murmur in response, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." But, unless you do move, you will lose all the first effects of the dawn. Stir yourself, man, for there is a sight worth seeing even from the high front windows of the house where you are staying! Dash your head, or yourself, into a bath of cold water, wrap a blanket round you, and watch from the open window the signs of morning!

Our vantage-ground was on the slope leading to Hampstead Heath. In front of the house lay a small park, with a splendid belt of chest-nut and elm facing the highway. In the valley, and on the rising ground, great buildings towered skywards. Among these shot up the spire of the chapel of Hackney College. Houses, churches, and trees commingle,—a leafy suburb of the far-stretching city.

Two of us stood at the topmost windows of a tall mansion facing the park. From these open casements, the breaking of the day displayed a scene of striking grandeur. Over all the North and East, a wondrous nimbus lifted its upper half. A glory of saffron with spreading tints of rose filled the whole of this region of the sky. Far up, even to the zenith, the dawn rays shone in pearly light; while, lower down, a primrose sea lay in breadths of calm. Against this glow, the high mansions, the spires of churches, and the trees of the park, stood as silhouettes against the sky. But the prevailing image was that of a great glory-halo, as if a mighty monarch sat enthroned just out of sight, and the radiance came from the majesty of his person. Another fancy followed in our mind. A state pageant seemed to be in progress below the horizon, and we were waiting for the whole procession to come into view.

Man does his work in the day, with the prevailing sunshine filling all things; and he thinks little of the great source of the light wherein, naturally, he lives, and moves, and has his being; but no one watching the dawn can be oblivious to the impression of the personality of the sun, true type of the King of glory, "the Sun of righteousness, with healing in His wings."

While we waited, the moon rose between the trees, a waning crescent, but shining with a brighter gold than the glow of the morning. It was a suggestive sight to see this gleaming sickle put forth as by an unseen hand. One could imagine it to be the sign of the coming harvest of another day. But the friend who stood with us put another significance upon the spectacle. "See," said he, "the forerunner comes! Gloriously she heralds the king; but as the bridegroom appears, she will wane. What the crescent in yon East is to the coming sun, so was the ministry of the Baptist to the Saviour of men."

Though the North and East were thus refulgent, and on the high heavens the sun was even then shining, London lay at the back of us in leagues of streets, shrouded in mist, tinged with the faintest rose. As we looked over the silent stretch of roofs and towers, Wordsworth's lines came forcibly to our minds,—

" Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

Moreover, the morning glory rising on the heights reminded us of the prophecies of the Old Testament, while the city slumbering at our feet became a figure of the people who dwelt "in the valley of the shadow of death," but upon whom the Light was soon to arise.

Before half-past three, a blackbird, in one of the trees of the park, began its song. Just as the bird commenced, a cab, with its lights still burning, passed below, possibly bringing home some belated

wanderer. Then the street lamps went out one by one. We were high up, and could see that the glow was intensifying in a certain spot just where the moon had risen some time before. Other birds began to sing, and the "caw" of the rook came on the morning air. Another sound set us stirring. Hidden away in the foliage all around, a multitude of fledglings began a chorus of shrill chirps. It was time for us to move if we meant, from a greater height, to see the sunrise. We dressed, for a blanket hardly seemed enough, and then began to climb to the top of the Heath through narrow ways flanked with trees and gardens. The scream of young birds was almost deafening. Not for anything would we have missed that shrill accompaniment of day-break. What a worry to the feathered mothers the clamour must be! "Breakfast!" was the cry from all those callow throats! The "early worm" stood a poor chance with such a persistent clatter in the elms.

Up sweet ways we went, with hedges of creamy privet and *Philadelphus* as boundaries. At one point, we came into full view of the North London Hospital for Consumption. On the verandah, one of the night nurses stood looking over the valley. We mused on what was taking place within the wards. How many had been unable to sleep through the hot night! The screen put round a certain bed at midnight! The languid gaze upon another day! The "beauty sleep" at daybreak! Ah, me! a hundred thoughts came in. The great building, reared on the heights above the city, looked like a monument to Christ—set in the light of morning; and the nurse, as spreading forth her arms she leaned, a yearning white figure, over the verandah, seemed to whisper, "Watchman, what of the night?" And the answer came from the glowing East, "The morning cometh; even a morning without clouds; a daybreak without pain; when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, as wraiths of the night before the sun. And in that day the Lamb shall lead the trustful by living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces."

We reached the flagstaff on the summit of the Heath by 3.50, and the sun was due at 4.5. The signs of immediate day hung everywhere. Fleecy clouds dropped with fire. Talk of "the golden fleece,"—it was spread out upon the sky! A delicate violet tint suffused the lower scene. This tint touched the mist which rose from the pool; it softened the outlines of walls and towers; it hung as a rose vapour over the trees in "the Vale of Health." Then a red rim appeared through a bank of stratus fog. In a few minutes, the rim became a fiery ball. We began to realize how rapidly, noiselessly, and accurately the evolutions of Nature are carried out. The stratus cloud had a golden porch, and this widened as the sun emerged. Then, with a glory which began to dazzle, the Great Light came through the rift, and into the open. At that moment, we thought of the nineteenth Psalm,—*"In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."*

The scum on a large pond moved slowly from the shallow edge where it had lain in folds through the night. It began to spread over the surface of the water as a pink gauze, and when the first rays of the

sun shot across the pool, it was apparent that every atom of the scum was alive. The morning had made its message felt even here. Millions of minute *Daphnie* were going forth with the day, and the pink tinge to the surface of the pond arose from the transparent circulation of the blood visible through their film-like bodies. So, as of old, "Day unto day uttereth speech." In the words of Goethe, "The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of all memoranda and signatures; subjects covered with hints which speak to the intelligent." And thus to us the phenomena of the morning became a Hymn of Praise, in mystic language rendered, but interpreted by "the mind of the Spirit" as we reverently worshipped at the Great Creator's shrine.

So the new sun rose, bringing the new day.

The Palace Beautiful.

I.—TERMS OF ENTRANCE. CONDITIONS OF CHURCH-MEMBERSHIP.*

BY PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

DURING well-nigh forty years' connection with the people of God, the writer has never known a person in fellowship with a church to profess conversion. This is a solemn fact, for it is to be feared that there are many church-members who need converting; but this rarely takes place after an individual has joined a church. Hence, the constitution of the church should be our first and great concern; for, unless matters are right here, nothing in church-life or work can be right. We may have a gospel ministry, an apostolic form of worship, a pure ritual, so that in outward form and observance nothing more can be desired; yet, if we are lax or unscriptural in our constituency, the work will be sadly hindered, if not altogether in vain. Make the foundation good if you would have the superstructure stand.

The Church of Jesus Christ is formed on the principle of *selection*, not on that of *comprehension*; about this, there cannot be two opinions among those who accept the *ecclesia* of the New Testament. On this point we are sound enough as Baptists; for, in theory, we separate the Church from the world, as a people "called out" of it; but it is quite possible to believe one thing and to practise another. Let us see to it that our principles live in our practice, and let the world see that our membership is moulded after the model of apostolic times. Let us suffer none to enter, however apparently advantageous the connection may seem to be, who do not give satisfactory evidence of their conversion to God. The removal of the old landmarks may enhance the interests of carnal wisdom, and sordid ambition, but cannot fail to injure the health and growth of that kingdom which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The days of the Church's

* This article is to be followed by three others,—The Palace Beautiful, the Service Rendered to the King;—The Palace Beautiful, how it is Maintained and Governed;—The Palace Beautiful and its Banqueting-hall.

purity have always been the days of her strength and conquest, as her first triumphs abundantly testify. Then, Zion laughed defiance at the foes that raged around her. On the other hand, her days of weakness and failure have been those in which she has adopted a latitudinarian policy, and welcomed to her fellowship persons who were destitute of grace and goodness,—the days when she has lost sight of the all-important fact that *Christians only can constitute a church; and that a church never constitutes men Christians.*

It is just here that we see special danger in our times. The tendency seems to lie in the direction of breaking down the hedges of the Lord's vineyard; and whenever this is done, the boar out of the wood will waste it, and the wild beast of the field will devour it. "Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts: look down from Heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that Thou madest strong for Thyself." We shall do something towards answering this touching prayer when we fully recognize that social respectability, worldly wealth, or exalted rank, can never be accepted as substitutes for vital godliness, and that none are eligible for membership in the Church of Christ but those who are "new creatures in Christ Jesus." Let us write upon the door-posts of our churches the words of our Lord to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Until he is regenerated, he cannot even see, much less can he enter, the true Church.

Is there not, in Revelation xxi., a picture of what the Church of Christ should be, and shall be? The angel said to John, "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife;" this was the form of the vision: "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had *twelve gates*, and at the gates *twelve angels*. . . . And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. . . . And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth." This description is as instructive as it is sublime;—*a walled city, with open but guarded gates.* On this model the early churches were formed. They were communities of saints; the ties that bound the members one to another were a common *faith* and a common *love*. Having these, nothing else is needed; but lacking these, any outward confederacy is a rope of sand, or a lying sham. In the days of early church life, heart beat to heart in sure and responsive harmony, and the all-pervading presence of Christian love, like the power of gravitation in the stellar universe, preserved the various churches in proper equipoise, and kept them revolving in their allotted circles; and thus, bathed in the sunlight of Heaven, caused their very movements to chime forth a song of triumphant praise to God.

Following conversion, comes confession: "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made

unto salvation." Principal Moule says, on this passage, "Man is saved that he may serve; and he cannot truly serve without loyalty to his Lord; and he cannot be truly loyal while he hides his relation to Him. In some articulate way, he must confess Him." In what more fitting way can this be done than in the ordinance of baptism? Thus it was that Timothy witnessed a good profession before many witnesses.

With a very few trifling exceptions, baptism is admitted to be the initiatory rite of admission into the visible church, and a sign of union with Christ. The ancient order observed was, first, conversion; then, baptism; then, addition to the church, and the enjoyment of all the privileges of membership. In this declaration we are supported by the overwhelming evidence of God's Word. Hence we hold strongly (and as we believe, Scripturally,) that a Christian church should consist of baptized believers; and that the unbaptized believer has no right to membership, any more than the man who refuses to wear distinctive regimentals has a right to be numbered with that section of the Queen's army. He may be a good soldier, and I may enjoy fellowship with him in many ways; but if he joins this section of the army, he must wear its badge.

The methods of receiving members are mainly two.

In some cases, the candidate is expected to come to a church-meeting, and reply to such questions as may be put from the chair, chiefly with a view to elicit expressions of his or her trust in the Lord Jesus. This method has often been made a means of grace, and a rich blessing to all concerned; while, at other times, a phase of truth has been brought out, which otherwise might have been overlooked. Take this example, which happened at a church-meeting at the Metropolitan Tabernacle when the beloved C. H. S. was in the chair:—"You know, of course, that baptism will not wash away sin; you do not think it will, do you?" "Yes, I do, sir." "You do? Well, what sin will baptism wash away?" "*The sin of disobedience.*" The child of eleven years, who gave that answer, was well known to the writer of this paper.

In other churches, in order that the membership may be kept pure, it has been deemed desirable to have testimony from others beside the candidates themselves. Thus it was in the case of Saul of Tarsus when "he essayed to join himself to the disciples." "Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that He had spoken to him, and how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem." Perhaps, from this incident, has come the wise and healthy custom of appointing visitors to see those who seek union with the church. During a ministry of over thirty years, the writer has only known one instance in which this custom has been used as an excuse for not joining the church, and in that case he did not deem it wise or right to give place to the weakness and shrinking of the flesh. Surely those who love Christ can "tell how great things God has done for them." Of course, this system may in some rare cases be abused; but that is no argument against its rightful use. It need not be an offence to any, and

it will be an immense blessing to that church which watches for souls, and rejoices over one repenting sinner, "more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

In some of our churches there was, and I believe still is, observed, the custom of *signing the name in a book kept for the purpose*. This practice was probably taken from Isaiah xlv. 5 : "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall *subscribe with his hand unto the Lord*, and surname himself by the name of Israel." This custom adds very much to the solemnity of what is always an interesting event in a convert's life.

One or two fragments from the dream that has charmed myriads of readers for two hundred years may, perhaps, form a fitting close to this paper; the extracts will also explain the title of the series of articles:—"As Christian went on his way, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side" (not across it, in the dreamer's view of the church). Watchful, the porter, kept the gate, to whom Christian said, "Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night?" The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and He built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going, to which he answered, "My name is now Christian, I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion."

"So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house, a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion. Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. And last she asked his name; so he said, It is Christian. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause, she said, 'I will call forth two or three more of my family.' So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house said, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord'"

After a delightful season of holy fellowship, Christian was shown to "a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke, and sang,—

"Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are?
Thou to provide! that I should be forgiven!
And dwell already the next door to Heaven."

Thus the grand old dreamer gives us a charming and instructive description of a church, and the conditions of membership. This is all we contend for; and nothing less than this should satisfy those who take the New Testament as their guide. If the visible church is once more to regain her ancient renown, she must keep Watchful as the porter at her gate, and Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity must see to it that no pilgrim enters the Palace Beautiful, who has not first been through the Wicket Gate, and lost his burden at the Cross.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

IX.—By T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

I AM happy to be able to furnish the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* with the notes—hitherto unpublished—of a memorable discourse delivered by our beloved and glorified President nearly forty years ago. So far as can be ascertained, Mr. Spurgeon's first sermons to a Welsh audience were delivered in the ancient village of Castleton, midway between Newport and Cardiff, on Wednesday, July 20, 1859. This visit is still greatly talked about by the aged people in the district; I have often been delighted to see their glistening eyes as they have related their recollections of this red-letter day in their past experience. Never in the annals of the village, either before or since, has there been anything at all approximating to the scene which was witnessed that day. For some time previously, it had been made known through Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire that the popular preacher, C. H. Spurgeon, would deliver two discourses in the open air at Castleton. The excitement among the people, and especially among the inhabitants of the hill-districts, in anticipation of the services, was immense. The question, "Are you going to hear Spurgeon?" took the place of the usual remarks about the weather. The various railway companies ran excursion trains, and the result was an enormous gathering of people from all parts.

The first service began at eleven o'clock in the morning, in a field which was admirably adapted for the occasion, as it gradually sloped to a level at the bottom. The seats were arranged in a semi-circular form. Everyone had a full view of the preacher, and his powerful voice was distinctly heard by the nine or ten thousand persons assembled. Before announcing his text, Mr. Spurgeon said:—"My dear friends, I most earnestly and humbly entreat your prayers that I may be enabled to preach the gospel with power this day. I do not know that at any time I ever felt my own weakness more than I do now. I recollect to what mighty men of God some of you have sometimes listened, ministers whose names ought to be held in reverence as long as any man's name endures on the face of the earth. I can scarcely hope to tread in the footsteps of many of those preachers whom you have heard. This, however, I can say to you,—you may have men in Wales who can preach the gospel *in a better manner* than I can hope to do, but you have no one who can preach **A BETTER GOSPEL**. It is the same gospel from first to last, and tells of the same Saviour, who is ready to receive the meanest, the feeblest, the most guilty, and the most vile, who come unto God by Him. May the Holy Spirit graciously rest upon us now! I will read my text to you from the Gospel according to Matthew, the twenty-eighth chapter, and the fifth verse, and then Mr. Davies, of Haverfordwest College, will read it to you in Welsh,—a feat which I cannot accomplish.

"*And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.*"

"When the angel descended from Heaven, in all his brightness of

glory, he cast his lightning glance upon the keepers of Christ's tomb, and they, overcome with fright, 'did shake, and became as dead men;' there was no spirit left in them. Close by, stood two feeble women,—'Mary Magdalene and the other Mary,'—women with none of the strength possessed by those mighty soldiers, who had probably faced death in many a battle. Is it any wonder that these women also began to tremble? The angel, veiling his brightness, and putting away the lightning from his brow, turned to the women, and said, '*Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.*'

"Learn from this angelic message, dear friends, this truth,—bad men have always cause to fear, but good people never. The wicked may well tremble at the presence of the angel of the Lord; but the righteous may look old Satan in the face, and never fear. Come what may in this world, he who loveth not God has always fresh ground for alarm and dismay. O unsaved sinners, all Heaven is against you! Hell, with which you are leagued, is, notwithstanding, your enemy. You, who rebel against God, have nowhere a friend. Look up to the throne of God; there, stern, unyielding justice is against you. Look around the throne; there stand the peers of Heaven's high state, every one ready to punish sin, and to avenge the quarrel of God with sinful man. Look around you in the world, ye ungodly ones; everything is against you. Do you prosper? You are but fattening for your own destruction. Are you afflicted? Your afflictions are the first big drops of the hail of eternal wrath, if ye believe not in Jesus, and die in your sins. All things work together for ill to them that love not God, that despise His gospel, and that hate His Anointed. Be ye warned, O ye ungodly ones!

"Ye who believe in Jesus, ye who are accepted in the Beloved, never have any cause to tremble, come what may. Let all the vials of wrath be poured out in the air, in the sea, and on the earth, yet let not your cheeks be blanched with fear. Let all the lightnings make the heavens to be in a blaze, and all the thunders be let loose, yet let those who love God never shake: for 'we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.' Yea, the more earnestly and the more terribly 'all things work together,' the richer will be the blessings they will bring to the people of God. Suppose now that for three days the sun should not rise, and that the whole earth were wrapped in Egyptian darkness. Imagine the moon turned into a clot of blood, and that the stars, reeling to and fro like madmen, had left their places, and had fled away into infinite space. Conceive in the midst of the black darkness, uncheered by a single ray of light, that there should be a great earthquake, and that a voice should be heard as of a trumpet, even such a dreadful sound as was heard upon Mount Sinai. Think, next, that hell had opened its mouth, and that all the spirits of darkness had been let loose. Yet, even then, when the worst had come to the worst, the godly man might sing,—

" 'He that hath made his refuge God
 Shall find a most secure abode,
 Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.'

"Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, let us never be afraid, but let us always rejoice. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

The preacher next said that, in dependence upon God's grace, he would divide his discourse thus : in the first place, he would endeavour *to seek out the seekers*, those who were seeking Jesus ; in the second place, he would endeavour *to meet the fears of those who were seeking Jesus* ; he would try to bring the seekers' fears up to the great guns of the promises, blow them to pieces, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven ; then he might possibly be able to say *a few closing words of application and exhortation*. Mr. Spurgeon then continued :—

"I. First, dear friends, let us endeavour TO SEEK OUT THE SEEKERS, —those who, like Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, are *seeking Jesus with all their hearts*.

"There are some people who seem to imagine they are to be carried to Heaven upon a feather bed ; they think they have only to fold their arms, and go floating into Paradise. I wonder how such persons explain this text, 'From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' The kingdom of Heaven is not to be taken by a sleeping soldier, neither are we to be carried to the skies 'on flowery beds of ease.' It is often no easy work to find the Saviour. The example of Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, in their overflowing love, in their unlimited confidence, in their earnest and passionate longing, must be followed and imitated. When I was seeking Christ, I worked harder than ever I did before, and underwent greater mental and bodily labour. Like the horse in the hunt, which, in the pursuit, requires neither whip, nor spur, nor bit, so must the conduct of the seeker be ; and the true seeker will seek Jesus with all his heart, and mind, and soul, and strength.

"*The sincere seeker will industriously and continuously seek Jesus*. It is not by prayer to-day and forgetfulness to-morrow that Jesus Christ is to be found. It is not the excitement of a sermon on the Sunday, and the still greater excitement of the whisky on the Monday, that will carry men to Heaven. We have known men and women under deep religious conviction, and have often noticed their earnestness in listening to the gospel ; we have seen them crowd into the house of God, and stand during the whole service without any support to lean on ; and they have not complained of weariness. Mere nominal, formal professors, seated in their comfortably-cushioned pews, will yawn and sleep, or complain of the service being too long, and grumble if the minister keeps them five minutes beyond the allotted time ; but earnest seekers never complain of the length of the time they spend in the worship of the sanctuary. They will not object to walk twenty miles to the service, and the same distance back again, and think little of any sacrifices they have to make, being ready to go any distance to hear the gospel preached, if so be they can but find Jesus, who was crucified. Some people say they are *waiting* for the Lord ; waiting for a special appeal, or manifestation. Waiting, are they ? But waiting implies being ready. Suppose that I am staying at your house, and you say to me, 'Dear me, how late you are ; I

have been waiting tea for you for some time.' But the kettle is not boiling, and I see no preparation for the meal; and I say, 'I don't believe you have been waiting, or the tea would have been made, and you would have been prepared for my coming.' The soul that is really waiting for Christ, is the soul that is ready to receive Christ, the soul that is continually crying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, my heart is ready to welcome Thee.'

"The earnest seeker will not be particular as to where Christ is to be found, if so be that he can find Him." When men have no living interest in religion, they are often most ready to fight for its every jot and tittle. The spiritually dead Churchman—and there are many such,—is ready to stand up for every door-nail belonging to Mother Church, and for every form and ceremony mentioned in the Prayer-book! The dead Baptist will fight and quarrel about the depth of the water, and the terms of communion. The dead Wesleyan will contend for the Conference, and Class Meeting, and the three years' system, and exclaim, 'I do not like those Reform fellows!' Until men are really anxious about Christ Jesus the Lord, they are the greatest bigots and sticklers for precedents that can be imagined; but when they are in downright earnest in their anxiety first to find and then to serve Jesus, then are they zealously affected for the spiritual welfare of others. There is a sinner dying of hunger, and he is crying for bread. The Churchman offers him the genuine square bread, baked in real Established tins; the Wesleyan comes with a nicely-baked cottage loaf; the Baptist presents the plain four-pound loaf, warranted full weight; the Congregationalist comes with his choice fancy bread; and the Primitive Methodist offers his crisp twist. 'Gentlemen,' says the starving man, 'I really do not care which bread it is, only give me bread, for I am starving. Give me of the BREAD OF LIFE now, and let us talk of other matters after my hunger is appeased.'

"Once more, the sincere seeker seeks Jesus early." Satan keeps whispering, 'To-morrow.' The true seeker knows that delays are dangerous, yea, that they may be damnable. True seekers seek the Saviour because they cannot help themselves; they are so hard pressed that they must seek Jesus, or perish. Some people ask when they are to pray. If a man is knocked down by a heavy blow, would you expect him to ask, 'When may I cry out? When may I get up?' The poor fellow would not be able to help crying out, and, naturally, he would get up as soon as possible. If it were arranged, in our hospitals, that the patients should groan at a certain hour in the morning, and then again at a certain hour in the evening, it might perhaps be better for the nurses and attendants; but the poor sufferers groan because they cannot help groaning. Nature must express its woes; it is just so with the sincere seeker, he has a spiritual necessity laid upon him, and he must seek, he must groan, he must cry out aloud, he cannot be silent. No sinner has ever yet gone to Christ who could stop away from Him. I know a man who lets out horses. Someone went to him, and asked him how much he would charge for a horse for a day; he told him, and then the man went round to others, and tried to get one at a lower price. He did not succeed, and when he came back, the first man said, 'No, you have been round to other people in the

town, and you shall not have my horse now.' Is it not a similar case with some seekers? They go to Moses, they ask him how much he will charge to take them to Heaven, and they find that his charges are very high. At last, when they go to the Lord Jesus Christ, it is from sheer necessity; but, blessed be His all-glorious Name, the Saviour never turns any sincere seeking soul away. Jesus welcomes the seeker, and will in no wise cast him out, no matter to how many he has sought previously. Come to Him now, come just as you are, and He will receive even *you*.

"II. Now let us try to SLAY THE SLAVISH FEARS THAT KEEP THE SEEKER FROM THE SAVIOUR. Would that we could bring up these fears, one by one, and pierce them through and through so that they should fall down dead!

"*One fear that agitates the seeking sinner is, lest he should not be one of God's elect.* I had this fear firmly fixed in my soul when I was seeking Jesus. I went to one minister, who proved to be an unskilled physician; and he, pulling a long face, said, 'My young friend, you have nothing to do with the doctrine of election.' As I left him, I said to myself, 'I am not very grateful for what I have got out of him.' It is not wise to tell a distressed, seeking soul that he has nothing to do with the doctrine of election; he is not to be thus silenced. Yet the doctrine of election should never keep any sinner from coming to Christ, for He Himself has said, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"Here comes another, who says, '*I fear I have not come to Jesus Christ the right way.*' My friend, no one can come to Jesus Christ the wrong way. No man can come to Jesus, except the Father, which hath sent Jesus, draw him; and the Father will draw no sinner to Jesus the wrong way. Some people are troubled because they cannot tell the time of their conversion; but it is not necessary that anyone should know the time and place so long as he is sure about the fact of his conversion. Suppose, as I am walking through the streets of Castleton, I meet an old woman, and say to her, 'Well, mistress, how are you?' She answers, 'I am very well considering my age.' I ask, 'How old are you?' She replies, 'Nearly eighty; but I don't recollect exactly.' 'Well,' I say, 'but you know when and where you were born, do you not?' She says, 'No, I do not remember anything about that.' Suppose, then, I looked her full in the face, and said, 'My good woman, if you don't recollect *when* you were born, and don't know *where* you were born, depend upon it you are labouring under a delusion altogether, *you never were born, and you are not alive.*' I can almost imagine the old woman would answer, 'Get away with you, you insolent fellow, or I'll soon show you that I am alive.' My dear friends, let me suggest that you apply this illustration to your own case. If you are alive in Christ, you need not distress yourselves because you cannot tell *the time and place* when you were first quickened. If you can say with the man who had been blind from his birth, and whose eyes Jesus had opened, 'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see,' you need not question the genuineness of your spiritual vision, because you cannot reply to the vain questionings of Satan.

"Some believers have the strange fear that, perhaps, after all, they are not saved, *because they do not feel precisely as others feel*; their experience somewhat varies from that of other Christians. Remember, my dear friends, it is often the odd men that are saved. Christ's army is very much like David's ragged regiment; we read in the Book of Samuel (1 Sam. xxii. 2): 'And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them.' Your experience may not be on all fours with that of others; but have you come to Jesus Christ? Some have a terrible experience, others are like Lydia, 'whose heart the Lord opened;' but let not any distress themselves, or murmur, if they can say, 'I know whom I have believed.' 'Jesus is precious to me.' 'I am trusting in Him.' The Holy Spirit has more ways than one of getting into the hearts of men. Sometimes He comes with a key, and places it in the well-oiled lock, and the door is gently opened. At another time He may come as with a huge sledge-hammer, and violently burst open the door. Never mind how the door is opened, if Jesus does but enter, bringing salvation with Him.

"Some are under the strange delusion that they may be the children of God one day, and the next day be the children of the devil. I cannot, for the life of me, imagine how I can be the child of JOHN SPURGEON to-day, and the child of TOM JONES, or of BEN LEWIS to-morrow. I cannot understand how a man can have two fathers, and especially two fathers who are fathers turn-and-turn-about. I know my earthly father, and while he lives, he must be my father; and if I am a child of God to-day, I shall be a child of God through all eternity.

" 'Once in Christ, in Christ for ever;
Nothing from His love can sever.'

"You may belong to the awkward squad, but you have no need to fear, if you are seeking Jesus Christ, who was crucified. If you can truly say that you are on the side of Jesus, you have no cause for fear, for none can destroy you on earth or in hell."

The sermon was a most powerful discourse, delivered with impassioned earnestness and fire, never surpassed by the most eloquent of the Welsh preachers.

The text in the evening was Revelation xiv. 1—3: "And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with Him an hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's Name written on their foreheads. And I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth." Every word of the preacher was plainly audible to the whole of the vast audiences at both the services; and at the close of the day it was remarked that his voice was as clear and as vigorous as at the commencement.

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

THE long-looked-for day has come and gone, and we have fresh cause to praise and bless the Name of the Lord for the crowning mercies which attended the opening of the beautiful house of prayer erected at Bexhill-on-Sea, to God's glory, and in loving memory of his faithful and glorified servant, C. H. Spurgeon. The day fixed for the first services in the new building,—*Wednesday, August 17*,—was fine and bright, the great heat being somewhat tempered by a delightful breeze; and, from the commencement to the close, the proceedings passed off most happily and successfully.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, more than two hundred friends assembled for praise and prayer. Pastor J. S. Hockey presided, and the keynote for all future services was struck by the singing of the Doxology, which was repeated after Mr. Hockey had announced that there was not a farthing of debt on the whole premises, the last £150 for the Building Fund having been generously given by a kind friend then present (a Protestant), in fulfilment of his promise to meet any deficiency on the day of opening. A very profitable hour was spent around the mercy-seat, and the spirit of earnest thanksgiving and supplication manifested was the pledge of still further blessings at the larger gatherings in the afternoon and evening.

As three o'clock approached, it was evident that the seating capacity of the new Chapel would be tested to the utmost; and, soon, between seven and eight hundred persons were crowded into all available seats, while every inch of standing-room was fully occupied. Just before the hour for commencing the service, Mrs. Spurgeon entered, leaning upon the arm of her son Charles; and the large congregation spontaneously rose in token of gratitude that she was able to be present on the memorable occasion, and in sympathy with her at the remembrance of her beloved husband, whose name is inseparably associated with the new sanctuary.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon was the afternoon preacher. His text was 1 John iii. 5: "And ye know that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin." The sermon will appear in the Pastor's weekly series, and to many readers it will be all the more interesting because of the circumstances under which it was delivered; it was a clear and powerful presentation of the old gospel which his dear father so long proclaimed at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and wherever he went. A similar description might be given concerning Pastor Charles Spurgeon's discourse, in the evening, from Psalm lxxxix. 15: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance." The "holy and beautiful house," erected by Mrs. Spurgeon and the many friends who have assisted her in carrying out the project, could not have been more appropriately dedicated to the worship of God than it was by the twin-sons' declaration of the truth which they had learned from their honoured parents, and, better still, from the Holy Spirit.

At each service, a statement was made by Mr. Hockey, on behalf of Mrs. Spurgeon, as Treasurer of the Building Fund, to the following effect:—The total amount expended for the *School-Chapel*, freehold ground, legal expenses—Conveyance and Trust Deed, wall and fencing, and the minister's support until the Church was formed, was £1,628 10s. 11d. The total expenditure for the *Chapel* (including £100, the cost of the furnishing, which is defrayed by the Church, and friends of the Pastor), is about £1,140. As already stated, the whole of this amount had been contributed before the opening, thus ratifying the pledge given by Mrs. Spurgeon, at the initiation

of the work, that there should be "*no debt*, and no bazaars, concerts, or entertainments for raising the funds for the building of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea."

Mr. Hockey, in the name of Mrs. Spurgeon, as well as on behalf of himself and his friends, expressed heartiest gratitude to the architect (Mr. Resta W. Moore, of Brighton), and the builder (Mr. Charles Thomas, of Bexhill), for the admirable manner in which they had, respectively, designed and erected the whole pile of buildings. Both of them have generously contributed at various stages of the work, and now, at the close, Mr. Moore has returned to the Building Fund £100 from his commission, while Mr. Thomas has promised £50 out of his final instalment on account of the contract; to both architect and builder the work has been a real labour of love. They must have been exceedingly gratified with the universal expression of admiration of the chapel which they have helped to rear to God's praise. It is probably an unusual circumstance that there is not a penny to be added to the contract for "extras."

After Mr. Hockey had mentioned these good friends, he said that there was one other name that could not be omitted on that occasion; yet he felt himself utterly unable adequately to refer to his indebtedness to Mrs. Spurgeon. He knew that, among the seven or eight hundred Pastors' College brethren, the dear lady might have selected many men with more talent, but he was sure that she could not have chosen for that position one who more intensely loved the glorified President, nor one who more faithfully adhered to the grand old Puritan truths for which he lived, and laboured, and died.

Although the new chapel was opened, Mr. Hockey explained that there were a few "finishing touches" needed before everything would be complete. There is to be an illuminated text, on the wall at the back of the platform, so that all who enter the building may read the Saviour's words: "ALL THAT THE FATHER GIVETH ME SHALL COME TO ME; AND HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." The book-board, on which the pulpit Bible rests, is to have a brass plate attached, bearing the following inscription:—"This book-board was made from part of a charred beam in the first Metropolitan Tabernacle, erected for the ministry of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon in 1861, and destroyed by fire in 1898. '*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.*'—Matthew xxiv. 35." The pulpit itself is also to have an inscription intimating that it was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Torrey, of the United States.

When Mr. Hockey had finished his announcements, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon briefly expressed his dear mother's hearty thanks to all who had helped her in the good work, and her high appreciation of the ministry of Mr. Hockey; and added that it was her desire that the thankofferings at the opening services should be devoted to the Manse Fund. Accordingly, a collection was made, which amounted to £39; and another was taken in the evening, which realized over £12. Friends unable to be present sent nearly £25, so there is a nice nest-egg towards the £625 required to pay for the house now being erected on the freehold ground adjoining the Chapel. Further contributions for this Fund may be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

Between the afternoon and evening services, three hundred friends partook of tea in the School-chapel. That was about the number of those who had journeyed from London and Greenwich, and in addition there were contingents from Eastbourne, St. Leonard's, Brighton, and Brentford, who travelled to Bexhill to show their sympathy with the work. Altogether, the opening services gave a most cheering augury of the future prosperity of the Church and congregation worshipping in Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

At the House of the Five Brothers.

BY D. L. DONALD, CHITTAGONG, BENGAL, INDIA.



THE house of the five brothers is situated in a small village in the Hill Tracts of Chittagong. A Bengali told me that there were *seven* brothers, with their families, living there; and my mind ran on fairy tales. A Mugh told me that the number was *six*; and I reflected on the sin of exaggeration. By way of introducing conversation, I turned to one of the brothers sitting next me, and asked for his confirmation of the statement that six families lived in the house. He assured me that the number was *five*; and, inasmuch as I discovered five doors leading from the great room into five several bedrooms, I decided to believe my last informant. I am not prepared, however, to regard the men who gave me other information as great sinners, for it appears that, beside the five brothers named, their parents also find accommodation in the house; and, at times, visitors almost without number are entertained there.

The immediate cause of my visit was to inspect a school held by one of our evangelists on the verandah of the house. A school being a public place, the men of the village soon assembled; and one of our preachers, seated crossed-legged on the floor, began to tell of Christ. That was all very well, they said; but it was impossible to remember, unless they saw the pictures of the magic lantern, and heard the music of the harmonium. Would we bring them? The request was backed by the assertion that one of the men present, having seen the illustrations of the Prodigal Son elsewhere, was able to recite the story. I expressed a desire to hear him do so. The poor fellow replied that it was true he could tell the story among a few friends, but he could not venture before so large a company. It was ultimately agreed that the villagers should send men for the lantern, etc., and that we should spend the night there. Nothing was said about lodging and refreshment. There was all the verandah floor for sleeping

accommodation, and six women had been husking rice all the afternoon. As evening fell, the bark of a deer was heard in the hills. A man rushed out with his gun, and started off in search, while the villagers watched from their doors for the bound of the beautiful creature or the smoke of the gun.

It was a very attentive audience that gathered in the centre of the village to hear the story of God's love in giving a Saviour for men, and a very merry company that afterwards assembled in the hall of the house of the five brothers. In that great room, there were three hearths covered with blazing wood; two down the middle of the room gave accommodation to a mixed company, and one at the end was for the women and their babies. No sooner were they seated, than the ladies asked for more music on the harmonium. That was the beginning of a musical evening. Three bamboo flutes were produced, and we had solos and duets in real Hill style. But no one would sing; till, at last, one young fellow, coming up with boyish swagger, gave us a ballad in the plaintive manner of his countrymen. Our preacher, Nu La Fru, followed with a musical recitation of the chronicles of the native kings, after which urgent calls were made for a special instrument. Great was my curiosity to know of what nature this new instrument could be. I had found a small accordion in one of the villages, and a stringed instrument called "the crocodile" in another; but what could this one be? One of the ladies at the end first became prettily excited, laughed, and covered her face with her hands; then, after urgent expostulations, she seized a flaming bamboo from the hearth, and rushed out. It was whispered round the fire that she had gone for the instrument. Presently, she returned, laughing and shy, accompanied by two girls; in her hand was one of those little mouth-organs called "Jew's harps." Naturally, a number of pretty little movements had to be gone through. First of all, the musician had to present the harp to one of the elder women, who vehemently refused to perform on it. It was then taken by one of the young men, but the company would not allow him to play; so he had to carry it back to its owner. At last, after a little more persuasion, the fair musician turned her back to the company, and looked into the cook-room, while an attentive assembly listened to the quiet music. The instrument was then passed to a girl who half hid herself behind a partition while performing; the third musician was altogether invisible.

Strangers took the flaming bamboos from the hearth into the dark night, I crept off to my corner on the floor of the verandah, while the two Bengali preachers, but ill-provided with bedding for the bitter night, lay down to shiver through the long hours of darkness; and, before dawn, to creep back to the hearth, and relight last night's fire.

No sooner were the fires ablaze, than the children of the house were at their lessons. Some five or six small blackboards, fixed on bamboo sticks, and containing carefully-written lessons, formed their text-books; and, drawing these boards near the fire, they spent the time till sunrise conning over the writing in a kind of musical chant.

The old mother of the five brothers began again her weary existence on the verandah, making a sad sort of wail,—either prayer or complaint,—the melancholy voice of a vigorous soul deprived of its worldly pleasures in the loss of sight and hearing. Her old husband sat beside her, faithfully driving away or killing the flies with a long-handled home-made fan.

The village has as yet furnished no members to our church, but here the gospel is not unknown, and the day of joy may speedily be with us. Will readers of this simple sketch pray that it may be so?

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 *Supplement to Our Own Hymn Book*, which has been mentioned many times in our pages, is now ready. It contains 303 hymns, and is issued in two different sizes of type, each in cloth and roan binding. The prices of the double-column edition are 6d. and 1s., and the foolscap 8vo., 1s. and 2s. The hymns that have been selected, after very careful and prayerful research, and the original compositions, which have been kindly furnished by their respective authors, will be found to follow on the same lines as those of *Our Own Hymn Book*, the chief difference being the inclusion of about thirty hymns for children, and additional hymns on the Second Advent. There are also several written by the beloved C. H. Spurgeon since he issued the Hymn Book which has so greatly helped in the service of the sanctuary for almost a third of the century, and which will now, it is hoped, with this Supplement, be increasingly valued by the churches that have previously used it in their worship, and by those that will adopt it in the future. Even where the Hymn Book is not used in the congregation, the Supplement will be found to be specially suitable for family devotion, as it contains so many of the hymns which are favourites with Christians of all denominations, and others which will be equally valued as soon as they become known.

The original edition of *Our Own Hymn Book* can still be obtained in various sizes of type and styles of binding at prices ranging from 6d. to 10s. 6d. Specimens, both of the Hymn Book and the Supplement, and information concerning the allowance to congregations ordering a quantity, can be obtained on application to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

Mr. George Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane, sends us *What the Stones Say; or, Sermons in Stones*, by C. H. SPURGEON, with Notes by J. L. Keys,

and Introduction by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

If any of our readers have not yet secured a copy of this notable lecture by Mr. Spurgeon on "Sermons in Stones," with the valuable appendices which Mr. Keys has collected from many quarters, they had better take this opportunity of doing so. The book is published at 1s. in stiff covers, or 2s. in cloth, and contains many appropriate illustrations.

Pastor ERNEST BAKER, "one of our own men," sends us an interesting 48-page booklet, entitled, *Some Lessons of a Great Life; a humble tribute to my Gamaliel, Charles Haddon Spurgeon*. It is published by Townshend, Taylor, and Snashall, Cape Town, probably at about threepence.

Reasons for my Faith and Practice, is the title of a sixpenny booklet (published by Wm. Slater, 59, Blackfriars Road), in which another of "our own men," Pastor E. ROBERTS, of the South London Tabernacle, gives his reasons for being a Christian, a Protestant, a Nonconformist, and a Baptist. Our brother argues clearly, cogently, and with the utmost fairness towards those who differ from him.

Daniel and the Revelation: The Chart of Prophecy and our Place in it. By Rev. JOSEPH TANNER, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 7s. 6d.

THIS is the grandest work on prophecy that has ever appeared, up-to-date all round, and far beyond the price of rubies. Having read it with ever-growing appreciation and gratitude, we feel certain that all who prayerfully study these pages will be rewarded far beyond anticipation. While thoroughly historical in interpretation, there are supplementary aspects, such as relate to the exposition of the Sixth Vial, which have never been unfolded hitherto by the Historical School of Prophecy, and

which give to this work a unique value, and, taking our own experience as a guide, an exceeding great preciousness. In our judgment, it ranks as a demonstration of the Historical View; and, over and above that, as a fresh and fuller elucidation of the entire subject. We should feel guilty were we to bestow niggard praise upon this volume, or were we to fail to do everything in our power to promote its circulation amongst God's children everywhere. The writer has entered on the labours of the past, but he has not left the subject where he found it; and it is these fresh pastures which are the most delectable of all. With all our heart, and on every ground, we commend this Prophetic Chart.

The Coming People. By C. F. DOLE.
H. R. Allenson.

As a book of social philosophy and ethics, most admirable; but as a book of vital religion, utterly defective. The manward side is all and in all here, the Godward is simply ignored.

We can quite imagine that an Agnostic might be inclined to receive this teaching as a compromise between his own imaginings and the religion of Jesus Christ; but it is only a compromise, and, at the best, a very negative one.

John the Baptist among the Methodists.
A Vision of To-day. "Joyful News"
Book Depot, Rochdale, and 152,
Fleet Street, London.

THIS book has a mission; it should be in the hands of every minister and Christian worker. It contains heart-searching questions, which constrain to prayer. If John the Baptist were to visit other denominations, we fear he would find much the same state of things existing as among the Methodists. The Holy Spirit is ignored and grieved, ministers are powerless, and their work fruitless. The supreme need of the Church to-day is not riper scholarship, finer music, greater eloquence, or more perfect organization; but power from on high. Come, O breath of Heaven! Descend, O fire of God!

The Nourished Life. A Series of Homilies on Hosea xiv. 5-7. By Rev. E. AUBREY, Glasgow. A. H. Stockwell and Co.

THESE are model homilies; they are excellent alike in spirit, style, and matter. The author goes to the heart of his subject, and proclaims God to be both the source and the sustenance of spiritual life.

Our Daily Homily. Genesis to Ruth.
By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

MANY who read these portions, as they first appeared in *The Christian*, will be glad to have them in this dainty little volume. It is well that they should be thus preserved in a permanent form. Though there are many works of a similar description, this one will probably make a place for itself. Other volumes will follow at short intervals; each of them should be supplied with a Textual Index.

Tin Tacks for Tiny Folks, and other Outline Addresses for Preachers, Teachers, and Christian Workers amongst Young People. By CHAS. EDWARDS. H. R. Allenson.

WE put this volume to a practical test by handing it to a Sunday-school teacher. It was declared to be "most helpful." The verdict did not surprise us. It seems to us to be the very thing. If the pump refuses to pour forth a stream after being wetted by these suggestions, it must be because there is no water in the well. The author prefers to liken his outlines to tin tacks, and well he may, for they are remarkably handy, and very pointed.

The Mystery of the True Vine. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a small book, of some 170 pages, divided into short chapters of four pages each, and adapted, if so desired, for a month's daily readings. It is dedicated to the young people of the Christian Endeavour Movement; and, in the hands of a devout and earnest leader, who can supply his own illustrations, may be the

means of leading young believers into the naturalness and the fruitfulness of a life of faith.

Love God. A few Reasons for Obeying this Command. By WILLIAM A. CARDEN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Elliot Stock.

WHAT is lacking here in quantity is made up in quality. This Christian physician treats his theme in a worthy manner.

Mr. JOSIAH SPIERS, Founder of the Children's Special Service Mission, 13a, Warwick Lane, has published a second series of eight "*True Stories*" Leaflets. They are printed in colours, tastefully illustrated, and, best of all, full of the gospel, told in language that children can understand. Over 700,000 of the first series have been sold; and it will not surprise us if there is as large a demand for the new set. The price is 2s. per 100, or 15s. 6d. per 1,000, carriage free.

Mr. JOSEPH N. GOAD, of 97, Almack Road, Clapton Park, prepared for a meeting of the London City Missionaries' Mutual Improvement Society a timely and powerful paper in answer to the question, *Is there a Dearth of Conversions?* It has been published at 1d., and can be obtained from the above address at 1½d. post free. It is worthy of wide circulation.

Here and Hereafter. By G. W. BUTLER, M.A. Partridge and Co.

AN exposition of the first part of the story of Dives and Lazarus, published specially with a view of influencing those who are occupied only with the affairs of this life. The latter part of the narrative is to be similarly treated if the author receives sufficient encouragement from the publication of this portion; we hope it will be so.

The Christian's Calling. The Christian's Keeping (Nos. 1 and 2). *The Christian's Abiding.* By WILLIAM THOMSON. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

FOUR threepenny booklets that ought

to be of great service to young converts, and to many other Christians who need to be built up in the faith. They are written in a bright, clear style, and the writer draws his arguments from the right source, the Word of God.

The Bible—not the Word of God? Or, a simple attempt to prove it. By J. DAVIES-SMITH. Alfred Holness.

THE author of this penny pamphlet conclusively proves that the Bible is the Word of God. This is the sixth of the writer's series on the Bible; our readers should send for specimens of the whole, and circulate them wherever they are likely to do good.

Inspiration or Infidelity, by JAMES SPRUNT (published by George Stoneman), is another penny pamphlet that cannot be too widely distributed.

From the China Inland Mission, Newington Green, N., we have received two twopenny booklets,—*Fruit after Many Days*, by A. W. DOUTHWAITE, M.D.; and *Yang Ts'üen-ling, Captive, Soldier, Evangelist*, by GEORGE T. HOWELL. Both give notable instances of the power of the gospel first to save and then to qualify its recipients to tell the story to others. These may be regarded as representative instances of the many inhabitants of "the Celestial Empire" who have already been brought to the Saviour through the earnest efforts of the C.I.M. missionaries, and of many more who will follow in the same blessed track.

The Looms of Time. By Mrs. HUGH FRAZER. Isbister and Co.

A STORY full of romance and adventure in the Southern Republics of America. It ends with marriage bells, and poetic justice is done at the last to all the victims of villainy. Could anything more be desired? It is neither better nor worse than hundreds of its own class; but it is absolutely without any religious teaching, and is scarcely likely to be popular with our readers.

The Soul of Honour. By HESBA STRETTON. Isbister and Co.

HAVING read this story through,—as behoves an honest reviewer before forming an opinion of its merits,—we can safely say that those who care for works of this class will find it interesting and wholesome. The principal characters described were sufferers through the collapse of certain companies which brought distress to thousands. The heroine of the tale proves herself, in adversity and under manifold temptations, to be worthy of the title given to her portrait in the Academy in the time of her prosperity,—“*The Soul of Honour.*” The tone of this work is such as we should expect from the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*, and will most surely serve to keep honour bright, and to strengthen virtue.

Ste; or, the Lad of Lovelyn. By OLD CORNISH. C. H. Kelly.

A CHARMING Cornish Methodist story, spoiled for Baptist readers by a touching but unscriptural “christening.” There is much about water in the book, and many times the reading of it brought moisture to our eyes, for it abounds in tragic and pathetic incidents. Of course, it ends with a wedding; but is it a Cornish custom, or is it the author's blunder, which causes “the little band of gold” to be “put upon the fourth finger of the left hand of the bride”?

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send three books of the “Pansy” fourpenny series,—*Mark Desborough's Vow*, and *The Strait Gate*, by ANNIE S. SWAN; and *Her Saddest Blessing*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL. All are so well known that they need no commendation.

Notes.

Conference Present for Brethren Abroad.—Mrs. Spurgeon has received £3 7s. 6d. towards the cost of sending Vol. I. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* to Pastors' College brethren in foreign lands who, otherwise, would not be able to share in the Conference gift bestowed upon their comrades at home. Books to the full value of this sum, at cost price, have been sent out. The donor of £3 of the amount writes:—“I wish I could afford to send more, so that all who were under the dear President's wise and blessed teaching might have the joy that I have had in reading the first volume of his ‘Life.’ Oh, how precious it is! I expect soon to be in possession of these second volume. I do not know what I should do now without the Sermons and other books I have of dear C. H. Spurgeon's.”

Possibly, others of our readers would like to help in cheering more of the “poor foreign chaps” on whose behalf one of their number wrote the appeal which has brought the above-mentioned amount. If so, further contributions will be gratefully received by the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, “Westwood,” Baulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

A lady in Holland has written to Mrs. Spurgeon the following letter, concerning the *Autobiography*, which may induce some of our readers, who do not already possess “*The Standard Life of C. H. Spurgeon*,” to order Vols. I. and II. at once:—“I must send you a few lines to tell you that I have read this first volume of the *Autobiography*, and that, while doing so, my soul was stirred to its inmost depths. I thanked

God all along for having given to the world such a man, and for having given me the privilege to read—and translate—many of his books, so that I knew him, although I had only seen him once in my life, when he preached here in our cathedral. And this *Autobiography*,—what a compendium it is of edification, instruction, literary enjoyment, and holy amusement! I cannot tell you with what joy I read the chapter, ‘A Defence of Calvinism.’ It is all so strictly Scriptural, and withal, so large-hearted; there was no narrowness in him. Surely, his sufficiency was of God. This same text (2 Cor. iii. 5) occurs to me when I think of the splendid manner in which this book is published. The word ‘sufficiency’ is, in our Dutch Bible, rendered by a word which, in English, means capacity, and I think this is the right signification of it. And so, your capacity of compiling this book in such a clear, comprehensive way, must be of God. The Lord bless you for having published it, and for not shrinking from the task, which in many respects must be painful, but which, I am sure, must also have filled you with grateful joy. I thank you from my heart for my part of the feast.

“Sometimes, I wish there were not published so many ‘Lives’ of Mr. Spurgeon. I have read most of them; and, as they were cheap, they are in many hands, and now people will think, ‘We have already Mr. Spurgeon's ‘Life’; we need not buy another.’ But, oh! they do not know, and cannot know, how very different this *Autobiography* is from everything that has been published before. And what a menu

of a spiritual banquet you have announced for the second volume!"

After the full details given in last month's Magazine, it is only necessary to say here that Vol. II. and Part IX. are now ready, and that they can be obtained through any of the Tabernacle colporteurs, and of all booksellers, or direct from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London. Orders for them should be given at once. The notices concerning Vol. II. have already increased the sale of Vol. I.; and as the new volume becomes known, it will, doubtless, continue to produce the same result, while those who have the first one will gladly welcome its successors as they are issued.

In Memoriam.—Pastor T. Spurgeon writes concerning the death of Mr. J. T. GARLICK, as follows:—"My dear friend, Mr. Garlick, a deacon and treasurer of the Church at the Auckland Tabernacle, arrived in this country in March last on a visit, in which he hoped to combine business and pleasure. He was the bearer of a cordial message to our Church from the friends in Auckland, and represented the New Zealand Christian Endeavourers at the last London Convention. He was with us at the Conference, and stood beside me as I watched the destruction of 'our holy and beautiful house.' He then accompanied me on a brief tour, but returned to my residence on May 13, evidently very ill.

"Three days later, he was compelled to take to his bed; and despite the skill and unremitting attention of Dr. J. B. Noble and other medical men, and the constant care of my dear wife and a trained nurse, he gradually sank till, on Friday morning, July 29, at ten minutes past five, our dear friend went home without any sign of struggle, and began to be 'happy for ever.'

"Mr. Garlick was 57 years of age, and he leaves a widow and five grown-up children. For these, and for the bereaved Church, our fervent prayers should rise. My friend was, throughout his illness, a model of Christian patience, consideration, and hope. 'Jesus died for me,' and 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,'—this was all he said when necessity compelled me to tell him that he could not recover.

"I desire to express my grateful thanks to hundreds of friends who took the keenest interest in my visitor, and showed us great sympathy in our sore sorrow."

Here are a few items of interest concerning our effort to rebuild our house of prayer:—

The Anglesea Baptist Association has passed a most kindly worded resolution of sympathy, and has requested the churches to make collections towards erecting a second Tabernacle.

A working-man sends £5 "in view of many blessings received in the old Tabernacle."

The seat-stewards have handed me the noble sum of £77 12s. 9d.; and they have not finished yet!

The European Baptist Church, Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, devoted a collection to our help.

The Court of the Fishmongers' Company, from whom the site of the Tabernacle was purchased, and who gave a hundred guineas towards its erection, has most generously voted fifty guineas for its restoration.

Our colporteurs have collected yet another fifty guineas.

The preparation of the basement is proceeding satisfactorily, though there has been some delay in securing the iron work. We must not hope to take possession till the end of October.

The plans for the main building are approaching completion. We hope to submit them to a church-meeting on September 23.

The New Zealand Baptist has the following sympathetic reference to our trial:—

"It has been suggested that probably many in New Zealand would like to contribute towards the fund for the re-erection of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Many members of our churches are under deep personal obligation to Mr. Thos. Spurgeon, and all New Zealand Baptists are deeply interested in his work. We have reason to believe that contributions from New Zealand would be specially gratifying to Mr. Spurgeon. Let those who are able, show in this way their continued thought of and prayer for him in his great work. We shall be glad to receive and forward to Mr. Spurgeon any contributions."

"O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now prosperity!"—T. S.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is taking a much-needed rest. On August 28, his place will (D.V.) be filled by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin; on Sept. 4, Pastor C. B. Sawday hopes to take both services; and on the morning of Sept. 11, Pastor Archibald G. Brown will be the preacher at the Orphanage.

Special Notice.—On Tuesday, September 20, Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon will (D.V.) celebrate their forty-second birthday. There will be the usual commemoration of the happy day at South Street Chapel, Greenwich; and although the Pastor's vestry at the Tabernacle is burned, he will (D.V.) sit in the College to receive thankofferings for the Church and its institutions, which are in need of more generous gifts than in previous years, owing to the disastrous fire which has so seriously affected the various funds. Friends unable to be present can send their contributions to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren are

about to remove to new spheres of service:—Mr. W. Joy nes, from Poplar, to New Southgate; and Mr. E. A. Tydeman, from Foots Cray, to Lordship Lane, Dulwich.

On Tuesday, August 9, the students re-assembled at the College after their summer vacation; and the following morning, in response to the kind invitation of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, they gathered once more at "Westwood." Rain had fallen almost up to the time of their arrival; but the rest of the day, though cloudy, was dry, and favourable for the outdoor recreation in which the brethren heartily enjoyed themselves. Before dispersing to their sports, they had a cordial welcome from Mrs. Spurgeon; and a short meeting was held, at which prayer was presented by the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon); and the five new students (making sixty-nine now in the College) were introduced by the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon). In the evening, a more lengthy meeting was held. The President presided, and his little son, who had shared the amusements of the day, took part in the more serious proceedings by reciting very clearly some appropriate lines concerning the Bible. Mr. Higgs briefly spoke on behalf of the Trustees (three others of whom, Messrs. T. H. Olney, S. R. Pearce, and James Passmore, had been present during the day). Addresses of a most helpful character were delivered by the Vice-President, and by Principal McCaig and Professors Hackney and Ganssen, and a very happy and delightful day was closed with heartiest thanks to Mrs. Spurgeon for again allowing the brethren to meet on the hallowed spot where their predecessors were privileged to gather under the leadership of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has kindly passed on to us the following letter, written by Dr. Churcher for the last collectors' meeting:—

"Beloved and Honoured President,

"I have been feasting upon July *Sword and Trowel*, and must not let the post go out without a line of hearty and grateful thanks to you and the dear collectors and shareholders of the P.C.M.A.

"I think of myself as a diver, out of sight, seeking treasure amid the wreckage of sin, and stop a moment to look up through the waters to where you are keeping the air-pumps going. I would fain wish that we could change places, just for a little, that you all might be encouraged; for, seeing nothing, and hearing so little, I fear lest you should lose heart, and turn to some easier or more promising work.

"But really there are wonderful encouragements. We are doing *just* what Jesus told us to do; this, surely, is enough encouragement in itself. We are in a field where no one else is working; and if we

do not continue this work, who will? We are not building on another's foundation, but labouring where Christ is not known, according to the apostolic example.

"Ours is indeed a work of faith, and we are still expecting greater blessing. The olive trees around us can be seen, by an observant eye, to be just now changing their form; the boughs, instead of pointing straight upward, are bending outward and downward; and this makes the husbandman rejoice. He says that the fruit is filling out, and becoming heavy, and that the spreading and bending of the trees are the sure sign of a great harvest.

"Thus, too, is it with us; almost every patient who comes back to us, after a time of absence, returns with a changed manner, with a recollection of the gospel message, with a willingness to hear more; and, often, with a hearty assent to the truth spoken. The boughs are spreading and bending; let us rejoice, and expect the blessing *till* we see it, and then pray for more.

"Brother Patrick's retirement is a sorrow to us; but it will be a sorrow turned into joy if the Lord should use him at home to lead forth others to these dark lands."

Dr. Churcher also writes, direct to us, as follows:—"July is warm enough in North Africa; but, as if to make it still warmer for us missionaries, a new local French paper has commenced writing articles against what they are pleased to call '*Les Methodistes Anglais*.' We find it difficult to 'rejoice and be exceeding glad' at this; but we hope that it may yet bring us the blessing promised to those whom men revile, and against whom they say all manner of evil falsely for Jesus' sake.

"During the month, we have recorded 236 visits from patients, and 138 nights' lodging at the *baraka*; and I have just counted the number of different places from which the people came. I find that, even in this short period, no less than *fifty* separate towns, villages, or tribes are represented. If, in answer to our prayers, the Holy Spirit should take of the things of Christ, and reveal them unto these souls, how widespread may be the blessing! Whatever is the result, the gospel has been preached to those who know not the Saviour, and in this we do and will rejoice, and we believe that the Word of the Lord will not return unto Him void."

ORPHANAGE.—By the invitation of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, a meeting on behalf of the Sea-side Home will (D.V.) be held at the Mausion House, on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 13, when it is hoped that considerable help will be obtained for this new branch of the Institution.

Friends able to arrange for a visit of the Orphan Choir should write to Mr. Charlesworth.

COLPORTAGE.—At the Tabernacle Monday evening prayer-meeting, on July 18, the supplications were specially presented on behalf of the Colportage work. The colporteur from Greenwich was present, and gave an interesting narrative of his experiences in that District. The Secretary afterwards addressed the meeting, intimating that his aim would be to secure for the Association an increased degree of Prominence, Purity, Prayerfulness, and Prosperity; he also handed to the President a second cheque for fifty guineas from the Colportage Fund towards the restoration of the Tabernacle.

A very pleasing case of conversion has been reported by one of the colporteurs during the month. A purchaser had, some time since, bought *The Traveller's Guide* from him. After perusal, the book was passed on to a sister who was engaged in service with a family quite worldly and careless as to spiritual things. The sister, who is a Christian, was much concerned as to the welfare of her master and mistress; and the former being laid aside, the book

in question was introduced to the sick room. The gentleman read it, and re-read it, and, under the Holy Spirit's blessing upon it, he was led to a clear decision for Christ. As he grew weaker, he bore a joyful testimony concerning his Saviour, and died triumphantly resting in Jesus. In proof of his gratitude at having found the Saviour, he made some provision for the sister who had, through the book, guided him Heavenward; and his widow has, from her late husband's testimony, begun to seek the Lord.

The Committee of the Colportage Association are anxious to see the General Fund increased, and they appeal to all lovers of the work to assist by an annual subscription, however small. New collecting-boxes are just being issued, and any friend in whose household one would be welcome should apply to Mr. S. Wigney, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Haddon Hall, July 31, five.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1893.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	3,113	3	1
Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D.	5	0	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (11th instalment)	3	7	0
Miss Silcocks	1	0	0
Rev. H. Ross Phillips (Congo)	1	0	0
A few friends at Jarrow-on-Tyne, per			
Pastor J. Toogood	2	0	0
Miss Mary Earl	10	0	0
"A friend"	2	0	0
Miss Fawcett	5	0	0
Mrs. Latter	1	0	0
A well-wisher	2	0	0
Colportage Tabernacle Restoration			
Fund (2nd instalment)	52	10	0
Mr. W. Higgs	20	0	0
Rev. R. Wallace (Ontario)	5	2	8
Collection at Bishop Burton Baptist			
Chapel, per Pastor S. Skingle	1	11	0
Mr. John Warren	1	0	0
Contributions from Ealing Dean Church			
and friends, per Pastor W. L. Gibbs	8	9	10
Mrs. Ellwood	10	0	0
Collection at Cottenham Baptist Chapel,			
per Pastor C. T. Allen	4	4	6
Mr. W. Ritchie, jun.	1	0	0
Mr. W. H. Richardson	1	1	0
Part collection at Immanuel Chapel,			
southsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	2	6	1
Baptist Tabernacle, Gimsby, Young			
Women's Bible-class	1	0	0
Mr. E. Gray	1	0	0
Mr. John Black	1	0	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (12th instalment)	9	3	0
Pastor R. Scott	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Weekly	1	2	0
Per Pastor F. J. Platt:—			
Mr. J. Marnham, J.P.	25	0	0
Mrs. Marnham	25	0	0
Romans xvi. 2	2	0	0
Amounts under £1	1	0	0
	53	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. M. Leslie	1	1	0
Mr. F. Burton, sen., per Rev. V. J.			
Charlesworth	2	10	0
Miss E. Ellis and friends	1	5	0
Mr. W. Hunt	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. H. Grant	5	0	0
Mr. D. A. Rees, per Miss M. Jones	1	0	0
Contribution from Queen's Road Baptist			
Church, Wimbledon, per Pastor			
C. Inghem	5	0	0
Mr. H. Donkin	2	0	0
Miss A. Vanderkelen	1	0	0
Contribution from Our Own Mission,			
Gee Street, per Mrs. Knight	5	0	0
Rev. James Martin (Antioch)	1	5	0
Contributions from friends at Henrietta			
Street Chapel, King's Cross, per			
Pastor G. Curtis	1	1	0
From readers of <i>The Christian World</i>	1	1	0
Miss B. Thorn (Delhi)	2	0	0
Mr. John Smith	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Nagle:—			
Mrs. Nagle	5	0	0
Mr. Turner	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0
Mrs. Savage	1	1	0
Mrs. Guthrie	1	1	0
Sums under £1	2	4	6
Miss Chandler, per Pastor G. Stanley	11	6	6
Per Miss Tarrant:—	5	0	0
Mr. W. Stroug	1	0	0
Mrs. Rogers	1	0	0
Collected	0	10	0
	2	10	0
Miss E. Newland	1	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Mallett	1	2	8
The Worshipful Company of Fish-			
mongers	52	10	0
Mr. W. A. Butler	1	0	0
An afflicted missionary in India	3	0	0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Collected by Mr. Fuller ...	2 0 0
Mrs. Carr ...	2 0 0	Collected by Mr. Jago:—	
Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Stayner,		A true friend ...	2 2 0
and Miss Elliot ...	3 0 0	Miss Lockwood ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Lloyd ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Dale ...	1 0 0
A friend ...	1 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	2 19 0
Mrs. Nicoll ...	2 0 0		7 1 0
	9 0 0	Collected by Mr. Pearce:—	
Contributions from New Brompton		Mr. A. E. Pearce ...	1 0 0
Baptist Church, per Pastor W. W.		Mrs. Kew ...	1 5 0
Blocksidge ...	9 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	1 5 0
Collection at Gold Hill Baptist Chapel,			3 10 0
per Pastor Phos. Davies ...	3 3 0	Collected by Mr. Marshall	2 7 0
Collection at European Baptist Chapel,		Collected by Mr. Dobson:—	
Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, per		Mr. J. Dobson ...	1 0 0
Pastor H. Anderson ...	3 18 9	Sums under £1 ...	2 2 6
Rev. J. Fernie (Pietermaritzburg) ...	1 0 0		3 2 6
Rev. H. T. Peach (Pietermaritzburg) ...	5 0 0	Collected by Mr. MacLaren	1 0 0
Pastor W. W. Blocksidge ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. Knight ...	1 0 0
Contribution from South Leith Baptist		Collected by Mr. Beckwith:—	
Church, per Pastor D. Tait ...	1 0 0	Mr. Cooper ...	2 2 0
Mrs. Gotelee ...	1 0 0	Mrs. Cooper ...	2 2 0
Per Pastor T. Whiteside:—		Mrs. L. Brungson ...	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Young ...	2 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	0 1 0
Mr. Wm. Wallace ...	1 0 0		5 5 0
Sums under £1 ...	0 13 0	Collected by Mr. Spence:—	
	3 15 0	Mr. Spence ...	2 12 6
Miss Tranter ...	1 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	0 10 6
Mr. D. McFarlane ...	1 0 0		3 3 0
"An aged pilgrim" ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. Carr:—	
Mrs. Vears ...	1 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	1 5 0
Collection at Commercial Road Baptist		Collected by Mr. Atkinson:—	
Chapel, Oxford ...	2 1 0	S. T. ...	1 0 0
Contribution from Baptist Church,		Sums under £1 ...	1 1 0
Stroud, per Pastor W. T. Soper ...	1 1 0		2 1 0
Collected from friends at Child's Hill		Collected by Mr. Eley:—	
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. S.		F. W. S. ...	1 1 0
Poulton ...	2 10 9	Sums under £1 ...	3 8 9
Anon., per Pastor T. Spurgeon ...	1 0 0		4 9 9
Mrs. M. C. Childholm ...	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. Garner	1 0 0
Contribution from Baptist Chapel,		Collected by Mr. Brewer ...	1 12 0
Leightonstone, per Pastor J. Bradford		Collected by Mr. Jiggins ...	2 10 0
Collection at East Finchley Baptist		Collected by Mr. Fitness ...	1 16 0
Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Buxton ...	5 0 0	Collected by Mr. Round:—	
<i>The British Weekly</i> (13th instalment) ...	3 10 0	Mr. T. Round ...	1 0 0
Collection at Slough Baptist Chapel,		Mr. and Mrs. P. ...	1 0 0
per Pastor Theo. Cousins ...	2 2 0	Mr. W. Coggar ...	1 1 0
Contributions from King's Langley		Mr. and Mrs. Warren ...	5 0 0
Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Mac-		Sums under £1 ...	3 3 0
millan ...	1 3 0		11 4 0
E. S. and N. R. ...	1 2 0	Collected by Mr. Springett	1 14 0
Collected from missionaries at Sousse,		Collected by Mr. Godbold ...	1 0 0
N. Africa, per Dr. T. G. Churcher ...	1 1 5	Collected by Mr. Childs:—	
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Mr. A. Childs ...	1 11 6
Mrs. Edwards ...	1 0 0	Sums under £1 ...	2 14 6
A working woman ...	1 0 0		4 6 0
Sums under £1 ...	0 12 6	Collected by Mr. Stapley:—	
	2 12 6	Mr. C. Stapley ...	1 0 0
Stockwell Orphanage Sunday-school		Sums under £1 ...	1 16 6
Teachers, per Mr. W. J. Evans ...	3 6 6		2 16 6
Pastor W. Stott ...	5 0 0	Collected by Mr. Thomas	1 10 0
Doctors J. A. Ward, C. Ingren, and		Collected by Mr. Pawsey:—	
J. G. Williams ...	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Powell ...	1 0 0
Collection and subscriptions from Bap-		A friend ...	1 0 0
tist Church, Faringdon, per Pastor		Mr. and the Misses Pawsey	1 0 0
H. Smith ...	2 12 6	Sums under £1 ...	2 0 0
Freewill Offering from Baptist Church,			5 0 0
Bishops Stortford, per Pastor W.		Collected by Mr. Thompson	5 0 0
Walker (2nd instalment) ...	5 0 0	Collected by Mr. Wadland	2 0 0
Mrs. Ross ...	1 1 0	Collecting Cards:—	
Mr. C. H. Price ...	5 0 0	Miss Gibbon ...	1 12 3
Collection at Northcote Road Baptist		Mr. W. McDowall ...	1 1 0
Chapel, Waudsworth, per Pastor		Miss M. Woodhams ...	1 14 0
J. Pelmingham ...	7 10 0	Miss Ann Mott ...	2 0 0
Mrs. A. Baker ...	100 0 0	Miss Kerridge ...	3 0 6
Mrs. A. Pickering ...	2 0 0	Mr. Farington ...	0 9 6
Amounts under £1 ...	19 6 10	Mr. Wayne ...	5 11 0
Collected by Mr. Freeman:—		Miss R. Underwood ...	0 10 6
Mr. Philp ...	1 0 0	Mrs. A. Scandrett ...	0 8 6
Sums under £1 ...	1 0 0	Miss E. Swain ...	6 14 0
	2 0 0	Mr. P. J. Ling ...	0 6 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss E. Burr ...	0	11	7	Pastor E. Milnes ...	3	2	0
Miss M. A. Franklin ...	0	5	0	Miss E. Wright ...	1	5	0
Miss C. Reed ...	1	2	0	Miss Laura Kitchen ...	1	13	0
Miss E. Worledge ...	1	9	6	Miss Ware ...	1	9	0
Mrs. M. Sillitoe ...	1	8	0	Mrs. M. A. Sherrin ...	1	0	0
Mrs. F. Wigney ...	1	5	0	Miss Bailey ...	4	0	0
Miss C. E. Higgs ...	8	7	6	Miss M. Stringer ...	1	12	8
Miss L. Copein ...	2	12	0	Mrs. Knott ...	1	11	0
Mr. James Wilson ...	0	11	6	Mrs. Atkinson ...	0	15	0
Miss M. Baston ...	1	10	6	Collecting Boxes:—			
Mr. H. A. Oxford ...	0	15	0	Miss L. Weeks ...	0	12	0
Mr. C. H. Lait ...	1	3	6	Miss Dade ...	0	6	4
Mr. R. Boswell ...	1	0	6	Miss Weeks ...	0	2	7
Miss A. M. Bailey ...	0	9	4	Mrs. Dyer ...	0	5	10
Miss L. E. Bailey ...	0	11	2	Mrs. Neville ...	0	2	8
Mrs. A. A. Ashman ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Whiting ...	0	7	6
Mrs. K. B. Wheeler ...	6	14	6	Mrs. Holder ...	0	1	8
Mrs. Wright ...	6	4	3	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ...	2	10	0
Miss Minnie Steere ...	0	5	3				
Mrs. Browa ...	1	16	7				
Miss M. A. Floyd ...	1	8	6				
					£3,829	15	11

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1	1	0	Mr. W. Mills ...	5	5	0
Collection at Princes Risborough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Markham ...	1	6	0	Rev. R. J. Beecliff ...	0	2	6
Mr. T. S. Price ...	5	0	0	Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Collection at Broadmead Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. J. Hiley ...	7	2	10	Contribution from Ceylon Place Baptist Church, Eastbourne, per Pastor W. J. Harris ...	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Wells ...	1	0	0	Contribution from King's Langley Baptist Church, per Pastor D. Macmillan ...	0	11	6
Mrs. Beves, per Miss Jephth ...	0	2	6	Pastor W. Holyoak ...	0	4	0
Pastor G. W. Linuicar ...	0	12	6	Mr. W. Pitcher ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. Jennings ...	10	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. W. R. Pincock ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Edwards ...	2	0	0
Offering from Clarence Road Baptist Church, Southend, per Pastor F. A. Hogbin ...	1	3	6				
					£39	14	4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.
"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	0	5	0
Mrs. T. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
	£1	6	0

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 15th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Wickham ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. Ibberson ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Howland ...	0	1	0	Mrs. Wulshire ...	0	2	6
D. B. ...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Bird ...	2	0	0
F. W. ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Brooks ...	0	2	6
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Son ...	1	0	0	Postal order, Liverpool ...	0	3	0
Mr. W. J. Tull ...	1	0	0	J. C. M. ...	1	0	0
Stamps, Taunton ...	0	1	0	Mr. G. Hedger ...	0	2	0
Mr. S. H. Perrain ...	0	10	0	A widow, Norwich ...	1	0	0
Miss I. Maden ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Clews ...	25	0	0
Mr. R. Stallwood ...	0	3	0	Bessie ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith ...	1	0	0	F. G. ...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge ...	0	10	0	Miss M. Gent ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Barrah ...	0	11	6	Mr. J. Cooch ...	6	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. F. Flanders	1	0	0	Postal order. Pewsey	0	10	0
Gratitude, Dursley	1	0	0	Mr. G. Buchanan	0	10	0
Mr. W. Summerville, J.P. ...	1	0	0	Postal order, Portsmouth ...	0	19	0
Collected by Miss N. Heavy ...	0	3	7	Collected by Master C. Eveleigh	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Dales ...	0	5	10	From a few friends	0	3	0
Bromley Friendly Bible-class, per Mr.				S. M. P.	0	5	0
F. W. N. Lloyd	8	8	0	Harry	5	0	0
Masters Bertie and Norman Wells	1	0	0	C. W.	0	1	0
J. S., per P. B.	1	0	0	Mrs. Renshaw	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hullett	1	0	0	Mrs. C. M. Stopford	5	5	0
Mr. R. McGregor	1	0	0	Mrs. W. H. Bee nan	5	0	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	5	0	A Midlothian farmer	1	0	0
Mr. F. Burton, sen., per V. J. C.	2	10	0	A mite for the orphans	1	0	0
A. M. M.	5	0	0	Mrs. G. Shaw	10	0	0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	M. A.	0	2	6
Mrs. Duckenfield	0	10	0	Mrs. Howard			
Mrs. L. M. Pittman	1	1	0	Lordship Lane Baptist Chapel Sunday-			
Mrs. E. Malin	1	0	0	school, per Mr. Carey	2	2	0
Mrs. A. Burr	0	5	0	From an orphan	0	5	0
Flower Service, Bessels Green, per Mr.				Mrs. Coles	1	0	0
E. Greenaway	2	3	6	Mr. A. H. West	0	5	0
Mr. B. Jones	1	0	0	Miss Harris	0	5	0
Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	19	0	A. E. L.	0	5	0
Messrs. Alabaster, Passmore, and Sons	20	0	0	Mrs. M. Turnbull	0	5	0
Mr. S. Hewitt	2	0	0	Mrs. H. Keavil	10	0	0
Mr. W. Jones	0	10	6	Mr. J. Clark	1	5	0
Miss Hine	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Wilkins ...	1	4	0
The Misses Wade and Keates and				Mrs. Banbury	1	0	0
schoolfellows	1	1	0	Mr. A. Round	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Smith	1	0	0	A friend, Miss J. Cockshaw ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Sullivan ...	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Postal order, Beckenham	0	5	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	0	13	0	Miss C. Dumas	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Blow	0	13	0	Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
E. A. Z.	0	2	0	E. L.	0	5	0
Miss L. Sealy	1	0	0	Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Miss A. Collins	0	5	0				
Mrs. Coad	0	1	6	Mrs F. Weekly	3	16	0
Postal order, Hutton Garden ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Beves	0	1	0
Matt. vi. 1	0	5	0		0	2	6
Mr. F. Johnston	0	10	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the			
Mr. G. Freeman	0	10	0	Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. and Mrs. J. Twaites	0	5	0	Champion Hill, Camberwell ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Grimes	0	1	0	Chatworth Road, W. Norwood ...	20	0	0
Mrs. C. Heffer	1	1	0	Camberwell, per Mrs. Gloag ...	5	0	0
Mr. F. Hallett	5	0	0				
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0				
Mr. C. Patterson	0	5	0				
							£201 15 3

List of Presents from July 15th to August 15th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 doz. 3 lb. pots Jam, Mr. H. F. Wickham; a quantity Bread, Messrs. Henderson and Son; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 7 hampers gooseberries, Mr. H. T. T. Camps; a quantity Cakes and Sweets, Mrs. Juggins; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 30 quarters Bread, Mr. J. Law.

Boys' CLOTHING:—3 Vests, Mr. T. Birch; 9 pairs Boots, Mr. J. Pearce; 2 Shirts, Mrs. Overbury.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Anon.; 9 Articles, Mrs. Overbury; 1 Pinafore, Miss K. Marshall; a few Tuckers, a Friend.

GENERAL:—A few Remnants, Anon.; 6 Head Necklaces, Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 4 volumes, W. H., Annan; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 13th, 1898.

District Subscriptions:—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sellindge, per Mr. W. G. Lester ...	6	0	0	Repton and Swadincote, per Mr. E. D.			
Home Counties Baptist Association,				Salt	20	0	0
per Pastor E. W. Tarbox	20	0	0	Estover per Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	10	0	0
Brentford. In memoriam	10	0	0	T-wkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson ...	5	0	0
Horsforth, per Miss O. E. Bilbrough	22	10	0	Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and			
Stow and Aston, per Mr. Reynolds ...	10	0	0	Gurney	10	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	22	10	0	Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0
Penrhiwceiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ...	11	5	0				£225 10 0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association,				General Fund:—			
per Pastor T. Hancock	50	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	10	0	0	Miss Clara Winians	0	2	6
Taunton, per Mr. A. A. Chapman ...	11	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Clout	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A. ...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Mead ...	2	2	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Bocock, per Mr. H. Webb	0	5	0				
Miss Tarrant	0	4	0		£9	1	0

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

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 13th, 1893.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Lausma	0	14	3	Mr. W. J. Sparks	0	8	0
Miss Grout	0	5	0	"Theydon"	0	2	6
Madame de Mirimonde (10 francs) ...	0	7	11				
Miss Hodges	1	0	0		£3	0	2
A sincere sympathizer	0	2	6				

Beulah Baptist Chapel and Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 20th, 1893.

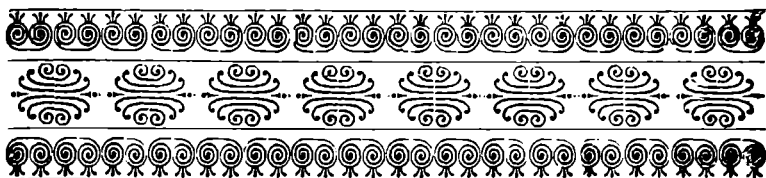
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	3,695	9	4	In boxes at Beulah Baptist Chapel ...	1	11	1
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0	A Protestant	150	0	0
Mrs. Hunter	0	10	0				
Mrs. Jeffery	0	12	0	Also promised, £50.	£3,999	15	11
Mr. C. Hooper	0	7	6	Beulah Baptist Chapel MANSE Fund:			
S., per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	2	0	Miss Norton	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. H. Olney	20	0	0	Mrs. Ellwood	1	0	0
Mrs. Cordrey	2	2	0	Pastor and Mr. G. W. Oldring ...	0	2	6
"Gratitude," and Mrs. Mitchell ...	0	6	0	Jack and Charlie Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	16	0	Miss Harris	5	0	0
A. (friend)	5	0	0	Mrs. Gied	0	5	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0	Miss Cumming	0	5	0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0	Mrs. Hooper	10	0	0
Mrs. Bottomley	1	0	0	Mrs. Williams	0	3	6
Miss Perry	0	5	0	Mr. C. Laffin	0	4	0
Miss Fitz Gerald	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Howard	0	10	6
Dr. McCaig	1	1	0	Miss Farley	2	2	0
Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	5	0	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			
Mr. and Mrs. Powell and family ...	0	8	0	Mr. Joyce	1	1	0
Mrs. Page	1	0	0	Mrs. Phillips	1	10	0
B.	8	0	0	A friend, per Mrs. Hockey	1	0	0
Mr. Reta W. Moore	100	0	0	Collections at opening services of			
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				Beulah Baptist Chapel, August 17th,			
Miss Flint	1	0	0	including Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne,			
R. W. N.	0	10	0	£1 1s.; and Miss Dransfield, £2 2s.			
Mr. Haines	0	10	0	(Mrs. Page, £1, entered above) ...	51	0	0
Mrs. Crutch	0	5	0				
Misses Dukes and Berry	1	0	0		£4,075	4	5

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 MANSE Fund, 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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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, 1898.

Grace All-sufficient.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29TH, 1861.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Corinthians xii. 9.



FROM the interesting narrative which the apostle Paul gives of the remarkable revelation which was made to him, of his special trial afterwards, and of his thrice-repeated prayer, we learn, among other lessons, that God does not always hear His people's prayers as they would desire them to be heard. Here was an apostle as the suppliant; God did not therefore refuse the petition on account of any unworthiness in the person presenting it. Here was a prayer most suitable; that the Lord would withdraw from him "a thorn in the flesh." Here was a prayer doubtless offered in faith; and, certainly, it was a prayer pleaded with importunity: "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice." After the example of the Saviour, who thrice, and only thrice, said, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt;" the apostle may have prayed thrice in almost identical terms, and said, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this thorn depart from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It was not the Father's will that the

prayer of the apostle should be answered according to the letter of it, though He answered it in a far better way in spirit.

Brethren, it is well for us that it is not an unconditional doctrine of Scripture that God will always answer our prayers in the form in which we present them. That God will hear His people's supplications, and when they are rightly offered, that He will answer them, is most certainly true. But it is not certain that God will always answer our prayers as we offer them, and as we expect Him to answer them; if it were, we should rather depend upon our own wisdom in prayer than on God's wisdom in providence; we should be tempted to take the throne ourselves, to think of the Lord almost as our subject, and to consider our own will supreme above the will of our Father in Heaven. Our folly would ask for that which would destroy us were it granted; our pride would often request that which would be to God's dishonour were it bestowed: and our petulance and impatience would often crave to have that removed which is essentially necessary to our growth in grace, and to the confirmation of our faith. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the mercy-seat, but we also thank Thee that Thou hast not left us to ask and to have just what we will; Thou hast not made the gift of Thy mercies a dangerous weapon in the hand of our infirmity!

Let this cheer and comfort you who have been asking the Lord to withdraw some trouble, which yet remains. Your Father can give you something much better than you ask, infinitely more than an equivalent, more for your profit and for His glory. You have asked for silver, but He will give you gold. Take for your comfort the example of the apostle, and know that it is no sign of God's displeasure if He should not answer your prayer in the way you expect. If, in the matter of taking away the cup from Christ, not the will of the Son, but the will of the Father must be done, do you expect that you are to have your will, and to get your way? Why, that would be to dethrone God, and to uplift yourself, and to make yourself worthy of more honour than you pay to your Heavenly Father.

Now we will consider the exceeding great and precious promise which the apostle received as *an* answer to his prayer, though not *the* answer he wished and expected: "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*" I will not remove the load from thee, but I will strengthen thy shoulders to bear it. I will not take away the difficulty, but I will give thee both wisdom and grace to pass through it well."

There are three things I intend to speak of to-night. First, *the sufficiency of Divine grace in the various trials and circumstances of the believer's life*; secondly, *the implied limit of the promise*; "*My grace is sufficient for thee*;" and, thirdly, *the suggested question, Is Christ's grace sufficient for thee?*

I. THE SUFFICIENCY OF DIVINE GRACE IN THE DIVERSIFIED POSITIONS INTO WHICH BELIEVERS ARE BROUGHT BY THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Those medicines which are advertised as "*cure-alls*" seldom cure anything at all; but of the grace of God it may most truly be said that it does cure all the diseases of the soul, that it meets all cases, and that it is suitable to the Christian in every position into which he may be brought. I might compare the different manifestations of Divine

grace to those well-nigh innumerable combinations of colour which are made by the kaleidoscope, with which children amuse themselves. They turn the tube again and again, and every time the few pieces of glass fall into fresh forms. So is it with Divine grace; every turn of the glass, every day of every hour of every year brings out some new combination of God's wisdom, love, power, compassion, and long-suffering, so that he who, in hoary age, is nearing the last hour of life's battle can say, "I have found the grace of Christ in my every hour of need to be both suitable and sufficient."

Here is a brother who has lately *suffered many losses*; trade is bad with him; one thing fails after another; he puts his money into a bag with holes in it; his hopes are constantly disappointed; and yet see him! Filled with Divine grace, he bears his losses as majestically as his joys. The same grace which was as a weight to keep him on the ground when he would have been lifted up by prosperity, now, when affliction seems as though it must cast him down, makes him buoyant and joyous. The chaff that is blown away before the gale flies high as though it would emulate the stars; but, see, it sinks and falls, and at last any muddy pool may be its grave. But, in the selfsame gale, the tall and stately cedar, though its branches may wave in the wind, stands erect because it is firmly rooted. So is it with the child of God when he knows how to depend entirely upon his Heavenly Father's grace. He takes affliction from his Father's hand with joy; he says, with Job, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? . . . The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

See the believer *when the affliction comes closer home*. His child has sickened before his eyes; the disease has continued to gather strength, and at last the news has come to his ears that the child must die. He realizes the fact; the mother tries to understand it, too. Crushed in spirit, they retire to pray; they tell the tale of their sorrow before their God. See them as they come down from that chamber! They weep,—*"Jesus wept;"*—but they murmur not, for, like Him, they are, *"as a sheep before her shearers,"* dumb. They have put their child into the hands of their God, and with patience they await the result.

You may have seen the wife with a numerous family about her, and he who was their only stay, and on whose broad breast she leaned, is smitten down. There he lies! Can you wonder if, for a little season, in her agony, she says, "I cannot bear this blow; this cannot be from a Father's hand. Had He taken away some lesser mercy, I might have borne it; but, oh! to take away my all,—*him*,—the man who has fulfilled every pledge he made to me, and who has loved and cherished me from his youth up even until now"? But see her again! Her prayers have been offered, God's grace has been given, and she goes to his dying bed, and she wipes the death-sweat from his brow, and she says to him, "My beloved husband, do not let thoughts of your wife disturb your dying moments, you know how to commit me to your God, and I commit you to Him now." And, with many a tear, but without a murmur, she says, "Blessed, for ever blessed, be the Name of the Lord."

I speak of matters of fact which I see every day. Grace makes the man bravely bear the loss and the cross; it makes the man, and the woman, too, though of tender spirit, endure bereavement after bereavement, and that most crushing of all losses, when the partner who is dearer than one's own life is taken away.

Have you, too, ever seen the Christian in the perilous position into which some few are brought, *standing on the dizzy heights of the lofty pinnacle of fame?* There he is up aloft, but not too high to hear the noise of the wondering crowd surging below. If God hath endowed him with Divine grace, the Christian is as safe on the summit of the mountain as in the peaceful valley below. Like the chamois of the Alps, he leaps from crag to crag, despises the ravine, laughs at the thunderclap, feeling that the Lord, who made his nature fit to be the comrade of these lofty things, will keep him so that he may look down and not stumble, so that he may stand upright even there, and so glorify his Lord and Master. It would be ill for the Christian to whom Divine Providence had appointed a place at Court, or loaded with riches, if the grace of God were not as able to keep him as safely under the withering blasts of the sun as under the colder beams of the moon.

One other case let me mention. An heir of Heaven is *called to some extraordinary labour*. A truth has been revealed to him which is unknown to his age; the Church has grown careless and Christless, and he has come forward to be the champion of the Lord. He can count little on the sympathy of friends, and he is called to lead a forlorn hope against a well-garrisoned citadel. Since he has scarcely any earthly helpers, he relies the more unreservedly on Divine grace, he strikes the decisive blow for God and truth, and gains the victory.

These cases are not depicted merely from imagination. As certainly as an ocean bears a navy on its bosom, so doth God's grace bear up God's people; and it is not more a fact that fire burns, and that we live by breathing the atmosphere, than that grace burns in the soul, and that we live, under the most desperate circumstances, by receiving Divine grace. St. Laurentius upon the gridiron, the Waldenses hunted from mountain to mountain, and valley to valley, Wickliff, "the morning star of the Reformation," the Lollards, his followers, persecuted, misrepresented, betrayed, tortured, burned;—all these found Christ's grace sufficient for them. Our own glorious ancestors, hunted by the foul Conventicle Act, made the offscouring of all things, and denied the rights of citizens, found God's grace sufficient to make them uphold the standard, and to smite down their foes.

And now that we are being tired by holidays more than by work, and in more danger from the world's smile than from its frown, God's grace is still sufficient for His Church. She needs no Acts of Parliament to regulate her affairs, no temporal aggrandisement to make her powerful and attractive, no endowment beyond this: "MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE." O thou Queen of the earth, go thou in this thy might, for this shall ever be enough to suffer with and to conquer with also! In these days, we have so-called Christian ministers who are little better than infidels, while Romanists and Papists are standing in what were once Protestant pulpits. What

shall we say to this? God's grace is sufficient for His Church even in this her trial hour.

And you personally, brethren, who have had a new and severe trial to-day, or a series of trials have placed you in such a critical position as you never were in before,—bless God for it! Now there is room for faith. Trust God, and in the new position you shall find that His grace is adapted to all circumstances, and that it never fails in any. "But I have not a friend," says one. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "But I have a multitude of troubles," says another. "My grace is sufficient for thee." "But Satan has his foot on my neck, I am sore wounded; he is drawing his fiery sword to take away my life." "My grace is sufficient for thee." My brethren, this Divine declaration is just as applicable to your case as to that of any other believer in Jesus, no matter how peculiar or severe your trouble may be.

II. THE IMPLIED LIMIT OF THE PROMISE: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

There is no limit in the degree or in the number of the trials; but the limit is here, *there will not be more than a sufficiency of grace*. There is a way of living in grace by which we have bread from Heaven and water out of the Rock, and our garments are given to us, but we have no more than a sufficiency for our need. We are the people of God, but we are not His joyful people; we are His children, but His children who do not often see His face, and sun ourselves in the light of His countenance. Now, remember, Christian, God has not promised always to give thee the *comforts* of grace, though he has promised a *sufficiency* of grace; the comforts ought never to be the main thing with thee. If He take thee up to "the top of Amana," and thence show thee some of His love, be thou glad and rejoice; but, remember, it is not Amana that saves, but Calvary. If He take thee to His banqueting-house, and there cause thee to drink the juice of the spiced wine of His pomegranate, be glad; but, remember, it is not drinking that wine, but resting upon His atonement, that saves thee. Thou art as safe without these joys as with them; for the Rock we stand on is not our comfort, but the finished work of Christ; and if the comforts be withdrawn, the promise hath not failed. You shall get through the river, though you may not go through it dry-shod. You shall pass through the fire unhurt, though not perhaps without feeling the heat; nay, rather, you shall feel the fire, and by it your dross shall be consumed. The Lord does not promise His soldiers that they shall always lie on feather-beds; but He does promise them that, if they lie on the plain, they shall be in peace. He does not promise that they shall come out of the battle with armour as bright and coats as clean as when they went into the field, but only that they shall come out of the conflict with flesh unwounded. They shall come out with garments rolled in blood; but, still, unconquered heroes of the cross; they shall come out without defeat, ay, and without dishonour, for the Lord's message to each one of them is, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

So, friend, you have come here, to-night, groaning that you have not grace enough for to-morrow. Ah, well! the text says, "My grace

is sufficient for thee," and that means sufficient for to-day, not for to-morrow till to-morrow comes. You are fretting about a trouble coming on in a month's time ; but the Lord does not promise to give you grace for October in the month of August. You say you have not got dying grace yet. Well, you are not dying yet ; be content with living grace now, and you shall have the grace you need when the trial comes.

The brave Leonidas, with his handful of Spartans, did not go out into the plain to the myriads of Persians, and say, "Come now, these three hundred will fight you all." He would soon have been destroyed if he had done so. But he chose a narrow pass between great rocks, and the enemy could not come more than one at a time, and then, *as they came*, he and his brave soldiers were all day and all night long fighting hand to hand, and each one slew his man, and so kept back the Persian host. Now, do you stand in the narrow pass of to-day, and as your troubles come, hour by hour, by Divine grace you shall smite them ; but do not go out to fight all the trials of life at once, and especially do not dishonour your God and trouble yourself by fretting about storms and troubles which may never come. Just cast the future, Christian, where you must leave it, with Christ. Do not act as some silly people do, who will try to gaze through the telescope to see into futurity, and who say ; "It is all clouds," when, but for their own breath upon the glass, they would have seen only the clear, bright blue sky above their heads.

III. We now come to THE SUGGESTED QUESTION : "FRIEND, IS GOD'S GRACE SUFFICIENT FOR THEE ?"

I would not condemn all those who are doubting and fearing, but those who say that Divine grace is not enough to bear them up under the ordinary trials of life have very grave reason to suspect whether they have received the true grace of God at all. When you see a Christian man fretting and worrying about losses in business, you say, "That man has little faith in God, or he would not act like that." Or when you see a Christian woman, months after bereavement, refusing to be comforted, you may say with the Quaker, "Friend, hast thou not forgiven God yet?" If I see the believer crushed beneath trouble, I must suspect his faith, because "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Brethren, this has often been a serious test-point to myself. I know what nervousness means ; perhaps the most timid old woman here is not half so nervous as I am. The most ridiculous fears will sometimes come across my mind, and I know their absurdity,—and often a sluggish liver is responsible for our despondency,—but I put it to myself thus,—If I have been taken into the family of Christ, and He has given me ground for rejoicing in Him evermore, I ought not to give way to this feeling, for His grace is able to lift me above it.

If we cannot bear affliction, what should we have done in the days of persecution ? If our patience fails when we have a slight pain, if our hearts sink under a little trial, what shall we do in the swellings of Jordan ? Come, this will not do ! "Quit you like men ; be strong." This will not do ; we must not give way to this feeling. We must say, and may God help us to say it, "Lord, give us grace

that shall be equal to our day!" And He will not refuse our request, but will help us to live to His honour and to our comfort by giving us more grace as we have to endure more trials.

I close when I have made this remark; there is no promise in the Bible that God's grace will be sufficient for those who do not believe on His Son, Jesus Christ. You will have your troubles; but you will have no one to help you bear them. You shall be poor, but you shall not make many rich. You shall be perplexed, and you shall be in despair. You shall be persecuted, and you shall be forsaken. For you, there shall be the clouds, but not the bow; the flood, but not the ark; the Red Sea, but not the rod of Moses, nor the billows to swallow up your enemies; the wilderness, but not the pillar of cloud; the fiery serpent, but not the saving serpent of brass; the Canaanites, but no Joshua; the captivity, but no return; the destruction of the Temple, but not the building of it in three days. For you, there shall be the reeling earth, but no solid Heaven; the conflagration of the skies, but no cleft of the rock in which Jehovah shall hide you. For you, there will be the judgment without an Advocate; the charge without the courage to plead "not guilty"; the condemnation without hope of respite; and the punishment without hope of end. Oh, that you were wise, that you understood this, and that you fled at once to Him who ever receiveth to His bosom penitent souls drawn by His Spirit. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." God help us all to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for His dear Name's sake! Amen.

The Pastor's Page.

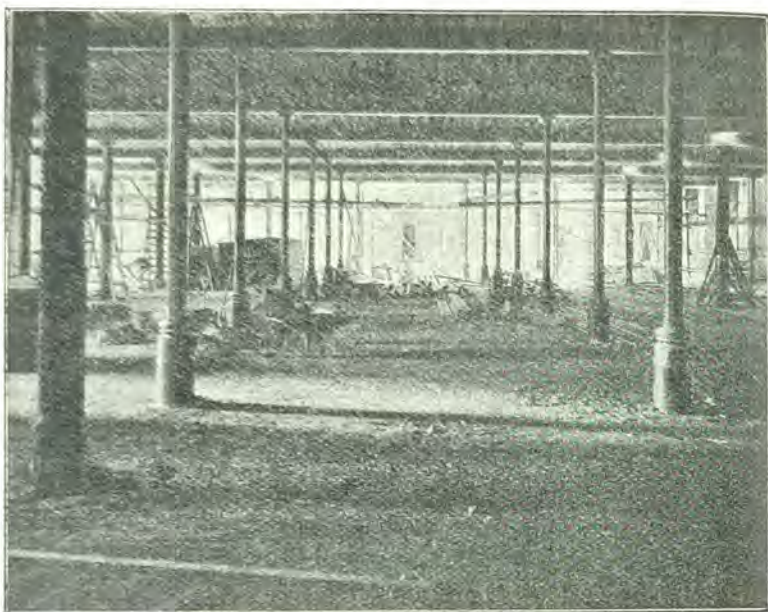
BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE TABERNACLE BASEMENT.

THE Pastor has been away from his desk, as well as from his pulpit, so a regular "Pastor's Page" is hardly to be expected in the October issue of the Magazine. During his absence, a kind friend, by means of his camera, has kept him posted as to the progress of the rebuilding of the Tabernacle. On the following page is a reproduction of one of the photographs.

By this thoughtful act, I have been enabled to see how things are going. The basement is being prepared as a meeting-place for our scattered host while the auditorium and the vestries are being reared and roofed. When *all* is accomplished, it will be subdivided into Lecture-hall, School-room, and Class rooms, much as in the former structure. Is it not delightful to perceive that chaos has given place to order, and that the columns are upright again? It is well, also, that they are a good deal loftier than their predecessors. Those in the distance, that is, at the Lecture-hall end, will be higher still.

The ceiling is fireproof (cement and iron), and the concrete floor is to be paved with wood. The flood of light streams in from windows that have been lengthened some 2½ feet, and contrivances will be employed for securing as much brightness as London's skies will provide.



THE TABERNACLE BASEMENT.

There appear to be a large number of pillars, but please remember what they will have to support! We are doing with less this time.

This Hall, we reckon, will accommodate nearly 2,000 people, and we hope to occupy it at the end of October. We propose to light it with electricity, and to heat it with radiators. Just where the platform will be, I cannot yet say. We shall have to discover where the preacher can be best seen and heard. There is no advantage in hearing a voice, and seeing no man, unless, as in Saul's experience, the voice is divine. Equally unsatisfactory is it to see a man, and hear no voice.

The place will, doubtless, have its drawbacks and disadvantages, but what a joy it will be to worship on the old spot! Better still will it be if the Lord brings salvation to the House, and the Holy Spirit causes men to be born there! May such glorious things be spoken of our Zion,—ay, of even the basement of it!

Ere this part of the work is finished, I desire to record the fact that the firm of Higgs and Hill, to whom we entrusted it, have most expeditiously and painstakingly served us, Mr. Higgs attending with loving interest to every detail, though, alas! he is not so strong as we could wish.

As to the funds for the whole work, I need only say that the stream has of late been—well, not swollen; but when the Pastor is back, and the plans are adopted, and the official appeal is issued, why, then, of course, there will be “waters to swim in.” Will *you*, dear reader, let your rivulet run into this river? Do! All contributions should be addressed to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LVIII.—PASTOR A. G. SHORT AND THE HERNE HILL TABERNACLE.

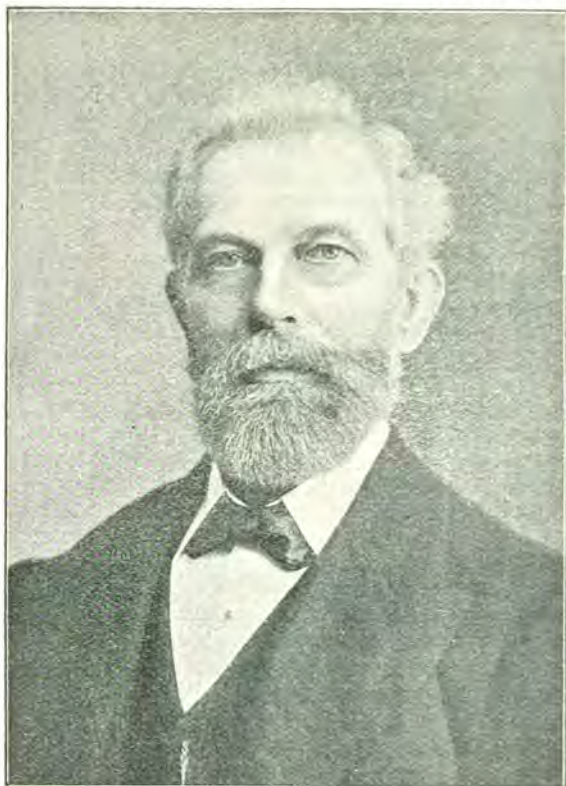


Photo by C. F. Treble,

373, Exeter Road, S. W.

ON January 1st, 1895, I went to Sandown, (after a severe illness which had taken me to the verge of death,) that I might spend the winter in a clime more mild and genial than Birmingham. Here I found Mr. SHORT. From the day of my arrival, as a stranger, to my departure in May, incessantly, with tenderest solicitude and affection, he gave me the sympathy and help a brother-minister needs. Sheltered from the fierce severity of that winter, I gained strength and renewed life from the sea breezes and pleasant environments of Sandown. When Spring came, I learnt much more of our Father's goodness in the beauty of the Isle of Wight; but the enduring and most fragrant memory, the all-pervading influence of that visit and retirement is the association with Mr. Short. For he proved himself, on closest acquaintance, to be a man of real and deep piety, of sterling integrity and devotion to duty, of shrewd and pregnant wisdom, of large and sympathetic experience. The esteem quickened in our hearts was discovered in all to whom we spoke; and though the chapel at Sandown was a small one, and the congregations not crowded, there was always

a refreshing vitality in the ministration of truth; the continuance of conversions manifesting the present power of God. The four great elements of a true gospel ministry were clearly apparent in Mr. Short's life.

1. He did sound work with the Scriptures, bringing to his people, not the froth of easy-wrought fancy, but the solid result of meditation and heart-converse with the Word. This was the substantial force of his preaching, and gave it fruitfulness.

2. He carefully pastored the people, visiting them in their necessities, and searching out their various wants, bringing to them, in their *homes*, the savour of words and actions sanctified by fellowship with God.

3. He kept close to God in prayerful communion, seeking to abide in Him Who lives for us, thus renewing his spirit at the fount of Divine energy and inspiration, and obtaining rich blessings for himself and others through fulfilled petitions.

4. He sought, in season and out of season, to benefit the souls of men. By lifting up the slothful; curbing the licentious; encouraging the doubtful; arousing the careless; to those who believed in Christ, whether faintly or fully, and to those who had not at present seen His beauty that they should desire Him, he was Evangelist the true; setting forth the message of grace, and feeding God's people with food convenient.

Mr. Short came to London in the early part of 1897, to commence a Baptist Church at Herne Hill in conjunction with a committee of gentlemen living in the neighbourhood, who felt the need of the people, and knew our brother's worth. It was clear to me that the consequences would be no mere flash in the pan. Mr. Short began the task, not by preaching in a big hall, for none was to be obtained; but, with that noble self-repression and quiet force only possible to a great soul, by conducting services for nearly eighteen months in an obscure railway arch near Loughborough Station. During this time, congregations have been gathered, the truth has been taught, God has been worshipped, His children have been built up, *souls have been saved*, the nucleus of a church has been formed, and the fellowship has been tested. Beyond this, by virile judgment, unwearied perseverance, and continual prayer, Mr. Short has secured a most valuable site of ground with special concessions from a Board of Trustees, and plans have been prepared for the chapel-building, which are to be carried out in part almost at once. So that, before many months have passed, by the blessing of that God Whose Word cannot fail, a strong and energetic church, sufficiently housed, will be working for Christ in this thriving and expanding district. Often, in this undertaking, has Mr. Short been like Columbus, of whom Carlyle writes, in *Past and Present*:—"Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dextrous science of defence, the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in when the favouring East, the possible, springs up."

How much fruit has come from the ministry of our beloved, and sainted, but ever-lamented Mr. Spurgeon! Going about the country,

it is almost startling to find the number of *men* to whom the Sermons, either printed or spoken, have been the word of life. Mr. Short is an instance of this. He came up to London from Bristol, as a very young man, with the view of going on to America if some arrangements he sought were not completed. On the Sunday afternoon, another young man, staying in the same hotel asked him to go to hear Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle. He went. Then and there his eyes were opened to see his sin and lost estate apart from God; and though trained in the home of godly Wesleyans, he was now, for the first time, really awakened. He sought the Pastor, who directed him to Christ, and at a Monday prayer-meeting the word of deliverance came: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Mr. Short's mother caught scent of her son's intention to leave England, so a pleading letter called him home again;—to return to London, where he was baptized, at Upton Chapel, in the winter of 1866-67. Soon, his gifts began to be manifest in preaching the truth he had learned to love; and, in the winter of 1868-69, he entered the Pastors' College. After about fifteen months, he accepted a student-pastorate at Surrey Lane, Battersea, where he laboured for some nine months. Then, in February, 1871, Mr. Spurgeon sent him in response to a call from Irvine, on the West coast of Scotland, to endeavour to resuscitate the Baptist church once under the care of the well-known Dr. Leechman. Mr. Short still remembers the loving, inspiring, and most characteristic words of the dear President, in saying "Good-bye." "Go," said he, "and see if anything can be done. Stay a week, a fortnight, a month, or a year. Do what you can. Come back whenever you like, and I will bear all expenses. May God bless you, and make you a blessing!" On reaching Irvine, he found that difficulties, which arose many years earlier, had led to the chapel being sold, and the church being dissolved. Some friends, however, had held together, meeting monthly in a leading brother's house. In these, with a few others, Mr. Short saw the nucleus of a new church, and at once commenced services in a public hall. By the Divine blessing, in a little while, the church was formed once more, under most promising conditions. At the inauguration of the church upon its renewed basis, the young pastor told his people that he had come from the South to Irvine at their call and Mr. Spurgeon's request; but he had not chosen Irvine as his sphere of labour, and desired to be free to return whenever the church was strong enough to stand alone. Three more happy years soon passed away. The church grew and flourished. The money was mostly gathered for a chapel. Mr. Short had gained the respect and love of the Christians in the town. In March, 1875, he felt it time to come back South. So, at a farewell meeting, amidst many tokens of regretful sorrow, he parted with these Scotch friends, of whom he always speaks in terms of loudest praise for their kindness and affection. On the handsome testimonial presented to him, are the names of the Established Church Minister, and the Provost of Irvine.

After two or three months, Mr. Short went down to settle at Sittingbourne, in Kent. Here, he was seized soon after with malarial fever, the change from the coast of Scotland to the marshes being too

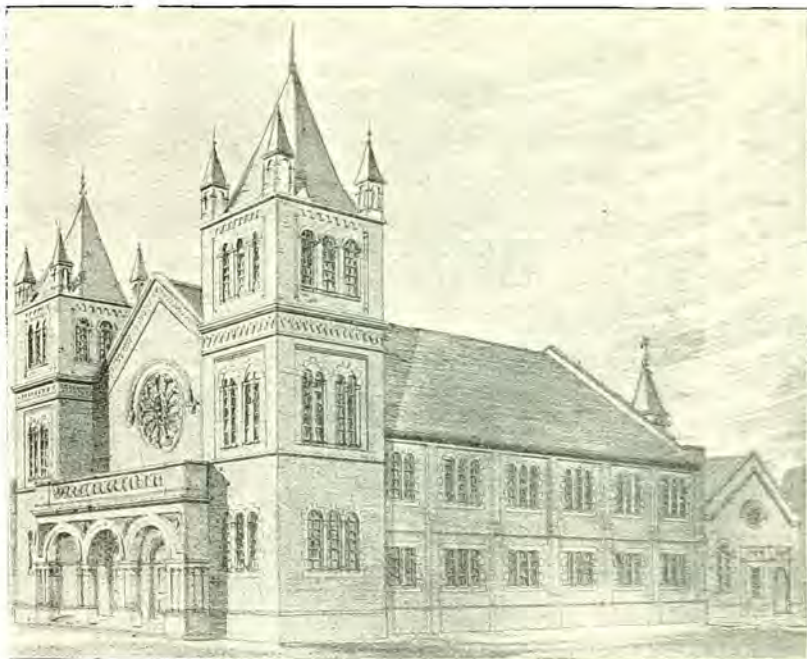
severe; and a serious illness followed, in which the Christian love of the people was proved, and Mr. Dean, J.P., then as now their leading deacon, acted more than a brother's part. But it was evident that Sittingbourne was impossible for Mr. Short, and, on the advice of his doctors, he sought a more bracing home. After a brief rest in London, he became pastor of Marlborough Crescent Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Now his health improved greatly, and for three years he threw himself heart and soul into the Christian work of the city. He soon became well known at the Central Hall, that hive of spiritual industry, and he often visited some of the engineering works of the district, to address the workmen during their dinner hour. The zeal of the Lord's house was eating him up; and, in spite of warnings from considerate friends, he continued almost extravagant labours until the summer of 1880, when a second breakdown in health occurred. Whilst away on a preaching tour, he was put into a damp bed, (how many ministers have found to their cost the wicked thoughtlessness of unworthy housewives!) and Mr. Short was sent home with a consolidated lung. In spite of resting at the Isle of Arran for weeks, the lung-mischief remained; and though the deacons desired him to take some months' relief in the hope of his return to them, the doctors urged him to go to Australia, or to live for some years in a sheltered part of Great Britain. Reluctantly, therefore, he resigned his charge. At the valedictory service, in October, 1881, the church presented him with an illuminated address, in which they say, amongst other things, "You have been to us a most able, faithful, and devoted pastor; your zeal for the Master's cause and glory, your unwavering fidelity, perseverance, and industry in the Lord's work have been to us greatly blessed. To you, under our Heavenly Father, we feel ourselves greatly indebted for our spiritual welfare."

Leaving Newcastle, Mr. Short sought shelter at the Bridge of Allan. Here he improved but slowly, and in the summer of 1882, he removed to a place called the Bourne, in the Pine district of West Surrey. He lived there for more than seven years, conducting a Bible-class for young people in his own house, and for the last three or four years preaching regularly once on the Lord's-day during the summer months, in the Congregational Chapel. The friends there showed their appreciation of his efforts to do good by valuable presents, the last taking the form of a cheque, when he left the Bourne, in 1889, to take charge of the church at Sandown, at the request of Mr. Spurgeon. Then Mr. Short's health had become completely restored. During the seven good, prosperous, and happy years of ministry at Sandown, he was never once out of his pulpit a whole Sunday on the ground of ill health.

And now I must close my sketch of our friend by once more referring to the incipient Baptist Church at Herne Hill.

When I was at Llandudno, last January, I went out, one most mild morning, into the woods behind Craigside with some others. We found many indications of the coming Spring, discovering even some leaves of primroses, of violets, and of lilies. But where were the flowers? Vainly we searched among the dead leaves of the past year,

round the corners of the tree roots, close to fallen lichen-covered logs. We found the leaves, but the flowers were not seen. Were there any? Yes; the flowers were there, but hidden away in the root, to become apparent and delightful when the set season came. So it is with the work at Herne Hill. The florescence has not yet appeared. The work's fulness is still concealed, to be made manifest when the advancing days have brought out their due developments. Now, only the leaves of earnest devotion, and diligent service, and half-hidden activity declare the Divine purpose to give a beautiful crown of bloom to the feeble shafts of green.



HERNE HILL TABERNACLE AND HALL.

Mr. Short has with him a number of Christian men and women who will loyally support his highest endeavours. Among them is the son of his old Sittingbourne deacon and friend, Mr. John H. Dean, who is acting as Treasurer. Many prominent ministers and others have signified their approval and appreciation of the efforts made by Mr. Short and his friends. Among them may be mentioned, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, Dr. S. H. Booth, Dr. Culross, Pastor W. Cuff, and William Higgs, Esq. Pastor Archibald G. Brown, an old friend of Mr. Short's, and one who knows the district of Herne Hill well, being a near neighbour, one who has also gone carefully into the details of the scheme, writes concerning it thus:—

"The friends at Herne Hill are now in a fair way to obtain their

House of Worship. A splendid site is secured, within two minutes' walk of the station. A better position could not be. They purpose first erecting a Hall, which will serve as a temporary chapel, and afterwards make a fine Sunday-school in the rear of the future Tabernacle. The enterprise is everything that can be desired, and my dear friend, Mr. Short, is a man wholly devoted to the gospel of the grace of God. Here is an investment I can confidently recommend to all the Lord's stewards."

I entirely endorse Mr. Brown's words; and, remembering what Mr. Short is, what has been already achieved, what the needs of that neighbourhood are, and what the abiding power of Christ's gospel is, I anticipate a very blessed and successful ministry to be consummated there; which shall bring much peace, power, and purity to men's lives; while it weaves a chaplet of glory for the brows of Him, Who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich; Whom having not seen, we love; in Whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Contributions will be gratefully received by Pastor A. G. Short, 37, Gubyon Avenue, Herne Hill; Mr. John H. Dean, 7, Woodquest Avenue, Herne Hill; or Mr. C. Cooper, 2, Winterbrook Road, Herne Hill, London. Will not everyone who can, give some help, and that immediately, to this work for God?

WALTER HACKNEY.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

X.—LONDON'S GREEN HEM.

ONE Saturday afternoon in July, we resolved to go over the same ground described in these pages, months ago, under the title of "Through the Fields in a Fog." The previous walk was taken in the depth of winter, and we finished up with the darkness closing in at four in the afternoon. The fields were then soddened with wet, the ditches were full of water, the hedges and trees bare, and dripping with moisture. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, and added to the fact that a thick haze spread everywhere, that winter's walk was one of the most interesting of the year. Again we traversed the meadows, and, this time, went through the copse which on the last occasion we skirted; again we stood on the bridge spanning the stream, but the hour was 6 p.m. on a glorious July day. Having received such vivid impressions on the occasion of our winter visit, we were prepared to enjoy to the full the contrast created by the summer season, and to moralize up to our bent on the altered condition of things.

The change from January to July was indeed marvellous. The same landscape, but what a difference! Then, save for the cawing rooks, and now and again a twitter, the birds were dumb; but on this early July day the thrush sang its mellow song of many notes, skylarks rose from the meadow grass uttering their hopeful lay, pigeons

cooed, starlings chattered, and once at least the hidden cuckoo called. The shroud of winter fog, in which the land then lay as dead, had long since lifted, and from the fields, which erstwhile were so shrunk and sullen, the grasses now waved a thousand pennons, responsive to the rhythm of the summer breeze. Life, life, attended on our way; no longer microscopic, but manifest, and clad in green and gold! From the long grass, moths, with wings of silver, started as we stepped, and the gorgeous dragon-flies, with mincing movements, heralded our progress. So, through deep lanes of standing grass we walked, and brown-winged butterflies, poised on tall stems, stood by. The air was full of hum as if a mighty crowd was near, while many birds made music, and over all there stole the smell of new-mown hay.

On the bridge we paused, and thought our way back again to the wintry day. The winding-sheet of fog then well-nigh wrapped the trees from view. Who could tell when the Unseen Hand was first stretched forth, or in what hour the call came to the sleeping Earth, "I say unto thee, arise"? So, who can say, "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" to all the early flutterings of faith? Be glad! The bosom heaves though yet the eyes be closed! Wait! He will call again, and then the soul shall come to her windows, and see His outstretched hand bidding her rise and follow Him through all the changing scenes to the perfect day! The wind lifts the shroud, and folds it up; the wind steals through the copse and by the stream,—the warm South wind;—the wind sets all the aspens trembling; the wind lifts the new leaves, and they break forth into testimony;—the wind which "bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

And there, upon the bridge, we drew a contrast between the soul enwrapt in the fog of ignorance, irresponsible, dull,—and the same soul with every gift awake, and every nerve alive to the quickenings of the Holy Ghost. The contrast from January to July was past the telling; but, in the spiritual realm, utterly beyond appropriate expression is the change which causes the dead to live, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk,—which makes "all things new" to the "new creature in Christ Jesus."

And possibilities crowded thickly upon us. We thought how Spring oft leaped in Winter's womb ere the labour days of March came on; that the earliest sighs of Motherhood stirred the Earth to song. And then we dreamed a dream. We sat beneath a dome with thousands more. The mighty preacher's cadence rose and fell; and on it rode a spell which leaped in flame:—"In order to the obtaining of an increase to the Church, there must be travail. . . . In the early dawn of Christian history, there was a preparation of the Church before it received an increase. Look at the obedient disciples sitting in the upper room, waiting with anxious hope. . . . The like living zeal and vehement desire have always been perceptible in the Church of God before any season of refreshing. . . . I have happened to become the centre of certain brethren in this church; one of them said to me, the other day, 'O sir, I pray day and night for God to prosper our church; I long to see greater things; God is

blessing us, but we want much more.' When the sun rises, the mountain-tops first catch the light, and those who constantly live near to God will be the first to feel the influence of the coming refreshing. And now I ask the prayers of all this church, that God would send us a time of revival. We cannot go back; we dare not go back. It must be onward with us; backward it cannot be. In the name of God the Eternal, let us gird up our loins by the power of His Spirit, and go onward conquering through the blood of the Lamb." So we went back to the morning when the Great President preached his famous Sermon from Isaiah lvi. 8.

The stirring of the poplars by the stream was like the sound of many waters, even as we have heard the tide advance up the rivers of the West. And we started from our reverie to pray that December in our churches might give way to March, for after March come May and June, the harvests of the year, and the forming of the fruit-buds of the season yet to be.

* * * *

The streams round London are seldom clear. The one bridged by the frail structure on which we stood was a tributary of the Brent, which in its turn runs into the Thames. A sullen, inky, narrow channel was our stream, widening out beyond the bridge into a lake, on which rode a solitary swan, the ripples of whose kingly progress caused the water-weeds to do obeisance. A white swan on the sluggish stream! The black waters contrasted with this thing of beauty, and set it as a simile of what may be seen upon the river of daily life. And the sinuous watercourse with sewage in solution, winding through the summer meadows, became a figure, too, of an evil influence eating its way through the heart of better things.

The sibilant leaves above us murmured melodiously. We moved from the bridge that we might better see the trees. Then we watched while the wind and sun played upon the leaves,—Lombardy poplar, aspen, white poplar, and silver birch. What a picture of light and motion! We could not help saying again, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The great master of "The Art of Illustration" has passed away; we will therefore be modest, as becomes us. But, down by the famous summer-house at "Westwood" the poplar leaves have trembled through many seasons. The author of *The Treasury of David* probably often paused in his retreat, "Out of the World," and listened to the rhythm of that sea of leaves. God has many ministries, and with the wind as minstrel the trees may become Sibylline. So they may have been to the Lord's servant as he turned again to interpret the handwriting of the Spirit on the leaves of the greater Prophecy.

* * * *

London's fringe of fields is but little known to the multitudes who lay their daily offering on the altar of her industry. There are the haunts of the million; but, gregarious ever, they settle in flocks on a few spots, and leave the rest untouched. We are almost ready to say, "So may it be till some whom we have seen out for a holiday know better how to behave themselves!"

The fields through which we walked on the July day, were cut by the Metropolitan Railway. The copse, with its trees full of starlings and woodpeckers' holes, is close to that new Cockney Elysium, Wembley Park. The mere where our companion found a dab-chick's eggs,—one of them just laid,—is close to the Park gates; but in passing through the copse, we only met a boy gathering wood, nor did we, through the luscious meadows, come across a solitary pedestrian. In Wembley Park there were thousands of persons, which probably was as it should be,—say from a proprietor's point of view. Along the roads were cyclists by the score,—many women, with whom we find no fault, for the healthy exercise of our sisters is better than the hysterics of our grandmothers' early days. If the Editor lets this pass, remember that it is only the writer's personal opinion.

The main roads out of London on Saturday afternoons teem with men and women on wheels,—“toiling on, toiling on,” dusty, hot, intent. Why do they not turn down some of the many shady lanes? Why do they not wander rather than whirl through a holiday? Echo answers, “Why?” And yet the reply may be, “We must have a goal;” “We all love company, and we all love *tea*.” The only “cyclists' rest” in a shady lane is the bank, by which sometimes runs a little stream, and there you can refresh, or otherwise, as you fancy the water.

But what a blessed thing it is to be a “loafer”! To “hang about” and hear the young starlings chatter from the hole in the elm; to watch the rats make bubbles as they cross the moat; to notice the deadly nightshade's flowering bine trailing over the dark waters of the ditch; to be able to distinguish the varieties of the wild rose; to loll by the lake, and admire the white and yellow water-lilies, and begin wondering why the latter need smell just like a chemist's shop, and then to fall imagining the pool to be an Oriental beauty, decked for a ceremony;—these may be among the musings of the sentimental tramp. Furthermore, to see where the tits build in the willows; to curiously note the horse-shoes on the nodes of the chestnut; to smile at the stray nest-straws hanging from the holes of trees; to look with dubious surprise at the depth those holes reveal; to laugh outright as an old rook, far off, takes alarm at your dully-muzzled dog; to seek the solitary nest of the carrion crow, and to be a personal acquaintance of the many living things which sing, or hum, or chuckle,—this, all this, to use Kingsley's words, is “the apotheosis of loafing!”

And so, times out of number, we have wandered round London;—Harrow, Hampstead, Highgate, Epping, Eltham, The Crays, Bexley, Norwood, Streatham, Wandsworth, Richmond, Twickenham, Kew;—and we now loyally make our bow to the Empress among cities, and respectfully kiss the green hem of Her Majesty's robe.

The Palace Beautiful.

II.—SERVICE RENDERED TO THE KING.

BY PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, MORLEY, YORKSHIRE.

IT is the happy privilege of those who have been admitted to the Palace Beautiful to urge others to enter. Those who are saved by Christ, will find their highest joy in serving Him; they are chosen vessels to bear His Name. No man is saved merely for his own sake; Christ's method of saving men is by men. This is true not only of ministers and deacons, but of all who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious." The Indian convert was not far from right when he quaintly said, "Every stick in the forest of nature that Christ cuts down for Himself, He intends to use as the handle of an axe with which to cut down other sticks." This is a law of the house of the Lord: "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." Christ had a special work to do, and a special place to fill. It is the same in the kingdom of nature with each flower, each leaf, and each tendril; and to this rule every saved soul both on earth and in Heaven must conform.

"A place for everything, and everything in its place," is a good maxim for the home and the business; and a place for every *man*, and every *man* in his place, is an equally good rule for the Church of God. We need to realize that there is a right place and a right work for all the members of Christ's Church, and that it is only by each one performing the task for which God has qualified him, and performing it with a will, that the Church, like a well-manned vessel, can sail gallantly on the sea of time, rescuing the shipwrecked on the way, and landing its living freight at last in the haven of eternal rest. Said an old farm-labourer to the writer, one day, when speaking on this subject, "All of us can do a little; and if we all did our part, there would only be a little for any of us to do."

That apostolic man, Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, would receive none into church-fellowship but those who undertook to do some definite work for Christ. This will account, to some extent, for the marvellous success of the German Baptist Mission. Surely the good man did well, for our privileges bring with them corresponding duties. We have no right to eat if we will not work; in fact, the indolent have no relish for food. God has made labour necessary both in the natural and spiritual worlds. The charge of the Creator to the creature, as he came forth strong and beautiful from His Maker's hands, was, "Subdue the earth;" and the charge of the Saviour to the renewed soul is, "Subdue the world." All who are indolent, with such a task before them, must surely be stigmatized as "wicked" because "slothful servants." We have no right to use for our own selfish ends the blessings acquired by the sufferings and death of our Divine Redeemer. It is just here that there is real danger; for, in every country, and under every form of Government, the unemployed classes are a source of weakness. This is specially so in the Church of God. Show us an idle church, and we will show you the place

where the weeds of contention, strife, worldliness, and every evil thing grow apace. Our churches will never be what they should be till every member falls into rank, and takes his due share of holy labour. It is only thus that the Church as a whole can thrive and prosper, and become a mighty power for good in society, changing the spirit of the world, and shaping it for a grander and nobler destiny.

The "feast of fat things" and the "wine on the lees, well-refined," are no doubt pleasant themes, but there are other things beside these that claim a good man's attention. The parables of the vineyard, the talents, and the unfaithful steward, have a moral that should make the slothful tremble. The Church is not a mere nursery for training babes, nor yet a pillow of idleness for such as are too lazy to work; it is a militant organization, where the soldiers of Christ are drilled and equipped, and sent forth to "fight the good fight," to wage unceasing warfare against the forces of evil. Disowning all carnal means, and armed only with the invincible weapons of truth and love, they are commanded to pull down the strongholds of Satan, to wrestle against "spiritual wickedness in high places," and to continue, till their bloodless and onward career is complete, their final victory won, and the ensign of the cross waves in peace over a ransomed world.

We need hardly say that this is not the view which many take of the Church and its work in the world. Not a few look upon the Church as a sort of spiritual pound, where the stray sheep are kept in safety till the Lord shall come; while many regard the Church simply as a place where they may find spiritual rest and food. They have the same idea of Christian life as the ploughboy had of happiness, "Plenty to eat, sir, plenty to drink, *and nothing to do.*" Thus they fall into the suicidal mistake of making the means of grace an end instead of using them as means to an end. It is because so many take this view of things, that, as one has put it, "They live as splendid nothings, and die as bubbles die upon the troubled wave."

Let us now turn to one or two cases, in our Church life and work, where this principle is sadly lacking.

First of all, this is seen in *the administration of the Church's affairs*. This, we fear, is one of the weak points in our harness. Shall we congratulate the churches on the enormous capacity they possess for passing resolutions which are never carried out? Alas! how grievously we fail here, simply because our people are not in their places when the season for action comes! At times, this is the result of carelessness; men do the Lord's work as they would not do their own. The following story, told by Mr. Spurgeon, will serve to illustrate our point:—"A negro heard a sermon, in which he was taught to give the Lord a tenth. So Zachary decided to enclose ten acres of land, and give God one acre; and he would sow the Lord's portion with potatoes, maize, and so on. This Zachary did; but after he had done it, the rascal never hoed the Lord's potatoes, and never looked after the Lord's maize at all, and so, when people rode by, they wondered to see nine parts of the field very carefully kept in order, and the other part with nothing at all done on it; and when the man was asked to explain the difference, he said, 'That is the Lord's part.'"

"So," said the above-named C. H. S., "there are many people who act like that: all their own business is done with great skill and forethought, they throw their soul into it; but the business concerning the little chapel, the business of taking care of God's work,—ah! those are the Lord's potatoes, and Zachary does not hoe them." We fear there is a good deal of truth underlying that quaint story; it is a sad fact that men do not fill their places in God's service as they do in their own business. Thank God there are many who do; and for their devotion, and zeal, and self-sacrificing gifts and labours, we praise the Lord.

There are times, doubtless, when this weakness in our administration springs from cowardice; some of our people cannot face a difficulty, and so their place is vacant, and the whole weight of the church is transferred to the pastor's shoulders, as if they regarded him as a kind of Atlas. Such action is foreign to the very spirit of Christianity; for one of its distinguishing features is that it addresses itself to our individuality, utterly repudiating religion by proxy, and not allowing a Christian man to lose himself in the multitude, or to shirk his own proper duty by expecting others to do for him what he ought to do himself; while it brings out into vivid prominence his individual responsibility, stamps his life, however humble, as part of God's great plan, and gives him an appointed place with an allotted task, for the fulfilment of which he must render an account when the books are opened, and the Judge shall sit upon His throne.

Something might be said here about all being in their places at public worship, and in the Sunday-school; but space forbids. Still, we must add a word on the absolute necessity of every place being filled at the prayer-meeting, for no church can really prosper where this service is neglected, and we have never known one to fail where it has been well sustained; yet the majority of our church-members do not seem so much as to know that there is a prayer-meeting, sad that it should be so; for failure here means failure all along the line. Hence the importance of every man being in his place, and (as far as possible) always in his place, at this gathering of the church. If we are to have Pentecostal sermons and Pentecostal blessing, we must have Pentecostal prayer-meetings: "They were all with one accord in one place; . . . and there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire." If we would have more earthly power, we must have more Heavenly fire. We have heard it said that the devil does not like fire; possibly he has good reasons for this; but we must see to it that the fire is ever burning on the altar, for heat is the source of power, and we can only obtain this by looking up to Heaven. May our meetings for prayer find every man in his place! Then, "as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion;" the Lord will command "the blessing, even life for evermore."

We must now turn to another part of the subject. *What can be done to induce our people to take their places in church life and work?* "Take your places, if you are going on," said a railway official in our hearing. "Yes," we thought, "that is true in other matters than railway travelling, we must take our places if we are to go on." But how are our people to be brought into position, so that there shall

follow each pastor "a band of men whose hearts God hath touched"? Can it be done by preaching scolding sermons? We do remember our faults this day, and confess (in a whisper) that it is twenty-five years since we preached our *first* and *last* scolding sermon. Since then, we have found the advice of the ancients—"Put the whip in the manger,"—to be a far more excellent way.

Shall we attempt it by bribes? We have seen this tried. Certain cantankerous do-nothings have been offered and have willingly accepted the bribe of official position, but the result has been most disastrous both to the church and to the individuals themselves. May God help us to shun the wicked trick, and to abide by the apostolic custom, and "look out men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost, and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." Better be single-handed than put into office men whom the Lord will not use, and whose service He will not accept; better that the place be vacant, than filled by an unfit person. Thus have we hinted at how it is *not* to be done; let us prayerfully glance at the other side.

We must get our churches to look at the sins and sorrows of men. It was when our Divine Lord saw the multitude "as sheep not having a shepherd," that "He was moved with compassion towards them." "When He beheld the city, He wept over it." This it was that led Jeremiah to cry, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" It was this that produced in Paul a paroxysm of grief, when he saw the city of Athens wholly given to idolatry. Even the common sorrows of men may well fill our hearts with grief and our eyes with tears; but the awful condition of the unsaved should amaze and overwhelm us. No wonder that one should say in his dying delirium (the ruling passion being strong in death), "O nurse, nurse, there is a soul perishing; I must be away to save it;" and when the nurse tried to check him, by saying it was winter, and the effort would kill him, he replied; "Anything to save a soul." Surely this is the very spirit that should actuate every Christian, "Anything to save a soul." Shall we not urge our people to lay aside little differences of opinion and method, while all take their places, and haste to the rescue? In our boyhood, a vessel was wrecked off the East coast, but the crew of the life-boat could not agree on some minor point, and within sound of the frantic cries for help, they stood wrangling upon the beach, and before they put off for the wreck, the vessel broke up, and every man found a grave in the angry sea. When we heard of this unusual and inhuman occurrence, we were childish enough to wonder why they did not rescue the perishing *first*, and settle their differences afterwards; but we have lived to see the same folly and crime repeated in the Church of God. Shall we not bring home to our people the guilt of leaving men to perish, while they are engaged in trivial disputes? "O son of man, I have set thee a watchman. . . . If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thine hand." May our skirts be unstained!

Let us cultivate the spirit of intense piety, in our own hearts, and the hearts of our members. We fear the way in which some churches

pander to the insatiable craving for amusement, tends to unfit many for earnest Christian work. We do not wish to be misunderstood here. That men should have rest from labour, and that they should have such recreations as refresh both body and mind, we should be the last to deny; but where is the church, that has given itself up to furnishing amusements, that has not done damage to its own moral and spiritual life? In such churches, we find the cricket club far better manned than the Sunday-school, and a "nigger" entertainment much more numerous attended than the prayer-meeting. It is our firm conviction that a holy Church is the great need of the age. Only as we take our place at the dear feet of Immanuel, shall we take our right position in Christian life and work. When this is done, "God, even our own God, shall bless us," and multitudes in all our congregations shall learn to "fear Him."

"Divine Gentleness Acknowledged."

(See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 683.)

O LORD, my strength, Thy love to me
 Passes my power to relate;
 This only would I say of Thee,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

I was a sinner, foul with sin,
 Standing apart without the gate;
 Thine was the hand that let me in,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

In sore distress Thou sawest me lie,
 And stooping to my low estate,
 Didst raise me to a throne on high,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

Long slighted I Thy holy will,
 From God and goodness reprobate;
 But though, alas! I used Thee ill,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

By meekness, Thou hast mastered me,
 By love, hast overcome my hate;
 Thy servitude has set me free,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

And when before Thee I appear,
 With crown of gold, and robe of state;
 I'll tell Thee as I venture near,
 "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

X.—AN OCTOGENARIAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT ABERFELDY IN 1855.

READERS of Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* will remember that, in the chapter on his "First Visit to Scotland," he gives a graphic and amusing description of the service he conducted at Aberfeldy. Just as the *October Sword and Trowel* was being prepared, a manuscript came to hand from "one of our own men,"—Pastor L. S. Steedman, Tullymet, Perthshire,—containing a hearer's recollections of the Sermon preached on that occasion. It must have been a "striking" one, or it would not have been so well remembered for forty-three years, and the listener must have given good heed to the discourse, so we gladly include it in the present series. With this brief introduction, we may let Brother Steedman tell his part of the interesting narrative.

The late beloved Editor of the *Sword and Trowel* had probably few more ardent admirers than Archibald Stewart, of Shean, a small hamlet in Glenquaiach, Perthshire. In 1855, Mr. Spurgeon spent some time in Scotland; and, through Mr. John Anderson, then resident in Glasgow, but a native of Aberfeldy, he was induced to visit the latter place, and arrangements were soon made for him to preach in the Old Independent Chapel. Of this service, word was sent to "Archie" by a member of the Baptist church then existing in Aberfeldy; but, at that time, there was no regular post up the glens, letters being carried as far as Amulree, and forwarded as opportunity offered. It so happened, however, that "Archie" had a sister who was ill, and this fact being known to the post officials at Amulree, they thought the letter might be from the doctor, and so took special trouble to have it immediately forwarded. By this means, it reached its destination just in time to enable our good brother, then in the full strength of sturdy manhood, to cross the hill, some six or seven miles, and attend the service.

At my suggestion, he has written out his recollections of the Sermon. It should be remembered that the notes are by one just bordering on four-score years, that he is writing wholly from memory after a lapse of forty-three years, and also that "Archie" is really more conversant with his native Gaelic than with English.

The text on the occasion was Psalm cxix. 176, the closing verses of the Psalm being first of all sung in the Scotch metrical version. Mr. Spurgeon said that he had intended preaching that evening from another Psalm, but since entering the pulpit this other passage had presented itself to his mind so forcibly that he believed the Spirit of God had some work to accomplish through it, so he would yield himself to His guidance. He then said that the text consisted of three parts. First, *the psalmist's confession*: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep;" second, *his petition*: "Seek Thy servant;" and third, *his argument*: "For I do not forget Thy commandments."

Speaking on the first part, the preacher said he had often wondered at David concluding this Psalm with such words as these. Having had such sweet communion with God throughout preceding parts, one might have expected he would finish with the voice of praise. But, after more experience, he had now changed his mind, and believed that the psalmist could not have closed with more suitable words than "I have gone astray." Such a confession was suitable for the most earnest of the Lord's servants. Though they had preached the gospel in foreign lands, and had been the means of converting thousands, and had passed through all sorts of persecutions, yet, when departing to give in their account, this would be a suitable confession for each one, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep." The preacher felt sure that such a confession would suit his own case at the end of his labours. When John Newton was getting very frail, and was advised by the doctors to give up preaching, he answered, "How can the old African blasphemer cease to preach while there is a soul to be saved from hell?"

Referring to the words, "like a lost sheep," Mr. Spurgeon said:—"The sheep is a very foolish creature. Although it should be attended by the best of shepherds, and fed in the best of pasture, whenever it could find a break in the fence, it wandered away on the moors, and though half-starved, would not return until the shepherd sought it out, and brought it home. Christ's sheep often act in a similar fashion, for, though they have the Chief Shepherd, and the best of provision, they are liable to go astray where they would suffer, and be ready to die, if their Shepherd did not search them out, and bring them back."

The preacher here mentioned some of the special peculiarities of sheep. He once asked a shepherd how often sheep would go astray, and the answer was, "Just as often as they find a break in the hedge." Another thing was that, when one broke through, it was likely to have many followers. He had heard of a flock of lambs that were being driven along a road, and when they came to a certain bridge, one of them jumped on the ledge, and fell over, and the others all followed. This should be a warning to us to remain in the way of safety, not only for our own sake, but also for the safety of others.

Coming to the second division,—the psalmist's petition,—Mr. Spurgeon remarked that, when David's faith seemed to be declining, so that he could not help himself, he prayed that the Shepherd Himself would come and restore him to closer communion. How often had he (the preacher) called himself a fool for straying from God after all He had done for him! When he thought of the nails and the cruel cross, it caused him to grieve at his forgetfulness of such undeserved love. Like the psalmist, he had need to cry, "Seek Thy servant."

He did not know what was the condition of things in Aberfeldy, but the church of which he was the Pastor always had large prayer-meetings, and they had reason to thank God that there was encouraging blessing attending the preaching of the Word among them; but if the members of a church were not earnest in prayer, they could not expect the Lord's blessing. Referring again to the peculiarities of sheep, the preacher stated that, if a dog entered the pasture,

they quickly gathered themselves into a cluster, and in the time of storm they did the same. Here was a lesson in Christian unity, especially when danger was looming over us, whether in the church or the world. Mr. Spurgeon further said that the words, "Seek Thy servant," proved the necessity and importance of personal supplication. He had heard of a Christian who, after he was converted, had a private place for prayer away from his dwelling, which, for a time, he frequented so regularly that a footpath could be traced to it over the grass; but, by-and-by, the path, becoming obliterated, was a silent but sure witness against him for neglecting his former habit of secret devotion. The preacher asked his hearers what account their bedside, or other place of private prayer, would have to give regarding them. Would it have to say, "It is long since you were here?"

Proceeding to the last point,—the psalmist's argument,—Mr. Spurgeon asked if that plea could be used by all his hearers, "Seek Thy servant, for I do not forget Thy commandments." Perhaps many could not argue thus, for in their case the Divine commands were neglected and disobeyed. Many, instead of remembering God's commandments, frequented the public-house, and spent their time in ruining body and soul with strong drink. Thus Satan led them on, step by step, till they were bound by evil habits, and could not get free. The preacher said that such people reminded him of the story of a king who employed a smith to make a long chain. The man made the chain; but when the king saw it, he wanted it much longer. It was lengthened, but the king cried, "Longer yet." After a while, the smith had to say that he could make it no longer, for he had spent his all upon it; whereupon the king upbraided him, and bade his servants bind him with the chain he had made. Such is the reward that Satan gives to those who engage in the service of sin.

God, however, commands all men everywhere to repent and believe the gospel, but if sinners will not obey, He is bound to punish the disobedient. There was a sea captain, who had a young son who was fond of climbing the mast. One day he got up, but could not get down. Word was sent to the captain as to how matters stood. The boy's father seized his gun, and shouted to his son that, when the vessel again turned to leeward, he should let go the mast, and drop into the sea. At first the boy hesitated, but his father told him that, unless he let go, he would shoot him. The boy knew his father would stand to his word, so he obeyed, and fell into the sea; he was soon picked up by the sailors, and brought on deck with much rejoicing. So, the love of God has provided a place and means of safety for all sinners who will believe in Jesus Christ. Casting themselves entirely upon Him, He will forgive and save them.

"Archie" closes his notes by saying that this memorable Sermon refreshes him yet when he thinks of it, but he cannot attempt to reproduce the glowing and eloquent language in which the truths were set forth. He says, "It laid hold of the chief of sinners, encouraged the weakest believers, and edified the most experienced saints. Mr. Spurgeon was indeed 'The Prince of Preachers.'"

The Special Difficulties of To-day in the Way of an Evangelical Ministry.

A PAPER READ AT THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY PASTOR C. INGREM, WIMBLEDON.

IF, to-day, Hill Difficulty is brought into prominence, if, on close examination, we discover it to be, not a single mount, but a series of ascents, and if the steepness, and ruggedness, and height should seem to be *very* steep, and *very* rugged, and *very* high, let no one think we are attempting a *complete* representation of the ministerial "Pilgrim's Progress," nor even imagine that we are endeavouring to give a *full* account of the hills themselves. We do not forget that John Bunyan wrote concerning "Hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which was a spring;" also, "*about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travellers,*" and, still further, we have even heard of "*Palace Beautiful,*" with its delightful fellowships and gracious revelations,—all which await those who have climbed and conquered; but, here and now, we have to deal, not with these, but with the things *per contra*; not with the conquests, but with the conflicts; not with the triumphs, but with the trials; not with the deliverances, but with the difficulties. We are aware of the South side of these hills, but to-day we have to view the Northern aspects.

"The special difficulties of *to-day*," is the label put upon our subject. We are to speak of the rough and steep places our feet are even *now* finding, of the "Enchanted Ground" we are, *to-day*, passing through, of the foes which confront us *in this year of grace*, 1898. We are to inspect and scrutinize these things, to find out something about their number, and strength, and methods; to learn, if we can, the disposition of these forces, where are the best points of attack, and how we can most hopefully and successfully make the assault, so that, with somewhat fuller understanding of the matter, we may hearten one another by saying, "We are well able, . . . let us go up." Such a subject seems to us worthy of, at any rate, some little consideration. To have an intelligent appreciation of our difficulties ought to conduce to a speedier and completer victory over them. For want of adequate information and appreciation of the foes and forces confronting them, the Russian hosts had to wait for weary months before the steeps of Plevna, thousands of their number falling in the fierce, but for long unavailing assaults made upon that stronghold. Is it not even so with us? Are we not often baulked, and baffled, and beaten back, even brought well-nigh to despair for the self-same reason? As the mariner sometimes does not understand the set, nor rightly gauge the force, of the currents around him, and so is driven out of his course, to find disaster instead of the haven of his desire, so has it been with some who, if they have not made shipwreck of their faith, have of their works. Hence, though the present treatment of the subject may be far from sufficient or satisfying, yet, directing attention to it, provoking discussion about it, and possibly conducing to a more informing deliverance on it, the effort will not be in vain.

But we have need to discriminate. The difficulties we have to deal with are those confronting the *Evangelical* minister. "Eggs are eggs," says "John Ploughman," "but some ——" "Ministers are ministers," say we, "but some ——" Well, articles do sometimes get labelled wrongly, even though the article be a minister, and the labelling be done by his own hands. "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by Thy Name, and by Thy Name cast out devils, and by Thy Name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto you I never knew you: depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity." They called Him Lord; but they knew Him not as Saviour. *Kúrios* was often on their lips; but *Σωτήρ* was unknown to them.

An EVANGELICAL minister takes honest account of the sombre facts of life. By that, I do not mean that he is a pessimist; that, a truly Evangelical minister cannot be; that is the utter abnegation of faith and denial of the grace of God. An Evangelical minister *must* be an optimist, BUT, *not of the easy-going sort.* He may have his moods; he may be, and ought to be, in certain circumstances, jocund and joyous. Keenly alive to the influences of brightness and beauty around him, he may lift his head, and raise his voice in tuneful song whilst, with elastic step, he treads the springy turf; the scent of the heather and the song of the lark may make the red blood to tingle in his veins and the light of hope to dance in his eyes; then, perchance, he may chant the poet's lay,—

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hill's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His Heaven;"—

but not even then will he say,—

"All's right with the world."

For *that*, he has been too near the *heart* of things, has seen too much of life's "seamy side", has known too fully its mixed and mingled contents. A very little way out from the centre of this great city, exquisite bits of beauty may be found, sylvan glades, purple hillsides, stretches of gorse and heather, where still the wild birds sing and nature reigns; but whilst the eye gazes on the scene that charms, into the ear comes the moaning undertone of the busy city's grinding, wearing, soul-crushing traffic, and the mood stirred by the sights around is likely swiftly to pass away, and the laughter to be turned to tears. So with the Evangelical minister,—nature in her Springtime show, childhood in its romping fulness and frolicsomeness of life, youth with its hopes, and manhood with its strength, may move his soul and stir his pulse with quick and genuine delight; but he cannot be long in such a mood; swiftly and soon will he be recalled to the fact "that all is *not* right with the world." Once it was, and again it shall be. *Once*, "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy," as, fresh from the creative hand, this fair and wondrous world

sprang into being and beauty ; *and again* the song shall swell as the Word is fulfilled, " Behold, I make all things new." Once, the mighty Maker Himself, looking upon His own handiwork, pronounced it " good " ; and again shall come the time when, the work of redemption perfected, Jehovah in the midst shall rejoice with joy, shall rest in His love, shall joy over it with singing ; but that time is not now. This is the interval between the music. Creation's swelling symphonies are hushed, Redemption's chorus not yet full, and in this intervening space of time, He " by whom all things were made that were made," has been seen " a weary man and full of woes," weeping over a doomed city, and agonizing for a world wherein the dire tragedy of sin has been enacted ; and *this*, the Evangelical minister knows. Yea, he knows somewhat of that tragedy himself ; he has seen and felt and known all too much of the havoc wrought by that misshapen, monstrous thing called sin ; and so, though he need not, will not, must not, deny the things that are bright and beautiful and blessed, the things that are good and right and true ; whilst he knows that God has not forsaken, but still has a desire toward the work of His own hands ; he also knows that not yet have the new heavens and the new earth appeared, but " the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." *Sin is here*, and sin is not a mere " untoward incident " in the evolution of the race, not merely a steep and narrow place in man's climb upward from the low level of the brute creation to the mountain-tops where dwell the sons of God ; rather is it a yawning abyss, in the dark depths of which *death* lurks ; for sin is not alone, her Stygian brood of pain, and sorrow, and death, are ever found swiftly following in her train. *They are with us* ; and no mere Summer-morning philosophy can long shut out this fact from view. The Persian king may give his orders to shut out sackcloth from all his palaces and halls of banqueting, but none will be thereby befooled save him who gives the order, and the time of his undeceiving will soon arrive. Pain will enter ; sorrow will come ; and death will rise up and laugh in his face, mocking all his elaborate precautions. All this, the Evangelical minister knows, and takes account of. His work is based upon the facts of sin, and pain, and sorrow, and death. He knows, only too well, how entirely the dread threat has been accomplished :—

" Presently

We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green
Or greener, certes, than its knowledge tree.
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,
More eminent for shadow ; for the rest,
We'll build it dark with towns and pyramids,
And temples, if it please you. We'll have feasts,
And funerals also ; merry wakes and wars,
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along
Right o'er the edges."

All this, he sees. He cannot pass it by ; it gives him challenge, compelling his attention. Swift following every day comes the night, and after every pleasure its accompaniment of pain, whilst death ends every life. The truly Evangelical minister (in varying measures, of

course,) knows and realizes this. His ministry has meaning only when these facts are manifest. If men had nought to do with sin, and sorrow, and death, where would be the room or reason for one who, if his name at all suggests his work, is a bearer of an Evangel, a preacher of a Gospel, a bringer of good tidings. So the Evangelical minister refuses to ignore, but takes honest account of, the darker facts and sterner aspects of life; *yet* he never allows himself to think, or speak, or act as if these were all. He goes on to announce his possession of an antidote, an infallible remedy by which the dark and shadow-full facts of life may become only the background upon which divinest radiance may appear. It is his delight to say to the sick, "There is a land of which 'the inhabitant shall *not* say, I am sick;'" and to the sorrowful, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away;" and to the sin-stricken soul, "We preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;"—"forgiveness for your guilt, righteousness for your shortcomings, energy for your weakness, and so, peace for your fears, and victory instead of your defeats." He knows that sin *abounds*, but grace *MUCH MORE*; and grace can make our sickness conduce to health, and sorrow work our joy, and death become the gate of life abiding and glorious. Yea, grace can so frustrate the powers of darkness, and over-rule the purposes of sin, that the drear darkness itself shall only heighten and intensify the brightness of the work of grace. "*O beata culpa!*"—"O blessed fault!"—said one of the fathers, thus daring to pronounce a beatitude upon even the accursed thing because it provided the occasion for the manifesting of the Divine grace in such a way as otherwise could not be. So the Evangelical minister insists upon the ruin wrought by sin, and the remedy provided by grace,—a remedy full, complete, and satisfying, a remedy available at once, and never ceasing in its operation till—

"Through Heaven and earth,
God's will moves freely."

But here we must add another word to differentiate the Evangelical minister. The seriousness with which he treats the dark facts of life comes out in a further and twofold way; first, *in his message with regard to the provision of Salvation*. In an article on the beloved Founder of this College, in the memorial number of *The British Weekly*, issued at the time he was taken from us, these sentences occur:—"Mr. Spurgeon always made Salvation a wonderful, a supernatural thing,—won through battle, and agony, and garments rolled in blood. That the blood of God should be one of the *ordinary* forces of the universe, was to him a thing incredible." How aptly these words describe the Evangelical minister's view of redemption! *He was an Evangelical minister*,—a model and pattern for us all,—one who never ignored sin, and never treated it lightly, one who never thought of redemption as other than that which should be the eternal theme of wondering and adoring love and praise.

And following upon this is a like serious and satisfying treatment of "*the laying hold upon*" *the blessings thus provided*. Sin is a *serious* matter; it has infested and infected every part of human nature; also it has called for no less a remedy than the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. The Son of God must become incarnate, and on the cross must die,—

" 'Twas death in Heaven,—
A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still to disbelieve."

And then the work must still go on in priestly intercession in the Holiest of All, where the One High Priest, in the power of an endless life, lives to plead and to prevail. *Such ruin and such remedy* alike and both demand a corresponding depth and fulness of work and experience when men actually enter into possession of these blessings. Hence, *the Evangelical minister thinks much of preaching*,—the bringing of men's minds into contact with the truth. Men must know, the mind must be informed, the thinking power stimulated and directed, for "as a man thinketh, so is he;" and the ideal is reached only when "every thought is brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." He also *emphasizes an inner experience*; whether that experience comes to the soul as the day dawns in the tropics, or as it dawns here within the temperate zone, swiftly or gradually, matters not; but that it be there, is vital. Men must feel the power of the truth moving and moulding the desires and determinations. Still further, *he insists upon godliness of life*, salvation being not merely "attendance upon our religious duties," but in all things living as Christ would live, asking ever, for our guidance, "What would Jesus do?" "What would Jesus say?" "Whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do, doing all to the glory of God." Thus salvation is looked at in every aspect with consistent seriousness. The *ruin* is great, the *remedy* is great, the *realization of that remedy* also is great, and, *eventually*, the *results* attendant will be equally great. The emancipation of men and women from the thralldom of fear and the tyranny of sin, the filling of the mind with truth, the heart with hopes and joys and love, and the life with ever-ardent loftiness of aspiration, and ever-growing sweep of attainment,—this is the work of an Evangelical minister, the great, the incomparably great and gracious and glorious work to which Christ calls you and me.

And now we seek, in the full light and clear discernment of our work, to answer the question, WHAT ARE THE SPECIAL DIFFICULTIES TO-DAY IN THE WAY OF AN EVANGELICAL MINISTRY? But even now it is not an easy matter to give a satisfactory answer. One may somewhat readily speak of and classify some of the outstanding and ever-abiding hindrances; we may mention *Materialism*, which denies the moral and spiritual nature altogether, and laughs at sin as a figment of the imagination, an old woman's superstition, a relic of man's fearsome childhood; and we may speak of *Rationalism*, which, while it does not deny sin, yet conceives of it as being only "good in the making," a necessary state of man's unperfect development; also we

may refer to *Sacerdotalism*, which, by a sacred "hocus-pocus" and miracle of magic, uses its paraphernalia of enchantment, and by its forms and ceremonies brings in the juggler's art, and with a few drops of water, and the touch of a "*priest's*" hand, utters to the old nature its "Heigh presto, be gone!" thus also treating sin lightly, and saying, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace." These *are* difficulties, and difficulties *to-day*; but to put the matter thus seems not quite to meet the exigencies of the case. We put it in a slightly different fashion.

One of the special difficulties of to-day is this,—*the subtle substitution of things good for the things that are ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL*. During the last fifty years, a mighty revolution has been in progress. Then, Wordsworth's "Peter Bell" was one of the commonest of common characters; the most of men walked to and fro, and up and down the earth, and saw nothing. To the many, it was as uninteresting a place as one of our latest jerry-built streets, a dull monotony of ugliness with never a feature of life or beauty to awaken interest or quicken enquiry; but, thanks to the patient explorations of a few enthusiastic lovers of nature, and further, the multiplication of the genus schoolmaster, the world has become an altogether different place and thing. It is now a veritable fairy-land. Marvels abound on the right hand and on the left. Revelations many and great have been given; indeed, so many and so great that multitudes are absorbed in the contemplation; *this world* is now so full of wonders, not a moment can be spared to think of *another world*, and *one more wondrous still*. In effect, they say, as did another in altogether different circumstances, "It is good for us to be *here*," "let us make tabernacles," "not knowing what they say," nor remembering that "the fashion of this world passeth away." Now, let it not be thought for a moment that we would "put the clock back," hinder education, shut up again the book of nature which has so wondrously been opened. God forbid! This also is of Him whose name is Wonderful; but it does constitute a difficulty,—*the good is so good that men seek not the BEST OF ALL*. They rest content with earth whilst Heaven might be their portion.

Further, during the same period, there has been slowly growing the great movement which we may comprehensively label, "*Humanitarianism*,"—a movement that has many manifestations,—fewer hours for work, more sanitary homes in which to dwell, greater facilities for the acquirement of knowledge and the enjoyment of relaxation, everything to soften and tone down the harshness and ruggedness of life, everything to brighten and ameliorate the lot of men. And all this commands our warmest sympathy; how can it be otherwise? If we have aught of the spirit of the compassionate Master and Lord, we can do no other. Hence, we cheer the workers who are striving to bring about the accomplishment of these things, and, at any rate, some of us are glad if we can lend a hand or raise a voice to speed the coming of the better time. To decry this movement would be to deny our own beliefs and practices; *but*, whilst we would not decry it, we cannot be content with it. The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, not in less work and more play, not in sanitary dwellings,

open spaces for recreation, and free libraries; beyond all these, and when all these have been attained, there still remains our distinctive work as ministers of the Evangel. When we have made this world as bright and pure and joyous as possible, we have still to say, "This is not your rest: because it is polluted." But to tell men so, is only to find them utterly indifferent and unwilling to "seek a better country," simply because this has become so good. This brings us again to the principle for which we are arguing,—the substitution of things good for the things that are absolutely essential.

One other illustration let me give, one that comes still more closely home to us. We all know what a transformation was brought about in the matter of religious services by the advent upon the scene, almost a half-century ago, of one whose name is written upon every heart here, and whose memory will be cherished till life's latest hours. The pompous dignity of Dr. Dry-as-dust, the dull and dreary character of his prelections, the funereal nature of many of the services of that time have been recorded as matter of history, and so have been handed down to us, together with the nature of the change introduced by him who was caricatured by the now so familiar picture of "Catch-'em-alive-o!" The new movement, with its life and reality, "wrought wondrously," and has had homage paid it by all. It has been followed by that imitation which is "the sincerest form of flattery." On the one hand, we have "the Army," and, on the other, the Ritualistic movement, with many less pronounced, each of which has sought to put life, interest, energy, into its methods, all to "draw the people;" and the people have been drawn, but in how many cases have they been drawn to church, to chapel, to the minister, to the services, to attendance at the place of worship, to engagement in the exercises of the sanctuary, and *then content has come*,—ministers content to get the people, priests content with outward observances, and people content with either! *These are real difficulties of to-day.* The wondrous revelations of nature, the enthusiasm of humanity, the mere attendance upon services or engagement in ceremonies have, and still do, so fascinate men that only with greatest difficulty can we get some to enter in and possess the land, "the good land beyond." *The good makes men content without the best.*

But I touch upon one other of the special difficulties of to-day,—*the co-relation of some very varied forces and their complex interworking one with the other.* Every one of us who has had any experience in dealing with souls knows how varied and complex are the forces conspiring and converging together for its salvation. The prayers of a mother, the precepts of a father, the tender pleading of a Sunday-school teacher, the faithful words of a pastor, the integrity of character and brightness of demeanour on the part of a friend, the circumstances of isolation into which the soul may have been thrown,—all these work together. Just so, and specially noticeable to-day, is there a subtil working together of tendencies and powers in order to *frustrate* that work. We have already adverted to the wonderful discoveries made by science, and the marvellous spread of knowledge through the agency of the schoolmaster. We thank God for these things, but through them the apostolic word receives fulfilment,

"Knowledge puffeth up." Because so many veils have been lifted, men have begun to think there are none remaining; or if there are any, a little more research will remove them also, and so the last mystery will be solved, and the deep secrets of origin and destiny all made manifest.

But that is not the only outcome of this advance in knowledge. The discoveries made have been put to practical uses, the forces of nature have been utilized for purposes of commerce, and thus unparalleled activity has resulted in all departments of business. The realms of commerce are alive and alert to-day as never before; by day and night, with brain and brawn, men are seeking to use the secrets revealed by science in order to increase their wealth. They seem at last to be on the verge of realizing the dream of other ages, the alchemy by which everything touched should be transmuted into gold, the result of all which is,—*all their thoughts are of these things*. They rise up in the morning to think and scheme, they lie down at night only to dream, frequently they absent themselves from the house of God quietly to formulate plans; and when they do not this, they only go to the holy place to do it there. "Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!" is all their cry. The mind is thus pre-empted and pre-occupied. *And this also has its sequel*. Side by side with increased activity in business may be found a *mad desire for pleasure*. It is the natural rebound. Moreover, a result of such strenuous business activity is to place the means of pleasure within reach; and the call for it and the ability to pay for it have naturally resulted in multiplied facilities for its enjoyment, and so the time snatched from business is used in an exciting rush of pleasure, with the inevitable result,—*no time for religion,—no room for God,—no power to think of the claims of the higher nature*. In the mad whirl of business and pleasure, the nineteenth-century prodigal spends his all; or, if there should be a remnant left, and if still some haunting memory of a shrine once frequented, but now forsaken, if still some occasional grumbling and growling on the part of "Mr. Recorder," if still some swiftly-passing thought of an end coming to all this hurly-burly and mad tumult; and, as the result, some faint semblance of meeting the claims thus making themselves felt, *then*, by very virtue of his business habits and jaded condition, he seeks a "cheap and easy" religion, *and this is where both Rationalist and Ritualist find their opportunity*,—the Rationalist with his shallow doctrine as to sin's nature, and the Ritualist with his outward and wholly superficial practice as to its remedy. This is where Ritualism especially finds an open door. A religion with "dim religious light," and swelling music, and fragrant incense, and flowers and candles, making appeal to the senses, is soothing, and, to the jaded votary of either business or pleasure, in a measure, satisfying. A religion which is a matter of partnership with the priest, the votary being the "*sleeping partner*"—all the essentials being attended to by the "man in millinery"—is just the thing for a man or woman with all the forces of nature used up and exhausted. Serious thinking, deep feeling, godly living, cannot be taken in hand; the demands of the Evangelical minister are preposterous: he asks too much! "Is it not enough that I should go to

church, take the sacrament, subscribe to charities? What more can be needed?" To that the Evangelical minister has a ready answer, "My friend, you are altogether in the outer courts; the deep secrets of true and vital religion have not been guessed at by you. You have not yet come within sight of the Kingdom of God, which is 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' Mind and heart and conscience must be exercised, and exercised unto godliness. The good seed of the Word, received into the understanding, must be quickened, and receiving nourishment, develop, till blade of devout affections, and ear of reverent speech, and full corn of devoted service be produced."

The Evangelical minister finds his difficulty because he asks much, and men would fain give little. He would say, "Move on;" and the man says, "Why? Here I am interested, *here* I find pleasure, and *here* indeed I recognize the claims of religion; is not this enough?" These are the difficulties of to-day; these are the things which hinder our onward march. The busy and thronged streets of our city are sometimes blocked, not because some are going one way and some the other,—these avoid one another; nor yet because some are going somewhat slowly, though these delay others; but some have stood still, and hence the hindrance. When men stand still, because of interest, pleasure, contentment, our work is made most difficult of all.

Is it then all difficulty, and shall we sit down in despair? Nay! As mentioned at first, there are conquests as well as conflicts, and deliverances as well as difficulties. *There are mighty forces for us as well as against us.* "The heart, O God, was made for Thee, and cannot be at rest till it finds rest in Thee." For a while, men may be lured by gold, captivated by pleasure, fascinated by the things of earth, but at the last the cry must arise, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." And *LIFE is with us.* Life is not all fair wind and flowing tide;—our years are not made of summer days only. Clouds will fleck the blue, and stormy winds will ruffle up the ocean's calm. Nor health, nor wealth, can always defy the shaft of pain or arrow-head of death; and when these dark messengers arrive, the study of nature, interesting though it be, will not suffice; and the enthusiasms of humanity, quickening though these have been, will not go far; and outward forms and ceremonies will only mock the soul with their emptiness. *Then, at any rate, the man who treats life seriously will have a chance. The Evangelical minister will find his opportunity. But, best of all, God is with us;*" and that being so, even the difficulties themselves will bring a blessing. Were no storm-winds to blow, the oak would never be endued with the strength which is its glory; and had we no hills of difficulty to ascend, our spiritual nerve and muscle would speedily become flabby and flaccid. Difficulties *prove* us, and rightly encountered *improve* us. They try, but they add to our triumph. As the great statesman, who is now passing through the shadowed portals into another world,* in memorable words has said, "The measure of the difficulty is the measure of the honour."

So the Evangelical minister turns not back, nor shrinks from the

* This paper was read on April 21; Mr. Gladstone died, May 19.

task that lies to his hand ; and, at the last, 'tis written concerning him,—

“This was one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward ;
 Never doubted clouds would break ;
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
 Held—we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better ;
 Sleep, to wake.”

The Father's Bosom.

“*The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father.*”—John i. 18.

HE never left the bosom,
 The Son was always there ;
 The Word, the First-begotten,
 From everlasting dear ;
 The Father's Well-belovèd,
 The bosom was His home,
 Though He, for man's redemption,
 Was seen on earth to roam.

He left, indeed, the glory,
 But quitted not the love ;
 Behold, o'er Jordan's waters,
 The pure, the spotless Dove ;
 And hear, upon the mountain,
 Where Heavenly radiance shone,
 The voice from glory saying,
 “My well-belovèd Son.”

When sin to Him was reckoned,
 And He on Calvary died,
Jehovah's face was hidden,—
 “*My God ! My God !*” He cried ;
 Sin there to Him imputed,
Jehovah's holy eye
 In justice was averted,
 And hence the bitter cry.

Yet, unto death obedient,
 The *Father's* love was His,
 And from the grave He raised Him
 To everlasting bliss ;
 The bond of love, so holy,
 Not earth or hell could sever,
 Nor render void the bosom,
 His dwelling-place for ever.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

Martha and Mary.

BY JOHN HORNE, SPRINGBURN, GLASGOW.

"Mary . . . sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His Word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving."—Luke x. 39, 40.

"Mary and Martha have just gone along
To ring those charming bells."

CHRIST had a special fondness for the humble home at Bethany. It kept an open door for Him when it was beginning to be dangerous to befriend Him. Possibly, too, He found more affinity with Himself there than elsewhere; for all men are on a familiar footing with certain families because of an agreement in disposition and aims.

It was while on a passing visit there that the incident occurred which the above passage reveals, an incident very natural and full of character. The two sisters acted towards Jesus as their tastes and dispositions dictated, and so they declared themselves. It is ever so; *act*, and we shall know you.

MARTHA —It is the habit cheaply to deride Martha because she appears less pious than Mary, but there were many good qualities in her. She was an active, practical dame; and, though a trifle fussy, she was a handy person about a house. Evidence of her industry is found in the fact that the house belonged to her, though Lazarus was alive. She was the forerunner of those women of shrewd, business habits who now and again appear in domestic annals as the pillars of family responsibilities and concerns.

We have some sympathy with her, in her complaint against Mary for leaving all the work to her. Her active nature was ruffled by Mary's easy-mindedness. Many worship who will not work; some pray who will not pay. A prayer-meeting has a greater charm for some women than a clean house and bairns. The very presence of such people maddens a practical person like Martha.

Martha's love took that way of showing itself—in activity and work. External movement and activities were more agreeable than quiet and contemplation. But her love was as real as Mary's; it only differed in the expression. She has many followers, men and women who do not pray in the meeting, or exhibit their piety; but they are always in their seat in the church, their hand is ready to find their pocket when practical help is needed for any good work, and they are to be relied on every day in the year. If others supply the motive and atmosphere for Christian work, these accept the worry and responsibility of the undertaking; and both are equally valuable.

Besides, it has to be remembered that, as Martha was mistress of the house, the duty of looking after its affairs would naturally fall to her, and it was to be expected that she would busy herself in hospitality when Christ called.

But,—there's a *but* in everybody's record,—Martha was fussy. Christ did not reprove her for serving, but for *being cumbered about much serving*;—there lies the rub. You know the fussy housewife,

don't you? It's a pain to take a cup of tea with her. Before the grace is ended, she urges you to take butter, try jam, taste her scones; then she wonders if you're sitting comfortably, if your tea is sweet, if everything is to your taste, &c., &c. The torture, of course, is kindly meant; but you secretly wish that the good lady would let you enjoy your tea in peace. Such fussiness is tantalizing to a reposeful nature.

Martha was also proud of her activity. People of her temperament fall into this temptation. The ploughman thinks the poet an idler; the labourer scorns the mental toil of the scholar. Thus was it with Martha; she thought nobody but herself was doing anything because they were not fussing around as she was.

MARY.—Mary was of a fine, thoughtful make. She was considerate to the Stranger, and entertained Him in conversation. She felt that more was needed than bread and butter. Some folks invite you to tea, and when that is over, their programme is at an end; they have nothing for your mind. It is an insult to suppose that your visitor is more in need of "cookies" than of helpful intercourse. Mary saw that Martha's serving was, after all, only an external thing; and she thoughtfully gave herself to matters lying nearer the heart of their Visitor.

It is possible that material things presented a danger to Mary's mind. The finest intellects often exhibit a leaning to materialism, and they require to keep well off the precipice in order to feel safe. Finely-strung natures are greatly disturbed by contact with suffering,—visiting a hospital, for instance,—while stronger natures face the ordeal unquivering. So is it spiritually; certain casts of mind are only safe and sane in withdrawal from worldly bustle. It would seem that Mary was after this fashion.

Moreover, her love found its most practical outlet in contemplation. She supplied the spiritual atmosphere of the house. The Church has had to bless God for Mary's children: the Frances Ridley Havergals, the William Cowpers, the Samuel Rutherfords, who have created the atmosphere of devotion within her walls. We revere the memory of all such in the past, and thank God for those of the present. How incomplete the house and the Church would be without them!

But,—for Mary was not perfect any more than Martha,—she did not show a reasonable concern for external yet necessary things. And she lacked sympathy with Martha in her needful preparations.

Two practical considerations arise out of the incident:—

First, there are more ways than one of loyalty and service. Martha and Mary are both required, and one must not think that her part is more important than the other. Failure to recognize this simple truth has rent the Church of God.

Second, we are not to be complainers, but mutual helpers. Let Martha be content to do her own work, without complaining about the part which Mary plays. And thus, though they have had a slight temporary difference, it may still be true that—

"Mary and Martha have just gone along
To ring those charming bells."

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography. Vol. II.*

REVIEWS IN RELIGIOUS PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

"The most attractive part of the book is the very simple, winning, and tender account of Mr. Spurgeon's love, courtship, and marriage, which has been written by his widow. Every generous heart will read these chapters with much sympathy, and it is impossible to imagine how they could have been better done. With great frankness Mrs. Spurgeon has mixed a due measure of reserve, and her story will be read everywhere with respectful interest. . . . The volume as a whole is one of great value and interest. What is most striking in it is the evidence it gives of Mr. Spurgeon's early development, and the slowness of many to recognize it. The estimates—even those written by friends—are curiously patronizing. Few seem to have known that an orator of the first force, a Doctor of the Church, and a supreme master of the English tongue, had appeared in the young minister of New Park Street Chapel."—*The British Weekly*.

"Excellent as the first volume was, in many respects this surpasses it. There is evidently a greater wealth of material as the 'Life' advances. . . . The best-written portion of the whole volume is unmistakably that which deals with a subject most difficult of treatment in print,—namely, the three chapters on 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.' This is written by Mrs. Spurgeon herself, with a delicacy of touch, a subdued pathos, and a wise discrimination, which lift the whole subject above the level of mere sentimentality, and impart to these chapters a tender grace in perfect accord with the pure and noble love which they record. The chapters on 'Early Criticisms and Slanders,' leading up to the disclosure of the fast-increasing labours and responsibilities of that young life so full of power and promise, are thrilling records of the triumph of a prophetic spirit, adame with a Divine purpose, over every opposition, slander, and difficulty, until at length slanderers are silenced, and the man and his ministry stand vindicated. . . . Altogether, we are charmed with this volume, and most heartily congratulate Mrs. Spurgeon and Mr. Harrauld upon the success they have already attained in the performance of a most delicate and difficult task. Mr. Spurgeon speaks forth in every page of this very interesting volume, and those who had the pleasure of intimate friendship with him will be the readiest to know his voice, and once more to rejoice in it. The book, like the life and ministry it records, will never die."—*The Christian Pictorial*.

"The appearance of the second volume of the life-story of so wonderful a man as C. H. Spurgeon, told by his wife and secretary, is an event of keen interest to Christendom at large, and more especially to the denomination with which he was ever glad to claim allegiance. After all that has been said and written about Mr. Spurgeon prior to and since his demise, it is remarkable that anything fresh should remain to be revealed. But so it is. The chaste, well-illustrated, and beautifully-printed book before us is not, of course, entirely composed of new facts and incidents, but there is a considerable sprinkling of these, and, what is of almost equal attraction, many old stories are revised and re-told so that often they look strikingly new, while some notorious anecdotes that had been persistently attached to the great preacher's personality are authoritatively denied.

"Mrs. Spurgeon's facile pen has done admirable work in the opening

* *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*. Compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by His WIFE, and his Private Secretary. Vol. II. 1854—1860. 384 pages, Demy 4to. With 59 Illustrations, 10s. 6d. Also issued in monthly shilling parts. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London; and of all booksellers.

chapters, dealing with the 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage' of the signally-honoured pair. The natural delicacy of the subject has been respected, and no confidences broken, yet we are allowed to get a fascinating glimpse of the most tender relationships of the great pastor during the earliest days of his London ministry. Memory recalls to the beloved widow, and she tells in a beautifully-natural vein, how one event succeeded another in the chain of God's providences that led up to the engagement and betrothal. We are even given some specimens of the young preacher's love-letters, written at a time when the heads of ordinary lovers, whose vanity is not fed by the snares of popularity, are apt to be turned; but there is a tone in this correspondence which is veritably sweetness and light. First things were, it would seem, ever first with the youthful Spurgeon. In his love-making, the glory and honour of his Lord were supreme. We may well let this fact be made clear in the language of her who was the object of his early desire, and to whom, as is so abundantly manifest in the light of the pages before us, she became so divinely-chosen and marvellously-inspired and valuable a helper throughout his unique preaching and pastoral career.

"A considerable space is devoted to 'Early Criticisms and Slanders,' many of which show a marvellous ingenuity and the abuse of a fund of remarkable humour possessed by the writers. Some of the curious cartoons of the day about C. H. Spurgeon form illustrations. Two of these represent respectively the Church and State 'slow coach' driven by the Primate, and 'the fast train' led by 'the Spurgeon engine,' across which sits astride the popular preacher as driver. There are other amusing caricatures of a like kind. . . . The Sermon preached during the sleep of the preacher was more than once mentioned in subsequent years by Mr. Spurgeon, but Mrs. Spurgeon's description of the whole incident, as she heard and witnessed it, is one of the most wonderful things in the present volume.

"We are glad to note that this second volume well sustains the reputation and fulfils the promise of the first. Mrs. Spurgeon and Mr. Harrald, as well as printers and publishers, have so far admirably accomplished their respective tasks. There is so much heart in the writing that any would-be critic must needs find himself frequently carried off guard; certain it is that, apart from the cold question of mere literary merit,—and the literary merit of this book is by no means small,—the Church and the world will find here a singularly feeling and altogether choice tribute to the work of a man whose main worth consisted in the large-heartedness of his life and service for God and man."—*The Baptist*.

"That Mr. Spurgeon was a pre-eminently interesting character, both in public and private life, becomes more and more manifest as years go by; and both compilers and publishers of this volume of the late preacher's *Autobiography* may be congratulated on the appearance of the second instalment of their great enterprise. As regards paper, printing, binding, etc., the volume again leaves nothing for the most fastidious critic to desire, while it is fully illustrated with a number of pictures of special interest. The period embraced—1854-1860,—is not a long one; but, taking the time as a whole, it was that during which the preacher passed through the more unique phases of his experience. . . .

"Mrs. Spurgeon's description of what occurred at the outset of the late preacher's London career is a realistic sketch which will be read with becoming interest. . . . The love-letters, as such, being very proper and very interesting, are still sufficiently like others of their kind to prove that human nature, at its best, is the same at all times. They are occasionally enlivened, however, by autobiographical references of more than ordinary interest. . . .

"All who revere Mr. Spurgeon's memory, for his work's sake, will be glad to place on their shelves this second volume of memoirs relating

to some of the most eventful years in his laborious life. The evidence of his deep humility, his kindness, and above all, his whole-hearted consecration of all his unique powers to the great work to which his life was devoted, will be an inspiration to thousands to follow him as he followed his Master."—*The Freeman*.

"The second volume of the 'Life' of the modern Prince of Preachers exceeds in interest the first. We could not well express our appreciation of its merits in stronger terms. Most of us were more or less familiar with the earlier records of Mr. Spurgeon's career: but we now reach a period of personal interest which Mrs. Spurgeon alone could chronicle,—the period of 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage.' All will appreciate the difficulty of the task, and we are sure all will equally appreciate the fine feeling and literary taste with which the loving wife has 'unlocked her heart, and poured out its choicest memories.' . . .

"Mr. Spurgeon's reception as a preacher at so early an age might well have proved a perilous temptation to an experienced and long-tried pastor. It is the more satisfactory to find that, from the first, the discipline of Divine grace secured in him the humility of true greatness. One who knew him intimately speaks of him as 'upright, open-hearted, and transparent.' Outsiders sometimes thought his natural self-confidence egotistic, and it would have been wonderful if this feature of human character had not shown itself in one who filled his position,—but Mrs. Spurgeon knew his inmost heart, and her words on this point are decisive. . . .

"We have confined ourselves to the early chapters in this second volume of the *Autobiography*, but the whole book will be read with the deepest interest. Mr. Spurgeon had 'a big heart,' and though it was often pierced by those who knew him not, the truth came out at length, and he grew in everyone's goodwill."—*The News*.

"Second volumes, like second thoughts, are often best. The second volume of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, being occupied with 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' and a few things more, is of course far ahead of the first volume in interest, clean out of sight of it. Even the dailies have discovered that. They have rushed upon the love-letters, and quoted them, as if it were a breach-of-promise case in the courts with which they had to do; which, God be thanked, it is not, but the most beautiful devotion, the most unbroken harmony, the most ardent mutual helpfulness in the way that leads to glory.

"But that is only one side of the picture, and, after all, not one half of the volume. The other side is less attractive. It is less pleasant to ourselves, and perhaps it throws just a trifle of a shadow of unpleasantness over the hero of the book. It is the public estimate that was made of Mr. Spurgeon as he rose into reputation,—or, rather, the journalistic estimate. It is not flattering to the journalists. . . . The time came when Mr. Spurgeon could positively enjoy it. We need not wonder that it stung him a little at first. But there is just a touch of regret to know that there ever was a time when it stung him at all. But the greatness of Mr. Spurgeon, his intrinsic victorious might, is manifest here, much more clearly than in the earlier volume."—*The Expository Times*.

"Mr. Spurgeon once said, 'You may write my life across the sky. I have nothing to conceal.' Encouraged by this, his wife here tells, out of the fulness of her heart, and tender truth and sweetness of their mutual love. . . . For forty years they lived together in the holy estate of matrimony, and their married life was one glad sweet song. Tenderly devoted to each other, their love was hallowed by a greater devotion to their common Lord. The Church's debt to Mrs. Spurgeon can never be repaid.

... There is much of surpassing interest in this second volume that cannot be mentioned in this brief review. From a wealth of material, the editors have selected with admirable discrimination and reserve."—*The Methodist Times*.

"Those who had the privilege of reading Vol. I. of the standard biography of the great London preacher, edited by his wife and private secretary, will be glad to learn that Vol. II. has just been published. It even surpasses Vol. I. in absorbing interest, and will be read with avidity by all who admired Mr. Spurgeon, and who enjoy picturesque personal narrative. Mrs. Spurgeon writes the opening chapters, which treat of the 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage' of herself and Mr. Spurgeon, and this portion of the biography possesses an intense human interest, for, as Emerson says, 'All mankind love a lover.' . . . Mr. Spurgeon himself describes, in his own inimitable style, some of his strange preaching experiences in London and the country. . . . Other episodes in the marvellous career of the greatest modern preacher, related as they are in an extremely graphic and entrancing manner, render this volume one of perennial interest and worth. A large number of illustrations, including a dozen different portraits of Mr. Spurgeon, add to the interest and value of this monumental work, which the famous firm—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster—have issued in magnificent costume, paper, type, and binding."—*The Irish Presbyterian*.

"The second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's biography lies before us,—a book to be read many times, and with increasing delight. We used to think the great man—great in so many ways,—would defy the hand of the biographer; but it is not so, for he shines in these pages just as he shone in his life. One of the charms of true biography is that we hear the man and see the man himself,—his aims, his ideas, his personality; in other words, the hidden man is revealed. Diaries, correspondence, confession,—all these, in modern times, have been despised; but they are the core of the man; without them, we know him not. To know the man, we must know him in undress; and biography is only true and helpful as it shows us men in this light. In Mr. Spurgeon's biography, Mr. Spurgeon himself speaks,—speaks as he never spoke before; and we measure the man as we never measured him before,—the all-round man that he was. This second volume shows him in many lights,—the lights of lover, husband, and father; of organizer, pastor, and preacher; as critic, polemic, and champion of the orthodox faith."—*The Free Methodist*.

"We have read the second volume of this most interesting work with the very liveliest pleasure. The first volume showed us Spurgeon in the making,—the genesis, as we may call it, of a great preacher. This second volume takes up the story of his 'Love, Courtship, and Marriage,' and gives also, in the course of its twenty-six chapters, a most graphic and memorable record of the earliest years of his wonderful ministry. The illustrations are very numerous, and their reproduction is superb. From the romantic point of view, the most attractive chapters are those which tell of Spurgeon's love-story. Mrs. Spurgeon has disclosed the story in terms of idyllic grace. It is as fascinating as a novel, and it has the advantage of being true. It is a charming story of love, courtship, and marriage 'in the Lord.' Mrs. Spurgeon has exercised a wise restraint, combined with a delicious frankness, and multitudes of readers will thank her for the chapters now presented. . . . The whole volume has greatly impressed us. Mr. Spurgeon stands forth from its pages not only a great, but a very notable, Christian soul and servant of Jesus Christ."—*The Presbyterian*.

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.

"*A Cluster of Camphire*," or, *Words of Cheer and Comfort for Sick and Sorrowful Souls*. By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.

THE announcement of a companion volume to *A Carillon of Bells* has been warmly welcomed, and leads us to expect that the book itself will meet with a most hearty reception. The *Carillon* has pealed forth sweetest music in many a heart and home, and "*A Cluster of Camphire*" will carry a holy fragrance and a gracious savour wherever it goes. It will be a specially suitable present for the "sick and sorrowful souls" on whose behalf Mrs. Spurgeon has prepared it; but the most joyous believer will also find it exceedingly helpful to spiritual growth and usefulness. Written, much of it, in times of physical pain and severe trial, its testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to one of His dear children must encourage others in His family to rely more implicitly upon Him, while the unsaved, the seeking, and the backsliding will be attracted by its sacred perfume to Him who is in the fullest sense "*A Cluster of Camphire*" to His beloved.

A Carillon of Bells reached its second edition a good while ago. If any of our readers do not possess it, they should at once order both volumes, which can be obtained of all booksellers, or through any of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs, or direct from the publishers. "*A Cluster of Camphire*" is published in the same dainty, delicate style which

helped to make its predecessor such a favourite as soon as it was issued.

The Christian Pictorial (Alexander and Shephard) is a welcome guest in our home every week, and we are glad now to place Volumes X. and XI. on the shelf where their predecessors stand arrayed in blue and silver. They make almost an apostolic or patriarchal company; but their contents depict scenes that neither the sons of Jacob nor the twelve apostles ever saw. We have been specially interested in the series of views and descriptions of various districts in our own country; and, of course, in all that the enthusiastic Editor records by pen and camera concerning his much-loved Wales. All forms of Christian service are here well represented, and the illustrations, if possible, even excel those of former years. The volumes are published at 4s. 6d. each, and make a handsome addition to any library or drawing-room.

Regeneration. A Sermon by Pastor THOMAS DOUGLAS, Waltham Cross. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS discourse was delivered by "one of our own men" in the U.P. Church, Crossgates, Fifeshire,—the building in which, eighteen years ago, he found the Saviour. It is published at a penny, and is sold by colporteurs of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland; it will do good wherever it goes, for the old truth is set forth in it in a clear and interesting fashion.

Notes.

The Gentleman's Journal, in a recent issue, said:—"The *Sword and Trowel* seems as much edited by the great C. H. SPURGEON as ever. His gracious presence and pen are felt throughout, while the notes by Mrs. Spurgeon are as fragrant as they are fresh,

and as suggestive as they are searching. It is the monthly for Christian homes, and yet it costs but threepence."

"One of our own men," writing from the Antipodes, says:—"For sixteen years I

have had the *Sword and Trowel*. Because of other claims, I have had to give up all my other papers; but I must keep the *Sword and Trowel*." If all our brethren were of the same mind as this dear friend, and if they would all try to induce their people to take "our own Magazine," we should soon have to report a substantial increase in our circulation.

The compilers of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography* have been greatly encouraged by the enthusiastic reception accorded to Vol. II. both by the press and by private friends. It would not have been difficult to fill a whole number of the Magazine with extracts from the commendations which have been already published or written, and others are constantly arriving. This month we have only been able to give part of the reviews in religious papers and magazines, leaving for our next issue the notices in secular papers, many of which are as heartily in praise of the volume as those we have reprinted on previous pages. The sale, too, has been most cheering. For this, and all the mercies yet to come in connection with the great and responsible undertaking, the Lord be praised!

Another of Mr. Spurgeon's most faithful friends—*Dr. John Hall*, of New York,—has recently been called into the presence of the Lord whom they both so long served. Whenever he came to London, unless he was himself preaching, he always made his way to the Tabernacle, and usually took some public part in the service. Then, in the week, if it could anyhow be arranged, the two preachers would have a quiet day together in one of the lovely parts of Surrey that "John Ploughman" knew so well; and they both testified to the benefit they thus derived from the holy, happy intercourse with one another, and the season of prayer and consultation concerning the Lord's work in England and America.

It was a remarkable coincidence that, recently, a correspondence was being simultaneously carried on in three prominent religious weekly newspapers with regard to different points of "Down-grade" doctrine. We were specially struck with the confession made by various ministers that the preaching of "the Universal Fatherhood" was not blessed to the conversion of souls as the old-fashioned doctrines used to be. The strange thing is that anyone should need to ask the reason for such a result. As a matter of course, the wooden weapon invented by man cannot accomplish what "the sword of the Spirit" can and does. If men were wise, they would say, "There is none like that; give it me." Still, it is something to find them admitting that the new teaching fails in the most important end for which the preaching of the Word was ordained.

In the discussion concerning "Condi-

tional Immortality," valiant and most valuable service has been rendered by our brave Irish brother, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.; and "one of our own men"—Pastor H. A. Burleigh, of Drummond Road, Bermondsey,—has proved himself a far more formidable antagonist than some of his opponents anticipated. The Editor of *The British Weekly* has materially contributed to the controversy both by his clear advocacy of the Scriptural doctrine, and also by his vigorous protest against "the conspiracy of silence" which allows a College Professor to retain his position, but not to teach what he himself believes with regard to certain disputed points. On the whole, we have cause to be thankful for much of the correspondence which has been allowed to appear in the three papers concerned.

Special interest attached to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's sermon issued on September 8 (published by Mr. A. H. Stockwell, of 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.), from the fact that this discourse was delivered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle nearly 20 years ago. The beloved Pastor (C. H. Spurgeon) was suddenly seized with illness, and his son Thomas had to take his father's place at very short notice. The following issue (that dated September 15) contained the sermon preached by Mr. T. Spurgeon at the recent opening of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea. The circulation of these weekly sermons (published every Thursday at one penny) deserves a considerable increase.

On *Lord's-day*, September 18, after his holiday, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon again preached to large congregations, in the morning at the Stockwell Orphanage, and in the evening at Exeter Hall. On the following Tuesday,—his forty-second birthday,—he was at the College, during the afternoon and evening, to receive the congratulations of his friends and their contributions towards the work of the Lord in connection with the Tabernacle Church and its institutions. This is the fourth year that the Pastor's birthday has been thus happily celebrated, and it has been most gratifying to him to note the continued increase in the amount thus lovingly presented to him as an *extra thankoffering* for the Lord's goodness to himself and the service entrusted to his charge. In 1895, the sum thus contributed was £159; in 1896, it was £358 15s.; and last year it rose still further to £488 19s. 6d. On the present occasion, owing to the burning of the Tabernacle, and the consequent additional expenses and diminished income, there was need of special generosity, and we are glad to be able to announce that the Pastor's Birthday Fund of 1898 has far exceeded the large total even of the previous year.

The Church Treasurer, Mr. T. H. Olney, very generously headed the list with £250,

and another ever-liberal friend gave £42, to correspond with the number of the Pastor's years: other sums, large and small, were sent or brought to the College, and on the night of the 20th ult., £674 11s. had been received. Further donations have since come to hand, making up the amount to over £700,—a very large sum, especially when it is remembered that most of the donors are continually giving to one or other of the Church's numerous funds, and that, this year, there has been and still is the extra expenditure for the rebuilding of the Tabernacle.

The visitors at the birthday celebration were very pleased to be able to inspect the work in progress for the basement of the Tabernacle, of which we have given a view on page 520. They were specially interested in the improvements that the disastrous fire has made possible; and they are looking forward, with great hopefulness, to the time when they will again be able to worship in at least part of "the dear old Tabernacle."

On Friday evening, September 23, another special meeting of "the men members" of the Tabernacle Church was held in the College Conference-hall, under the presidency of the Pastor. The plans for the rebuilding of the great house of prayer had been passed by the Building Committee appointed at the last special church-meeting, and they had also been approved by the London County Council, so that the next step was to submit them to the male members in accordance with the resolution passed on May 27.

Mr. Ford, the Secretary of the Building Committee, presented their report, which was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. The principal items are that Messrs. Searle & Hayes, of Ludgate Hill, have been engaged as architects, and Messrs. Higgs & Hill have been commissioned to prepare the Tabernacle basement, which it is hoped will be ready for occupation early in November. It was also gratefully mentioned that Mr. Pocock, the architect of the original structure, had kindly lent his plans to the Committee. The new building will be as far as possible fireproof, the main auditorium will be of the same width as before, but it will be 13 feet 6 inches shorter, that space being utilized for improved vestries, and other rooms giving better accommodation for the candidates for baptism, and for other parts of the Church's work. The clause in the report which was most emphatically endorsed was the following:—"The Committee have not found it either necessary or advisable to omit the upper gallery." The total seating capacity will be reduced by about a thousand, the heating will be by means of radiators, and the lighting will be by electricity, with a reserve gas supply in case of need. The seats will be more commodious, and the aisles and exits will be wider. The archi-

tecs will at once take out the quantities, and prepare the specifications, and it is expected that in about two months the probable cost will be ascertained. The total amount received to date for the Rebuilding Fund was £4,571 15s. 6d.

A resolution pledging the members lovingly to support the Pastors and officers of the Church during the present critical period, was unanimously and heartily carried, and the meeting was closed with the Doxology, prayer, and the Benediction.

From the first Lord's-day in October, until the basement of the Tabernacle is completed, services will be held *both morning and evening* at the Orphanage and College (as Exeter Hall is no longer available); the morning services commencing at 11, and the evening gatherings at half-past 6.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Blocher, one of the French students, has completed his course, and is now seeking to collect funds on behalf of the Baptist work in France; and Mr. R. Walker has taken charge of the Broadway Church, Chesham.

Mr. J. Davis, late of Cullingworth, Yorkshire, has settled at Brentwood, Essex: Mr. A. B. Tettmar is going, from Cotteuharn, to Willenhall; and Mr. J. D. Gilmore, from Cork, to Phibsboro' Avenue, Dublin; and Mr. A. H. Stots has removed, from Kansas City, to Perry, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

ORPHANAGE.—The next *Collectors' Meeting* will (D.V.) be held on Tuesday, November 8, when Mr. William Chivers, of Histon, has kindly promised to preside.

At the *Mansion House Meeting*, by invitation of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, in aid of the Sea-side Home, on Thursday afternoon, October 13, at 3 o'clock, there will be singing and handbell ringing by the orphans, addresses by the President, and by the Rev. A. J. Poynder, M.A., Robinson Souttar, Esq., M.P., C. E. Tritton, Esq., M.P., and Geo. S. Lancaster, Esq., J.P. Tickets of admission can be obtained of the Secretary, Mr. F. G. Ladds, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

COLPORTEGE.—Reports from the various Districts continue to be full of interest. The summer out-door activities often interfere with business, but the colporteur endeavours to adapt himself to circumstances, and to carry on his work at all seasons. If the country folk are all busy in the fields during the earlier hours of the day, he will defer his calls until later than is his wont. He will also often go into the fruit-gardens and fields at meal-times, and conduct a bright little service, or have personal talk with the people.

Testimony is continually forthcoming as to the high esteem in which C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons are still held, and as to the blessing which attends their perusal.

We are glad to be able to forecast some

extension of the work; new Districts are in prospect both at Frant, near Tunbridge Wells, and at Uphill, near Folkestone. We are very desirous, however, now that the winter is approaching, to receive quite a number of applications for colporteurs from the many Districts as yet quite untouched by our Association, and would urge upon readers of the *Sword and Trowel* to consider the possibility of adopting in their own neighbourhood this cheap and effectual method of spreading the gospel among the people. Quite a number of candidate colporteurs are only awaiting vacancies to present themselves; and we believe there are many Christians, in various parts, who would be both able and willing to combine,

and so to secure the required guarantee amount without intruding upon the churches in the locality. We would also suggest to members of Christian Endeavour Societies to make Colportage their own special Home Mission work. It only requires thirty young Christians each to engage to give or to raise one penny per day, and a colporteur can be secured.

In common with other institutions, our General Fund has suffered during the holiday season; and we therefore appeal for increased contributions, which will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Mr. Stephen Wigney, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	3,829	15	11	Mr. T. H. Olney	200	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Cooke	1	10	0	<i>The British Weekly</i> (16th instalment)...	3	2	0
Mrs. Easley	1	1	0	Friends at Harston, per Pastor F. Potter	1	12	6
Miss Constance Warren	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. John Gibson (N.Z.)	5	0	0
Mr. James Friend	1	1	0	Mrs. Hester Keevil	10	0	0
<i>The British Weekly</i> (14th instalment)...	6	9	6	Mr. Cooper, C.E. (Burmah)	2	0	0
Mr. J. H. Biggs, Mr. G. F. Biggs, and Mr. C. P. Biggs	15	0	0	Pastor L. S. Steedman	1	1	0
Contribution from friends at Cotton Street Chapel, Poplar	2	2	0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Tullymet, per Pastor L. S. Steedman	1	4	0
In Memoriam	1	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Miss Fletcher	1	0	0	From friends in Norfolk	1	5	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Corsham, per Pastor J. Smith	1	9	0	Mrs. Drake	1	0	0
Received at Bexhill by Pastor T. Spurgeon	2	0	0	Mr. Wm. Tennant	1	1	0
Mr. H. Band	2	2	0	Dr. G. H. Rouse	1	0	0
Miss Auckland	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Frame	1	0	0
The Misses Brodie	5	0	0	Mr. Lemming, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	1	0	0
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	2	0	Amounts under £1	1	2	0
M. S. G.	5	0	0				
Part collection and subscriptions from Tower Street Baptist Church, West Hartlepool	5	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle gates to Sept. 14th	2	1	9
Mrs. E. Mackie	3	0	0	Amounts under £1	3	10	5
Contributions from friends at Highgate Road Chapel, per Pastor James Stephens, M.A.	21	2	9	<i>Collecting Cards:—</i>			
Mrs. C. Watson	1	0	0	Mr. Allum	2	15	6
<i>The British Weekly</i> (15th instalment)...	4	6	7	Mr. Henry Smith	1	0	6
A widow's mite	1	0	0	Miss Smith	3	3	0
Mr. A. Brown	10	0	0	Mrs. M. M. Mackey	1	3	6
Mr. J. Dawson	1	0	0	Miss Bullingham	3	0	0
Collection at West St. Baptist Chapel, Crews, per Pastor T. B. Field	1	14	10	Mrs. E. Davis	2	0	3
Collection at Kingsgate Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Thomas	3	3	0	Mrs. Matey	0	15	0
Contribution from Taunton Baptist Church, per Pastor Levi Palmer	6	0	0	Miss J. Ey	0	15	3
R. A.	2	0	0	Mr. J. W. Pitt	1	5	0
A friend at Salem Baptist Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	2	0	0	Mrs. R. Hawes	5	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	10	0	0	Mrs. M. Fairbairn	1	1	0
Pastor George Menzies	2	0	0	Miss L. D. Maidment	0	15	0
Collected from a few friends at Stratford-on-Avon, per Pastor F. C. Watts	1	0	0	Miss E. Aytton	0	12	6
Miss B. Durrant	5	0	0	Mr. C. L. Marsh	2	0	0
Mrs. Green	5	0	0	Miss E. Simmons	0	4	0
Mrs. H. Windmill	1	0	0	Mr. E. G. Farmer	1	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Breese	3	3	0	Mr. C. Collin	3	0	1
Pastor Allon Poole	1	0	0	Pastor G. D. Evans	5	7	0
In Memoriam, C.O.	25	0	0	Mr. Henry Smart	0	17	0
Mr. Robert Grant	2	0	0	Miss M. E. Tatnell	7	10	0
Mr. E. Hopkins	1	0	0	Miss M. Lindon	0	7	0
				Mrs. Burden	0	6	0
				Mrs. E. Starcey	4	13	0
				Miss Yewen	1	6	3
				Mrs. Gosling	4	0	0
				Mrs. Gadsby	0	5	0
				Mrs. P. Johnson	0	8	6
				<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
				Mrs. C. Shaw	0	6	8
				Mr. Staples	0	5	11

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	2	0				Messrs. W. Wayre and Son's box ...	0	3	6		
Miss Mackrill	0	5	0				Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—					
Mrs. Deane	0	2	6				Dr. G. H. Rouse	2	0	0		
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6				Mr. Jas. Frame	1	0	0		
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6				Felixstowe	0	1	0		
				12	3	6						
E. K. Plympton				0	3	0	Thankful, Annalong			3	1	0
Mr. M. Merry				0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers			1	1	0
Mrs. Mumford				0	2	0	Executors of the late Miss S. Singleton			25	0	0
Fillebrook Junior S.C.E., per Miss A. Taylor				0	16	9	Executors of the late Mr. J. Denbeigh			20	0	0
Mr. J. Riley				0	1	0	Orphan Boys' Cards (as per list)			58	2	4
The Misses Fulcher				0	2	0	Orphan Girls' Cards (as per list)			45	2	8
Mr. J. Farley				2	2	0						
Mr. A. Hopcroft				0	10	0				£218	11	2

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Adams, R., 2s 6d; Archer, C., £1 1s; Burton, A., 1s 10d; Barnett, R., 8s; Boulter, E., 1s; Beazley, J., 19s 1d; Bothamley, J., 2s; Burgess, J., 3s 9d; Barton, C., 3s; Blakeley, F., £1 0s 2d; Balderston, L., 10s; Bristow, S., 4s 8d; Burleton, H., 4s; Bradley, F., 6s; Baggaley, J., 14s 6d; Beauchamp, J., 3s 9d; Box, A. J., 12s; Bartlett, C., 5s; Brand, B., £1 1s 3d; Butcher, F., 6s; Baker, A., 9s 6d; Bingham, A., 5s 2d; Butler, L., 1s; Boots, S., 1s; Barnard, J., 5s; Challis, E., 1s 1d; Chapman, D., £1 1s; Cross, W., 2s 6d; Cook, E., 2s 6d; Clapson, A., 6s 1d; Cooper, B., 1s 6d; Coppin, G., 2s; Cracknell, E., 1s 6d; Darby, R., 5s; Davis, W., 2s 6d; Daniels, M., 5s; Davis, A., 15s 11d; Durrant, H., 5s; Doel, B., £1 1s; Davis, T., 2s 6d; Elding, A. C., 13s; Mleagood, H., 2s 6d; Everett, E., 6d; Edwards, C., 8s; Elkins, S., 8s 2d; Field, R., 11s; French, S., 8s 3d; Fothergill, H., 1s 6d; Gallop, C., 10s; Goodyear, P., 3s; Garton, F., 7s 8d; Goodwin, W., 4s 6d; Hammond, E., £1 1s; Hards, P., 4s 3d; Huggett, F., 14s 4d; Hayes, H., 10s 6d; Hyne, F., 2s 8d; Howe, H., 1s; Hollobone, H., 4s; Haeseld, W., 3s; Holland, A., 2s 6d; Heritage, W., 10s; Harries, R., 4s; Hunt, E., 12s 8d; Harris, F., 6s 4d; Haddock, B., £1 1s; Hewitt, W., 2s; John, J., 3s 9d; Jeal, F., 1s 6d; Jones, G., 3s 3d; Jago, C., 4s; Kirkpatrick, W., 14s 3d; Kay, H., 3s 4d; King, F., 7s; Kirby, M., 10s 2d; Leak, A., 1s 6d; Lindars, A., 6d; Leigh, A., 3s 8d; Levi, V., 3s 7d; Locke, S., £1 2s 9d; Marshall, W., 3s 4d; Madder, F., 2s; Manley, H., 6d; Mann, J., 6s; Martin, C., 11s; Mathias, R., 4s; Milligan, J., £1 1s; Nobbs, W., £1 1s; Noakes, G., 2s; Noble, A., 14s; Newton, G., 5s 3d; Newton, F., 1s; Newbery, J. L., 14s; Ollett, A., 8s; Patient, T., 12s 10d; Pearce, T., 14s; Pearce, L., 14s; Peck, P., 4s; Pepler, L., 7s 9d; Prichard, A., 2s; Platt, A., 1s 6d; Peters, G., 9s 6d; Pottle, J., 6d; Pateman, R., 6s 4d; Page, J., 18s; Pile, C., 1d; Preston, V., £1 1s; Rogers, H., 5s 6d; Robinson, H., 12s 6d; Robins, A., £1 7s 6d; Rawlinson, E., 3s; Rowe, A., 3d; Stannard, W., 10s; Smith, A., £1 1s; Starkey, F., 10s 9d; Stradwick, F., 11s; Sheppard, G., 2d; Swan, B., 10s; Stannard, H. C., 9s; Saville, A., 1s 6d; Sankey, P., 5s 6d; Shurley, E., £1; Sharp, L., 6s; Stark, C., 8s 9d; Steere, P., 1s 2d; Smith, S., 4s 8d; Sheath, F., 5s; Slade, H., 9s 6d; Sambels, V., 3s; Shaw, W., 10d; Smith, A., 8s 9d; Simmonds, G., 15s; Talbot, H., 5s 6d; Turner, C., 3s; Tansley, H., 17s; Utton, A., 3s 6d; Upton, W., 10s 6d; Vesta, S., 3s; Viney, P., 5s 6d; Wilms, H., 2s; Watson, J., 16s; Willmott, J., 3s; Wild, C. E., 7s 8d; Witney, T., 10s; Warburton, C., 2s; Walker, T., 7s 4d; Williams, E., 11s; Wakeling, H., 3s; Woolard, E., 6d; Whately, T., 1s 7d; Witney, N., 12s; Wright, S., 7s 11d; Williamson, A., 10s 6d; Wheeler, H., 1s; Woods, W., 4s; Weston, H., 2s 6d; Wilby, B., 7s; Wallis, B., 1s 9d.—Total, £35s 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—Ashton, K., 2s; Ayling, A., 8s; Addis, E., 4s 6d; Ayres, E., 5s; Bradford, E., 6s; Barten, E., 8s; Brookling, F., 12s; Bennett, N., 6s 7d; Brant, V., 1s; Buhicran, U., 2s 4d; Benhall, B., 1s 6d; Boxall, S., 2s; Bishop, L., 7s 6d; Birch, K., 1s; Buhicran, A., 14s 3d; Burroughes, E., 7s 2d; Baker, G., 7s 3d; Cracknell, E., 1s 6d; Candier, E., 10s; Cory, C., 11s; Crawford, R., 10s; Colquhoun, L., 11d; Corke, H., 6s 6d; Cole, A. E., 5s 9d; Cleaver, H., 1s 5d; Civil, J., £1; Choat, R., 6s 6d; Cobb, L., 2s; Clark, W., £1 15s 11d; Coombs, L., 4s; Crispin, M., 10s 3d; Day, N., 4s; Day, M., 3s; Davidson, A., 4s; Dennis, M., 2s 6d; Doult, H., 4s; Day, P., 1s; Dixon, C., 5s 9d; Davies, G., 11s 6d; Dew, E., 10s 6d; Dines, E., £1 1s; Ensom, E., 1s 10d; Ebdon, M., 1s 7d; Evenden, M., 1s 4d; Elliott, A., 3s 2d; Fielding, B., 2s 6d; Fernley, O., 2s 9d; Finch, D., 6s 1d; Figgins, E., 6s 8d; Fletcher, G., 1s; Fleetwood, B., 8s; Fairhall, A., 4s 6d; Friend, M., £1 1s; Gibson, B., 1s 1d; Grover, K., 2s 6d; Gouyn, E., 4s 3d; Gouyn, M., 4s 3d; Geldart, C., 2s 6d; Gater, E., 5s 6d; Gosling, E., 1s 6d; Grover, K., 10s 7d; Greely, I., 7s; Gearing, B., 2s; Holland, F., 3s 6d; Harper, A., 1s 8d; Hussey, L., 1s 6d; Hopson, B., 2s 3d; Hall, F., 3s 3d; Hicks, E., 1s; Hyland, E., 2s; Horwood, S., 4s; Hazleton, D., £1 1s; Jervis, L., 4s; Kimber, A., 2s 6d; Lamb, M., 5s 6d; Mohan, M., 5s 2d; Marfeet, E., 1s 1d; Munday, J., 3s; Myers, K., 1s; Mudge, M., 4s; McCarty, L., 3s 6d; Moorcroft, R., 1s 4d; Martin, N., 2s 6d; Marks, C., 1s; Marlow, I., £1 1s; Mitchell, K., 2s 6d; Milligan, E., £1 1s; Mountfield, G., £1 1s; Nutt, M., 6s 9d; Nicholls, M., 4s 6d; Norris, F., £1 1s; Pennymore, M., 7s 10d; Palmer, E., 2s 6d; Page, M., 5s 6d; Plowright, G., 10s 9d; Pettit, V., 7s; Puplett, M., 2s; Payne, C., 1s; Plumley, W., 15s 10d; Platt, O., 1s 6d; Porter, I., 4s 3d; Peterson, L., 7s 1d; Plumridge, F., 1d; Peake, K., 3s 6d; Reis, E., 3s 6d; Rose, N., 1s 9d; Rawlings, A., £1 1s; Russell, A., 6s; Rogers, C., 9s; Roselade, R., 1s 5d; Scott, L., 2s 6d; Stickland, F., 1s 4d; Smith, L., 3s 2d; Smith, C., 6s; Sharp, M., 1s; Senyard, E., 10s 9d; Sandy, E., 1s 6d; Spurring, G., 3s; Spencer, G., 6s; Smith, C., 17s; Simmons, K., 12s; Sufell, M., 3s; Sellars, C., 2s 6d; Saltmarsh, E., 5s; Smith, I., 5s 1d; Still, M., 5s 10d; Tiunworth, A., 1d; Tutt, M., 6s 3d; Upton, S., 2s; Vaughan, N., £1 1s; Witting, J., £1 1s; Williamson, R., 2s; Wallace, E., 3s 6d; Wetton, D., 1s 3d; Wetton, L., 6d; White, M., 6s 1d; Wiffen, R., 4s 6d; Widdeson, M., 3s; Wilson, B., 5s; Wilkins, E., 7s 9d; Wilson, A., 6s 7d; Wicks, R., 4s 6d; Winfield, L., 5s; Williamson, L., 9s 1d; Woolley, A., 6d; Wheeler, E., 1s; Wicks, M., 5s 3d; Williams, L., 17s 6d; Wallis, E., 4s 4d.—Total, £45s 2s 6d.

List of Presents from August 16th to September 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; A quantity of Apples and Cabbages, Miss Salter; 29 quarters Bread, Mr. Hearn; 24 small Pork Pies, 8 large Pork Pies, Messrs. Tebbutt and Co.

Boys' Clothing:—1 parcel Worn Clothing, Anon.; 6 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higge; 12 Shirts, 6 Comforters, Mrs. M. Graham; 1 Shirt, Mrs. Wilson.

GENTS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 51 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Articles Worn Clothing, 2 Girls' Articles, 3 Jackets, 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Keevil; 13 Aprons, 5 Petticoats, Mrs. M. Graham; 13 Articles, Mrs. Wilson.
GENERAL:—A quantity of Books, Mrs. Townley; 1 Quilt, Anon.; 1 Clock, Mr. Hall.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1898.

District Subscriptions:—			General Fund:—		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Cardiff, per Mr. John Cory, J.P. ...	11	5 0	Mr. J. Brown, Liverpool ...	0	10 0
Hadleigh, per Pastor W. F. Durant ...	10	0 0	Mrs. E. Collins ...	0	1 6
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10	0 0	Mr. Arthur H. West ...	0	5 0
Wolverhampton, per Miss E. A. Tyler ...	11	5 0	Miss Hegarty ...	0	5 0
Sellindge, A Friend ...	3	10 0	Mr. Wm. Hiley ...	20	19 6
Swaffham Prior, per Mr. R. J. Moffat, J.P. ...	10	0 0	Mr. F. Thompson ...	1	0 0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey ...	5	0 0	Col. R. Parry Nisbet ...	2	2 0
			Mrs. R. Wilkinson ...	0	10 0
	£61	0 0		£25	13 0

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

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 13th, 1898.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
First communion collection at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey ...	2	7 6	Mrs. Calder ...	10	0 0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10	0 0	For translations of sermons:—		
N. O. H. ...	0	11 0	Mrs. Walker ...	0	10 6
Mrs. Bowes ...	0	5 0		£23	14 0

Beulah Baptist Chapel and Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from August 21st to September 20th, 1898.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	4,076	4 5	Harlington ...	0	10 0
Mrs. A. ...	5	0 0	Feathered friends, "Westwood" ...	5	5 0
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—			Also promised, £50.	£4,087	0 5
Mrs. Stevens ...	1	1 0			

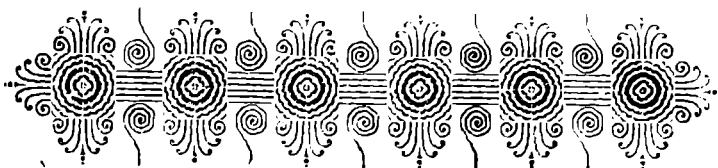
(N.B.—This list is continued until the Balance-sheet can be completed, and the amount left in hand be credited to the MANSE Fund.)

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 MANSE Fund, 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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

Comfort in Trouble.

A SERMON, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE PIECE HALL,
HALIFAX, ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 7TH, 1858.*

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"My soul is full of troubles : and my life draweth nigh unto the grave."—
Psalm lxxxviii. 3.



RELYING upon the promised help of the Holy Spirit, I shall endeavour to address myself, this afternoon, principally to those who are sad at heart, and sorrowful in spirit, and who therefore have need of comfort.

You know, when Bunyan's pilgrims reached the Delectable Mountains, the Shepherds "had them to the palace door, and then said unto them, Come in, Mr. Feeble-mind ; come in, Mr. Ready-to-halt ; come in, Mr. Despondency, and Mrs. Much-afraid, his daughter. These, Mr. Great-heart, said the Shepherds to the guide, we call in by name, for that they are most subject to draw back ; but as for you, and the rest that are strong, we leave you to your wonted liberty." I would act, this afternoon, in the same way as those Shepherds acted, and while I know that those who are "strong in faith, giving glory to God," will be able to take for themselves comfort from God's most Holy Word, I would turn specially to those

* In our March number, Mr. Medhurst kindly reported the discourse delivered by Mr. SPURGEON at Halifax in the evening of April 7th, 1858 ; and, in doing so, he mentioned the providential escape of the congregation from what might have been an awful calamity. The incident is fully recorded in Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, in the chapter on "The Great Catastrophe at the Surrey Gardens Music Hall." In the afternoon Sermon, here published, it will be seen that Mr. SPURGEON related the remarkable story of the conversion, at the Music Hall, of a shoemaker, who had been in the habit of keeping his shop open on Sundays. The extraordinary circumstances which led to the man's decision for Christ are also narrated in the *Autobiography*, Vol. II., chapter li.—*Ed.*

whose faith wavers, and whose troubles are increased, and I would say to such, "Come in, beloved; rejoice in the promises; feed upon the rich dainties of God's Word; and make yourselves joyful in your God." In addressing myself to these timid, fearful, troubled ones, I would speak from the text I have selected, and which I think will be expressive of their peculiar condition. They are saying, perhaps, in the words of the psalmist, "My soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave." It may be that they have made use of these very words; but if not, they are sufficiently applicable to allow me to ground upon them some messages of comfort.

Now, thou heir of mourning, thou child of woe, permit me, first of all, *to describe the state in which thou art now found*; then, in the second place, let me *try to find out how it is thou hast come into so sad a condition*; and, in the third place, let me *endeavour to help thee out of thy sorrowful state*, that thou mayest no more hang thy head like a bulrush, but that thou mayest find joy and consolation in thy Lord.

I. First, I will DESCRIBE THE CONDITION OF THOSE WHO ARE MOURNING AND SORROWING.

I commence with this remark. Dear friend, *your condition is not peculiar, it is a very common one*. You are doubting, distressed, desponding; you imagine that no one else ever felt as you are feeling now. The self-conceit of misery is leading you to believe that you are one of the peers in the realm of woe; or, perhaps you have even climbed the throne, and, putting the crown upon your own head, you have declared yourself to be monarch of the kingdom of misery. Possibly, you are saying, with Jeremiah, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger." While I strike at your pride, at the same time let me endeavour to afford you some consolation. Yours are not singular sorrows; others are enduring similar ones. The valley which you are now treading has been trodden by many feet before you entered it; your woes and agonies are no strange things; they have happened unto your fellows long before your time; and if to no one else, they certainly happened to your Saviour: for He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Perhaps nothing has a greater power to comfort the mourner than for him to remember that others are, or have been, in the same condition as himself. Ye are not alone, O ye mourners! However bad your case may be, others are suffering or have suffered as ye now are. Indeed, so common is the case I am about to describe — the condition of one under despondency of spirit,—that I may safely remark that there is never a Christian who, some time or other, has not been more or less in that state. It may be that you have looked up to one of your good deacons, you have heard him pray very sweetly, and you have said to yourself, "Ah! if I could only pray like that man, I should never more have a doubt." Or you may have listened to your minister when he has been preaching boldly concerning the good things of the Kingdom, and you have thought, "Ah! if I only had the full assurance of our minister, I should never

again have a fear or a despondency." It was because you knew very little about this matter that you thought and spake thus. He who can comfort you must first have needed comfort himself, and received it, even as did the apostle Paul. Remember how he wrote: "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Some there are who do comfort others; as Eliphaz said that Job had done: "Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees;" but when trouble comes to themselves, they faint; it touches them, and they are troubled as was Job. Believe me when I say that, oftentimes, some of God's wisest and strongest servants are blown about like the dust of the street by fierce gusts of wind; yea, sometimes, it is as much as the man of great faith can do to hold his own, and to believe that he has any part or lot in the Kingdom of God.

I fear I shall give you very poor comfort when I make the next remark. Not only is despondency very common, *but it is a frequent occurrence in the experience of the same person.* If you get away from your doubts and fears to-day, do not flatter yourself that, therefore, you are out of the wood; do not begin to shout too soon, and to say that henceforth you have done with despondencies. Uphill and downhill is the road to Heaven. Sometimes we get to Pisgah's top, and view the goodly landscape, and then we think we have faith enough to leap to Heaven at one spring; but, anon, we go down into the depths of the valley, and the thunderclouds brood over our heads, and sometimes empty themselves in tempests over our poor, quivering frames, and then we seem not to have faith enough to do more than lie down to die. I know the young Christian always fancies that, after he has got over his first great trouble, he will never have another; after he has picked his way pretty well through the Slough of Despond, he thinks there will not be any more such places betwixt there and the Celestial City. If John Bunyan had put fifty Sloughs of Despond between the Wicket Gate and the River of Death, he would not have put too many, for there are quite as many as that, at least for the most of Zion's pilgrims. You must expect, many a time, as you pass through life, to be cast down, and to be forced to cry aloud, with David, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul." "The righteous scarcely are saved;" their own experience is the best exposition of the difficulties of the way over which they travel to Heaven.

Will you, however, please recollect that there is nothing surprising in the fact that a man is often desponding when he is going to Heaven. A man cannot attain to any eminence even in this world without sometimes being brought to his wits' end, and being made to feel that he is utterly helpless. Ask the wealthy merchant,—he who has at last accumulated a princely fortune,—ask him whether he had any seasons of despondency while he was trying to grow rich. He will tell you, "Yes, dozens, ay, hundreds of times." Often, his

fortune had trembled in the balance, and, frequently, it had seemed to be with him a case of "making or breaking,"—great success or ignominious bankruptcy. Ask the politician whether he found it easy work to win fame. He will answer, "No; far, very far from being easy;" often, his election had been, as it were, as uncertain as the result of throwing dice; whether he would be prosperous, and ride through the world on the wings of applause, or whether he would be disgraced, and covered with infamy, he had often found it impossible to tell. He tried to go the right way to work to secure success; but how it would turn out, he did not know. Ask the engineer whether he ever discovered any great thing without seasons of despondency. He will tell you how he sat up night after night, until his brain became racked and weary. Again and again he had said to himself, "Ah! I have got it;" but he had to add, "No, I have not;" for he had discovered some small flaw, and so his hopes were all disappointed. He tried once more; that time, he invested all his earnings and savings in making the model of his machine. He knew it would prove to be the right thing; but he could get no one to take it of him, and no one to help him to turn it to practical account. Thus, the very man who afterwards becomes the greatest in a certain line of engineering, is often fain to lament his failures, and is almost tempted to despair of ultimate success.

Seeing that these temporal things are so difficult of attainment, is there to be no trouble or anxiety in climbing "the hill of God"? Must we fight to win an earthly crown, and are we to gain the Heavenly crown without a battle? Shall we, who are called to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ—

"Be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease"?

Certainly not. Doubt and despondency, trouble and dismay must overtake us. Before success there must come disappointments; and "we must, through much tribulation, enter into the Kingdom of God." So, you see, dear friends, there is no wonder if a Christian is sometimes cast down; it is no marvel if, in so great a conflict, and with such a little strength of our own, we should sometimes fear lest victory should never be ours, lest we should be utterly defeated.

Now I will try to find out exactly what your case is. I trust I may be able, by the Holy Spirit's gracious guidance, to describe it. It was only a few weeks ago that a city missionary, going through the West End of London, discovered a fact which has supplied me with a memorable anecdote. I know it to be true, and I believe that God the Holy Spirit directed me at the time to say that which was so pertinent to the case of one of my hearers. The missionary called, one day, at a cobbler's shop, and found the man sitting reading one of my Sermons; so, wishing to have a talk with him, the missionary said, "Do you know Mr. Spurgeon?" "Yee," he replied, "I do, and I have good reason to know him, for he has been the means of bringing me to know the Lord Jesus Christ; but" (he added) "it was in a very strange way he went about it; you will hardly believe me when I tell you.

One Sunday morning, I thought to myself, 'I will go and hear that queer fellow, Spurgeon; people tell me that he says some very odd things.' So, off I went to the Surrey Gardens, and sat right in front of him. In his Sermon, he said, 'There is a man here who is a shoemaker; he keeps his shop open on Sundays, and last Sunday he sold a pair of shoes for ninepence, and he made fourpence profit out of it.' Well, that was just what I had done; I did keep my shop open on Sundays, and on that particular day I had sold a pair of children's shoes for ninepence, and fourpence was just the profit. So I thought, he must either be a very clever man, or else God had spoken to him about me; and I went home very much frightened. After a time, I went again to hear him; and before long I was sure that God was speaking to me through Mr. Spurgeon. I went home convinced of sin, and soon, by the gracious working of the Holy Spirit, I became a new man in Christ Jesus. But, sir, I shall never cease to wonder, as long as I live, how it was that God should have wrought in such a strange way to bring me to Himself."

Now, my friend, if your case should be as accurately described, this afternoon, as that man's condition was depicted at the Music Hall, will you be so good as to take comfort from the fact, and believe that God has spoken to you through me.

What is your trouble, my poor anxious friend? "*I am afraid I am not one of God's elect*; that is my trouble. I have been a long time praying and hoping; and I cannot help fearing what will become of me." Well, first of all, let me tell you that yours is a very common fear. A young man, who had that fear when he was first seeking the Saviour, went to a minister, who said to him, "Young man, you have nothing whatever to do with the doctrine of election." The young man thought, "That is not a satisfactory answer. If I go and consult a dentist, and he tells me I have nothing to do with the toothache, and that I should not think about such things, I should say, 'Yes, but your talking like that will not make my tooth leave off aching, for it needs either to be stopped or to be extracted.'" So is it with this doctrine of election; it troubles many anxious souls, and it is no use for us to say to them, "You have nothing to do with election." It is our business to remove the trouble; and it is not a very difficult thing to do that. Will you, who are perplexed about this doctrine of election, just answer me this one question, "Do you, with all your heart, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" If, with your whole heart, you can answer, "I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," you are saved, and you are as truly elect as are the glorified spirits before the throne: "for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Another anxious one says, "*I am afraid I have not come to Christ the right way.*" Now that is a trouble which you never need have. Did you really come to Jesus Christ at all? Because, if so, you came the right way; there is no such thing as coming to Christ the wrong way. He Himself has said, "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day." The Father never draws anyone to Christ in the wrong way; He makes no mistake, so, if you have been made willing to come to

Christ, it was the result of the Divine drawing, and you may depend upon it that you have come to Christ the right way.

"But," you say, "*I am troubled because my experience differs from that of others of whom I have read.*" Yes, I know, you take in a twopenny magazine, do you not? It has in it, every month, a biography of some very good man or woman, who is extolled to the skies without any very great reason. You read these biographies, and you say, "I don't know how it is, I am sure; but I do not feel as that good man or that gracious woman felt, and therefore I fear I cannot be a Christian." Believe me, you have no cause for fear on that score. You probably have, on the walls of your house, or on your parlour carpet, a lot of roses and lilies, or other flowers, whatever may happen to be the present fashion; there are the same green leaves, and the same hues for the flowers, all exactly like each other. But go into your garden, and see if you can find fifty flowers there all alike, or even two exactly like each other. You could not pick out a couple marked in precisely a similar manner. The reason is just this: those that are alike are artificial, while the real, living, growing flowers always differ.

So is it in the Church of Christ. Our God is a lover of variety; although the experience of the Lord's children will always agree in the main, just as the bones of any one man will correspond to the bones of other men; yet they never do agree in the minutiae, just as all of our faces are differently formed. We are all diverse and distinct in the filling up of the human frame; and so we are in our religious experiences. If I could believe that my experience is, in every jot and tittle, like—ay, like even that of the apostle Paul, I should conclude myself to be a hypocrite; for, if I were just like another man, contending as I do that God never did make two of the same sort, I should view myself as a counterfeit imitation of a genuine Christian. In the details of the inner life, there are and always must be great diversities. Therefore, do not let that trouble you, for there is no cause for fear there, even though your experience may be peculiar, and unlike all others.

Here is a different trouble. Someone exclaims, "*I am afraid that I cannot repent enough.*" This is a very common fear, and a very rational fear, too; for, at the very outset, let me say, concerning it, that you are quite right in your suspicion; you have not repented enough; no one in the world ever did repent enough. If we were to keep on repenting throughout all eternity, we should never sufficiently repent for the great sins we have committed against so kind and so holy a God.

"Could my tears for ever flow,"—

could all the clouds, and rains, and floods dwell in my eyes, that I might weep them out in tears, I could never weep enough on account of the guilt of sin.

"Nay, nay," says the man, "*that is not what I meant; I meant that I could not repent enough to prove that I was a child of God.*" Now, mark, repentance is not to be measured by its quantity, but by its quality. It is like faith; when we begin to be Christians, our faith

is very little, but it grows and increases; yet he who has but little faith is quite as sure of Heaven as he who has the greatest faith.

“The strong, the feeble, and the weak
Are safe in Jesus now.”

And they are alike safe, if they are trusting in Him, nor shall any one of them perish. God will not suffer even the least of His people to be lost, and to be eternally cast away from His presence. The question you have to answer is this, Do you repent at all? Is your repentance sincere and genuine? For if, with all your heart, you do abhor sin, and seek to avoid it, you need not fear as to the reality of your repentance; but, as a little grace ensures the death of all your sins, so this little repentance shall go on increasing, and widening, and deepening, from a tiny brook to a broad river, till at last, in one great sea of repentance, it shall include all your sins, and the Saviour's blood, like a far greater ocean, shall cover them and bury them for ever and ever.

It is very likely that I have not yet pictured the peculiar case of some person sitting far away at the back of the hall, and who is much exercised in his mind. “O sir!” says he, “*my trouble is, I am afraid I am a hypocrite.*” I have met with dozens of persons who say this of themselves; but just think what they mean. If a man comes to you on business, and says, “Now I want you to watch me very narrowly in all your transactions with me, for I am afraid I am dishonest,” I fancy that you would exclaim, “Well, this is the first time I ever heard a rogue warn me against himself.” And it is the same with this class of persons to whom I am referring; real hypocrites rarely talk thus. If they *are* hypocrites, then they are hypocrites indeed. No, my friend, if you are afraid of hypocrisy in yourself, it looks to me like a sign that at least you are true at heart, and have a tender conscience. Strive against hypocrisy, my brother; but be not so foolish as to think yourself a hypocrite when you are really sincere in your desire to be right in the sight of God.

Another says, “*I am afraid I shall not hold on in the good way.*” Some brethren in the ministry will encourage this fear, and will tell you that some do fall away from grace, and perish. That is a kind of religion in which I do not and cannot believe. I could not base my hope and rest my soul upon anything that was short of *everlasting*. Everlasting righteousness must be mine, or else I cannot feel secure and happy. If I cannot feel sure that—

“My name, from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace:
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in Heaven;”—

I can neither rest nor work; but I know that it is so. Therefore, O child of God, this is a fear which need not distract you for a moment; *you* have no cause to fear lest, after all, you should become a cast-

away : *you* have no cause for fear lest you should make shipwreck of faith, because many mere professors do so. Mere professors do perish, and are cast away at last ; but if you are truly trusting Christ, then all is well, and all will be well for ever and ever. God must change His nature, and forfeit His promises, and His eternal covenant must be made void, before He will suffer you to perish. "I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand." It is no uncertain gospel that you are bidden to believe ; it is one which will bear your weight ; you may rest upon it with the utmost confidence.

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever ;
Nothing from His love can sever."

"O my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears !
But greater, Lord, Thou art
Than all my doubts and fears :
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

"Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame ;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same :
My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows."

Now I am going to try to select still another case, and to speak a word that may be pertinent thereto. I remember, in my early boyhood, being at my grandfather's house, and seeing there a venerable lady, who was dressed in black ; and her mourning attire was just the emblem of her inner consciousness. She always looked sad, and I never heard her speak one joyful word all the time I knew her. It was whispered to me that *she believed she had committed the unpardonable sin* ; and I well recollect with what amazement I looked at her. I felt almost inclined to pay reverence to such a person ; and being, on one occasion, left in the room with her, she called me up to her, and said,—and it quite frightened me,—“Ah ! you may be happy, but I never can. I have committed that sin that is unto death ; and do what I may, I know I am a lost soul, and there is no hope for me !” It was only the week before last I met a man who said he committed “the unpardonable sin” twelve times every hour ! I said to him, “Well, you are a great sinner, and no mistake ; do you think the apostle Paul ever sinned like that ?” He replied, “No, I do not think he did.” “Well,” I answered, “but Paul says, ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.’ Now, if Paul calls himself the chief of sinners, how do you make it out that you are worse than he was ? If you commit the unpardonable sin, you must be a greater sinner than the apostle Paul, and yet he calls himself the chief of sinners.”

Let me speak a few words to any persons who may be present, and who think they are in this condition. *If you know what the unpardonable sin is*, you know a great deal more than all the divines who have

ever lived. After all these ages of controversy about the matter, I believe it is the wisest course for us all to give up the attempt to find out what the unpardonable sin is. If you, therefore, know what it is, you must be marvellously clever; and more learned than all the assemblies of divines, or than the greatest men who have ever studied their Bibles. I do not believe you are so wise as that, and therefore I do not think you know what this sin is; and, further, I do not believe that you have committed the unpardonable sin. With regard to the sin that "hath never forgiveness," I hold this view. We are not told in Scripture what that sin is, and for a very obvious reason; our very want of knowledge may be a check upon us with regard to all sin, lest we should commit this "sin unto death." Riding along in the country, I sometimes see boards put up in gentlemen's grounds, bearing this warning, "Trespassers beware! Man-traps set on these premises!" Why is it not put upon the boards the exact spot *where* these man-traps are set? Why does it not say, "There is a trap so many feet from the apple tree, or so many yards from the pear tree"? Why, because the very fact that people do not know where the trap is laid, is often the means of preventing them from going there at all. Now, all sin is a trespass against God; you have no right to sin; and God has put up that great warning notice, "*There is a sin unto death*;" and He tells you, if you commit that sin, you cannot be saved; but what that sin is, He does not tell you; for, to point out that particular sin, would frustrate the very purpose He had in view in giving the warning.

But, mark you, while we cannot tell *what that sin is*, we can tell you what it is not. I cannot say to any man, "You have committed the sin unto death;" but I can say at least to some men, "You have not committed the sin for which there is no forgiveness." Do you to-day feel yourself to be a sinner? Do you weep because guilt lies, like a heavy burden, on your heart? Are you willing to be saved? Have you begun to pray? Are you prepared to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ with all your heart? Then, believe me, you have no more committed that unpardonable sin than have the angels in Heaven. For that sin is "*a sin unto death*," and you are not dead. You have some signs and tokens of spiritual life; you feel, you wish, you strive, you desire; these feelings prove you have a measure of life, and therefore you have not committed the sin which is unto death; for the immediate consequence of that sin is hardness of heart, the letting of a man alone, so that he has a seared conscience, and goes to his grave careless and indifferent, without God, without Christ, without hope, and, at the same time, without fear and without terror.

I hope that these words which I have spoken may be the means of comforting some of you who are sinking "in deep mire, where there is no standing," and who are saying with "Heman the Ezrahite," "My soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave."

I have taken so long over the first part of my subject that I must be very brief with the rest.

(To be concluded next month.)

Mrs. C. E. Spurgeon's Work-room.

I HAVE been delighted to receive, from a friend whose personal acquaintance I have never made, a pleasing corroboration of my description of dear Mr. Spurgeon's last Sermon (for that season) in Exeter Hall. I cannot do better than give the letter in its entirety, for every sentence in it is precious :—

“ Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

“ I feel that I must write to tell you how deeply moved I have been by your account, on page 20 in the second volume of Mr. Spurgeon's *Autobiography*, of that most wonderful service at Exeter Hall in 1855. I was there, a lad of sixteen, and I too remember with strange vividness how, at the end, he cried out, ‘ Let my last word here be JESUS, JESUS, JESUS, JESUS ! ’ His face was as the face of an angel as he spoke, and then he sat down quite exhausted. Forty-three years have passed since then, I have heard preachers of every kind, and yet I have never forgotten that scene ; it comes before me as clearly now as if it were only yesterday.

“ And now, in these truly perilous last times, when the Word of God is reduced to the level of *Æsop's Fables*, and every lie of Rome is preached in the pulpits of this once Protestant land, and we have had many sorrows and changes, our great joy is to know that this blessed Name of JESUS has just as much charm for our hearts as when Mr. Spurgeon preached that wonderful Sermon. All else decays and vanishes, but JESUS is mighty to save, and mighty to keep evermore ; and we wait in patience till He shall come back for us, as He has promised, and we shall see His blessed face, and the longings of our hearts shall be satisfied.

“ With feelings of the deepest respect, though a stranger, I am,

“ Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

“ Yours in the best of bonds,

“ C. E. G.”

* * * *

You will see by the following letter that, though its coffers are still very low, the Book Fund is “ inching along,” helping poor pastors, and making them happy :—

“ My dear Madam,

“ I received, last night, a splendid parcel of books with a note telling me that it came from you. It seems to me that you take a delight in giving pleasant surprises, and rendering poor pastors, such as I am, so obliged and grateful that they are overcome by their feelings, and have no words to express themselves. I do not know how to thank you. I believe, however, that the Lord directed me to write ; and if that be so, then He will see that you are well rewarded. My little stock of books is considerably enlarged through your generosity. Now I have the *Treasury* complete, and also *Sermon Notes*,—a quite unlooked-for blessing. I have already dipped into the other books, and am thinking of taking up the first subject in *Trumpet Calls* on Sunday. My wife and I unpacked the parcel last

night, between eleven and twelve, after my return from a journey. I think you would enjoy seeing your parcels unpacked when they arrive at their destination. You would see how the staid men act like children, and their dear partners make mistakes, and cry instead of laugh, or try to do both together. A thousand blessings rest upon you, dear Madam! I shall always remember you with gratitude, as I do your dear husband, who has been such a help to me."

* * * *

A communication from Syria informs me that, at Easter this year, a large distribution of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Arabic was made possible by my gift of £5 for that purpose from the "Fund for General Use in the Work of the Lord." Twenty volumes of *Striking Sermons* were secured, with 640 copies of "What is Faith?" and a like number of "He shall be Great." These were carefully bestowed in more than twenty villages, and not a few mailed to absent Syrians in Australia and the United States. The teachers in the Mission are now understanding better than they did how to use such literature, and Mr. Hoskins, both by precept and example, urges them to follow the pages with prayer and enquiry. The letter concludes by assuring me that the Sermons were gladly received by the people, that many souls were helped by them, and that, "in the name of many on Lebanon," the writer gratefully and cordially thanks me (that is, *you*, dear givers to the "General Use Fund,") for the privilege of passing on so many of the beloved preacher's words and thoughts.

Surely, a very tender interest attaches to the scattering abroad of these living, loving, gospel messages, so near to the land where "love's redeeming work was done."

The Lord will bless the distribution of the Sermons in Spain, I believe, for He has put it into the hearts of the translators to do their work with especial care and fidelity. A letter from a missionary,—not a Baptist,—who has served the Lord in Spain during the last twenty-five or thirty years, bears abundant testimony to this important fact. Writing to Mr. Lund, who directs the work of preparing and distributing the Sermons, he says:—"I have read, with pleasure and profit, in Spanish, two Sermons of that man of God, C. H. Spurgeon, one entitled, 'The Brazen Serpent,' and the other, 'For whom is the Gospel meant?' May God be glorified by the conversion of some souls of Spaniards, or of their descendants, in Cuba, in the Philippine Islands, or in Central or South America, who may hear of Jesus through these discourses! It may be that C. H. Spurgeon is permitted to see that, though dead, he is yet preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and if so, with what joy will he shout 'Hallelujah!'"

"These Sermons are not merely translated into Spanish, but faithfully and clearly rendered into good Castilian. I would that, instead of two, there were twenty so translated; all the more now, as, ere long, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, *with their ten millions who have never heard the gospel*, will have the opportunity of doing so."

Dear friends, shall we be slow in going up to possess such a promised land as this? If you will help me by filling the treasury of

the "Fund for General Use," we will hasten the work of translation, so as to have the desired number for distribution. May I write to Mr. Lund, and tell him you are willing to do this?

* * * *

I sometimes think that my hands are getting too feeble to hold and direct all the golden threads of service which stretch from "Westwood" to other homes and hearts, and even to distant climes; but when I remember that, in their weakness, they are enclosed in the strong, loving clasp of the Lord's care and guidance, and that He controls every detail of their willing work, then, while He continues to employ them, I am joyfully content to know and to do His holy will.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT

"Lord, . . . bid me come unto Thee on the water."—Matthew xiv. 28.

Poor Peter! What a weary, anxious night of toil and watching he had spent in that storm-tossed ship, with a contrary wind blowing hard, and without the presence of his beloved Lord! But now the fourth watch has begun, the day is breaking, and with the first streaks of dawn, hope springs up in his heart that deliverance will come. It comes in a very unexpected manner, as do most of our great mercies. We fear as we enter into the cloud; but, as it envelopes us, we find it luminous with God's gracious manifestation of Himself. These poor disciples "cried out for fear," when they first saw Jesus, though they had been longing and praying for Him all the night, and should have been prepared for any revelation of His glory. But Peter—loving, impetuous Peter,—when he heard his Master's voice, was impatient to embrace Him; he could not endure the distance from his Lord which that cruel sea interposed, so he made the great venture that has been an object-lesson of faith to all succeeding generations.

The whole account, as given in the gospel, is a striking picture of many phases of our Christian life; but in this brief meditation I am looking chiefly at two points on the glowing canvas,—permission sought: "Lord, *bid me come*;"—and the perilous pathway: "*on the water*."

Beloved reader, I will suppose that you, like myself, are longing for the closer realization of Christ's presence, thirsting for nearer and dearer communion with Him, yet, alas! too often failing to obtain an abiding consciousness of it. How are we to secure the blessing? How are we to step out of the old life, into a new and Divine experience? Not by our own efforts, most assuredly. If Peter had essayed to leave his ship without his Lord's command, he would not have planted one foot upon the waves,—he would have sunk immediately.

Our dependence upon God is absolute. Our own struggles after likeness to Christ, and fellowship with Him, are, in themselves, unavailing. He must "draw", or we cannot "run after Him." He must "bid", or we cannot "come." Pride and self-sufficiency are laid in the dust by this doctrine; but that only proves its truth and

necessity. And the true believer is impelled by it, not to relinquish his desires, but to increase his earnest pleadings that God would speak the word of sovereign grace.

"*Bid me come.*" Frances Ridley Havergal used to say, "All God's biddings are enablings," and herein lies the secret of the life of faith, that the obedient heart agrees completely with the Lord's declaration, "Without Me ye can do *nothing*." Ah! dear souls, be very sure that, if you have a real desire to come to Christ, He gave it to you, and is more than ready to bestow also the power to take that step of faith, "out of self, into Him," which has hitherto seemed impossible. He is waiting to "bid" you; it is for this that He has come walking over the sea of separation, and so far revealed Himself to you as to make you long to know more of Him; and, as soon as you have learned your own helplessness, and His Almighty strength, quicker than on the wings of the wind will the sweet call reach you, "COME."

"*On the water.*" Now is the test of faith. To walk on the water, was Peter's own proposition; and the Lord granted his request. He could have been at His disciple's side in a moment, and spared him the trial of faith, and the discovery of its feebleness which this experience gave him. But it seems to be the law of the Kingdom that we come to Christ on the very waves which separate us from Him; and this is doubtless for our profit, that we may again prove our own weakness, and learn to trust wholly in His strength. Perhaps, in the first flush of joy that the Lord has bidden us come, it seems an easy thing to "walk on the water to go to Jesus," and self-confidence whispers that we are quite able of ourselves to tread the wondrous pathway. But we soon discover our helplessness apart from Him. The wind is boisterous, the waves are threatening, we remember the great deep beneath us, fear overcomes faith, and "beginning to sink," we cry, "Lord, save me!"

Yet how often is it "on the water" that we find a royal road to His dear feet, and how frequently do our fears and infirmities force upon us the conviction that our blessed Master is truly a Divine and Almighty Saviour! How quickly His outstretched hand delivers and supports us! How calm and safe we feel when we joyfully realize His immediate presence!

I think the dear Lord must have kept Peter's hand in His own as they walked back to the ship, for the wind did not cease till they were on board, yet we hear of no further fears of sinking; any way, I know that, whatever may be the depth or danger of the seas of sin, or sorrow, or trial over which Christ bids us come to Him, His right hand will hold us safely till we reach the fair haven of Emmanuel's Land.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOW A HOLIDAY YIELDS ILLUSTRATIONS.

(A TALK WITH THE STUDENTS.)

IF the Christian is never off duty, it is equally true that the preacher of the Word is never unmindful of his high and holy task. If he is not casting or drawing the net, he is washing or mending it. He does well, indeed, if the strain has been great,—and to whom is it not severe?—to set aside as much as possible the cares and anxieties of the pastorate; but he cannot forget his flock (he would not if he might), nor the claims that will yet be made upon his heart and brain. If a holiday is a time in which to recover from past exertions, it should also be an opportunity to prepare for future service. Alas! that it is not always long enough for both processes. There is just time to clear out the reservoir, but hardly enough in which to recharge it.

The true minister (be he student, student-pastor, or full-fledged pastor) will, during his furlough, be still on the look out for thoughts, and themes, and illustrations. He will not need to seek them. He will let them come to him. If he is wise, he will generally jot them down when they do come, lest they escape his memory. Yet some of the best will come to him, not at the time, but after many days. It is truly marvellous how one is, at times, transferred to the past. The trip of years ago recurs with wonderful vividness, and the metaphors which did not then strike the mind shine clearly in the mirror of the recollection. But it does not do to trust to this. These may prove the very best of the illustrations, but we must have some others—even though they be more ordinary,—to begin with, and to continue with. One of those extra-special superfine ones, whose radiance took so long to reach us, will serve to beautify our discourse, and possibly to electrify our hearers every now and then.

A little of such thought and preparation as I have indicated serves to make a season of rest the more enjoyable. It keeps us in touch with Heaven, and with our sacred calling. It keeps the moth out of the garments of our service, and the rust from the weapons of our warfare.

The late loved President of this Institution used to work as hard during his holidays as some men do when they are professedly "hard at it." Some thought he overdid it. But weekly Sermon, and monthly Magazine, *had* to be issued; and there were always one or two, or perhaps three books on the stocks, which really had to be launched very shortly; and the Almanacks at the end of the year must not be forgotten; and then, last, but not least, those students would be looking for something specially for themselves as soon as the President was back! So necessity was laid upon him to keep the forge fire glowing; ay, and to have not a few irons in it, too. Herein he was again a pattern. Let us, who still walk in the light of his faith and work, follow in this path, albeit it must be at a distance. We shall have to give account of holidays as well as of working days.

The great thing is, to retain throughout a receptive heart. There is nothing without voice, could we but hear. I said to a couple of

amateur photographers, who pitched their tripod constantly in the course of a short walk, "Your difficulty must be to know what *not* to photograph where everything is so charming." Just so, he who is on the look out for emblems, will find them at every turn. But it is well to know how to choose them. The photographer I speak of had his camera in position, and was about to let the sun do its work, when he suddenly lifted the whole concern, and transplanted it about twenty yards to the right. The first view was good, but the second was better. I overheard him say to his companion, "The road shows too plainly in the foreground;"—then he shifted. Now, the metaphors are at every turn, but you must get the best view of them. One incident may illustrate two or three different truths. Be sure you get the best of the standpoints. Do not let the road show too plainly in the foreground;—in other words, let nothing be overdone, forced, or far-fetched. See to it that focus, and perspective, and atmosphere are all correct. Don't make illustrations for the sake of making them. Go in for quality rather than quantity. A commonplace illustration is worse than none, and home-made bad ones are the worst of all. There are plenty to be found in encyclopædias,—a few really good ones. Better stick to them, even though some are "chestnuts" by this time, than create new ones not even good enough for the encyclopædia.

By a good illustration I mean one that, true to its name, *illustrates* a truth. It may be homely, or even crude, if it does that. So, in collecting and creating them, this should be kept in view. Reject every thought that does not serve this high purpose. It had better be useful than ornamental, though it is possible to combine these qualities.

Brethren, I am half afraid, after setting up before you such an ideal, to venture to give you specimens. I do not claim, though I wish I could, that they are entirely true to the model I have described. If they fall short of it, this will only provide fresh proof of the necessity of much care and prayer in this department of preparation, for I have *endeavoured* to keep in mind the suggestions with which I have prefaced the lecture.

Let me further state that I do not engage to use these metaphors only here. I give you the first sight of my stock, and full permission to retail anything of worth, but I may want them myself again some day. The only fear is that, if you use them at once, some will suppose they have discovered the source whence I obtained them. I propose to tell the story of my journey and sojourn, scarcely staying for more than passing reference to the truths the record illustrates. So you must be on the *qui vive* to catch the thought, and to apply the metaphor.

There are three routes to Scotland, and there may be some difficulty in deciding which of the three is best. One has this advantage, and the others another. Preferences are often prejudices. There really is not very much to choose in the matter of time, fare, and accommodation. The scenery is exactly the same on each route if you travel by night as I did, and sleep till arrival as I didn't. I went by the London and North Western, but I am not quite clear why. The others would probably have suited my case as well.

There is *only one* route to Heaven. There are, indeed, some "systems" which profess to convey travellers to the land that is very far off; and, alas! not a few are duped into taking tickets. The false are to be readily distinguished from the true. "I am the Way," said Jesus. "Believe and live," say the tickets. All other ways are mockeries. They may appear more comfortable, they cannot even pretend to be more reasonable, and—this is the vital matter,—they utterly fail to take the seeker to his destination. Forms and ceremonies, frames and feelings, rites and rituals, philosophies and sophistries, modern thought and higher criticism, all, like those who trust them, come short of the glory of God. Away with every question as to the route to Heaven. There can be no real rivalry in this matter. The monopoly belongs to Jesus,—as well it may, for, oh! at what a cost He cast up the highway for His people!

"Thou art the Way, by Thee alone,
From sin and death we flee;
And He, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee."

It has lately been proved in a court of law that it is not necessary for a passenger to seek for himself his proper carriage. The responsibility rests with the railway company. He who has come to the train, and paid the fare thereof, has a right to expect that he will be directed to the proper part of the train. If he is taken to a city he seeks not, the company must return him to the place where he would be.

There is a sense in which, just as soon as we have trusted Jesus, He becomes henceforth responsible.

Albeit the above is true with the railway company, I venture to think it best to make enquiries, and to exercise vigilance. If I had entered the train without asking which part went to Glasgow, it would surely have served me right if I had got to Edinburgh. The officials were responsible, I know, but I had an immediate interest in the matter. Moreover, I wanted to see for myself.

Christ's care of us, the Father's love, and the Spirit's power should not make us less watchful. God will not let us enter the wrong carriage,—that is just the reason why we ask Him which is the right one. He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps, but it is ours to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation.

I found it a great convenience to have a place already booked. A reserved berth in a sleeping car is a real boon to a weary traveller. There was the docket with my own name on it. That space was for me undoubtedly. No one dared "jump my claim." The station-master had kept it for me, and now I was to enter into the benefit of the arrangement previously made. The company had promised me this, and there it was ready to hand. There were many others on the car,—some seeking berths. I hope they succeeded in getting them,—but mine was reserved; and, unless I had failed to put in an appearance, it could be for no one else.

Fear not to forfeit your inheritance; it is "reserved in Heaven for you who are kept." He walks boldly who has his roll in his bosom. We are a prepared people going to a prepared place. Harps, crowns,

palms, robes, mansions, are all labelled, and we have the checks by which to claim our own. Be not fearful. "He that believeth shall not make haste." The reserved-seat-holder does not hurry.

There's a house in yon city that I must fill,
And a golden harp *my* hands must trill,
My head for *that* crown will be preserved,
And the palms and the robes are marked "reserved."

You have gathered already that I travelled in a sleeper. This is *how not to do it* as regards spiritual things. Yet it may be an emblem of the rest that Jesus gives amid the rush and whirl of life. There was a snug little cabin, or cubicle, and here was a weary pilgrim. The train was soon rushing along through the dark night at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. The vibration was wonderfully little considering the pace, and restful sleep was possible. The whirring wheels were scarcely heard, the locomotive's whistle seemed far away, the roar of the tunnels was unnoticed. Said the conductor to me at Glasgow, "There ain't no easier car, sir, in the world. She runs beautiful, she does." Certainly, friction, and oscillation, and vibration were reduced to a minimum. Such things were hardly dreamed of even a quarter of a century ago. It is possible—though some have failed to realize it,—to be resting so sweetly in Jesus when everything seems to militate against repose.

"Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round,
On Jesu's bosom nought but peace is found."

Only one thing woke me,—that was the stoppages. As soon as the train pulled up, I woke. It is so at sea. When once the churning of the screw has become an accustomed sound, the staying of it wakes the slumberer. Such is habit. Some have been awakened by a pause in the sermon. Try it, brother, the next time you have a Eutychus to deal with. But perhaps they do not sleep with *you*,—as they did with Paul!

Do you know, I fancy that God sometimes rouses easy-going, careless, slumbering hearts by, as it were, stopping the train. Everything has been going smoothly and swimmingly. They have grown used to their circumstances, even if they have not been all delightful. So Providence introduces an altered state of affairs. A halt is called. The brake is applied. They are brought up, as we say, with a round turn. The unexpected happens. It may not be a great distress or disaster,—merely a change, an alteration, a pause. Some who can outsleep a thunderstorm will wake when the silence comes.

But when the passengers were sleeping, someone had to be wide-awake. The vigilance of driver, and stoker, and guards, and signalmen made it possible for others to get a night's rest though flying through the counties.

How much we owe to others! Still more do we owe to God, whose tireless eyelids never close.

It is for us also, my brethren, to be watchful for the sake of others. "We watch for souls, as those who must give account." There are three persons who cannot sleep while on duty, yea, four that must not slumber at their posts,—the man at the wheel, the engine-driver at the lever, the lighthouse-keeper, and the minister of the gospel.

A cup of tea was more than welcome about seven of the clock. A warm draught was prized in the chill morning air.

It is well at waking to sip a strong promise, and to regale one's self on the sure Word of prophecy. It need not be a full meal;—a chapter, a verse, a sentence will, perhaps, suffice. Breakfast will follow, maybe, later on;—this is just a reviver to get up by. Herein lies the value of verses on the wall. A text-roll supplies a refresher before the meal of private devotion,—family worship. Sometimes, these spiritual “snacks” do us more good than full meals. Oh, for a word in season!

At Glasgow I had to change. This is not by any means the first time I have had to shift my quarters. “Chance and change are busy ever.” On life's long journey there is many a change. I heard of one, the other day, who had to travel in an invalid's carriage, and was shunted five times in the course of the journey. We know what it is to be shunted, too. But all this really helps us on our way.

My change did not seem to be for the better. I had to tramp to the low-level station, to wait in an atmosphere which might prove a formidable rival to our own “Underground”, and then to occupy a carriage far less cosy than the one I had left. But there was no help for it. This was part of the programme. Even our low-level experiences are necessary. We make real progress by climbing down. It was better to suffer the humiliation, and then to go on, than to remain stationary on the high level. Some dear friends have got on to so high a level that they can go neither further nor higher, unless, indeed, they change for the low level. I do not plead, however, for low views of privileges and responsibilities, but only for less exalted views of self.

I was soon at my journey's end so far as steel rails and panting locomotives were concerned. At Balloch Pier I took steamer on Loch Lomond for Inversnaid, *en route* for Stronachlachar, Loch Katrine. You Scotchmen must receive with pity my confession that these gutturals beat me. It takes a Highlander to say loch in such fashion that the hearer knows “an expanse of water” is intended rather than “a machine for fastening doors, &c.,” or “the part of a gun or rifle by which it is discharged,” or “the part of a canal confined by gates,” or “ringlets or straggling tufts of hair around the forehead.” I made repeated attempts to say Balloch, and Loch Lomond, and Stronachlachar, as they should be said; but I only proved myself a Southron, and a Cockney. My speech bewrayed me. True, an old inhabitant was kind enough to say that he thought I managed “verra weel;” but when he added that he could understand every word I said, I fancied he was poking fun at me. I suppose it is well-nigh impossible to speak as fluently in a tongue other than that in which we were born, and the particular accent and brogue of each county will make itself manifest. There was a German waiter at Stronachlachar Hotel who, for the life of him, couldn't say Spurgeon. “Mr. Splasher” was the nearest he could manage. This is a distinct change from Spurgeon.

This matter of pronunciation can be readily spiritualized. The language of Canaan does not fit the tongue of those who are not born

in the land. Sooner or later, our nationality and citizenship will be made manifest. Mimicry and ventriloquism will not stand every test. The accent of conviction cannot be assumed. We must have the conviction to possess the accent.

The first thing to do on board the boat was to get some breakfast. It seemed almost sinful to go below in the midst of such charming scenery;—but you can't live on scenery. Your hearers, dear brethren, will want something more than the emotional and the oratorical. They will look for food.

I was glad to find, on entering the saloon, that it was a many-windowed one. It was possible "to view the landscape o'er," and to break one's fast at the same time. The two went well together. A glance at a Ben and then a mouthful of bread or bacon proved a happy combination. That is the way to arrange it, Mr. Preacher, spread a table before them: but *it need not be in a wilderness!*

Thus far I had travelled *incognito*, but the purser recognized me, and he told the captain, and he told his mate, and so on, and so on. Ah, well! they were glad to see me, and I had nought to be ashamed of. A Spurgeon must expect to be spotted. So should a Spurgeon's man. So should all who name the Name of Christ. Be sure of this:—Someone will say, "Art not thou also one of His disciples?" "Did not I see thee in the garden with Him?"

There was a foreigner on board, whose appearance proved him to be someone out of the ordinary. Only a genius could wear his locks (not locks, this time) so long, and look so *négligé*.

I presently discovered that he was an artist in *silhouettes*. He induced his victim to stand against the light, and then, with marvellous deftness he, in a few moments, cut his profile out of a sheet of black paper. I saw him produce some veritable masterpieces. I was compelled to congratulate some of the sitters (or standers). In one case, an eyeglass was represented with striking fidelity, and in another, a pipe was, if I may so say, marvellously true to life. In my own case, the artist was not quite so successful. I showed his production to my wife, but she failed to recognize it, and even in my own children it did not serve to stir the filial spirit. For my own part, I was satisfied. The *hat* is specially good. I can only hope, however, that I am not as black as I am painted.

But, oh! my brethren, if indeed a faithful likeness of ourselves could be produced, our own friends would not know us, and we should be astonished and dismayed.

Such a portrait is being produced, and we must see it some day. 'Tis black enough, but, glory be to God, the precious blood atones for all! We are "accepted in the Beloved," and "complete in Him."

I think I know some people who are like this artist. They go about with bits of black paper, and a pair of sharp scissors, cutting people out, and making caricatures of them. Of course, any striking feature or characteristic is exaggerated by such, and there seems some success in portraiture, but the likeness is neither correct nor kind.

I was fortunate to see Ben Lomond without a cloud between. What a difference this makes! When the mists are about, all is vague and uncertain. Imagination may lead the observer astray, and

even memory may play one false. But there was the very peak, bathed in sunlight, and pointing to the blue. How glad a thing 'twould be if all our clouds were gone!

“Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise!”

Even “the mountains of God,” to which the psalmist compares Jehovah’s righteousness, are sometimes veiled in mystery. But the mists are rolling past as the day advances. At evening time it shall be light.

As we approached Inversnaid Pier, I saw the form of Pastor Hugh D. Brown, towering head and shoulders above the rest,—a Ben Lomond amongst the Ben Venues, and Ben Ledis, and Ben Voilichs. What a great man he is in more than one sense! Thank God for his faithful, fearless testimony, and for his unstinted generosity!

How good it is to have a friend to greet you,—a friend who knows the way,—a friend who has reserved a box-seat for you,—a friend who conducts you to other friends,—a friend who loves and cares for you! Ah! such is Jesus to us all. Let us commit our way to Him. “Anywhere with Jesus.” So I came to Stronachlachar.

Brethren, it is not well to use all the illustrations gathered during a holiday in your first discourse, so mine must be “continued in our next.”

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XL.—BY PASTOR HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

ALTHOUGH the large heart of C. H. Spurgeon generously admitted me to a certain measure of intimacy, yet were the opportunities of hearing the great preacher singularly few, and it need scarcely be added that the memories of such discourses remain as a precious heritage and stimulant in my life and ministry. Everything the Mr. Great-heart of the Christian Church did or said, grows after the lapse of years, for *God was in it*; and since his Sermons are all ablaze with Christ, their ministry must deepen and widen down the rolling years.

It was on Lord’s-day morning, June 5th, 1881, that we first had the privilege of worshipping at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. When our bewilderment at the vast sea of faces had somewhat disappeared, we felt lifted Heavenward with a majestic, simple song of praise; then the prayer as of a child genuinely at home with his Almighty Father,—wonderful, trustful, reverential, asking all for the Well-beloved’s glory;—next, the terse, apt comments on the Scriptures (who could so pointedly and suggestively open up the Word as he? He had the gift, possessed by few preachers, of really helping us to “understand the sense,” since most modern interpolations spoil the unique grandeur of the Word);—and then the Sermon on “I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase;”—a strong denunciation of preacher-worship, an emphatic insistence on whole-souled loyalty and absolute dependence upon the

sovereignty of God's grace, and a forcing home of the plea that all God's labourers should be recognized by us, however uncouth their utterances, fanatical their method, and peculiar their agencies. We went away startled at the paradoxes of the man;—the intense Divine narrowness which could tolerate no preaching save "Jesus Christ and Him crucified;"—"Will God bless our moral essays and fine compositions and pretty passages? See to it that ye can each bring in a solid report, but let no man be content with the mere child's play of oratory, or the getting up of entertainments or such like. On God's farm none are kept for ornamental purposes. I have read some sermons which could only have been meant for show, for there was not a grain of gospel in them. They were ploughs with the share left out, drills with no wheat in the box, clod-crushers made of butter. I do not believe that our God will ever pay wages to men who only walk about His grounds to show themselves. Fine orators who display their eloquence are more like gipsies who stray on the farm to pick up chickens than honest labourers who work to bring forth a crop for their master;"—and the broad Christlike comprehensiveness which rejoiced wherever, and by whomsoever, the Lord was magnified:—"If we are all under one Master, do not let us quarrel. It is a great pity when ministers harshly criticise one another, and when Sunday-school teachers do the same. It is a miserable business when we cannot bear to see good being done by those of a different denomination who work in ways of their own. If a new labourer comes on the farm, and he wears a coat of a new cut, and uses a hoe of a new shape, shall I become his enemy? If he does his work better than I do mine, shall I be jealous? Do you not remember reading in the Scripture that, upon one occasion, the disciples could not cast out a devil? This ought to have made them humble; but, to our surprise, we read a few verses further on that John and others saw one casting out devils in Christ's Name, and John says, 'We forbid him, because he followeth not with us.' *They* could not cast out the devil themselves, and they forbade those who could. A certain band of people are going about winning souls, but because they are not doing it in our fashion, we do not like it. Go and do better before you find fault. Instead of cavilling, let us encourage all on Christ's side. Wisdom is justified of her children. The labourers ought to be satisfied with the new ploughman if his master is so. Brother, if the great Lord has employed you, it is no business of mine to question His right. I do not like the look of you, and cannot think how He can have such a fellow upon the farm; but as *He* has employed you, I have no right to judge you, for I daresay I look as queer in your eyes as you do in mine. Can I lend you a hand? Can I show you how to work better? Or can you tell me something so that I may do my work better? May not the Master employ whom He pleases? If new methods of getting a hearing for the gospel are invented by the ingenuity of earnestness, let the brethren use them; and if we cannot imitate them, let us at least feel that we are still one, because 'One is our Master, even Christ.'"

With reiterated emphasis, we were told of human inefficiency and the Divine all-sufficiency, yet warned that God would hold us culpable

if we failed to press all our talents and energies into the service of His Church : yet the whole Sermon, while aglow with spiritual power, was exquisite in the simplicity of its language, and needless to say, brimful of Christ. We found ourselves musing afterwards,—Here is a preacher who could easily carry away his hearers on the word-torrent of impassioned oratory, yet again and again did he deliberately repress and hold back his natural eloquence in the holy jealousy lest men should think of the 'servant rather than of the Master :—“Have you begun to be of Spurgeon? Brethren, this will never do ; we must get rid of the tendency before it grows upon us. God can bless one man as well as another.” So did he perpetuate his fame by striving to extinguish it, and made his work immortal because delighting to lose himself in the overwhelming partnership of God. Therefore the King honoured him,—the single-eyed, simple-hearted worker,—above his fellow-labourers in the gospel field.

Another memorable Sermon was from the utterance, “Nevertheless at Thy Word I will let down the net.” After eulogizing the almighty power of God, with sudden flight of practical purpose, the preacher brought down and translated this force into everyday life (for Mr. Spurgeon was always practical). God's elections are to holiness, service, honesty of life :—“I notice how, in the Old Testament, we are told of the sheep and the cattle, and the fields and the harvests of good men ; and these had to do with their religion. I notice how the prudent woman according to Solomon looked well to her household ; and I observe that we have in the Bible a Book of Proverbs, and another called Ecclesiastes, with little spiritual teaching in them, but a great deal of good, sound, practical common sense. It is evident to me that the Lord intends that our faith should not be penned up in a pew, but should walk the shop, and be seen in every walk of life. The great principle of my text fell from the lips of a working-man, and to the working-man I return it : it was connected with a net and a boat, the implements of his labour, and with these common things I would link it ; and I would say to all who serve the Lord, in this present evil world,—In the name of God, if you have anything to do, be not so desponding and despairing as to cease from it, but, according to His Word, once more go forward in your honest endeavours, and, like Peter, say, ‘I will let down the net.’”

Further on, he indignantly championed, as was his wont, the rights and responsibilities of all believers to preach and tell forth the everlasting gospel :—“Our Lord has called all of us to the work of proclaiming free pardon through His blood to all who believe in Him. Each believer has a warrant to seek the conversion of his fellows. May not every man seek to save his brother from the burning ? Must not Jesus smile on any man's endeavour to deliver his neighbour from going down to eternal death ? Has He not said, ‘Let him that heareth say, Come’ ? Whosoever hears the gospel is to invite others to come to Christ. The Word of the Lord is our warrant for keeping to our one work of making known the gospel : it would be a sorry act of mutiny if we were either to be silent, or to preach ‘another gospel, which is not another.’ The Word of the Lord

is a warrant which justifies the man who obeys it. 'Where the word of a king is there is power.' What higher authority can we need?"

Mr. Spurgeon never ceased protesting against the unscriptural and man made distinction between the priesthood and the people, the clergy and the laity, and repudiated in language of no measured contempt the arrogance of man in claiming and using for himself a title belonging only unto God: "Holy and *reverend* is His Name;" and yet, singularly, comparatively few of those who in ministry owe all to him, are his followers in this thing. Brethren, "imitation is the sincerest flattery," and if Rome and Canterbury increase in arrogance, let Puritans at least hie back to the simple titles and phrases of apostolic days.

Then we heard the clarion utterance the Sunday morning before the City Temple gatherings of April, 1883. Amid the din and bustle of the heart-breaking "Down-grade" controversy, how calming came the exposition of Jehovah's response to Jeremiah, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for Me?" The "eternal power and Godhead"—the Covenant—the all-sufficiency of grace were hurled down in strong, clear, masculine language into the seething vortex of sin, failure, apostacy, and need, and the power of Jehovah magnified to charge nothingness with His omnipotence, and lap up human misery into His eternal glory. It was a marvellous deliverance, so full of faith, and patient confidence in God.

Another discourse lives in our memory: "Moses My servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan;"—in which we were urged to apprehend, to put our foot of faith down upon, and to enjoy *all* our inheritance in Christ,—an exceedingly broad, exceedingly desirable, and infinitely varied continent of grace. We came in paupers, and went home millionaires, glorying in the fulness of our Risen Lord.

Once more (five times in all, *i.e.*, on Sundays), we heard Mr. Spurgeon preach, concerning the rending of the veil of the temple. How wonderfully he opened up the sinner's way to God, brushing aside all hell and man-made barriers, and leaving a clear avenue from the City of Destruction, *vid* Calvary, to the City of our God:—"Do you want to shake the earth? Plant the cross upon it! To open stony hearts? Tell them of Jesu's dying love! To lead men from graves of sin to resurrected lives of usefulness? Calm them by Calvary's magnetic power!" Ay! and he proved the record true, for Christ, *Christ*, CHRIST, was the secret of his unique success, the clue to all his holy and gracious living, the inspiration of his ministry, and the goal of his ambitions and desires. Was not his whole life an ever-blessed harmony upon the key-note he loved so well,—

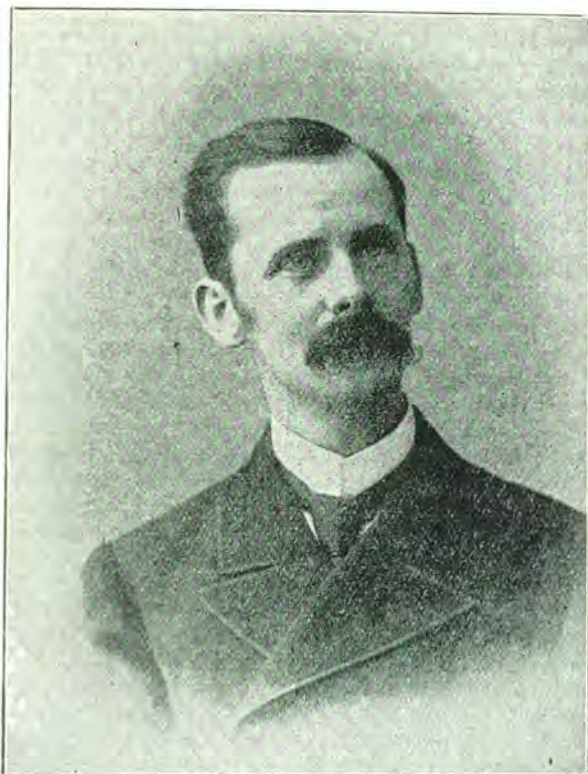
"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die"?

And he has not done with that theme and ministry yet! Nay, more; he never will!

(*To be concluded next month.*)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LIX.—PASTOR JOHN D. GILMORE, PHIBSBORO', DUBLIN.



HAPPILY, in describing the work of any man, you describe the man himself. The best biography of the apostle Paul is the record of his life as given in "The Acts of the Apostles." In a very real sense, it is the work of this devoted servant of Christ therein set forth that makes his character, life, and purpose pass before us in living power. In seeking to give a sketch of PASTOR J. D. GILMORE, we will follow the simple, unencumbered plan of reviewing the work accomplished by our friend, in the hope that it may set forth, in a quiet, unostentatious way, "what manner of man" he is.

On a bitter cold day in December, 1882,—the ground outside being covered with a mantle of snow a foot deep,—there descended into the historic baptistery of the old Tubbermore Chapel a young man, who was baptized by Pastor Robert Haldane Carson. John D. Gilmore, as he ascended from the symbolical grave of Christ, had determined in his heart that henceforth for him, with a clearer, fuller meaning than before, the theme of his ministry should be the death and

resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew full well that the hearts of many of his friends, that had hitherto burned with sympathy towards him, would now be as hard and cold as the outside world was that day. Still, there lay in his heart, as a coal of fire, the satisfaction that he had done an act and deed commanded by Christ, who had Himself been immersed of John in Jordan,—so setting the example that all His disciples might follow Him in the likeness of His death. Happily, the blessing promised to those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," has rested on the life, ministry, and labours of John D. Gilmore, from that cold day in December, sixteen years ago, up to the present hour.

At the period of Mr. Gilmore's life in which he was baptized by immersion, he had been accepted for the Episcopal ministry by the then Primate,—the late Archbishop Knox. During his study of the Thirty-nine Articles, he was greatly exercised over the Article on Baptism. He tried to dispel his fears by reading the most prominent books he could obtain against Believers' Baptism, with the result that has frequently taken place in those who, in a similar state of mind, have examined the question;—the fears that there was no ground for Infant Baptism gathered strength as he pursued the enquiry; conviction laid hold on him that Believers' Immersion was the only Scriptural Baptism; and, like a loyal disciple, he immediately obeyed. It will not surprise our readers that the preparation for the Episcopal ministry was henceforth abandoned. All worldly advantages, all social prospects were to him as dross compared with the inestimable blessing of an unfettered pulpit, and the joy and liberty of preaching the whole counsel of God.

It is interesting to learn that Mr. Gilmore is a good example of the wisdom of "a word spoken in season." It was during Mr. D. L. Moody's first visit to Belfast that a friend, who had been converted under the ministry of the American evangelist, spoke to young Gilmore, who at that time was such a strait-laced Episcopalian that he scorned to listen to an "unordained" man preach. However, the conversation with his friend, who had been blessed at Mr. Moody's meeting, led to John D. Gilmore's conversion. Prejudice fled from him as an evil counsellor, when the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. He at once tried to bring the good news to others, and immediately started Sunday-school work, then cottage meetings, and soon he was to be seen taking part in open-air services. Finding that he had the gift of preaching, regular meetings were arranged at Newtownards and Comber. At both of these centres he preached with much acceptance and manifest tokens of blessing. The young evangelist was soon to have a wider field. His talents were secured by the Irish Evangelization Society, in whose service he was when the memorable incident of his baptism took place.

Three months after that never-to-be-forgotten bleak December day, Mr. Gilmore set out, in the blustering month of March, for New Zealand. On his arrival, he commenced a most successful evangelistic tour through the Baptist Churches of New Zealand, both in the North and South Islands, during which period he received four

unanimous calls. Mr. Gilmore at last accepted the pressing invitations of the Sydenham Church, Christchurch, where for over two years the Lord gave continued blessing. It was a veritable revival of religion in the district,—every month they had a baptismal service.

Mr. Gilmore, feeling the need of further preparation and study, decided on coming home, gave up his loved charge, and sailed for England. In January, 1886, he entered as a student of the Pastors' College. After almost a year's study, his health broke down, and he was ordered by his medical adviser back to New Zealand, at a week's notice. This swift move seems to have saved his life; he rapidly improved in health,—so much so, that he was able to accept the hearty and unanimous call to Ponsonby, Auckland, where he remained for seven years. It was during these fruitful years that the present Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was a near neighbour of Mr. Gilmore. In a letter to "Rufus Church," written by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon on hearing that the King Street Baptist Church, Cork, had given Mr. Gilmore a most enthusiastic call, the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle wrote in the following glowing terms of his old friend:—

"Pastor J. D. Gilmore was a near neighbour of mine in New Zealand for several years, nor could I wish a better anywhere. He had a stiff task of his own, yet he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to others. How he managed either (to say nothing of both) surprised us all, for at that time he was far from well. He struggled manfully, and, thank God, successfully, against a host of difficulties. He was ever true, yet tender; and, in his pastoral work, thoughtful and Scriptural, yet evangelistic and popular in his pulpit. His church was in the suburb of Auckland, but the whole city felt the pastor's influence, ay, and all New Zealand knew him to be a man of God, distinguished most for well-directed zeal, and for Holy Ghost power. He is a true friend, too, as I can testify, and true friends are worth worlds nowadays. Happy are the people that secure him as a pastor. God bless both, say I, with all my heart!"

It was during Mr. Gilmore's visit to Tubbermore that his heart was moved towards a little lady,—a daughter of Pastor R. H. Carson, —MARGRETTA LEDDIE, and who ultimately became our friend's wife. She faced all the dangers of that long sea journey of over 16,000 miles alone, but what will love not do? If it "smiles at locksmiths," it can also surmount the difficulties of a voyage to the other side of the world. In January, 1888, Miss Carson was happily married to Mr. Gilmore by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, at the Auckland Tabernacle.

Mrs. Gilmore threw her heart and soul into the church life and labour of her husband. Her bright sweet spirit moving among the people was a veritable benediction from God. Unfortunately, Mr. Gilmore's health gave way in the summer of 1893, and the doctor ordered him to immediately seek his native air. On his arrival in Ireland, in July of the same year, he settled at Brannoxtown, where he remained for three years, during which time his health was thoroughly established. The success of his ministry in this district may be gathered from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Irish

Baptist Home Mission, by Mr. John La Touche, J P., D L., on Mr. Gilmore's removal to Cork, in which he says:—"I shall greatly miss him and his dear wife; and I should be inclined to give way to over-much sorrow did I not believe that the Lord has called our brother to serve Him in a sphere much larger than Brannoxtown, in which, by his manifold spiritual gifts, he is eminently qualified to labour."

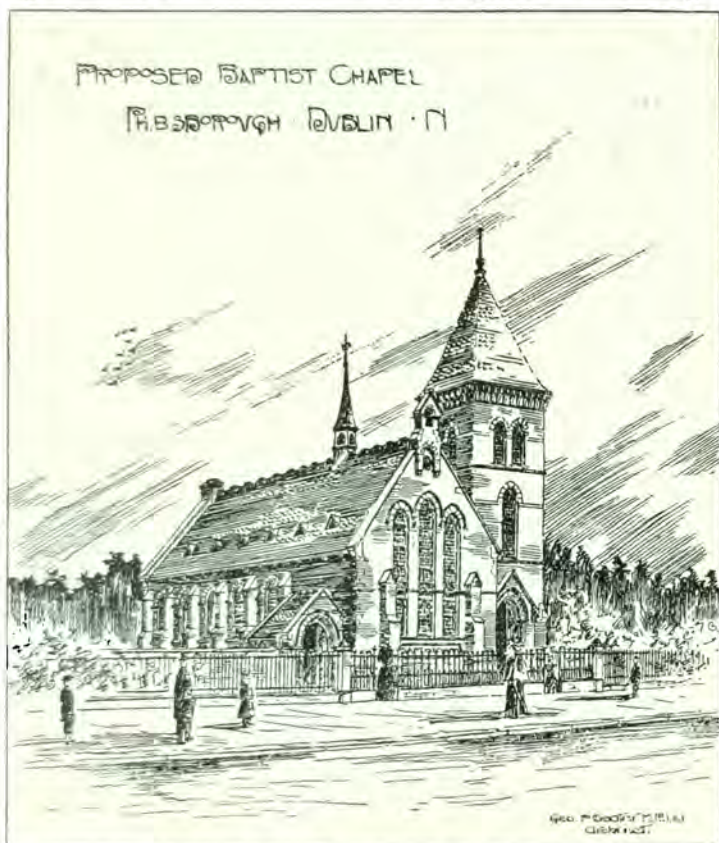
Mr. Gilmore commenced his ministry in Cork in the autumn of 1896. It was a difficult task, and needed great wisdom and tenderness of soul to guide and shepherd the church at King Street. A trivial circumstance had led to a deplorable division among the members. It is humiliating to reflect how small a rift will make the pleasant music of unity and good fellowship among brethren mute. It is a pastor's duty, above all, to discover and quickly eradicate by prayer and kindly grace—

"The little pitted speck in garnered fruit
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

Two years of prayerful and earnest ministry led to a most promising condition of things. Mr. Gilmore started a weekly paper, *The Munster Evangelist*, and in other ways tried to influence the outside world. He soon made friends, not only for the church, but personally for himself. That he was highly esteemed by other Evangelical ministers in the city by the sea, may be gathered from a reference made to his departure to Dublin. When it became known that the Phibsboro' Church had given Mr. Gilmore a call, and that it had been accepted by him, *The Methodist Church Record* stated:—"Pastor John D. Gilmore, who has laboured earnestly and successfully for two years as pastor of the King Street Baptist congregation, will shortly remove to Phibsboro', Dublin, to take charge of the church there. An extensive field awaits him where his energy and ability will find ample scope. Mr. Gilmore has made many friends in Cork, who greatly regret his departure." Needless to say, the same regret was expressed at a farewell meeting by the church to which he had endeared himself. It was felt by all that Mr. Gilmore had been used of God, and that happier and even better things awaited the spiritual life of the church in the future, now that a loving, gracious spirit animated the members. Under God, Mr. Gilmore had been used of Him to bring about this welcome change.

A friend of the present writer has pointed out a rather remarkable coincidence in connection with Mr. Gilmore's ministry. "He seems," said this friend, "to be going systematically through the alphabet, for, after leaving College, the first sphere of his ministry was Auckland, then Brannoxtown, subsequently Cork, and now Dublin, which proves conclusively that Gilmore has at least got beyond the mere A B C of his work." It is an old saying that "many a truth is spoken in jest," and we think we can most truly say that Mr. Gilmore, by long and varied experience, has gone far beyond the A B C of the novice-pastoral stage, and has gathered "unction and gumption" through the labours and trials of the past, and is now fitted, in a very peculiar manner, to enter upon the great task to which he has put his hand in seeking to extend the Saviour's Kingdom

on the North side of the city of Dublin. On the first Sunday in October, he entered upon what we trust may be his life-work. Anyway, we know that he will put his life into it, be his service there long or short, and we wish our brother every success in seeking to erect a substantial church-house in this great district where, practically, there is no gospel testimony,—all the teaching and ministry being in the hands of an intensely sacerdotal priesthood. The ground has been taken for the new chapel, of which we give a



sketch, and our brother hopes speedily to receive sufficient means to enable him to commence the building. No better site in the whole Northern side of the city could be chosen. It is imperative that, as a denomination, we see that a lighthouse tower be erected, to flash out the grand old Evangelical doctrines of the New Testament in this stronghold of Rome. The work could not have been given into more capable and fearless hands than those of our beloved brother, John Dinneen Gilmore, whose past ministry has been marked by a track of light and blessing.

RUFUS CHURCH.

“Gang ower the Fundamentals.”

THE first meeting has been held in the basement of the Tabernacle. It happened on this wise. On *Tuesday morning, October 11*, the students of the Pastors' College had assembled after the short Michaelmas recess. Words of welcome had been spoken by President and Tutors, when, acting on the impulse of a happy thought, the worthy President suggested that Tutors and students should accompany him to the Tabernacle basement, and after seeing how the work was progressing, have a word of prayer and praise together.

The Principal, in expressing, on behalf of the College, the pleasure which the suggestion gave, said that such a visit would be another indication of the connection between the College and the Tabernacle Church; and added that he was reminded of the old Scotch character who asked the young minister, in proof of his soundness in the faith, to “gang ower the fundamentals.” The College had always given great attention to the “fundamentals” of the faith: it was the joy of its sons to preach these great truths. In another sense, much fundamental work had been done by the College. In its early days, especially, our late beloved President had been the means, through the College, of founding many new causes; some of the most prosperous churches in the denomination to-day are the outgrowth of the College work. The speaker trusted that the students would always be true to the fundamentals, and they would be reminded of these as they looked at the material foundations of the world-renowned Tabernacle.

At twelve o'clock, President, Tutors, and students made their way to the historic spot. The President seemed thoroughly at home among “the fundamentals”, and pointed out all the features of interest. Leading the party up into the area, he explained the modifications that are to be made in the restored building, stated that several of the old pillars are to be used for the supports of the galleries, and specially interested his hearers by the assurance that the pillars upon which the former platform rested would be used in support of the new rostrum, “and so,” he added, amid sympathetic cheers, “we shall still have for the pulpit the old fundamentals.” Readers of the *Sword and Trowel* know well that the great foundation truths are the staple of the beloved Pastor's preaching.

Down again into the basement we go, and gather round the President, who announces the Scotch version of the 122nd Psalm, memorable by its constant use at the Conference,—

“Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity.”

This is sung with heart and voice, and then a few touching and appropriate words are spoken by the President. He had told the students, at the College meeting, of the glad surprise given him, the previous night, by the generous gifts of the Sunday-school and Bible-classes; he now took the opportunity of mentioning that, in fulfilment of the pledge given by the “men” at the Conference, “almost in view of the burning building,” a sum of nearly £800 had already come to hand from the members of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

The announcement was greeted with loud applause, which was renewed as the President spoke gratefully and feelingly of his appreciation of the kindness of these brethren and their churches who, in spite of having so many claims in connection with their own work, had thus so liberally helped the Tabernacle Church. That very morning, he had received £27 4s. 7d. from the Church at Peckham Park Road, whose treasurer, in forwarding the amount, wrote:—"It is a small return for the many deeds of kindness we received from the hands of your dear father, whose name will ever be held in reverence amongst us. It is also a token of gratitude to the Pastors' College, from which we have received such true and faithful pastors as the Revs. T. G. Tarn, Henry Knee, H. O. Mackey, and Frank James." Needless to say, this received, as it deserved, a right hearty cheer; not less was the meed of praise awarded to the Church at Rye Lane, Peckham (Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.), which had also sent a large donation. The President further stated that he knew many other brethren meant to help, and he might consider the sum already received as being, like that from the Sunday-school, "a first instalment,"—"there's more to follow."

Prayer was then offered by the Principal, and the last-elected student-apostle, after which was sung, as only Pastors' College students can sing, the College anthem, "Hallelujah for the Cross!" After further prayer by Professor Hackney, the Benediction was pronounced by the President, and the singing of the Doxology closed the first service in the restored basement. Happy augury! May every service held in it be for the peace of Jerusalem, and the exalting of "the old Cross" in the salvation of sinners! God bless the Tabernacle Church! God bless the Pastors' College; and, with special blessing, may God ever bless the Pastor-President, Thomas Spurgeon!

A. McCaig.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

XI.—ON BREEZY HEIGHTS.

AWAY from the clamour of the crowd, the din of traffic, the dust of the beaten highway and the stale atmosphere of side streets; to where the smell of the wild thyme is stirred by every footfall, where the purple heather springs from the sandy scaur, where water flows from the fissure of the rock, where the breeze hurries with exhilarating hospitality to greet the climber to the wind's domain.

We love the gale-swept down, the restful contour of the undulating wolds, the sudden change to lichen-covered rock, set at all angles, as though one had come across a burial-ground of the Titans, and these slabs were their hastily-placed memorials. We love, too, the high moorland, with its breadth of gorse, its alternations of butcher's-broom and juniper, its harebells and heath flowers, its clumps of fir, its ferns, its thyme, and heather. We rejoice to face the breeze, and

to take in, as from an ample bowl, deep draughts of health. How full of mingled scents the hillside air, and all so fresh,—the only distillation, their shaking by the wind,—a distillery which does no harm; a decoction which one may imbibe and be a better man.

What a sense of fresh power the hills impart to those who can climb their steepes! New courage seems born by the greater height, while the buoyancy of the air gives vivacity to the imagination. Yet, at the same time, a sense of awe qualifies undue exuberance, for the vast expanse dwarfs the solitary man, while the fields below dwindle to a patchwork, and the human beings at work in them appear as grasshoppers. What a leap it seems from where we stand,—down to the plain! And what a soft indefiniteness the Autumn sunshine gives to the leagues of low ground, till, in the far distance, the hills rise again from a haze of light! Surely, we have risen above the sordid and common-place, and in the pure mountain air we shall think of life in its wider and sublimer relations. For, here, the quick throb of the train threading the valley comes not, and from hence its course looks ludicrously slow.

Away over the shoulder of the hill, a blue cloud spreads between the earth and sky,—the mingled incense from the sacrifice offered by 200,000 souls. For, thereabout, lies the toiling town, with its hurry and worry, its petty competitions, its comedies and tragedies, its heroics of daily occurrence, its birth cries and its knells of death. But none of the varied voices of the multitude reach the watcher on the height; only the keynote of the wind of the Almighty, according as it is set either to the zephyr or the gale. Yet the smoky sky-sign hangs ever on the horizon beyond the ridge, and now and again the sunshine pierces the pall, and brings to view windows, roofs, and spires. Then many thoughts come. From the height, the town is seen in its true proportion. In the midst of it, the mind is dinned, bewildered, and possessed; on the hillside, the soul seems disenthralled, and able to exercise a clearer judgment; the octopus of the street ceases to seize, and the conclusion comes that the city is not the whole creation. A sense of the greatness and nearness of God steals over the spirit. Away through a rift in the hills, the sky stoops to kiss the wave; below the ridge, the plain reaches for many a mile in pleasing variety of field and wood and stream. Then in our reverie we murmur, "In His hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is His also. The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Is it any wonder that the Saviour chose the hillside as His place of rest? Away from the questionings of His friends, and the carpings of His enemies, He gat Him to the Mount of Olives. Dispersing the Galilean multitude, "He went up into a mountain apart to pray." On the height, in the oratory of the mountain side, where few at the end of the hot day would care to climb, He found repose, refreshment, reinvigoration. He got above the struggles of the day, the atmosphere of the fetid streets, the wearying limitations of those about Him, and, among the hills, with their sense of infinitude, their solemn loneliness, their massive grandeur of proportion and outline,

He found that harmony with His own thoughts and with His Father's plans which He so often sought for in vain among men. On the hills, the stars shone unobscured; as He stood at the entering in of some cave where He was wont to pray, the cool air of the height refreshed His brow; when He watched for the morning, He would see the dawn break over Jordan, and the first rays of light fall on the dewy grass. Then, as the mists rose, He would view the land,—the Land of Promise, and the Great Sea which lapped the Gentile shores, whose people should ere long rejoice in His salvation.

But the mountain rests on the plain; yea, at the foot of the Transfiguration height the epileptic struggles, or over the valley of the Kidron the morning sun lights up Jerusalem. He, the Transfigured One, descends once more, but it is to teach that ascensions are possible even to the "Heavenly places" through Him. Soon, He will be "lifted up" in such a tragic way that men shall wonder all through the time to come. Yet, by that uplifting in death, He shall prove His right to be called the Son of God, and shall show His strength to lift the fallen from the lowest depths. Strange paradox that He, who cannot use His hands upon the cross, can yet, as "Christ crucified," "save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." He descends and He ascends that He may draw many after Him from the valleys to the upper track till, among the hills of God, they reach the Jerusalem which receives both Him and them.

* * * *

There are days in the Autumn when a walk over the moorland will well repay the naturalist; and, for the matter of that, the colourist also. Not as if one walked for a wager, or as though so many miles had to be done before dusk; but a leisurely walk, with many pauses, oft stooping down to examine some wee thing, and again erect, turning to take in to the full the many lines of wood and fell. We have heard of a great naturalist who, when out for a *fungi* foray, lifts his head on high, walks on at a great pace in the middle of the path, leaving others behind to gasp after him. We mean not so; but a pensive, lingering walk; a walk which makes a quest of every bush, and stays to take its toll of hedge-fruit, purple leaves, the golden ferns, late flowers, and wondrous lichens. For, as the year turns, the common land becomes a "field of cloth of gold," for Autumn holds his court upon the moor, and there sits crowned, while at respectful distance stand the trees in all the blaze of Nature's heraldry.

The wild uplands have a glory for every season. In the Spring, the gorse blossoms;—and who that has seen a common, when the swords of the well-armed furze are hidden by ten thousand double shields of gold, will ever be likely to forget the sight? We know, too, a moor rising to a fair height, and studded with clumps of thorn. These, in May, are laden with pink and white flowers. Then, to walk along the sheep-tracks after the sun has dried the grass, and the warmth of the morning has drawn forth the scent from the hawthorns, is a treat indeed,—an exquisite enjoyment, a perfect luxury, a Keats' paradise, to the person with a keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature. In August comes the heather, the "ling" of the Northern

moors. The wild thyme—sometimes called “brotherwort”—grows plentifully where the heather is not to be seen, and it is this little modest plant which helps to give such a refreshing scent to the close turf which clothes the hills of the South. But for effect and utility, what is there to compare with the common heather? It affords cover for thousands of living things, and food for the vast swarms of bees which make the heath their hunting-ground. Nor can we conceive a greater charm to the eye than a hillside purpled o’er with heather. How bare and uninteresting the sandy waste would be without its heath-flowers, among which the ling, with its profusion of growth and bloom, and prominence of colour, holds a supreme position! The desert and the solitary place are thus made glad; and the scaur clothed with the purple heather may stand as a figure of the soul of man when covered with the beauty of the Great Salvation.

Later on, however, the hills show another transformation. It is October, and the foliage all around is steeped in Autumn’s dyes. The trees show like fires burnt clear, or as the sullen embers’ reddening glow. Then the valleys vie with the wooded slopes, for the ferns turn crimson, and these survivals of an old world’s flora undulate in a wondrous sea of many hues beneath the stirrings of the Western wind. This is the last great dress occasion of the year, unless we include a wintry afternoon when all the trees hang with hoar frost, and the hills stand stately in white robes of snow.

* * * *

Who would think, looking across the Downs, with nothing but sheep pasture for a prospect, that a village stretches along the vale between the hills,—a noted village with historical memories? “Where is it?” you cry, as you peer across the ravine. Only a roof or two betray themselves; but, as for a village,—“Where?” Lower yet by far. Down a path, which takes strange turns; then along a steep, winding lane till, at last, you come with surprise into a cleanly-paved street. There are substantial houses of a charmingly old-fashioned type;—a few shops which, in their country way of combining many trades under one roof, may have given the idea to their mighty city cousins such as Whiteley and Shoolbred;—a set back of the hills occupied by stately trees, more roomy ancient dwellings, and a fourteenth century church.

Such a village we entered, one afternoon in early August, after a long tramp over the South Downs. The sea lay to our right. Far below, at high water, the waves dash up the sides of precipitous cliffs. Inland, for many a mile, chalky roads wind among the hills. The villages are usually to be found along an old water-course, and close to some gap leading up from the sea. The hamlet we explored was built in a deep gorge,—a cutting through the cliffs, widening out into a valley between the hills. Looking seawards, the cliffs seemed to overhang, and one might almost imagine a boat passing the opening without suspecting that a cosy little cluster of dwellings lay within. Back from the village street, the hills rose on either side, and, further off, where the roads parted to run inland, the ground rose again. But what a lovely, sheltered, old-world spot we had come upon there

among the hills! Hidden away from the storms, we thought of the "peaceable habitation", the "sure dwellings", and "quiet resting-places", and of the city that should be "low in a low place." We recalled Matthew Henry's comment on the heart-soothing passage in Isaiah:—"Even when it shall hail, and there shall be a violent battering storm coming down on the forest that lies bleak, then shall Jerusalem be a quiet resting-place, for the city shall be low in a low place, under the wind; not exposed, but sheltered by the mountains."

We lingered in this lovely sunny valley a long time. The sky was clear blue overhead. Far above the white houses, the green hills rose. The dwellings were festooned with roses, wistaria, clematis, and jasmine, and the front gardens teemed with flowers. A glorious hedge of shining evergreen rose between the churchyard and the road. Over the church porch, a climbing pink rose blossomed. Among the graves, and round the edifice, familiar wild flowers grew in plots and borders, while other "quiet resting-places" were planted with the choicer products of careful cultivation;—a sweet spot full of the signs of such sentiment as comes of refined regard. The squat tower of the church was capped with a quaint roof of tiles. Just below this roof, in a sort of dormer structure, an ancient clock proclaimed the time of day, with the added emphasis of a warning from the Holy Book: "Watch, for ye know not the hour."

We wandered about among the memorials of the dead. We came across one whose epitaph declared that he had "fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith." Even so; he was faithful in the village, as *he*, who rests at Norwood, was faithful in the city. We thought of a sermon, by Paxton Hood, on the "quiet resting-places." He describes the burial of an aged saint in a village churchyard among the mountains:—"The hurrying crowd of fashion might drive by, but they could not break that rest; thunders might roll among the crags, but they could not disturb the sleeper;—the water roar from a hundred torrents, all in vain. Still,—

"The storm that wrecks our wintry sky;
No more disturbs his deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose."

And thus in life also the soul may dwell shut in by the sheltering heights of covenant mercies, overshadowed by the Rock of Ages; and, in the quiet resting-place of redeeming love, know "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

What Moslems Say concerning Omdurman.

THE late beloved President, one long-ago Friday afternoon at College, made a remark something like this:—"A brother said to me, 'I don't see what's the good of belonging to such-and-such an Association; I don't see what good I get out of it.' But," observed the large-hearted President, "I was looking at the matter in another way; I did not join for what I could get out of it; I joined for what I could put into it."

Is not this the true Christ-spirit? And if, for instance, we look *thus* at the people in the streets of Sousse or Kairouan, how much there is in them

to interest us ! *They* can give us but a market for our cotton goods ; but *we* may be the means, in God's good hands, of giving *them*—what ? Health alike of body and soul, and light and love and life eternal.

"Islam," says one, "has taken, and must perish by the sword." Its political power may do so, but not Islam itself ; spiritual power needs *spiritual* conquest, "for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." Hell might even swell the rejoicings over the tens of thousands of Moslems slain on Omdurman's field of blood, for thereby not one soul has been brought nearer to its God ; and, as the news echoes abroad, what do their compatriots say ? "*The Christians had better guns than we had ; that's all ;*" and hatred still holds her sway in their hearts.

"You will never overcome Mohammedanism," said one to me, "for, unlike us, you have no *saints* to show." Then he told me how, in Kairouan, there dwelt a "saint" who, in the drought last year, had prayed to God for rain ; then, striking with his elbow on the ground, a stream of water had gushed forth, and mighty rains and waving harvests followed. Such a lie gains wide belief ; yet thus saith the Lord, "He that believeth on *Me*, as the Scripture hath said, Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

It is we who are "called to be *saints*." As for these poor Moslem saints, they are a sorry spectacle. I have met several ; in Tangier, I saw one, with face painted like a harlot's, his body hung with gaudy clothes and ornaments, and girded with a sword. He smilingly waylaid the passers-by, informed them of his saintship, and "asked an alms." In Fez, I saw another, who was so holy (!) that he wore no clothes, but went about as naked as he was born, and was admired of all, and kissed continually (though not by us). A third "saint" I knew,—the husband of more than twenty women, and a direct descendant of Mohammed,—whose drinking habits were so notorious that his faithful followers had to explain that the alcohol turned to milk inside his holy mouth, and therefore harmed him not !

When *these* are saints, 'tis little wonder that all are sinners. Brothers, sisters, *we* who believe in Jesus are all "called to be *saints*," and to be His witnesses ; and men are perishing for lack of the knowledge which we have, by His grace, received.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

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 number of the Magazine is in the hands of our readers, they will be able to obtain *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack* and *John Ploughman's Almanack*, for 1899, of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, or all booksellers, at one penny each.

For the *Book Almanack* Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon has again selected the Texts of Scripture for meditation for every day in the year, and for the members of the Text Union to repeat to one another when they meet. She has also written her usual annual letter, and another of her choice little parables from the garden at "Westwood," the illustration for which was

photographed specially for the *Almanack*. The ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon is represented by no less than six short articles, so he is still the chief contributor, while four of "our own men" have furnished the rest of the material for the little book, and the wife of another of our brethren has supplied the drawing for one of the illustrations. Altogether, we trust that the *forty-third* annual issue of the *Book Almanack* will prove as acceptable and useful as either of its predecessors, and have as large a circulation as any of them.

The *Sheet Almanack* contains, according to the promise made last year,

views of the exterior and interior of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea,—the beautiful house of prayer erected “to the glory of God and in ever-loving memory of C. H. Spurgeon.” The central illustration is of a similar character to the farm scenes with which “John Ploughman” for so many years used to adorn his broadsheet, and his keen and genial humour and homely wisdom will be detected in many of the proverbs and mottoes selected for the year 1899. Wherever the *Sheet Almanack* goes, it will help to lead the people in the paths of temperance, thrift, kindness, and true religion, so we can without hesitation ask all our readers to aid us in distributing it far and wide, that its ministry of mercy may be still further exercised.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs will gladly supply any quantity of both *Almanacks*, and of all Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon’s publications.

Before our friends order their Calendars for the New Year, they should be sure to send to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster for a specimen copy (or more) of *The “Spurgeon” Calendar for 1899*,—a 12-page turnover Calendar, with embossed title-page, and designs of landscapes, flowers, and fruits, and containing a dozen choice extracts from the writings of C. H. SPURGEON. The price is one shilling.

The Golden Text Calendar for 1899 (published by Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row), has been compiled, like its predecessors, by M. S. H. Its price is 1s.; or, post free, 1s. 2d. For many years, these “golden texts” have had a hearty welcome at “Westwood;” and as soon as 1899 arrives, the new ones will begin to deliver their daily message.

Among the new season’s *Annuals*, The Religious Tract Society again leads the way both in time and in quality with its two handsome volumes,—*The Girl’s Own Annual* and *The Boy’s Own Annual*. Each containing 832 pages, with hundreds of beautiful illustrations, stories long and short, and articles both instructive and interesting, eight shillings is

none too much for such abundant literary fare served up in so dainty a fashion. Happy girls and boys for whom editors, authors, artists, and printers are continually providing so plentifully!

Smaller volumes, though equally welcome, are Mr. Bullock’s *Home Words for Heart and Hearth* and *The Day of Days* (2s. each, “Home Words” Publishing Office). The Romanism which is advancing by leaps and bounds in many parts of the Church of England is not allowed even to show its head in these Magazines; or if the evil thing does appear, it is speedily attacked and driven away, if not slain. Evangelical Churchmen cannot be too grateful to Mr. Bullock, and those like-minded with him, for their efforts to keep “Latimer’s candle” brightly burning.

On the Look-out, and other Readings, the “Herald of Mercy” Annual (Morgan and Scott), most appropriately appears in a navy-blue cover, with a “blue-jacket” perched up aloft, literally “on the look-out.” Full of gospel stories, suitably illustrated, the volume makes a good shilling’s worth, for which our readers, whether sailors or landsmen, should be “on the look out.”

VOL. XXVII. of *The Onward Reciter* (Onward Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester; and Partridge & Co., London,) is a worthy successor of the many that have preceded it. There are 115 recitations, 24 dialogues, several illustrations, and all enclosed in a bright cloth cover for 1s. 6d.

From Mr. George Stoneman, Warwick Lane, we have received the annual volumes of *Bright Eyes* (2s. 6d., and 4s.), and *Childhood* (1s., and 1s. 6d.). The latter is intended for the little ones of the family, and the former for those who are rather older; but both will be welcomed by boys and girls of any age, and they will not only amuse, but they will also instruct the youthful readers. They are abundantly and appropriately illustrated.

From the Religious Tract Society we have received a box containing the material for making a cardboard *Model of the Temple in the Time of our Lord*. It has been prepared by Miss MAUD A. DUTHOIT; and Lieut.-Colonel C. R. Conder says that it "gives the best idea of the Jerusalem Temple that I have seen produced." There are valuable explanatory notes, a large ground plan, a numbered key plan and index, and full directions for making up the model, which is on the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to a cubit of 16 inches. The whole will afford a most instructive exercise for intelligent children, and it may be made exceedingly profitable if all the Scripture references to the various parts of the Temple are examined as the model is put together. The price is 6s.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons send us two charming picture books,—*Pretty Polly*, a volume of pictures of birdland, with stories by EDITH CARRINGTON, and *Happy Holidays*, a book of pictures and stories for little folks. The first is specially interesting; but any one of our youthful readers might well exclaim, "How happy could I be with either!"

The receipt of a parcel of *Picture and Story-books* from the Religious Tract Society is a reminder that "Christmas is coming," and with it all manner of good things for our boys and girls. Many youthful eyes will brighten at the sight of a handsome half-crown volume, entitled *Tales and Rhymes for Happy Times*, by DOROTHY ARNOLD. On the cover, is a gorgeous representation of "Old Father Christmas" filling the stockings of two sleeping children with the toys and other treasures in which they delight. Inside, there are five coloured plates and 80 engravings, with amusing and interesting letterpress to match: what more could any of our juveniles desire?

Another half-crown book which will delight the youngsters is Miss BALLARD'S *Fairy Tales from Far Japan*. We know one little chap, though he is not a little Jap, who has been greatly interested in them. He showed his appreciation of them by

asking for a second reading, and he also displayed his discrimination by saying that he liked the fairy tales better than the portion of the book that was written for older people. The volume is illustrated with 17 engravings from Japanese originals, and will be a welcome present wherever it goes.

Among the *Story-books*, we should give the first place to *Cave Perilous*, by L. T. MEADE (3s. 6d.), for it is not simply a story, and from it our young people can gain a very vivid idea of the condition of our country sixty years ago. The tale is in the form of a grandmother's narrative of the terrible occurrences during the bread riots of 1839, and the sketch is so realistic that the narrator might have been through the perils and privations she so graphically describes. There are thirty-six illustrations; the frontispiece is a very dreadful picture of the miller's wife, dropping her own revolver, after being shot by one of the starving crowd that had come to demand the flour stored in the mill. How the children saved the flour, and were preserved in their "Cave Perilous," must be learned from the book itself.

A companion volume, on large paper, and well illustrated (2s. 6d.), is entitled, *The Captain's Bunk*, by M. B. MANWELL, a story for boys and girls, who will probably be equally interested in it. A retired sea-captain is so engrossed in his books that he neglects his four motherless children, who fall into troubles of various kinds. There are plenty of exciting incidents, including the rescue of the two girls from drowning, and of two runaway boys from the circus people who had kept them in cruel captivity, and towards the end there is a hint of a coming wedding at the Vicarage, so all is made to end well.

The next half-crown book,—*Maidens Three*, by A. FRASER ROBERTSON,—true to its title, tells of the ambitions, hopes, and difficulties of three girls after they left boarding-school; but it mainly concerns one of the trio, a doctor's daughter, who was returning home to take charge of her father's house, and her motherless sisters and brothers. Naturally, she made many

mistakes; but the death of her chief girl friend gave her a more serious view of life, led her to trust the Saviour, and showed her that she could be a true home missionary without leaving her own family circle. The story will be helpful to any young woman placed in a similar position, and it will be read with avidity by other girls who are not called to occupy such a responsible post.

Another comely-looking volume at the same price (2s. 6d.).—*Other People's Stairs*, by ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,—contains the story of a Scotch child, suddenly left an orphan, brought up by her aunt, and permitted to go out as a servant as soon as she was old enough. Her patience under trial, and her earnest endeavour to be faithful in her service, are described in the author's well-known style, and will prove interesting reading to thoughtful girls. The young woman breaks down under the strain of going so often up and down "other people's stairs," she rests awhile at a home for tired workers, afterwards meets with friends from her birthplace, her life becomes brighter and happier, and the story closes as the prospective bride is making her own wedding-dress.

A fascinating book for a boy or girl is the two-shilling volume entitled, *A Child in Westminster Abbey, and other Stories*, by MARY E. PALGRAVE. It makes one feel quite "creepy" even to think of a timid little boy being shut up for the night in the grim old Abbey, and, after making extensive explorations, falling asleep in the coronation chair, where he is found by his stern great-uncle, who treats him more tenderly ever after. The other stories tell of a little boy who slept all night on a Swiss mountain, and of a street singer with a wonderful voice; all three are suitably illustrated.

Fencote's Fate, by ELLEN LOUISA DAVIS (1s. 6d.), ought to satisfy anyone's craving for exciting incidents. Beginning with a wedding and a funeral, following on with an elopement and a suicide, the main interest centres in the rescue of a young lady from a madman, and culminates in her marriage to her rescuer after very romantic experiences. There is a healthy

religious tone throughout the whole narrative. "Fencote's Faith" would have been a better title than "Fencote's Fate."

Miss AMY LE FEUVRE, author of *Probable Sons, Odd, Teddy's Button, &c.*, has written two more exquisite stories of child-life,—*A Puzzling Pair* (2s. or 3s. 6d.), and *A Thoughtless Seven* (1s. 6d.). Miss Le Feuvre's child characters have a speciality all their own, and the new ones are worthy successors of the little folk with whom we fell in love as soon as we made their acquaintance. The more expensive of the two books is, artistically, a perfect gem.

Another charming tale of children is the one entitled *The Twins that did not Pair*, by H. LOUISA A. BEDFORD (2s.). It is one of the most delightful stories we ever read.

Thousands who remember *Christie's Old Organ* will give the heartiest possible welcome to its sequel, *Christie, the King's Servant*, by the same author, Mrs. O. F. WALTON (1s.). It will first attract attention because of its predecessor, but it will retain the reader's affection for its own sake.

Mumper, and other Stories. By J. L. WAUGH. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

OF their own class, capital stories. The one humorous one is tainted with unscrupulous lying on the part of one of the characters; but, bating this, it is a piece of boisterous fun. The whole colouring is Scotch, and will be heartily enjoyed by the lovers of the thistle.

The Parson's Proxy. By KATE W. HAMILTON. Andrew Melrose.

AN altogether charming story, redolent of the pine woods and the wild, open-air life of the American settlement. The character-drawing is fresh and unconventional, while the incidents are full of interest and unexpectedness. It held us spellbound with delight; sometimes, made our eyes wet; and, when finished, led us to wish for more. We feel grateful to the publisher for importing from across the Atlantic such a sweet, breezy, healthful story, so dexterously written.

Kittie Lonsdale and Some Rumsby Folk.
By EMILY M. BRYANT. Charles H. Kelly.

A SERIES of Methodist stories, with much of rural charm and pathos about them. Our authoress knows how to make the real ideal, and to invest it with tender beauty. Nor is literary and human interest the only feature of attraction; there is a strong element of Bible-teaching put in luring form. A capital book to capture the young man or woman, and all, of whatever age, whose heart remains fresh. We heartily commend these sketches to our readers as clever delineations of village religious life.

Friend and Foe. The Story of a Methodist Soldier in Peninsular Days. By ALAN-A-DALE. Charles H. Kelly.

THERE is much about fighting and little about Methodism in the tale, and what there is of religion in the story, is not of a satisfactory character; but the narrative is probably a fairly accurate account of the condition of things in England and on the Continent at the beginning of the century.

The Rose of Dawn. By LILIAN R. KNIGHTS. Jarrold and Sons.

AN interesting story of British and Roman life in the days of Julius Agricola. The heroine is a British princess, stolen by the Romans, and sold as a slave. She was set at liberty, and afterwards converted (so the tale says,) through conversation with a soldier who had witnessed the holy life of the apostle Paul during his imprisonment. On her return to her island home, she was the means of leading many to the true faith, by her instruction and the influence of her beautiful character and self-denial. The narrative recalls the well-known story of *Pomponia*, but while that book revealed much of Roman life in early Christian days, this has more to tell concerning the ancient Britons. Its price is 3s. 6d.

We are not quite sure what is meant by Helena's "baptism by the Bishop of Rome, who, in earnest and thrilling tones explained the symbolic

significance of the poured forth water." No baptism but immersion was known in the first century.

At the Leap of San Juan. A Sark Story. By E. GALLIENNE ROBIN. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS book, with its witchcraft, courtships, and marriages, is not the sort of thing we should care to put into the hands of the young. Far too many of these semi-religious romances are being produced. Though they have some religious flavouring, they are more likely to beget a liking for the more highly seasoned works of fiction than a love for Christianity.

Alice Courtenay's Legacy. An Irish Tale. By E. A. BLAND. "Christian Herald" Office, and J. Snow & Co.

THIS is not a love-tale full of improbabilities or something worse. There is a naturalness about the characters introduced, and about the whole story. It is most interestingly written; and, as it contains much gospel truth, it can be placed in the hands of the young without any misgiving. We should like to see books of this description greatly multiplied.

Our Exemplar; or, "What Would Jesus Do?" BY CHARLES M. SHELDON. Partridge and Co.

THIS tale runs on American lines, and with the wonted express speed that is the characteristic mark of Transatlantic endeavour. With an aim so noble, and a narrative so Western, the elements of interest and profit are here in happy combination.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published a remarkably cheap edition of *The Story of the Life of Mackay of Uganda*, by his SISTER. Probably, many of our readers are already familiar with this charming record of a noble life laid down for Christ in Africa; but all others should procure and read and circulate it, now that the handsome volume can be obtained for 1s. 6d., or in better bindings at 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. A good portrait of the heroic missionary forms the frontispiece, and there are other admirable illustrations.

Immortality on God's Terms. By G. P. McKAY. H. R. Allenson.

EIGHT papers written to prove that immortality is no part of man's natural life:—that, unless he is regenerate, he shall be annihilated by-and-by. What Mr. Edward White taught many years ago is here revived in modern language, but with not a shred of fresh argument in its favour, for there can be none. To us, it seems clearly opposed to the Scripture teaching, and on that ground to be condemned.

Surely, in such a material age as this, when the world and its pleasures are made the great end of life, no such doctrine was needed to lull men into carnal security. "I'll chance it," is bad enough; but, "I can have my fling here, and shall be extinct there," is to our mind unspeakably worse. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the rational conclusion of those who believe this doctrine, which seems to have some foundation in Scripture, but on closer examination is refuted by it.

Official Attacks on Christianity. By R. P. C. CORFE. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A PAMPHLET full of force, exposing the arrogant assumptions of the so-called Higher Criticism, and the attacks made upon Bible Christianity by ministers both of the Established and Free Churches.

Terse, trenchant, and telling, it cannot fail to expose the bare-faced dishonesty of those who take the pay of Protestant Evangelicalism, and then betray her.

It is like a Gatling gun in its manifold and rapid fusillade, and we trust will do deadly execution on the mud-ramparts of these latest devil's advocates and defenders.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By H. B. WORKMAN, M.A. Charles H. Kelly.

ONE of the "Books for Bible Students" Series, of scholarly, reliable, and written in a clear and powerful style. Its story of the degrading work of the Papacy in the Middle Ages, is admirably told, and should help to

fortify against the grotesque revival of Popery that is threatening us as a nation just now. Nothing so condemns the blighting "priestism" as a faithful record of its past doings; this is given here with both fairness and force. A capital volume.

God's Methods with Man: In Time—Past, Present, and Future. By Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. Morgan and Scott.

A BOLD work, the product of a gifted and gracious mind, dealing with much that is debatable, and containing important deliverances which it will be well for the reader very prayerfully to ponder. We prefer, instead of criticism, to put a few pertinent questions. Had the Church no existence before Pentecost? If it had not, how is the believer blessed with faithful Abraham, that is, along with him, and not on the seat of a superior eminence? Again, is it true, as is affirmed in these pages, that the Spirit, in the Past Dispensation, was no more than a Visitor who came and went; and had the past godly no deeper participation in the Spirit than that? Further, is the apostacy of 2 Thess. ii. not revealed in the Church of Rome? And are we to be looking elsewhere for the head and front of offence in that matter as if ecclesiastical history did not fulfil it? These questions press for consideration, as also does the tremendous assumption that the Book of the Apocalypse is to be interpreted on the Futurist plan. We cannot forbear uttering a word of caution, and we might almost say, raising the danger-flag in these days of rushed conclusions.

Bond and Free. By W. A. CHALLACOMBE, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A SMALL volume of sermons having in view the Scriptural exposition of sin's nature, prevalence, and pardon. The author adheres to the old paths, and in so doing publishes the old gospel, which still brings light and peace, and which never can become time-worn, because it is eternal. Simply written, these discourses are a genuine elucidation, in Spirit-taught words, of foundation truths.

From Forecastle to Pulpit. A short Autobiography of JOHN SPENCE, F.R.A.S., Minister of Chelsea Baptist Chapel. John Robertson, 43, King's Road, Chelsea.

MR. SPENCE had much to contend with in his early days; his educational advantages were few, and his difficulties many; but, by manfully grappling with them, and by the mysterious leadings of Divine Providence, he qualified for and reached the honourable position he now occupies. If this little sketch should only encourage one other humble toiler to go and do likewise, it will not have been published in vain.

Conference Memories: Addresses Given at Mildmay. By Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, K.C.B. Shaw and Co.

THESE Conference Memories are exceedingly choice; and, without being elaborate, have a dewy freshness and a suggestive interest. The thought is as unstrained as the language is simple, and the tone spiritual; while the reader will often be conscious, in perusing these brief chapters, of a feeling of enlargement which can only be explained by the unction which affects the heart, and carries the soul up, as it were, to the very gates of Heaven.

Notes.

It is a subject for grateful recollection that one of the first copies of Mrs. Spurgeon's new book, "*A Cluster of Camphire*," was the means of comforting an aged saint just before he "went home." He had so greatly enjoyed *A Carillon of Bells* that he longed to see the companion volume; and as it was doubtful whether he would be spared until the day of publication, an advance copy was sent to his dear wife. In acknowledging its receipt, she wrote:—"The title is lovely, — '*A Cluster of Camphire*.' I read a part of one chapter, this morning, to the dear invalid: 'The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.' It seemed to just suit him. Dear Mrs. S., being so often ill herself, writes feelingly and experimentally." A day or two later, the good man was "with the Lord" in glory.

An aged and beloved member of Mr. Spurgeon's Mentone circle—Miss Harris, of Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park,—peacefully passed away on the 4th ult. She was one of the sincerest sympathizers with Mrs. Spurgeon during the trying time at the end of January, 1892, and has been a faithful friend ever since. One of her last acts was to send a generous contribution to the Bexhill Manse Fund as a thank-offering for the opening of Beulah Baptist Chapel.

One of Mr. Spurgeon's early London friends—Mrs. Tatnell—has been recently called to her reward. She was for many years an earnest and devoted worker in connection with the church, first at New Park Street, and then at the Tabernacle, and was most energetic in collecting funds for the building of the great house of prayer. For the last seventeen years, she has lived and laboured principally at Eastbourne, and there she

was buried on the 14th ult. We commend her daughter (the wife of Pastor John Turner) and other surviving relatives to the gracious ministry of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

The proprietor of a new magazine very widely advertised the announcement that there was "no magazine in this country to be obtained for threepence." Contradictions of this extraordinary statement were promptly published, and amongst the "three-penny monthlies mentioned as representative successes, having been running for years," a place was rightly accorded to *The Sword and the Trowel*. It is a pity that those who are engaged in colossal literary ventures are not more careful both as to their own assertions and as to the truth of other people's narratives to which they give publicity.

The photographic album entitled, *Pictorial Recollections of the Metropolitan Tabernacle*, the compilation of which we announced in July, is now completed, and the subscribers to the work have received their copies. The volume is a very handsome *souvenir* of the beautiful building whose destruction we cannot help deploring, and the photographs preserve faithful representations of various portions of the Tabernacle and its contents which were so long associated with the ministry of C. H. Spurgeon. As the fire did not spare these precious things, it is interesting, if in a measure sad, to have these reminders of them. With the portraits of former Pastors and Deacons, there are appropriately included Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday.

We are asked to mention that there are a few copies which can be obtained of the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, at two guineas each, if applied for at once; and

we are specially requested to say that *there will be no cheaper edition.*

A missionary event, not soon to be forgotten, was the conversation held at the Pastors' College on *Tuesday evening, September 27*. Cards of admission had been issued to members of the Young Christians' Missionary Union, shareholders in the Missionary Circles, and subscribers to the Missionary Funds of the Sunday-school. In response, about 120 friends assembled, and a very happy and profitable evening was spent. The Pastor presided, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Sawday. The programme, which was as varied as it was interesting, comprised music and conversation, while light refreshments were served, followed by a hymn, prayer, led by Mr. S. Wigney, and a passage of Scripture read by Mr. S. R. Pearce. Miss Permain sang the hymn which appeared in the October number of *Missionary Advance*,—"By Congo's flowing stream,"—after which Miss Wagstaff recited "The Red Indian's Plea." Mr. Fred. Fuller read "An open letter to a Shareholder," and this was followed by speeches from the Pastor and Mr. Sawday. The last half-hour sped rapidly while Mrs. Biddings, from South America, told in a charming manner the story of the needs of Chili and Peru, the work being attempted, and the great opportunities for proclaiming the story of the cross in those spiritually dark and priest-ridden lands.

During the past month, the annual meetings and conferences in connection with the NORTH AFRICA MISSION have been held, and they have been of a most cheering character. For a considerable period, this Mission was greatly tried financially; but, happily, through the receipt of the first portion of a large legacy, the funds are now in a more satisfactory condition. The Secretary, Mr. E. H. Glenny, said that the great need at the present time is *men*, qualified and willing to go to some part of the vast district which is the Society's special field of operations. Perhaps, among our readers, there are some whom the Lord is calling for this very purpose; if so, they should communicate at once with Mr. Glenny, 21, Linton Road, Barking.

It was a great pleasure to be able to attend the afternoon meeting, on *Thursday, October 6*, in the smaller Exeter Hall, to listen to the missionaries' descriptions of their trials and triumphs, and to hear the Scriptural plea for foreign missions urged by the chairman, Mr. J. McVicker, and Pastors Frank H. White and W. Fuller Gooch. There could hardly be a greater contrast than between the solid argument drawn by these honoured brethren from the open Bible and the erroneous teaching at the Baptist Missionary Society's gathering at Nottingham only a few days previously. If the statements made at that meeting are true, there is no need of missionaries to the

heathen at all; but they are *not* true, as many who listened to them in silence know full well. Yet, so far as we have seen at present, not one of those who are supposed to be the leaders of the denomination has uttered a word in repudiation of the false doctrine then proclaimed.

There is, alas! no C. H. Spurgeon with us now to burn with holy indignation against those who preach "another gospel, which is not another;" while some, who nominally joined in his brave protest against error, are themselves linked with the "Down-graders." Thank God, there are still some left who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of modern thought, and who will not fraternize with those who do! It is, surely, more than a coincidence that the article, this month, in our *Striking Sermons' Series* should have been written by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, one of the faithful seven who voted against the City Temple compromise, and who has felt moved to recall just at this juncture some of the noble utterances of his beloved leader during his last great fight for the faith.

We may not know, before we go to press, the exact date of the opening of the Tabernacle basement for public worship. Extensive drainage alterations have caused unexpected delay, and "the powers that be" have insisted on additional works which will consume still more time and money.

While these things have been discouraging, there have been others very encouraging. At the morning service at the Orphanage on *October 16*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon announced that the total of his Birthday Fund to that date was £734 15s. 6d. A glance at the Rebuilding Fund list will show what a substantial addition to it has been made during the past month. The largest amount, and the one which, for many reasons, gave the Pastor the greatest joy, was the *first instalment from the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BIBLE-CLASSES*,—£454 13s.,—which was presented to him at the prayer-meeting on *Monday evening, October 10*, that being "the monthly young people's special night,"—and a very special night it was. The secret had been so well kept that the Pastor was not aware of the coming presentation until it was actually made, and the surprise was therefore all the more pleasant to him. After a season of hearty praise and earnest prayer, two ladies and four gentlemen advanced to the platform, each being the bearer of a cheque for the Rebuilding Fund, as a practical proof of the love and loyalty of both teachers and scholars, and of their desire to help in the restoration of "our holy and beautiful house." The separate sums presented were as follows:—Miss Hooper, from her Bible-class, £37 13s.; Mrs. Endacott, from her own, Miss Ratcliff's, and Miss Patrick's Bible-classes, £35; Mr. A. Watson, on behalf of Mr. W. H. Elvin's Bible-class, £12; Mr. H. G. Budden, from his Bible-

class, £60; Mr. F. H. Ford, from his Bible-class, £70; and Mr. H. W. Harvey, on behalf of the Sunday-school classes generally, £250; making a total, as previously stated, of £454 13s. Each of the speakers gave expression to the joy with which the amount handed to the Pastor had been contributed, and, in response, he expressed the great gladness and gratitude with which he received such noble aid from his beloved fellow-labourers. The hundreds of young people present, as well as those who were older, entered into the spirit of the proceedings with the utmost enthusiasm, and it was felt by all that the meeting must have a beneficial influence alike upon the church and the school, which were both, to a large extent, rendered homeless by the disastrous fire.

On Wednesday evening, October 12, the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY held its annual meeting in the College Conference Hall. The Pastor presided; there was a good attendance, and stirring addresses were delivered by C. E. Tritton, Esq., M.P., and Pastors W. Stott and W. Townsend. It was a right hearty meeting, and at its close some pledges were taken, and several new members of the Society were enrolled. The Report read was a fairly satisfactory one, a goodly number of pledges having been taken, and the membership having increased during the past year, though not to the extent that might have been expected considering the size of our church and congregation. A special appeal was made to abstaining friends and members to join the Society, and thus help forward the Gospel Temperance movement.

During the year, a Branch of the Society has been started at Townsend Street Mission, and a Visitation Committee has just been formed. The balance-sheet showed that the receipts had been £59 12s. 1d., and the expenditure £61 18s. 8d.

COLLEGE.—Mr. T. Adamson has removed, from Kegworth, to Waterloo, Liverpool; and Mr. J. H. Grant, from Coalville, to Dawes Road, Fulham.

Our Brother Patrick, formerly of Tangier, has been invited to Wellington Street, Luton, but he has felt unable to accept the invitation. He is therefore still without a pastorate, and will be glad to hear of any opportunity of preaching either as a supply or "with a view." His address is, Brackenhurst, Redhill, Surrey.

One of the first meetings to be held in the Tabernacle basement, after it is opened for Divine service, will probably be the *Annual Public Meeting of the Pastors' College*, of which due notice will be given. The President will (D.V.) preside, the College choir will sing, and addresses will be delivered by the Tutors and by past and present students.

The Baptist Monthly for November

(published by Messrs. A. H. Stockwell and Co.), has for its second article in the series, "A Tour of our Colleges," the report of the long and interesting interview of its "special commissioner" with Principal McCaig concerning the Pastors' College. It also contains portraits of the President and Tutors, and five views of the College and its surroundings specially photographed for the Magazine, including the Library, the Conference Hall, and the room in which Mr. Spurgeon gave some of the ever-memorable *Lectures to my Students*.

ORPHANAGE.—At the *Collectors' Meeting*, to be held on Tuesday, November 8, it is expected that Mr. Williams Chivers, of Histon, will preside, and that brief addresses will be given by the President, and by Pastors Z. T. Downen, of Brixton, and A. G. Short, of Herne Hill. There will also be singing and musical drill by the children.

As announced last month, a meeting in aid of the Sea-side Home was held at the Mansion House, by permission of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on Thursday afternoon, October 13. After an address by the President, and singing and handbell ringing by the orphans, a resolution, expressing sympathy with the new project, and assuring the Managers of generous support for the Orphanage, was unanimously carried. The Lord Mayor was heartily thanked for placing the Mansion House at the Trustees' disposal for the meeting, and in responding, he said that he had satisfied himself that the working of the Institution was good. Including five guineas from the Lord Mayor, the proceeds of the meeting amounted to nearly £200, leaving a little over £3,000 still to be raised to complete the required sum. Further contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir have had a series of meetings in Cambridge, the Mayor presiding over the principal gathering in the Guildhall. A Local Auxiliary has been formed, of which Pastor C. Joseph is the President, and Mr. George Apthorpe, the Secretary and Treasurer. The Committee consists of the principal Nonconformist pastors and several influential gentlemen. Possibly, friends in other towns may be willing to follow this example, not only on behalf of the Orphanage, but also to aid the Pastors' College and the Colportage Association.

COLPORTAGE.—The past month has not been marked by any very striking incidents, but there have been some items which are encouraging. Our colporteur at Woking has been entrusted by the "Surrey Mission" with the oversight of Providence Chapel, Pirbright, which he will work in conjunction with his colportage duties. It is pleasing to note that he was led to the Saviour within the walls of this very build-

ing, and that his father carried on the work there for nearly a quarter of a century before his death, which occurred some years since. Our brother has had an enthusiastic rally of friends to start him upon this new branch of service, and we are hopeful that he may be the means of serving the Mission, and, under the Holy Spirit's blessing, of bringing it into a condition of renewed prosperity.

We have just closed one of our Districts in Shropshire, which is a source of some regret;—the regret, however, is not altogether unmingled, since the cause of the discontinuance is the fact that our colporteur has ministered in the locality with so much acceptance and success that the friends have secured him wholly for evangelistic and pastoral work. We are anxious to see new Districts opened up, feeling assured that "The Colporteurs' Brigade" is one of the most effective portions of the army of the cross to be brought into action in the

coming conflict, not only against vice, indifference, and scepticism, but against the Romanising influences which are gaining ground so terribly throughout the land.

Funds for carrying on the work are greatly needed, and subscriptions from those who revere the memory of the honoured Founder of the Association will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. S. Wigney, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, London, S.E.

We regret that, through lack of space, we are obliged to hold over until next month the latter portions of the Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon and of the article by Pastor Hugh D. Brown, the second instalment of extracts from Reviews of Vol. II. of *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography*, and a large number of "Notices of Books" already in type. For the same reason, our Brother Welton's third article on "The Palace Beautiful" cannot appear until our January number.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	4,303	5	8
A reader of <i>The Signal</i> ...	1	10	0
Mr. M. Hooper ...	1	0	0
Miss Webster ...	1	0	0
Rev. J. Potter (Agra) ...	2	2	0
Readers of <i>The Echo</i> , per the Editor ...	111	12	7
Mr. George Harris ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Crossley, per Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	1	0	0
Mr. Mitchiner ...	5	0	0
Collected at Wimbledon, per Pastor J. L. Thompson ...	1	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle Baptist Church, per Pastor W. Kirk Bryce ...	5	5	0
Per Pastor Geo. Stanley:—			
Mr. W. Brockman ...	2	10	0
Mrs. J. Harvey ...	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dilnot ...	1	0	0
	5	12	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , including £5 from Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	66	14	6
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> ...	12	3	6
Friends, per Pastor J. Askew ...	13	0	0
Friends at Calne, per Pastor W. H. J. Page ...	5	1	6
Mr. J. T. May ...	1	0	0
G. C. ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. J. Gibbs ...	3	0	0
A few friends at Maidstone Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Walker ...	1	17	0
A few friends, per Pastor G. Hunt Ramsey ...	2	6	6
Mr. S. P. Catterson ...	10	10	0
Members of Paradise Row Baptist Chapel, Waltham Abbey, per Editor of <i>The Baptist</i> ...	9	12	4
Pastors' College Students Total Abstinence Society ...	4	0	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. A. ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Howell ...	5	0	0
Amounts under £1 ...	0	17	8
	10	17	6
Mr. Hague ...	1	1	0
Mr. Wm. Thorne (Mayor of Brisbane) ...	1	1	0
Mr. K. Baxter Booth ...	2	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Wm. Cochrane ...	1	10	0
S. M. A. ...	1	0	0
M. H. B. S. ...	1	0	0
Per Pastor W. Y. Fullerton:—			
Mr. R. Barber ...	1	0	0
Mr. E. Brown ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. Broughton ...	1	1	0
A friend ...	1	0	0
Amounts under £1 ...	0	14	0
	4	15	0
Pastor J. N. Rootham ...	1	1	0
Mr. John Macbeth ...	1	0	0
Interest on deposit ...	3	18	11
Two friends at Baptist Church, Stirling, per Mr. G. Morgan ...	11	0	0
Mrs. Calder ...	60	0	0
Mrs. Page ...	2	0	0
Collected at Wadham Street Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Pastor T. J. Longhurst ...	5	10	0
Mrs. L. Morgan ...	1	0	0
Collected by Pastor E. J. Burrows ...	3	14	8
Mrs. Gibson (Tasmania), per Pastor H. Wood ...	10	0	0
Per Pastor R. Layzell:—			
Judge Willis, Q.C. ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Milk ...	1	0	0
Amounts under £1 ...	2	5	6
	4	6	6
Proceeds of lecture on C. H. S., per Pastor F. A. Jackson (Lincoln) ...	3	11	0
Mr. S. Hart ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Billing ...	1	0	0
Friends at Diss and Dickleburgh, per Pastor James Easter ...	5	13	0
Mrs. F. A. Mouru ...	1	0	0
Reader of <i>The Echo</i> ...	1	3	0
Mr. M. Whitehead (Thames, N.Z.) ...	1	0	6
Friends, per Mr. M. Whitehead (Thames, N.Z.) ...	1	4	6
Mrs. M. E. White ...	5	0	0
Members of Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, per Mr. T. Cox ...	1	12	6
Collection at Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A., B.D. ...	26	9	8

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Dr. J. Black Noble	5	5	0	M.	1	0	0
Guardian Fire Office, insurance on	12	0	0	Amounts under £1	13	3	10
Jubilee House	1	0	0	Boxes at Tabernacle gates	1	16	0
Mr. F. W. Kay	8	0	0	Collecting Cards:—			
<i>The British Weekly</i>	1	10	0	Mr. T. Gurney	2	7	6
Mrs. E. Goodwin	3	2	6	Mrs. Ann Mott	2	0	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Mr. T. Cox	1	1	0
"Homeward Bound"	2	0	0	Mrs. Blundstone	3	10	6
"California"	1	0	0	Miss E. Skinner	1	5	0
Mr. W. Anderson	0	2	8	Mr. R. Smith	0	8	6
Mrs. Hellier	50	0	0	Miss S. Backhurst	1	14	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School:—				Miss E. Worledge	1	1	6
Miss Hooper's class	37	13	0	Mr. and Mrs. Buckmaster	3	6	6
Mrs. Endacott's, Miss Ratcliff's, and Miss Patrick's classes	35	0	0	Mr. J. Chamberlain	5	18	6
Mr. W. H. Elvin's class	12	0	0	Mrs. E. Westbrook	1	5	0
Mr. H. G. Budden's class	50	0	0	Mrs. L. C. Ekers	0	5	0
Mr. F. H. Ford's class	70	0	0	Mr. Geo. Ekers	0	2	0
Sunday-school General Fund	250	0	0	Miss A. M. Bailey	0	7	6
	464	13	0	Miss Hopkins	0	10	0
Peckham Park Road Baptist Church, per Pastor Frank James:—				Miss A. Webb	0	11	0
Collections	8	9	7	Miss A. Groser	0	14	8
Pastor F. James	1	0	0	Miss Ewen	0	15	0
Mr. Henry Potter	5	0	0	Mrs. Alice Pemberton	1	5	0
Mr. C. Pearce	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Cornes	2	0	3
Mr. J. Tustin	2	2	0	Miss F. W. Peters	1	10	0
Mr. C. Archer	1	1	0	Miss A. Spoh	3	5	0
Mr. W. Potter	1	1	0	Miss J. Robertson	1	1	6
Mr. G. H. Fobb	1	1	0	Miss H. Rigby	1	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0	Mrs. Knott	0	15	0
Mrs. Macintosh	1	0	0	Mrs. Hanton	0	10	0
Mr. Rumsey	0	10	0	Miss L. E. Bailey	0	7	9
	27	4	7	Mrs. M. Butler	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Mrs. Roberts	1	9	0
Mr. Daniel Burgess	1	0	0	Pastor A. K. Davidson	1	2	8
From boxes at doors of Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	2	0	6	Collecting Boxes:—			
Part collections at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor T. Lardner	3	3	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting, per Mrs. Bartlett	0	5	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Ekers	0	2	2
				Miss Weekes	0	8	0
				Mr. T. Cooper	0	9	4
				Mrs. Dyer	0	3	10
				Loan Tract Society's Mothers' Meeting	0	13	3
				Mrs. Marriott	0	13	7
				Mrs. Jones	0	10	0
					£5,376	16	3

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0
Pastor W. White	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Elgee	0	10	6
Mr. A. W. West	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	10	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Friends at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, per Pastor D. H. Moore	5	17	0
Rev. B. J. Beecliff	0	2	6	Mrs. Rainbow	0	13	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Mr. Magnus Banks	0	5	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2	2	0				
Collection at Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	1	16	9				
					£26	3	3

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Church	0	5	0	Collected from Sunday-school classes, Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	2	11	0
H. McS.	0	6	0	"Jesus only"	0	2	6
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	0	10	0				
"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0		£4	9	6
Mr. J. Billing	0	10	0				

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Geo. Harris	1	0	0	Widow Adlem	0	5	0
A friend	0	1	0	Mr. J. D. Taberner	0	5	0
Miss G. Gunner	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. S. Church	0	7	6
Mr. Geo. Fryer	0	14	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	5	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> :-				S. M. P.	0	5	0
Paddington	0	2	6	Mr. C. W. Sears	0	10	0
G. V. R.	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Caswell	1	0	0
R. T.	0	5	0	Mr. Joseph Billing	5	0	0
Norham	0	1	0	Mr. S. Hart	0	10	0
H. C. V.	0	5	0	Mr. S. Popplestone	2	0	0
God's tenth	0	5	0	Mr. J. Short	1	0	0
	1	8	6	Mr. W. Nix	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Sutherland	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Freestone	0	10	0
Mr. F. Flanders	2	0	0	Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	4	0
Postal order, Cardiff	0	3	0	Mr. Jas. Walker	0	2	0
H. M. R.	0	5	0	Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6
Rev. J. Parnell	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. Gilley	0	6	0
Mrs. A. Burr	0	5	0	Miss Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Oakley	0	2	6	Messrs. Bunney's, Ltd.	1	1	0
J. H. J., Manchester	0	5	0	Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hulsey	0	11	0	Mr. J. Clark	1	5	0
Mrs. Brand	1	0	0	Mr. J. F. Bristow	1	1	0
Postal order, Enderby	0	3	0	Mr. P. Ellis	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Page	1	1	4	Mr. J. Mee	0	2	6
Mr. Gregg, per V. J. C.	0	1	0	Mr. C. Hooper	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Miss Muir	1	0	0
Mrs. Goodman	0	5	0	Mr. J. Hosie	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vincent	0	5	0	Stamps, Beckenham	0	1	0
Mr. W. Cochrane	1	10	0	Per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster:-			
H. M. R.	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Sheppard	0	5	0
Sarua	0	5	0	Mr. D. Land	0	5	0
Mr. R. Baxter Booth	1	1	0				
Miss Porter	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Horscraft	0	10	0
Mrs. E. B. Thorne	1	0	0	A country minister	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Epps	0	5	6	Collected by Miss A. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Curtis	0	5	0	Mrs. Faulconer	100	0	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle Sunday-				Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0
school, per Mr. E. Collins	0	15	6	Miss Letchworth	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Wood	0	2	6	Mr. and Miss Perrin	0	10	6
Mr. I. MacCormack	0	4	6	Mr. P. Blair	0	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Mead	6	3	6	J. A. L.	0	2	0
Mr. G. W. Skeats	1	1	0	Mr. R. Stallwood	0	3	0
Postal order, Bootle	0	2	0	Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0
C.	0	10	0	Mrs. B. Fox	0	2	6
Postal order, Chester	0	10	0	Miss F. Jones	0	2	6
Postal order, Martock	0	4	0	Miss A. Massey	0	1	0
Mr. G. F. Dean	5	5	0	Mr. T. Dawes	1	5	0
Mr. D. Bowman	0	5	0	Housekeeper	0	1	0
Miss E. Waterhouse	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. G. Blake	0	4	6
Mr. T. Heaton	1	1	0	Mrs. Dewar	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cripps	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Elgee, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Beane	1	0	0	Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0
Rev. Dr. Cowdy	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens:-			
Mr. R. Brown	1	0	0	T. cwbridge	8	6	0
Ezzie B.	0	0	6	Tunbridge Wells	3	5	3
Mr. A. Carter	0	5	0	Other places	7	10	2
Mr. Blackwell	0	5	0				
Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	1	0	A friend, Portsmouth	19	3	5
Mr. G. R. Ward	0	2	6	Stamps, Putney	0	1	0
Sir Jas. Colquhoun, Bart.	5	0	0	Mr. A. J. Robbins	5	0	0
Mrs. G. J. Otter	5	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Mrs. Sellar	1	1	0	Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0
Mrs. E. W. Bell	1	0	0	A. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lewis	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. M. E. Hammond	0	12	6
Postal order, Aston, Birmingham	0	1	0	Mrs. M. A. Chapman	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	1	0	Miss E. Kind	0	1	0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. A. Fry	0	10	0
Mr. R. Graham	0	8	0	Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6
Miss N. Bryson	0	2	0	Mr. H. Webb	1	0	0
Miss M. Cross	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. Beard	0	15	0
Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	6	6	Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	0	A well-wisher, Falmouth	0	2	0
Miss Dunn	2	2	0	Miss E. Henderson	0	2	0
Mr. W. T. Lewis	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:-			
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6	Mr. A. Cumpsty	0	10	6
Mr. M. J. Bevan	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Megaw	1	10	0
Miss A. Mackerech	0	2	0				
					2	0	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mrs. Norman	Harvest thanksgiving service, Palmer's		
Miss M. Hall	Green Mission, per Mr. G. Dudley	1	2	0		
Miss A. Pennington	Half proceeds harvest thanksgiving		
Mr. Geo. Tolley	service, Providence Chapel, Clapham		
Miss Winckworth, per F. R. T.	Junction, per Pastor R. E. Sears	10	8	9		
Mrs. S. Zuber	Executor of the late Mr. Samuel		
Mr. W. Park	Coxeter	21	7	2		
Miss J. Pearce	Miss E. Milroy		
Mrs. Evans	Messrs. Sechiari Bros. and Co.		
Collected by Mrs. Tansley:—	Mrs. H. Holloway		
Mr. Mellows	1	1	0	Harvest thanksgiving service, Craven		
Mr. Colman	...	0	10	Arms, per Rev. M. Matthews	...	0	18	0	
Mr. Tansley	...	0	10	Mrs. F. Shilson	...	0	5	0	
The Misses Hall and Tovey	...	0	5	Mrs. Coad	...	0	1	0	
Mr. H. Colman	...	0	5	Mr. W. A. Weightman	...	5	0	0	
Mrs. S. Wilson	...	0	5	Mrs. J. S. Raven	...	1	0	0	
Mr. Heudry	...	0	5	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	...	1	0	0	
Mrs. Storror	...	0	4	Mr. J. Toon	0	10	0
Rev. G. Barrett	...	0	2	H.	...	0	5	0	
Mrs. G. Smith	...	0	2	Miss M. Donaldson	...	0	5	0	
	3	9	6	Collected by Miss E. Farnfield	...	0	12	0	
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday-	Trustees of the late Thomas Porter's		
school, Luton, Mr. W. Bigg	...	1	1	Equipment Fund	...	75	0	0	
Mr. Magnus Banks	...	0	5	Orphan boys' cards (per 2nd list)	...	1	15	10	
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	...	1	1	Orphan girls' cards (per 2nd list)	...	1	0	4	
J. G. L., Manchester	...	0	10	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the		
A well-wisher, Cardiff	...	0	1	Orphanage Choir:—		
Harvest thanksgiving service, Harlow	Boxmoor Baptist Chapel	...	8	5	0	
Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. W.	Mr. A. Marnham (for expenses)	...	3	3	0	
Butcher	...	5	15	Marlowes Baptist Chapel, Hemel		
Harvest thanksgiving service, Kingston	Hempstead	...	8	12	0	
Langley, per Mr. C. Satchwell	...	1	5	Northcote Road, Clapham Junction		
Harvest thanksgiving service, Codicote,	(for expenses)	...	0	18	0	
per Mr. H. Bowden	...	0	7	Littleport	...	7	12	8	
Harvest thanksgiving service, Stow-		
upland Congregational Church, per		
Mr. T. E. Carter	...	1	1			
						£406	9	0	

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—Clarke, S., 1s 6d; Halsall, J., 4s; Newton, H., 15s; Fullen, F. O., 3s; Talkington, C., 1s; Taylor, W. A., 5s; Trinder, G., 3s 8d; Warner, T., 5d; Warmington, S., 2s.—Total, £1 15s. 10d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):—Brookes, L., 1s; Brown, L., 5s; Francis, K., 2s 1d; Hodson, F., 2s 6d; Robinson, E., 1s 6d; Sadler, M., 2s; Stalker, A., 2s 3d; Woodward, M., 4s.—Total, £10s. 4d.

List of Presents from September 15th to October 14th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Cheam Baptist Chapel, per Rev. W. J. Potter; 20 baskets Apples, Messrs. E. and S. Fowler; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Vegetables, proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Stowupland Congregational Church, per Mr. T. E. Carter; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Palmer's Green Mission, per Mr. E. Aldridge; 2 bags Fruit and Vegetables, proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Wylve Congregational Church, per Mr. G. Busb; 1 hamper Blackberries, the children of Falcon House School, Kelvedon, per The Misses Wiseman; a quantity of Fruit and Vegetables, proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Harold Street Baptist Chapel, per Mr. W. A. Cox; 56 lbs. Raisins, Mr. H. F. Wickham; a quantity of Bread, Vegetables and Fruit, proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Brabourne Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. F. Cotton; a quantity Vegetables, proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Service, Baptist Chapel, Chitterne, per Mr. F. Maidment.

Boys' CLOTHING:—7 Articles, Mrs. R. Taylor; 11 Articles, Mrs. Keevil; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss F. Hall; 4 Shirts, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 Shirts, 1 Hat, Mrs. Howard.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—47 Articles, the Juvenile Sewing Class, Summer Hill Baptist Chapel, Maindee, Newport, Mon., per Miss E. Powell; 2 Dresses, Miss A. Mackenzie; 5 Worn Articles, Mrs. Keevil; 10 Articles, Miss F. Hall; 15 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 piece Dress Material, Mrs. Upton; 43 Garments, the Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 9 Articles, Mrs. Wray.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Mr. H. T. Stubbs; 1 gold Watch and Chain, 2 Brooches (for sale), Mrs. E. Austen; 1 Brooch, 1 pair Ear-rings, Mrs. Humphreys; 8 Articles, Anon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September '15th to October 14th, 1898.

<i>District Subscriptions:—</i>							
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
Shifnal, per Mr. G. Lloyd	5 0 0	Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White	...	2 10 0	
Chard, per Mr. T. Penny	...	11	5 0	Shifnal, per Mr. D. Hall	...	5 0 0	
Southern Baptist Association	...	60	0 0	Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G.	...		
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	...	10	0 0	Priestley	...	5 0	

	£	s.	d.	General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Small-wood	8	15	0	Mr. C. J. Whittuck Rabbits	6	5	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Mr. John Marnham	2	2	0
Great Totham, per Pastor H. J. Harvey	5	0	0	Mr. G. P. Johnstone	1	0	0
Barrow, per Mr. S. I. Harwood	10	0	0	Mr. J. Garard	0	10	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11	5	0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds	10	0	0	Mr. Matthew Rogers	1	1	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. Evans and Sons	10	0	0	Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0
East Dereham, per Pastor H. Freeman	11	5	0	Mrs. Elgee	0	10	8
Taunton, per Mr. A. Chapman	11	5	0	Mrs. E. A. Sinclair	0	5	0
Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0	Mrs. Rainbow	1	0	0
Cowling Hill, per Mr. E. R. Lewis	10	0	0	Reader of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
	£200	0	0		£23	18	8

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

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 13th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. Anderson	0	10	0	1 Cor. xvi. 2...	0	5	0
Mrs. Lenton	1	0	0	For translations of sermons:—			
P. N., a thankoffering	0	2	0	Mr. A. Cumpsty	0	10	6
Mrs. Hooper	5	0	0	M. J. B.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hooper	0	3	0		£8	5	6
Mr. M. Banks	0	5	0				

Beulah Baptist Chapel and Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from September 21st to October 13th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	4,087	0	5	"Wild Rose"	0	10	0
"Homeward Bound"	3	0	0	Thankoffering for Vol. II. of <i>C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography</i>	5	0	0
Mrs. Ollard	0	2	6				
Mrs. Lenton	2	0	0	Also promised, £50.	£4,099	2	11
Mrs. E. Bullock	1	10	0				

(N.B.—This list is continued until the Balance-sheet can be completed, and the amount left in hand be credited to the MANSE Fund.)

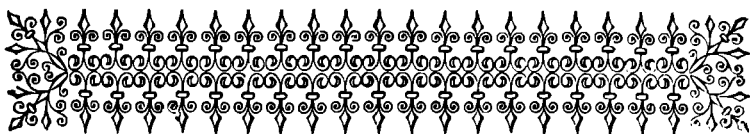
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £1 for her Book Fund from an anonymous donor. In reply to the enquiry concerning card-playing, Mrs. Spurgeon cannot understand how any follower of the Lord Jesus Christ can find pleasure in such an occupation.

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 MANSE Fund, 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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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.

DECEMBER, 1898.


Comfort in Trouble.

A SERMON, DELIVERED BY C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE PEECE HALL,
HALIFAX, ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 7TH, 1858.

FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"My soul is full of troubles : and my life draweth nigh unto the grave."—
Psalm lxxxviii. 3.

(Concluded from page 569.)

II.  N the second place, I am to TRY TO FIND OUT HOW IT IS THAT YOU HAVE COME INTO SO SORROWFUL A CONDITION.

Perhaps you are like the man who had a wry neck, you were born so, and therefore cannot help it. Perchance, the day when you were born was a cloudy day, and you have always had a cloudy heart and melancholy disposition. If it be with you constitutional, I know of scarcely anything that can totally deliver you from it, though many things may alleviate your woe.

"Ah!" cries one, *"I first of all fell into a miserable state of mind during a serious illness."* Before I had the fever, I used to be as happy as the days were long.

"What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill."

Well, my brother, seeing that your sorrow has arisen through sickness, the wisest advice I can give you is, go to the physician. There are many of our spiritual ailments, and doubts, and fears, that spring far more from a sickly body than from anything amiss with the heart. Depend upon it, a good tonic, something that will set your body to rights, will tend also to restore your spiritual joy. If you have once

lived near to your God, you may have hope that you shall do so again. Many poor members of our churches cannot afford to buy enough nourishing food to keep their bodies in a healthy state, and therefore they get down in spirit. It is hunger that gives the devil the advantage over them; often, they doubt whether they are the children of God, for no other reason than because their flesh is weak, and their bodies are sick. Strong faith may exist under sore sufferings; but there are some forms of suffering which do to a great extent affect our spiritual condition. Abernethy was a wise doctor; and once, when he went to see a poor man who was in a low state, he looked round the room, he saw neither table nor chairs, for they had all gone to the pawnbrokers; so, when he returned home, the worthy doctor put a couple of sovereigns into a pill-box, and sent them with the written prescription:—"These to be taken as often as required." It was surprising how soon the poor man got well under that treatment; it was a kind of golden remedy for his disease. My friends, do you find out some poor people, and serve them in just the same way; and many sad souls, now full of doubts and fears, if you would only give a little more to sustain their bodies, would learn to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

But I am far from believing that, in many cases, this is all the truth. *Very much of our despondency arises from sin.* Look at the case of David; he had been a very happy man, but, on a sudden, he fell into dark despondency; and, from that day, he went limping and halting to his grave. There is no mystery about his case: his great sin was the parent of his great sorrow. If David had kept out of the way of that particular sin, he would also have been kept from that special sorrow; if he had been always holy, he might have been always happy. Alas for him; alas for that evil day when he rebelled against his God; it was the first day of his darkness, and the last day of his joy, until he opened his eyes again in another world, and saw his sin and iniquity for ever put away. Probably, my friend, your sadness is caused by your sin. Search and look; find out what it is that you have done which has made God angry with you, and then remember, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

III. I have thus tried to picture your case, and I have hinted at the way by which you came into so sad a plight; let me now just say a word or two which may be THE MEANS OF HELPING YOU TO GET DELIVERANCE OUT OF YOUR TROUBLES.

To some of you who are very sad at heart, I will say but two words, *Be active.* One of the best ways to make a man cheerful is to make him busy.

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and he always finds some misery for idle hearts to feel. Perhaps you think you would like to come to your minister, and to say to him, "O my dear sir, I wish you would preach some comforting sermons! Do take for your text next Sunday, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God.' Do comfort me; for I am so sad." If you do

talk like that to him, and your minister is a wise man, he will reply, "Yes, my dear friend, I will comfort you as far as I can and ought; but do you not think that you had better take a class in the Sunday-school? I will give you something to do for Christ; that will be the best way of cheering your spirit." In the winter time, the boys crowd round the fire to warm their hands, and comfort their bodies; but in comes the sensible father, and he says, "Now, boys, out with you into the garden, and get to work!" and the result is, they presently return with rosy cheeks and hands as warm as possible, while they are bright and happy, whereas before they were sullen and miserable.

It is just the same with our lazy church-members, who constantly grumble at their ministers. They say that the minister's fire needs poking, and it wants some coal on, it does not burn well; and they think that they can set everything to rights! The fault, however, is not their minister's, but their own; they themselves are lazy, and they expect the minister to make up the heat that they lose by their own idleness. Lazy church-members are always grumbling; they want shorter sermons; they are seldom, if ever, seen at the prayer-meetings; usually they do not come out more than once on the Lord's-day. Find them something to do, my brethren; they will then be more cheerful and contented, or let them find some useful service for themselves; that is an exceedingly good way to keep off despondency.

To those who are active, and who are also anxious and troubled, let me say, *Look your trouble in the face*. A minister once called upon a young woman, who had been ill for months; she was in a very low way, and she said to the minister, "Sir, I have not a grain of faith; I have not in my heart one spark of love to Jesus." He said to her, "Say that again." She said it again, "I have not in my heart one spark of love to Jesus." He took out his pencil, went to the window, and wrote her words down on a sheet of paper, which he brought to her, and said, "Now, sign your name at the bottom of that paper." "What does it say, sir?" she asked. "Listen: hear these words which I have just written down as you spoke them: '*I have not in my heart one spark of love to Jesus.*' Now, sign your name to that statement." She quickly replied, "Oh, no; I could not do that!" And this simple plan was made the means of bringing her out of her despondency; when she looked her trouble straight in the face, then it vanished altogether.

Suppose that Satan says to any one of you, dear friends, "You are no saint; you are a sinner;" just reply to him, "It may be true I am not a saint; you tell me that I am no child of God, that may be the case; but there is one thing I do know, I am a sinner, and Jesus Christ died to save sinners; and, if I never believed *that* before, I will believe it now for the first time. If I am not in the right road, I will go back, and come in at the Wicket Gate. Thou sayest I am no saint; but thou canst not deny that I am a sinner; so, if I have been wrong up to the present time, I will go back to the cross, and I will now repose my unfeigned trust in Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour."

IV. Now, in conclusion, permit me to GIVE A LITTLE ADVICE TO THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE HAPPY IN THE FAITH, AND REJOICING IN

CHRIST; to those who have kept out of this despondency of which I have been speaking. The old proverb says, "Prevention is better than cure;" and so it is. We had a servant once who always used to be singing. Whether she was outside the door, whitening the steps; or in the house washing the linen, cooking the dinner, or clearing away the tea things, she would be constantly singing or humming some hymn tune. So I said to her, one day, "Betsy, what makes you sing so?" "Well, sir," she answered, "I think it keeps bad thoughts away; and, if I didn't sing, sometimes I should get so low-spirited, I shouldn't know what to do with myself." There was a good deal of philosophy in Betsy's method. You know that boys, if they have to go through a churchyard at night, always begin whistling to keep up their spirits. Singing does people good, especially "singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Such music cheers the heart, and often tends to drive dull care away. If we were to sing twice as much, we should only have half as little time to groan in. If we had twice as many psalms as we now have, we should only have half as many sighs; the more holy songs, the less growlings and murmurings. I should like some of you mourners to live for a while on hymn-books; they are fine things for you to feed upon until you become consolidated masses of sacred psalmody, breathing hymns of praise wherever you go. That quaint preacher, Rowland Hill, was often found humming a tune, and more than once, when he became very old, he was overheard singing softly to himself,—

"And when I shall die,
'Receive me,' I'll cry;
For Jesus has loved me,
I cannot tell why;
But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not be in glory,
And leave me behind!"

What a sweet hymn that was for the dear old saint to sing! Those of us who have many such verses as this in our memory, have a powerful weapon wherewith to keep Satan out of our hearts.

Christmas Evans, the mighty Welsh preacher, was a master of parable and allegory. Here is one of his parables which I will give you in my own way, and in my own words; I cannot give it as Christmas Evans used to do.

Once upon a time, said the good man, the devil flew up from the pit, seeking whom he might devour; and he said within himself, "I will have souls to-day, I will deceive, delude, and destroy all I can. I will reap a harvest from among mankind." So he silently ascended through the air till he came to a little valley sleeping betwixt two hills; and there, in the bosom of the vale, in a garden by the side of a little stream, was a small cottage, adorned with trellis-work and jessamine; and in the porch there sat a fair young girl knitting. "Ah!" said the devil, "I'll have *her*; I'll tempt her away to the great town; there she shall be deceived, there she shall be

ruined ;" and then he rejoiced to think, "I shall have her for myself at last." So he was about to step up to tempt her, when she began to sing, and the words she sang were these,—

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and Heaven should hear."

"Ah!" said the devil, "it is no use tempting that girl to sin ; I had better be off somewhere else."

He spread his dragon wings, and flew across to a plain, where there were fields ploughed ready for the wheat ; the horses were resting, for it was dinner-time, and there was a boy in attendance on the horses. Said the devil, "Ah! I will have that boy ; I will tempt him to steal his master's goods. He will then be sent to prison, and will get with a lot of rascals, who will teach him to do worse things than he ever knew before ; he will go on from bad to worse, until at length he becomes a murderer, and is hanged. Oh, that will make up for my failure with the girl this morning!" Just then the boy began to sing,—

"The Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since He is mine and I am His,
 What can I want beside?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the devil, "this boy does not want anything beside, then it is no use my tempting him to steal. He is quite content with what he has ; what a bad day's work I am making!"

Then the devil bethought himself, and said, "Ah! there is old Williams ;" (this was a good old preacher who lay on his dying bed ;) "I will try what success I can have with him. If I can but tempt him to deny his God, what a victory it will be! All the country round about will ring with news of my triumph." So away the devil sped on his wicked errand as fast as his diabolical wings could carry him, for he wanted to make up for the loss of the day. He soon arrived at the village. The lights were extinguished in the cottages, for the people had gone to bed, except in one upper room, where there was the faint gleam of a rushlight to be seen in the top window. The devil knew that room, so he cried, "Ah! the old man is not dead yet, or else the light would be out. I will go in and catch him now while heart and flesh are failing, and induce him to deny his God ; perhaps I may cause him even to curse God while he is dying, and then how great will be my triumph!" So upstairs he went ; and when he got into the room, he found the dear old saint still alive, though reduced well-nigh to a skeleton ; his wife and children were standing round his bed, taking their last farewell of him. But ere the devil could thrust a doubt or insinuation into the old Christian's heart, the dying man's eyes glistened, and as he put out his hand, all gaunt and bony, he said, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." "Ah!" exclaimed the devil, "I am

foiled again. He meant that last word for me, 'in the presence of mine enemies.' " And then the devil slunk away back to his pit; for he never had had so ill a day in all his life before.

Believe me, my hearers, it is good to have the mind preoccupied with holy thoughts. That heart is sure to be well kept from every evil thing which is full of good things. Live near to God; feed upon His Word; consult His truth; seek to imitate the character of Jesus Christ, and put your trust alone in Him; then you may face a frowning world, and bid defiance even to death and hell.

Now I will close, if you will allow me to utter just one more sentence or two of appeal. "Yes," says some sprightly young man, a gay "fast" lad, "it is just as I always thought; these religious people are the most miserable folk in the world. I knew they were so; I am now more than ever convinced that they are so; for, see how the preacher has to comfort them!" Very well, sir, very well; that is your opinion. You are very much mistaken, though, for all that; and we can prove that you are so most incontestably. Do you know the old woman who wears a red cloak, and who is shivering all the winter in a garret, over a fire made of two sticks? She is so poor that robbers could not steal anything from her; she has scarcely enough to keep body and soul together; and the poor creature, too, is sorely perplexed with doubts and fears and troubles. She loves her God, but she is one of the desponding sort of Christians, and she very seldom experiences much joy. "Come here, Missus, come here! You see that young man there; he says we are all a miserable lot; now, he is a respectable young man, with a good fortune, a flourishing business, in vigorous health, and cheerful in spirit; but without any hope in Christ;—will you change places with him? Think what a lot of money he has; *you* do not get more than a few shillings a week, and now and then a little from some kind friend or other; will you change places with him?" "No," without hesitation she answers; "no; it is little I have in this world, and but slight comfort I get even out of my religion; but I can say," (and the old woman says it with scalding tears running down her cheeks,) "young man,—

" 'Though you may trust in all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine,
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.'

"Thank God that—

" 'While my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.'

Oh, that you all shared the old woman's faith! Seek the Saviour whom now I preach unto you, and trust Him for salvation. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." We dare not alter our Lord's message; we must deliver it as He gave it. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The Lord add His blessing, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons.

XI.—By PASTOR HUGH D. BROWN, M.A., DUBLIN.

(Concluded from page 583.)

TWO other great and memorable occasions we recall,—Mr. Spurgeon's first and last Conference Addresses to the Pastors' College Evangelical Association. Amid a scene of wild enthusiasm was the first delivered,—pungent, mirthful yet solemn, unswerving and uncompromising in its ultra-Evangelicalism, and necessarily punctuated throughout with passing allusions to current circumstances, and adherence at all costs to "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints." How we watched the dawning merriment of a witticism twitching the great man's lip, then rippling round his eyes, and finally convulsing the entire assembly in roars of laughter! How we marked the fiery indignation for God and His truth gathering, till the storm burst in protests worthy of Savonarola! Ah, me! it was a marvellous effort of oratorical powers sanctified fully in mirth or tragic awfulness to his great Leader's honour. We can almost hear his burning words echoing still:—"We have no longer, 'Thus saith the Lord,' but, 'Thus saith modern thought.' We used to debate upon Particular and General Redemption, but now men question whether there is any redemption at all worthy of the name. We used to converse upon which aspect of the Atonement should be made most prominent, but in the Vicarious Sacrifice we all believed. Alas! we have fallen upon days in which Substitution is denied, and the doctrine of the putting-away of sin by the blood of our Lord Jesus is spoken of in opprobrious terms. We described Justification by Faith under various figures in days gone by; but now men are among us who set it quite aside. The other day, a certain preacher informed us that, even if a sinner should truly repent and believe on his dying bed, he would yet have to suffer for a while in the next world. Thus salvation by faith is made to give place to a sort of purgatory. This is not to differ about the faith, but altogether to renounce it. It is not in our denomination alone or chiefly that these evils exist, but they are everywhere. I know not what our brethren mean when they deny the general prevalence of unbelief. Are they wilfully deaf and blind? Do they live on the dark side of the moon? You must have noticed in the newspapers apologies for Mohammedanism and Buddhism, in which these religions are praised to the disparagement of Christianity: this is a sign of the times. Scribes are taking up their pens to write upon themes which would not have been touched by the secular papers years ago; and they are only touched now because there is an unbelief abroad which creates a market for anti-Christian literature. Those against whom we fight to-day are striking at the life of our religion. They are not cutting off its horns, but tearing out its heart."

And then the last and grandest utterance of all, *The Greatest Fight in the World*,—the dying hero's final manifesto;—we never expect to hear its like again:—"If others have any other storehouse, I confess

at once that I have none,"—(alluding to "Our Armoury"—the Inspired Word,—) "I have nothing else to preach when I have got through with this Book; indeed, I can have no wish to preach at all if I may not continue to expound the subjects which I find in these pages: what else is worth preaching?" "Some of you, younger brethren, have only tested the Scripture a little as yet; but others of us, who are now getting grey, can assure you that we have tried the Word, as silver is tried in a furnace of earth; and it has stood every test, even unto seventy times seven. The Sacred Word has endured more criticism than the best accepted form of philosophy or science, and it has survived every ordeal. As a living divine has said, 'After its present assailants are all dead, their funeral sermons will be preached from this Book,—not one verse omitted—from the first page of Genesis to the last page of Revelation.' Some of us have lived for many years, in daily conflict, perpetually putting to the proof the Word of God; and we can honestly give you this assurance, that it is equal to every emergency. After using this sword of two edges upon coats of mail, and bucklers of brass, we find no notch in its edge. It is neither broken nor blunted in the fray. It would cleave the devil himself, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and yet it would show no sign of failure whatsoever. To-day it is still the self-same mighty Word of God that it was in the hands of our Lord Jesus. How it strengthens us when we remember the many conquests of souls which we have achieved through the sword of the Spirit! Have any of you known or heard of such a thing as conversion wrought by any other doctrine than that which is in the Word? I should like to have a catalogue of conversions wrought by modern theology. I would subscribe for a copy of such a work. I will not say what I might do with it after I had read it; but I would, at least, increase its sale by one copy, just to see what progressive divinity pretends to have done. Conversions through the doctrine of universal restitution! Conversions through the doctrine of doubtful inspiration! Conversions to the love of God, and to faith in His Christ, by hearing that the death of the Saviour was only the consummation of a grand example, but not a substitutionary sacrifice! Conversions by a gospel out of which all the gospel has been drained! They say, 'Wonders will never cease;' but such wonders will never begin. Let them report changes of heart so wrought, and give us an opportunity of testing them; and then, perchance, we may consider whether it is worth our while to leave that Word which we have tried in hundreds, and some of us here, in many thousands of cases, and have always found effectual for salvation."

Again, in pressing home the imperative necessity of loyalty to "the whole counsel of God," we rejoice to recall his courteous denunciation of Infant Baptism as unknown to the Word of God, and the parent of Baptismal Regeneration, thus sealing, in his very utterance from the grave's mouth, unswerving attachment still to Baptist principles;—while the adaptation of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" to a respectable, frozen, lifeless church,—"a congregation of the dead," "the Holy Ghost gone,"—"all death,"—"the preacher's moonlight, cold and cheerless, falling on faces which are like it,"—made our very flesh

creep, and our whole heart cry out, "God save us from such an awful fate!" Where "the Holy Ghost has gone, death reigns, and the church is a sepulchre." But, above all, partly perchance because of the solemn, holy indignation with which the sentences were delivered, and the grim, tragic earnestness with which his whole soul thundered out the concluding words, it seems to us that the finest passage in the Address was when he said:—"But we are told that we ought to give up a part of our old-fashioned theology to save the rest. We are in a carriage travelling over the steppes of Russia. The horses are being driven furiously, but the wolves are close upon us! There they are! Can you not see their eyes of fire? The danger is pressing. What must we do? It is proposed that we throw out a child or two. By the time they have eaten the baby, we shall have made a little headway; but should they again overtake us, what then? Why, brave man, *throw out your wife!* 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' give up nearly every truth in the hope of saving one! Throw out Inspiration, and let the critics devour it! Throw out Election, and all the old Calvinism; here will be a dainty feast for the wolves, and the gentlemen who give us the sage advice will be glad to see the doctrines of grace torn limb from limb. Throw out Natural Depravity, Eternal Punishment, and the efficacy of prayer. We have lightened the carriage wonderfully. Now for another drop. *Sacrifice the great Sacrifice!* Have done with the Atonement! *Brethren, this advice is villainous, and murderous: we will escape these wolves with everything, or we will be lost with everything. It shall be 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' or none at all.* We will never attempt to save half the truth by casting any part of it away. The sage advice which has been given us involves treason to God, and disappointment to ourselves. We will stand by all or none. We will have a whole Bible or no Bible."

I have finished this testimony (given in response to special invitation) with feelings of profound dissatisfaction, for the tribute is so poor compared with what it should be. The very quotations lack *his* strength and pointedness; for, alas! we *read* them now, but we *heard* them then! How often have artists vainly striven to depict on canvas the strength and beauty of some far-reaching range of snow-capped, massive mountains, and but produced a dismal evidence of their failure in the very effort,—the scene was too big for them! So have I found it; albeit the heart is willing, the head and pen cannot respond,—the preacher is too great. Does someone exclaim, "Ah! that is hero worship"? Well, be it so; surely the Church may have her heroes equally with legendary lore and national life; and Mr. Spurgeon is and must remain one, because he was a Benaiab,—“a God-built man,”—and yet he is our hero mainly for this supreme, all-vital reason, he was a Bezaleel as well, “one who dwelt in the shadow of God,” and gloried in the ministry which, at every point, and under every circumstance, made God only great, and magnified the glories of the bleeding Lamb. May God the Holy Spirit help us all in this matter to follow him even as he followed Paul, and as Paul followed the Lord! Amen.

The Pastor's Page.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HOW A HOLIDAY YIELDS ILLUSTRATIONS.

(THE TALK CONTINUED.)

THE first mile of our journey consisted of an exceedingly stiff hill. What a pull it was, to be sure! Yet the stout steeds tugged evenly and persistently till the brow was reached. The rest of the road was fairly easy. Perhaps it was well to have that stiff hauling at the outset. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Discipline of early days exercises a wholesome influence to the end of life. Do not shirk the hill of close application while in College, nor the brae of strenuous toil in your first pastorate. All will fit you for the rest of the road, which *may* be somewhat easier. "Ah, laddie, laddie!" said a Scotch peasant as he was privileged to put his hand on the shoulder of one of the young princes, "ye've a stiff brae afore ye." In that he said truly, though some suppose that royalty must needs have a very rosy time of it. The same fallacy affects some with regard to the ministry. But we know better. Our way has its ups and downs,—mostly ups. Well, let us face them bravely, and as "John Ploughman" has it, "Set a stout heart to a stiff hill." A difficult sphere is the best (as a rule) for the first. If the pastor is not equal to it then, he never will be. The exigencies of the position will draw from him all the latent tact, and push, and pull, and patience, and, with God's blessing, he and his waggon will soon surmount the steep ascent.

The attention of the passengers was arrested by certain pieces of wood fastened at regular and frequent intervals upon the telegraph wires. They were painted black, and certainly looked very conspicuous. Our Jehu explained that the grouse, but for these danger-signals, would collide with the wires, and be hurt or slain. I fancied I detected a tone of regret in the voice of another informant who gave me the same explanation later. Possibly, before the black blocks were affixed, he had discovered that grouse eat every bit as well when killed in collision with a wire as when slain by explosion of powder. Is it not very considerate to warn the game from flying against the wire? Really, they ought to be much obliged. But perhaps they suspect that they are preserved only to be destroyed, as bullocks are fattened for the slaughter. I fancy that the enemy of souls has a trick of this sort. He affects wonderful consideration for us at times, but he warns us of one folly that we may commit a greater, and saves us from one fate that we may endure a direr. On the other hand, our gracious God does, lovingly and with kindest purpose, provide warnings for every perilous place. His danger-signals are on every hand. They who perish, perish with their eyes open, and in spite of remonstrance. His alarum is ever sounding. The handwriting is on the very wall. He waves the red light in front of every train that rushes past the signals. He would have all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth. Nor does He wish His saints to come to grief. Hence, He is ever bidding

them beware. The dark stories of sin and failure in the Bible are just to show us where the wire is. Woe be to us if we fly against the obstacle which the Word so clearly defines!

"Oh, there's the Loch!" cried one, as a glittering sheet of water came into view. "Ha, ha!" said the coachman, "that's no Loch Katrine, but Loch Arklet;" and as he said it, he exhibited compassion for the tourist's ignorance, and something approaching contempt for Loch Arklet. It was charming in its way, but it was not Loch Katrine. Even the tourist who was a little "too previous" could not mistake it when, a little later,—

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land."

Loch Arklet was all very well by the way, but really we had not come so far to see Loch Arklet

The law is good, but the gospel is better. Types are admirable till the Antitype appears. John Baptist was a burning and shining light, but "the light of the world is Jesus." We rejoice in the means of grace, but we long for the grace of the means. The House of the Lord only makes us look and long for the Lord of the House. Some are too eager to believe that they have all there is to be enjoyed. "Lo, here!" they cry; or "Lo, there!"—but they are mistaken. This is good, but it is better on before. Rejoice, believer, in present attainments, but be not satisfied with them. "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

Skirting the shore of Loch Arklet, the road passed through a gateway, the gate of which is not shut by day or night, for it has disappeared from its hinges. Visiting a cottage at its side, I was told by the good woman that "yon" was the gate from which my dear father secured an illustration for one of his early Sermons. "I've seen it in print," said the good body, "and it was my own sister who opened the gate to him." I confess that I have not discovered the story in a Sermon, and a reference to it in *Around the Wicket Gate* looks as though the incident did not occur to C. H. S. himself. This is how he writes of it:—

"I am told that on a certain Highland road there was a disputed right of way. The owner desired to preserve his supremacy, and at the same time he did not wish to inconvenience the public; hence an arrangement which occasioned the following incident. Seeing a sweet country girl standing at the gate, a tourist went up to her, and offered her a shilling to permit him to pass. 'No, no,' said the child, 'I must not take anything from you; but you are to say, "*Please allow me to pass,*" and then you may come through and welcome.' The permission was to be asked for; but it could be had for the asking. Just so, eternal life is free; it can be had, yea, it shall be at once had, by trusting in the word of Him who cannot lie. Trust Christ, and by

that trust you grasp salvation and eternal life. Do not philosophize. Do not sit down and bother your poor brain. Just believe Jesus as you would believe your father. Trust Him as you trust your money with a banker, or your health with a doctor."

On this same cottage grew a creeper of a most striking sort, and bearing a profusion of bright red flowers. Most of the humble dwellings in the neighbourhood were gay with this climbing plant. It decorated the doorways, and beautified the windows of the meanest dwellings. Then you noticed not the dwelling, but the flower. It reminded me irresistibly of the blood upon the lintel and two side posts, and of how, when God saw the blood, He seemed to see nothing else.

Speaking of the blood, reminds me that it was at no great remove from this spot that Hugh D. Brown pointed out to me certain trees marked with huge red crosses. These were not to fall before the woodman's axe. Even when the axe was laid to the root of the other trees, they stood erect, because of the crimson sign. You do not need that I should dwell upon this emblem. You yourselves have escaped the judgment because of the blood-mark, and yours it is to inscribe on other trees the saving signal.

Most of the passengers on our set of coaches (there were three, I think,) went on from Stronachlachar almost immediately. I tarried there five weeks. Three times a day the people came and went, a constant stream of sightseers. It was quite a diversion to watch them arrive and depart. Many of them were Americans—who, by the way, were easily distinguished from the rest. I noted that most of these had guide-books or copies of Scott open in their hands as they travelled. They took a deep and intelligent interest in the scenery and its history. They were full of enquiries, too. Travelling under such circumstances is a real education. Many are none the wiser when the journey is over. The eye was charmed while the scenery was in view, but there was nothing deeper than this transitory gratification. Some read the Scriptures thus. They pass rapidly from chapter to chapter. They "do" the Bible as they would "do" Scotland or Switzerland. Some benefit is of course received, but there is no permanent impression.

It was delightful to go boating day after day, exploring the upper reaches of the Loch where the steamer does not venture, and where the sound of the excursionist is never heard. I found, too, that by skirting the shores, and rowing round the islets, all sorts of charming things were to be seen. Lichens, and mosses, and ferns, and berries, and nuts, and sparkling burns remained unnoticed while the boat was in mid-lake. This also is the way to enjoy the things of God. There are times, indeed, when one must get right out into the open. Only thence can the mountains be properly viewed, and the breezes enjoyed, and the echoes heard. But it is good to meditate on single texts and simple sentences, to steal in and out as it were of the bays and coves of God's truth. Even the shallows of the Scripture are worth exploring; its histories and genealogies are not to be passed lightly by. Steer thy barque, my fellow-voyager, towards the silver strand, and the rocky isle, and the tiny creek, and the sandy shallow.

Speaking of echoes reminds me of how we woke the sleeping

echoes 'mid those lovely hills. Almost anywhere there was a reply of some sort to one's shout, but here and there, if you could only find the spot, was the opportunity to talk to all the hills, ay, and to set them talking to one another in most wondrous fashion. How the coo-ees rang out, and soared aloft, then passed from crag to crag, each fainter than its fellow, till the hushed listeners broke their silence with a "Did you ever hear the like of it?" or some such expression of astonishment. It was a grand place to try one's voice, and to practise intonation, and modulation, and inflexion. The loudest shout did not always produce the best effect. Vociferation is not necessarily the most impressive style of speech. One of the party would persist in calling my coo-ee-ing, "coo-ing", though I was at great pains to explain to my friend the world-wide (not "Wide World") difference. Coo-ing might not have reverberated well;—it is not intended to be echoed;—but a clear, well-sustained, sonorous coo-ee goes a long way, and comes back, too, after circling round a bit, like its mate the boomerang. When you speak to rocks and hills, clearness of enunciation is most important. Perhaps it is not less so when rocky hearts are being dealt with. A distinct echo has an air of the marvellous about it. Of course, the phenomenon is readily explained. 'Tis but the wave of sound reflected and returned. The Jews called the echo, "the daughter of the voice." It reproduces with absolute fidelity the very tone of the speaker. So should we speak forth again the words of God.

" Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone!"

Then, we cannot respond too promptly or exactly. A true echo is an accurate reproduction. Whatever causes the sound, it is faithfully duplicated,—be it the yelling hounds, or the bugle's blast, or a wild halloo, or the thunder peal, or the tuneful (?) bagpipe. You remember, I expect, Sir Walter's description of the chase, and how these same old hills of which I speak gave back the sounds thereof:—

" Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response,
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With bark, and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Ben Voirlich's echoes knew."

When the shallop of the Lady of the Lake had kissed—

" With whispering sound and slow
The beach of pebbles bright as snow,"—

She called with that sweet voice of hers—

" Those silver sounds so soft and dear,
The listen'r held his breath to hear."

* * * *

" ' Father ! ' she cried ; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound."

So, the same rocks reverberated the baying of the pack, and "the mellow notes" of the chieftain's daughter. Thus must we declare the whole counsel of God. It is not ours to prophesy out of our own hearts, but to sound out or resound the Word of the Lord.

We must not, however, be echoes to any other than a Divine voice. Addison describes echo as—

"She who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks."

We do not want to be mere echoes. We want to speak of the things *which we have made* touching the King. The cost of production is much greater than that of reproduction; but our own thoughts and words, even though they be poorer than another's, will carry furthest, and strike hardest, and live longest.

How we wish that the words God gives us to proclaim might be taken up by all our congregation, and re-echoed by every hearer! If our utterances could thus be multiplied, what a chorus there would be! As on the silent hills of Bethlehem, on the bright midnight of the Nativity, there was first one seraph, and then a multitude of the Heavenly host praising God, so would the ministry of the preacher be accompanied and extended if our listeners would re-echo our sentiments. Sometimes, indeed, the echo is sweeter than the original voice. Well, I am sure that none of us would be envious had we reason to believe that the repetition of our discourses was more successful than their first delivery. I had a church-officer in New Zealand, who used to repeat my sermons, and to tell me of how delightedly they were received by his congregation—at the local lunatic asylum! But, joking apart, would God that there was more conversation about the sacred theme, more repetition of its holy truths! There is, perhaps, enough criticism of the sermon's style and structure;—we want more multiplication of the Word itself, and more echoing, by life as well as by lip, of the living truth.

"It seemed as if every note that died here,
Was again brought to life in an airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again."

Ah! that's it; we long to know that "the soul of the strain" is awakened again on the way home from service, and at the dinner or supper table.

Old Thomas Manton has a word on "The Echo":—"We love Him because He first loved us." Love is like an echo, it returneth what it receiveth, there is no echo till the sound is heard. Our love to God is a reflex, a reverberation, or a casting back of God's beam and flame, upon Himself." To this, C. H. S. adds the following soul-stirring soliloquy:—"O my heart, take care that thou answer to the Lord like an echo! When He saith, 'My love,' do thou answer with the self-same title. Love as long as thou livest, for love is the cream of life, and all of it is due to thy God."

The Stronachlachar Hotel appeared to me to be a model one. Everything was of the best, but there was, withal, an air of homeliness. It was not too spacious, for one thing, and it was furnished not after

the usual hotel pattern, but as a superior dwelling-house might be. Moreover, there was with all those connected with it the same homeliness. The proprietor set the example of caring for his guests, and the others did ditto. How much depends upon the head of anything! The cruel boy declared that he beat his donkey on the head because, if he could only get it to go, the rest would follow. You, my brethren, will presently be at the head of organizations which will require judgment, and management, and gumption, as well as knowledge, and grace, and zeal. It is possible to "run" a church too much upon commercial lines," but it is also possible to be too unbusinesslike. Our work for God ought to be managed at least as shrewdly as our daily calling.

I used to have some little fun with the "Boots" at Stronachlachar. It was one of his duties to run the flag up to the truck of the neighbouring mast. But he displayed it only on fine days. He was quite right. It was useless to exhibit the bunting when everything was all a-drip. But this reminds me of a habit which is surely reprehensible. The banner that has been given us is for display at all times, and under all circumstances. When I was choosing a berth in a steamer on my first homeward voyage, I said to the clerk, "I'm not very particular as to the position of the cabin, but I want a berth with a porthole on that side of the ship from which I can get the first glimpse of Old England." "All right," he said, "but that'll be *the weather-side*." "Ah, well!" said I, "I'll have it, weather or no." Brethren, the flag must fly,—weather or no. Shine or shower, the colours should be in evidence. Thank God, they *must* be,—we have nailed them to the mast.

One of the lions of Stronachlachar consists in the graves of the McGregors. There is nothing much to see,—just the ruins of an old "chapel" which was intended to shelter the sleeping chiefs. But now the roof, if indeed it ever had one, is removed, and the very walls are almost level with the ground. The tombstones are displaced, and the inscriptions are almost all indecipherable. Yet here and there the arms of the clan are visible,—a pine-tree, a sword, with a crown at its point. These insignia befit the soldiers of the Cross. The pine-tree speaks of perpetual prosperity. It is ever green, and ever growing, though the soil be scanty and the weather wintry. So sang the outlawed clan in the presence of their foes,—

"While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river,
McGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever."

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" With us, the sword is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God,—the true Jerusalem blade which can be neither blunted nor broken. The crown represents the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ. We fight for the honour of His Name, and to make His praise glorious. We seek to set Him on a glorious high throne, and to proclaim His absolute sovereignty. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" we cry, "for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." We trust that, even when we are dead and buried, something on our tombs, or in the memory of those who linger after us, will proclaim the one purpose of our being, and the one object of our service and worship.

At the very head of the Loch is a newer graveyard, where the modern McGregors sleep. This is well kept, and full of interest. Here again the old crest is to be seen on every hand. From one slab I copied a few lines which I fancy are worth recording here. They were inscribed on a monument erected "To the memory of Gregor McGregor, of Glengyle, who died 21st of August, 1877, aged 88,—

"Not with vain flattery thee, dead,
We place this stone above thy honoured head,
But that, while wandering here, the good and brave
May, sighing, pause to mark the silent grave;
And, awful, o'er thine ashes as they bend,
Think on their chief, their father, and their friend;
Speak of thy steady soul, and martial flame
That burnt for truth and virtue more than fame,
And tell their sons to hold thy mem'ry dear,
Thy footsteps follow, and thy name revere."

Note, please, the threefold designation of this worthy man,—chief, father, friend. All this the true pastor is amongst his people. Note also the reference to his "steady soul." Would God he had not died!—for of steady souls there is a wondrous dearth. Yet you and I may be such by the grace of God. Copy this man also in so far as his martial flame burned for truth and virtue more than fame. It behoves not a minister of the gospel to seek to be famous. "It is required in stewards that a man be found *faithful*."

I wonder if Gregor McGregor's sons have held his memory dear, followed his footsteps, and revered his name. Oh, surely they have done so! I would not give a button with the shank off for one who does not honour a worthy parent alive or dead. And the best way to honour such, when they have gone, is to follow their footsteps. This also have I a mind to do, and none shall turn me from my purpose. You are sons of the College. In that regard, we are brothers, and my father is your sire. I charge you, then, to hold his memory dear, his footsteps follow, and his name revere.

There is another stone with another sermon in it:—"Here lies Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor, K.C.B., C.S.I., C.I.E., of the old stock of the clan Gregor, *who did his best for the old name*."

He did his best for the old name. Good Lord, may that be true of *me*! What though the best be poor, surely that is the very reason why nothing short of the best should be even dreamed of. It is an awful thing to bear an honoured name. What if it should be disgraced, or trampled in the mire? What if the untarnished escutcheon should be dimmed? May Heaven forbid it! Away, away with such unworthy fears! The Lord will keep the feet of His saints. To such sublimities of eloquence, and power, and success as our father reached, we cannot hope to rise; but, God helping us, it shall be written of us when we, too, have ceased to be, "He did his best for the old name." Let this be said of you also, brethren beloved. Many of you have Christian parents, honoured and esteemed. Some of you have fathers in the ministry. All of you bear the name of Christ, the Name that is above every name. I beg you, *do your best for it*. Do **YOUR BEST FOR IT**. "For the Name,"—let that be the motto of your ministry.

(*To be continued.*)

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

LX.—PASTOR F. E. BLACKABY, ZION CHAPEL, CHATHAM.



AMONG the honoured brethren whose names and work have been published in the series of "Our Own Men," PASTOR F. E. BLACKABY deserves a place, as a good man, an acceptable preacher, and a successful pastor. He is a native of Herts, having been born at Stanstead on January 4th, 1855. His parents were godly people, members of the Strict Baptist Church at Hertford, and they showed the vigour of their piety, as well as their attachment to their church, by going five miles every Sabbath to worship with their own people.

Our brother was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of a warm-hearted evangelist, who paid a visit to Stanstead on January 4th, 1872, and held special services. It was the 17th birthday of the subject of our sketch. He went to the meeting, and there the message of God, delivered with great faithfulness and power, went home to his soul. He left the building, where the meeting was held, a most miserable youth, deeply convinced of sin, and with a great burden of guilt upon his conscience. He went to bed, but could not

sleep: and he kept on revolving in his mind the message of the preacher. The Holy Spirit revealed to him that Christ had borne his sins, and that God would forgive him for Christ's sake. His fears fled, a sense of pardon and peace filled his young heart, and he sat up in bed to praise the Lord. A few months afterwards, he publicly confessed Christ by being baptized. Active work for his Saviour soon engaged the earnest young Christian's time and attention, and he became a very acceptable local preacher in the villages around Stanstead.

At the age of 23, he heard the call of God to enter the ministry, and he applied to Mr. Spurgeon for admittance into the Pastors' College. He was accepted, and entered in August, 1878. There, amid encouraging and inspiring associations, with the life, example, and instructions of Tutors whose godliness and scholarship awakened and brought out his latent talents, and in contact with the magnetic enthusiasm and the kind and splendid example of the great and good President, C. H. Spurgeon,—there, amid such bright and hallowed influences, two years and six months were happily and profitably spent.

While in College, Mr. Blackaby and a fellow-student were associated in a new work at New Brompton, Kent, under the fostering care of Mr. Spurgeon. For nearly two years, the work was carried on, and made considerable progress. Difficulties were many, but God honoured His Word, and souls were saved. A church was formed, and a fund started to raise money for a permanent building.

In the autumn of 1878, the Rev. W. R. Irwine, of Chipping Campden, who had been attending the Baptist Union meetings in Leeds, fell dead in one of the streets of Hull. Rev. S. Hodges, the minister of Stow-in-the-Wold, was asked to preach at Chipping Campden on the Sunday following the funeral. A letter was sent to a student of the Pastors' College, asking him to send a supply to Stow. Handing the letter over the breakfast table, he asked Mr. Blackaby if he would care for a Sunday out. He gladly accepted the engagement, went to Stow, preached on the Sunday, and returned home on the Monday. That one day proved to be the pivot upon which Mr. Blackaby's life-history turned.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Hodges resigned on account of advancing years and infirmity, and the church applied to Mr. Spurgeon for a student, mentioning Mr. Blackaby's name. He was sent to Stow, preached several Sabbaths, and ultimately received an invitation to the pastorate, which was accepted, and he commenced his ministry on January 3rd, 1881. The fire and fervour of the ardent young preacher's soul found full expression in gospel preaching and pastoral visitation. All departments of Christian work were greatly increased in power and efficiency. Congregations were large and attentive, many conversions were witnessed, baptisms were frequent, the Sunday-school flourished, and various new enterprises were started. The pastor won the love of his people, and the esteem of all the churches in the neighbourhood, and his name became a household word in the district. For seventeen years, our friend laboured in manifold activities with signal signs of God's approval. There have been times of trial: agricultural distress and the difficulties of village life made pastor

and people seek the more grace from God. The bright hopefulness, implicit trust, and prayerfulness of the minister cheered and encouraged the church in many a season of perplexity.

Many of the young people left the village for larger centres of population, and going into the towns carried with them the valuable lessons learned, and the impressions made, in their early life under the faithful ministry of Pastor Blackaby. He lived among the people, and for the people; sharing their joys, sympathizing with their sorrows, and standing by them in the crises of life. His deep consecration of heart caused him to seek to advance the interests of his people in every possible way. Beside the work of his own church, C.E. Band of Hope, and Sunday-school, he was Secretary of the Oxford Baptist Association, the Foreign Missionary Auxiliary, and the Colportage Association. He was a co-optative member of Stow Parochial Charities Board, and did splendid service as a member of the School Board. As an ardent total abstainer, he greatly helped Temperance work in general. His gifts as a preacher were highly valued by other churches, who sought and received his help in conducting evangelistic services that were richly blessed to the salvation of souls.

With peace and prosperity in the church, the pastor began to think of the villages around. Services were held in a cottage in one village; in another, named Donnington, a new chapel was built. The increased Sunday-school needed greater and improved accommodation. The schoolroom was enlarged and re-seated; and a new infant school-room and four class-rooms were built. The minister's house was renovated, the chapel re-seated, a new gallery erected, and a heating apparatus provided. The entire cost of these many improvements has been paid.

Amid the busy life our brother has led, he has found time to use his pen to good purpose. He has written a History of the Baptist Church at Stow, and several of his articles have appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*. A series of bright, breezy papers on "Character Sketches in our Country Churches" was published in *The Baptist* during 1897, giving some very clear and interesting portraits of quaint and pious lives amid homely surroundings, and illustrating Christian principles in Christlike deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice.

For seventeen years, this man of God laboured on, when an invitation to preach at Zion Chapel, Chatham, resulted in an offer being made to him to accept the pastorate of the church. After prayerful consideration, he resolved to accept the invitation, close his ministry at Stow, and go to Chatham. This decision gave his people sorrow, but they recognized that God had called their pastor to a larger and more important sphere of labour. The farewell meeting was a most memorable one, showing the high esteem in which Mr. Blackaby was held. Thirteen ministers and many representative men from various parts of the county came to express their personal regard for him, and their appreciation of his work. The deacons spoke of the happy and cordial association between the pastor and his officers; the Sunday-school superintendent emphasized his work among the young, saying, "he had been a first-rate Sunday-school

man, and his untiring efforts had secured better school accommodation." Other prominent workers described the helpfulness of his ministry, the good work done on the Charities Board, and the School Board. The Ministers' Fraternal sent a representative who spoke of him as a minister, a friend, and a brother, who had maintained the high character of an efficient ministry. A presentation was made by the President of the Oxford Baptist Association "for valuable work done on behalf of the churches of the Association." Other presents were given in recognition of his services to the Colportage work and the Y.P.S.C.E., while the church presented him with a purse of money, and Mrs. Blackaby with a well-filled plate basket.

In February, 1898, Mr. Blackaby came to Chatham, as pastor of Zion Church, in Clover Street. He has entered upon the new sphere of work with heartiness and acceptance. The seal of God has been set to the preaching of the Word, the prayer-meetings are well attended, congregations numerous, and a large number have been baptized, and added to the church. Our brother is now in his best years, with a ripened experience, a chastened heart, and a well-stored mind. He is a popular platform speaker, an acceptable preacher, "a good minister of Jesus Christ."

We pray that, in his enlarged sphere, he may have increased blessing. He preaches the truth, and he lives the truth; may he lead all his people to live the truth also! May showers of blessing descend upon both pastor and people!

W. W. BLOCKSIDGE.

"A Little Child shall Lead them."

THE long and sultry day was drawing to a close. The thermometer had stood at 93 degrees in the shade, and all living things were panting and fainting, as the fierce heat-waves still rolled over the throbbing earth. A lady, in somewhat delicate health, whose every nerve quivered under the fervid condition of the atmosphere, crept out into the garden, hoping to find the refreshment of a rising breeze as the sun went down; but, alas! no gentle zephyrs rocked the leaves to sleep on this hot night, or with cool caressing fingers smoothed out the petals of the flowers, all puckered and drawn by the furnace-like heat. She was much distressed and exhausted, though loving hands and hearts had ministered to her comfort during the hours of tropical heat, and helped her, as much as in them lay, to bear the weary burden. But, now, patience was fast failing, longer endurance seemed impossible, and the arch-enemy of souls seized the favourable opportunity for wounding and discomfiting one of the Lord's feeble ones. Something was said which irritated the already fretful spirit, and then displeasure quickly showed itself in averted looks and moody silence. "How quickly you take offence!" said conscience. "How 'easily provoked' you are!" said God's Word. And the poor ruffled heart knew these charges were true, and trembled under them, yet lacked the energy and grace to confess the sin, and call in the Advocate's aid.

Presently, her little grandchildren came up from the fields to prepare for bed, and rushed to her for "a good-night kiss." She gave it gladly, she could not be gloomy with these dear mites; but she little thought what a lesson she was about to learn from one of them. Someone said to the elder child (an engaging boy of seven years), "Grandma would like to hear that pretty piece of poetry you learned the other day; say it to her now before you go in, will you?" His face fell, there was a long silence, and then he said crossly, "No, I am too tired." "Grandma" saw herself "as in a glass" at that minute, and the reflected image was not a pleasant one. The little fellow resisted all attempts to bring him to reason, and went away at last in as unenviable a frame of mind as that in which he left his dearly-loved "Grandma"; and she, groaning inwardly over her own and the child's ungracious temper, made her way into the house.

Not many minutes elapsed before a commotion was heard outside the parlour door, and a tearful little man rushed in, with outstretched arms which soon were clasped around the lady's neck, while he said, "O Grandma, I have fought my giant selfishness, and I have come to say my piece to you." "Did Jesus help you, darling?" "Yes, indeed He did;" and Grandma bowed her head before the sweet faith of the little child; and, while he said his "piece", her "giant" was laid low, and once more vanquished through the power of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. What hugs and kisses there were now! The heat of the day was forgotten, and a Heavenly dew of peace and love fell softly on the hearts of all those who had participated in the little scene which ended so blessedly.

That night, Grandma remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

APPHA.

Afternoons with a Naturalist.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "A CRIMEAN VETERAN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC., ETC.

XII.—THE GREAT DEPARTURE.

WHEN the geraniums come out in cranes' bills, when the leaves on the chestnut turn rusty, and wasps drowse, when the evenings are chilly and the noontides sultry,—then the swallows fly far away towards the South, and the woodcock and the redwing come in from other climes.

The migration of birds goes on for well-nigh all the year. The lapwing, our commonest plover, appears in the month of "fill-dyke", and on to mid-May the summer birds arrive. Then there is a pause, for most of those which have flown to us have come to build their nests, and rear their young. They are visitors to other lands, but they are "at home" with us.

When Charles Lamb, the celebrated humorist, was taken to task for being late at the office, he stammered forth that he made

up for it by going away early ! The common swift has the same characteristic. He reaches our shores in May, and departs about the end of July. But he has reared his family by that time, and they are strong enough to emigrate with him. An indefatigable bird is the swift. All the weeks he is over here, he puts in a very long day's work, much more than the excitedly-contested "eight hours", for he is astir with the dawn, and on the wing till nine at night. The air with its freedom and expansiveness seems even a more familiar element than the earth, and the bird, on the untiring pinions with which he is endowed, passes most of his life upborne by them in the boundless blue. A being of high altitudes is the swift. Watch him, for he is worth it, as he performs his tireless sword exercise with the sky for a background !

We remember how the swifts used to circle round a tall tower of flints standing in the centre of the market-place of an ancient city. The shops and residences clustered beneath the tower, as children round a great protector. But the birds found a home in the top of the structure, and threw themselves off fearlessly from the great height. Many years after, we listened to Pastor A. G. Brown in a country chapel. He was preaching on the way of God's commands, and the faith for their accomplishment, and he made, we thought, a happy use of the words, "they shall be afraid of that which is high":—"The timorous man looks off from the cliff to the deep valley far beneath, and says, 'What a fearful place to fall down !' But the eagle, poised upon the highest pinnacle, cries, as he launches himself upon the buoyant air, 'What a splendid place to fly in !' So, 'they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.'" And many a time since, as we have watched the wide-winged birds circle and swoop in the higher heavens, we have found ourselves applying again and again the apostrophe, "What a splendid place to fly in !"

The cuckoo, that feathered charlatan, who depends for the bringing up of his family on "the boarding-out system," departs by the beginning of August ; though the young, who have been reared in very varied nests, have been seen much later. But when the white mists hang about the streams on autumn mornings, when the nuts harden, when the hedge-fruits ripen, when the first hoar frost frets the grass with brilliants, it is then that many birds so loved in Britain leave us for a season, and other warblers, with other songs, take their place. The nightingale, the blackcap, and the garden warbler go, with many others who have chattered or chorused through the summer days ; and instead thereof, the redwing makes soft music 'mid the falling leaves, the fieldfare flits through the November haze, and the common snipe utters his singular cry as he twists and darts over the marshy soil.

The coming and going of the feathered flocks is little seen, less watched, and still less understood. The night-jar ceases to circle round the slowly-reddening trees, the wryneck to hunt the ant-hills, and the turtle-dove to coo in the copse, and these mysteriously depart without a chronicle, like many from our crowds of human kind, who pass away, and slip out to sea on the ebb, without remark. We hardly know that our friends are gone except as we miss them from

their usual haunts, neither do we notice for some time that their places are filled by others.

"Oh! you succeeded Mr. So-and-so, did you not? I knew him well. One hardly realizes that he has gone from us! Terribly busy. Difficult to know one day from another. Good-bye. Must go. Hope you will prosper!"

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When Michaelmas marks a six-o'clock sunset, and the days of early October are still and chill, then there are more feathered flitters than moving tenants at quarter-day. During the first ten days of October, a great emigration is pending, and its procedure attracts more popular attention than the movements of all the other birds put together. The swallow tribes assemble to a great palaver, where they arrange their autumn journey with as much fuss as the starting of a boat train, or the Highland express for the noted 12th, or an excursion to Margate on Bank Holiday. There is little doubt that their endless whirlings, screamings, and settlings have some method in them. Possibly, the older and stronger birds exercise the younger in swift gyrations preparatory to longer flight, and possibly also the shrill cries are so many calls to the clan to come together. Or, are they but the restless exhibitions of excitement such as one sees in boys and girls on a railway platform when a Sunday-school outing is to the fore?

Away among the willows by the watercourses, thousands of swallows congregate prior to their departure. They rise high early in the morning, and fly off in companies, returning at night. Near by is a huge railway viaduct. The birds perch thickly together on the brick-work, their white and black bodies and endless movements setting off the grey uninteresting arches, rendering them a spot from whence to reap "the harvest of a quiet eye."

In the days of our youth,—ah! how many have departed since that time!—in the days when we were boys, the swallows used to rendezvous on the stone ledges of a grand Town Hall. Around the same building crowds were wont to collect on election days. We call to mind the Town Clerk, who said he was "a member of the *Eye Church*," flinging up one of the great windows, and leaning out with flushed face and hair all awry. The crowd surged forward to learn the result of the poll. "Mr. B——, who's won?"—called out the head waiter of the principal inn. "What's that to you?" replied the excited functionary; "go home, and get my dinner ready, and set on an extra bottle of your best!" It has struck us since that the Town Clerk had a clever way of letting out a secret inferentially.

Well, a few weeks before this human hubbub, vast swarms of swallows took possession of the cornices and mouldings of the old Town Hall. There they would be at six o'clock on October mornings holding a full-dress debate before other bipeds were out of bed. Then, one grey dawn, as you looked up, the stone ledges would be quite empty. The birds' parliament had been prorogued, not to meet again till many storms had swept the land, and winds had sobbed themselves to sleep, like fishers' wives who mourn their dead;—not till the

fresh footsteps of the Spring dappled the green grass, and the prim-roses opened wide their eyes at April's beauty.

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We have often mused, when walking through the wood-scented October glades.—What changes must needs come ere the birds return! How many dear forms will disappear, wrapped from sight by wintry mists? Who of us will come through the struggle with the cold blast? Who will hear the song of the robin from the catkins of the willow, the Spring call of the cuckoo, the hum of bees among the blossoms of the chestnut? The November gales will utter their bitter cry over the dark waters, the March winds lash green seas to foam and fury, ere the birds come back. "They that go down to the sea in ships" will need our prayers when the scud flies over the moon-lit sky.

Ah! will those who now linger in other lands link their hands in ours when Chaucer's "day's-eye" decks the sod, and British orchards bloom? God knows. Yes, as we look into the winter fire, we seem to see their faces in the living coals, and again we say,—God knows! It is December now, and some are with the summer at the Cape, and others on the Congo shore, and others still where orchids hang from Indian trees. Will they come back? God knows. "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

* * * *

When the blue mist hung vaguely, and gossamer webs looped the hedge and the ditch; when overhead it was June, and all around it was Autumn; when the treasures of the trees dropped through the relaxing fingers of Summer; when the sun smote the eyes, and the shadows were longer; when the old friends were going and the new friends were coming;—then, as the evening set in unawares, we lifted the latch of a cot on the Common to say "Good-bye" till the Spring Everlasting to one of God's emigrants.

She had tended her aloes and cactus, had nurtured the snowdrops and violets, and watered the bulbs of the Spring. She had walked between the rue and the lavender, and extended a hand to them both,—which was fit, for the bitter and the sweet together make up the life. She had watched at the gate on the May-day, while the nightingale sang in the honeysuckle; and she had herself sung in the evening, and finished with a romantic "Good-night" to her friends afar. But now the season was going, and this "garden warbler" heard the call,—*"Come over, come over, come over!"*

"I'm getting near to the shore. The other side is the Homeland of the Master. I don't know how it will be going across."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with Thee;"—so we quoted.

"Satan is like an old hawk, he's after me all the while."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." This we repeated to comfort her.

"I'm a poor, ignorant, wicked old woman, but the dear Lord died for such as me, and I know"—and there she stopped.

"I know whom I have believed," we suggested. She put her hands together, and closed her eyes, and said slowly, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Wilkie," we said at length.

"Why 'Good-bye'?" she asked, with something of her old quaintness and energy,—"we shall soon all be at home together over there!"

Now, a weather-beaten man,* with military bearing, stands watching the sunset, and waiting for the word of command; and while he waits, he thinks with the writer that, after all, "We shall soon be at home over there."

* * * *

Listen to the Christmas bells. The snow covers the new-made graves. The peal comes muffled through the mists, often like to the responses of our hopes. The swallows circle 'mid the roses of Algiers. Yet let us hymn the Nativity of the Holy Child, for He is God's answer to all the soul's questions; the Gift which satisfies desire; the Incarnation of the Everlasting Spring.

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 number of the Magazine is in the hands of our readers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster will be ready to supply Volume XXXIV. of *The Sword and the Trowel*, price 5s., or covers for binding the monthly issues, 1s. 4d. each. The accounts of the burning of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and of the arrangements for rebuilding the great house of prayer make the volume now closing a sadly memorable one, and impart to it an interest which we hope will never be repeated in quite the same form. In many quarters, the articles upon "C. H. Spurgeon's most Striking Sermons" have been referred to as giving a very special character to the issues of the year now ending, and also as testifying to the imperishable influence of the beloved Pastor's unique ministry.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have in the press a new volume (cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.), entitled, "*A Good Start*," a Book for Young Men and

Women. It consists of extracts from the works of C. H. SPURGEON, and will be exceedingly helpful to those who desire to make "a good start" in life. SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS has kindly written a Prefatory Note to it.

Messrs. Benrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey, sends us their *Daily Calendars for 1899*, price one shilling each. They are sufficiently varied to suit different tastes; admirers of *Burns* or *Shakespeare* can have quotations from their works all the year round, while those who wish for a change of rhymesters can choose the Calendar marked *Poetical*. We always welcome the *Proverbial* one, for we are sure to find in it some of dear "John Ploughman's" wise and witty sayings. For a large office or room, the *Daily Calendar* is the most suitable because of the bold figures for the days of the month. The *Monthly Diary* (1s.) can be inserted in a pocket-book, and used a month at a time.

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

Annual volumes of various periodicals appear to us to come more numerous than ever. First in every respect are the Religious Tract Society's two seven-and-sixpenny volumes, *The Sunday at Home* and *The Leisure Hour*. They are both so good that it is difficult to say how they could be improved. Following closely upon them, and at the same price, is Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s substantial and welcome annual, *The Quiver*, as full of bright stories, tasteful illustrations, and pithy points as its many predecessors have been. Two additional volumes that have come to hand this year are *Good Words* and *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister and Co., 7s. 6d. each). There are many charming illustrations, and the letterpress is sufficiently varied to suit all manner of readers.

The smaller Annuals published by the Religious Tract Society are all as admirable in their way as the larger volumes already mentioned. There are four at 1s. 6d. each,—*Our Little Dots*, *The Child's Companion*, *Light in the Home*, and *The Cottager and Artizan*; and one at 2s. 6d.,—*Friendly Greetings*. Taken together, they supply something for every member of the family from the youngest to the oldest. *The Scripture Pocket-book* (1s. 6d., or 2s.) would make a welcome Christmas present for a friend. The two-shilling volume, entitled, *Brave Deeds of Youthful Heroes*, will help to increase the heroic band if it is rightly read.

Messrs. Partridge and Co.'s six annuals—*The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, *The Children's Friend*, and *The Infants' Magazine*,—are as good as ever: what higher praise can we give?

Young England, published by the Sunday School Union (5s.), is bound to be a great favourite with our boys; but we hope no member of the Peace Society will see a copy of it. Surely, so many pictures and stories of fighting must foster the war spirit which is already far too prevalent. It is quite a relief to turn to the peaceful *Sunshine* (George Stoneman, 1s. 6d.), *The Children's Treasury* (Nelson and Sons, 1s.), and *The Child's Own*

Magazine (Sunday School Union, 1s.), all of which can be unreservedly commended.

Our Boys and Girls (Robert Culley, 1s.) will have to take a great stride to catch up to the other Magazines; in this one point our Wesleyan friends are not up to date. We cannot understand why it is so, for their picture-books for the young are admirable, as witness the two at 1s. 6d. each,—*A Royal Letter*, and other Bible Talks with Children, by W. J. FORSTER, and *The Animals in Council*, by the same author. In the latter volume, a donkey, cow, dog, owl, cat, sheep, cock, horse, sparrow, and pig consult together about those extraordinary two-legged creatures, boys and girls!

A wonderful shillingworth of pictures and stories is published by Messrs. Nelson and Sons under the title, *Round the Farm*, by EDITH CARRINGTON, and their *Animal Alphabet* for 6d. is equally cheap. The Sunday School Union is close behind with *Tales Told at the Zoo*, by E. VELVIN, good value for 1s.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published a volume which will make a very choice Christmas present. It is entitled, *Sacred Art, the Bible Story Pictured by Eminent Modern Painters*, edited by A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A. Among the artists whose work is here reproduced are Lord Leighton, Sir E. J. Poynter, Sir John Millais, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Sir J. Noel Paton, Holman Hunt, and L. Alma-Tadema. There are nearly 200 full-page illustrations beautifully printed on large plate paper, with descriptive text, and the whole handsomely bound for 9s.

The same publishers are now offering a cheap issue of the quarto illustrated edition of Dean FARRAR's *Life of Christ*. In clear bold type, appropriate binding, and containing over 300 illustrations, it is rightly announced as cheap at 7s. 6d.

From the Oxford and Cambridge University Press comes a copy of *The Revised Version of the Bible, with Marginal References*. With all its imperfections, the Revised Version is useful for comparison with the Authorized and with the Revised Text; and

these references, which appear to have been carefully compiled, will add to its value. We understand that these marginal helps are to be added to several different sizes of the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles, so as to suit various classes of readers.

We have received from Messrs. Nelson and Sons a great variety of *Story-books*, which we can only mention briefly because of the demands upon our space. They are all, as in former years, noteworthy for the excellence of their printing, binding, illustrations, and general attractiveness.

Starting with the four handsome volumes at 5s. each, we note one that will be a prime favourite with the little folk who are privileged to receive it,—*The Golden Picture Book*,—fairy and other tales, adorned with black-and-white and coloured pictures. *French and English*, by E. EVERETT-GREEN, is a stirring story, in that well-known writer's fascinating style, of the war on the Canadian frontier, which ended in victory for the British arms, though it was only won at a terrible cost. The war-fever has evidently attacked more than one writer, for the other two 5s. books—both ably written by HERBERT HAYENS,—are tales of fighting. The first is entitled, *In the Grip of the Spaniard*, and gives a realistic account of Venezuela's final struggle for independence, in which certain Englishmen took a prominent part;—the other, called, *A Fighter in Green*, is a lively narrative of the struggle between the French and the mountain tribes of North Africa; but we frankly confess that we would rather read the story of how our missionary brethren and sisters have sought to win for Christ the Kabyles and other races in that vast district so near to our own country.

Through Peril, Toil, and Pain, by LUCY TAYLOR (4s.), is a tale of the sixteenth century, but it is most timely for the end of the nineteenth. England, alas! appears to be drifting or rushing back to the superstitions and idolatries of Rome, so that anything which will show our deluded fellow-countrymen the true character

of the Papal system is to be welcomed. This book ought to be read and re-read again and again in ten thousand British homes; it tells once more the familiar story of Latimer's candle, and it will help to keep that candle brightly burning.

Next come three 3s. 6d. volumes,—first, *The Triple Alliance*, by HAROLD AVERY, which is not a tale of three emperors, but a story of the same number of schoolboys, whose "trials and triumphs" will interest other lads, and lasses, too. Then, E. EVERETT-GREEN, in *Tom Tufton's Toll*, tells how a squire turned highwayman, robbing the rich and giving the plunder to the poor. He afterwards repented of his wrong-doing, but was tried and condemned. Instead of being executed, he was pardoned by Queen Anne, and married in her presence to a lady who had obtained the pardon for him. *The Uncharted Island*, by SKELTON KUPPORD, is a combined school and sailors' story that is sure to interest boys, especially as it contains also particulars of a wonderful "treasure island."

Of the five half-crown volumes, the first—*Chums at Last*, by A. FORSYTH GRANT,—is a capital school-story, sadly disfigured by slang, and even by positive swearing. Yet we fear it is only too faithful a representation of school-boy life and language. Perhaps, if our growing lads see how ugly their common expressions look in print, they will cease to use them. *King Alfred's Viking*, by CHARLES W. WHISTLER, tells the tale of "The first English fleet" in a manner that will charm the youth of our great maritime nation; especially as much of the narrative is historically true. *Our Vow*, by E. L. HAVERFIELD, is a delightful story for children. A fatherless brother and sister, with an invalid mother, pledge themselves not to obey the cousin who comes to care for them, but she ultimately wins the love of both of them. In *The Green Toby Jug*, &c., Mrs. EDWIN HOHLER tells for the little ones two pleasing stories of boys and girls who became all the happier by making others happy. The last of the half-crown volumes is a Cornish story of a little managing maiden of ten,—*Esther's*

Charge, by E. EVERETT-GREEN. What an indefatigable writer she is!

Our winter list appropriately closes with *The White North*, by M. DOUGLAS (2s.), in which the compiler gives many interesting items concerning the Arctic adventures of Nordenskiöld, De Long, and Nansen, in the hope that readers will afterwards seek fuller information in the travellers' own records.

Four more *Story-books* have come from the Religious Tract Society since our last notice. The title of *The Wishing-Well*; or, "Be Content with such Things as ye have;" by LUCY TAYLOR (2s.), gives a clear clue to the contents of the volume, which largely concerns foolish and even wicked wishes. It is an admirable story, good enough to be true, and must exercise a gracious influence over all who read it. *A Girl's Experiment*, by MARGARET KESTON (2s.), tells of a good example of love and self-denial which readers of the tale would do well to imitate. *Ruth's Path to Victory*, by EVELYN L. THOMAS (1s. 6d.), is the story of a shy, sensitive girl, told by herself in a style that ought to be helpful to any who are like her. "Ruth's path to victory" began where all others must begin—at the cross of Christ. *Antonia's Promise* (1s. 6d.) was given to a brother who had been "sent down" from Cambridge, and who afterwards ran away from home. He returned repentant at Christmas time, his debts were paid, and he had a fresh start in life.

Rev. Robert Culley, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings, sends us eleven brightly-bound, well-printed, and appropriately illustrated *Story-books* issued by our Wesleyan friends for the present season. One at 2s.—*Loyalty Rewarded*, by JEANIE FERRY,—is a capital Temperance tale; and a similar remark may be applied to *Gold and Glitter* (1s. 6d.), by the same writer. Both books should be widely circulated by all who desire the overthrow of the drink traffic.

Another of the eighteenpenny books—*Lottie: Servant and Heroine*, by HELEN BRISTON,—would have had

our hearty commendation but for the gipsy incidents, which should certainly not have been inserted. *Bessie's Ministry*, by ALICE J. BRIGGS, and *Tuppie*, by BESSIE MARCHANT (1s. 6d. each), are stories of orphans that are sure to interest their readers.

There are also four volumes at 1s. each,—*John Fletcher, Farmer*, by F. SPENCER; and *Shad and Shady*, by J. W. KEYWORTH, which are mainly concerned with love-making; *Master Piers*, by ISABEL SUART ROBSON, describing the training of the heir to a large estate; and *Reggie's Dream and other Stories*, in WILLIAM J. FORSTER's well-known style. The list closes with two books at 9d. each,—*Effie's Bargain*, by ANNIE CRAIG; and *A Heroine in the Strife*, by EMILY SPRATLING, both of which will please youthful readers.

By Strange Paths. By F. E. NEWBERRY. Andrew Melrose.

A STRANGE story about strange people, written for an American-reading public, and not likely to command a large circle of admirers. There is a good deal of skill of the "smart" order, and some crisp descriptions; but the principal characters are so wildly improbable in their qualities, and act after such an extraordinary fashion, that even as fiction it is not a great success. We regret to have to say this, for we think that what there is of literary ability, might have been used to much better purpose.

Morning Watchwords; or, Daily Thoughts for Lads. By M. E. BRISCOE. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

FOR fourpence, we have here a text of Scripture and a brief comment for each day of twenty-six weeks. The "watchwords" are just such as lads need and lads will read. We hope the reception of the little book will encourage the writer and publishers to prepare one for the whole year, and to put it in a stouter cover, so that it can be carried in the pocket, or passed round amongst friends when its owner finds a morning portion which he would like his companions to share with him.

Our Indian Sisters. By Rev. E. STORROW. Religious Tract Society. MISSIONARY books now abound; and we venture to think that this one deserves to find a front-rank place among them. It has been produced with uncommon care by a veteran Indian missionary, and may be confidently accepted as a competent authority on all that has to do with the usages and ideas governing the condition of women in India. The printing and illustrations are excellent, and the price is 3s. 6d.

The subject, turn it which way we will, is terribly sad. The bird is never free, and the bars of the cage tighten with time. This lifting of the veil shows what Hinduism is as a régime of repression, and how grievous to the Indian sisterhood is the blight of it from the cradle to the grave.

Memorials of R. Harold A. Schofield, M.A., M.B. (Oxon), First Medical Missionary to Shan-si, China. Chiefly compiled from his letters and diaries by his brother, A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D. With Introduction by Rev. J. HUDSON TAYLOR. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN interesting record of a scholarly and devout Christian who greatly shone in his days. How systematically he sought to realize that he had been "bought with a price," and that he held a commission to save, by all means, some, these pages show. Such lives have the ring of true immortality, are an inspiration to read, and constitute a memorial more lasting than brass. To such careers we may apply the Master's words, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

It is particularly refreshing to note, in connection with this gracious missionary's highly-gifted mind, his laborious study of the Word, and the present reward which he found in the greatness of the spoil reaped. This feature, together with his prayerfulness, and his watchfulness to make the most of opportunities, is arresting and salutary. Now that the earthen vessel is broken, may the savour of the Christly contents be diffused more and more!

David Hill, Missionary and Saint. By Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, B.D. Charles H. Kelly.

A FINE biography of a notable man of God. Methodism never had a truer son and a nobler evangelist to the heathen than David Hill. His life-story is thrilling in its inspiring power, revealing a man who lived and was consumed of his longing to make Christ known to the benighted and outcast of heathendom. The story of China's dire need in the famine, and the efforts made by the missionaries to relieve it, reveal how much of service and suffering the love of Christ can sustain. It is the reading of such records of apostolic devotion that will provoke others to give their lives to this exalted, Christlike work.

The production of the book, with portrait and maps, is extraordinarily effective and cheap at 3s. 6d., and ought to make it a favourite gift-book at the Christmas season.

William Ewart Gladstone. By G. W. E. RUSSELL. Fourth Edition. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. "*The Land we Love.*" *William Ewart Gladstone. A Non-political Tribute.* By Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

WE put these two volumes together as dealing with the great statesman and Christian recently called to his reward. The first is a warmly-appreciative recognition of Mr. Gladstone's lofty intellect and patriotism; the latter, a revelation of his great personal piety and high Christian character. The politician will prefer the one, the Christian the other; but each in its own way, and from its own standpoint, is a faithful and valuable portrait of the great intellect, heart, and character now in the Eternities. Both are worth buying, reading, and pondering over.

Bishop Walsham How. By F. D. How. Isbister and Co.

A LARGE volume which, but for parental reverence, might have been a third of its present size with much advantage.

Many indications of the Ritualistic advance in the Church of England

may be found here; none more striking than the fact that this Bishop, who was regarded as very Evangelical, had great sympathy with much that is taught and practised by the highest of High Churchmen. Doubtless many will read with admiration this biography; but, to our mind, it emphasizes the necessity for Disestablishment from the State as the only thorough remedy for the present crying evils in the Church. It would have been a graceful thing, and have done the writer honour, had he in some way acknowledged the noble work done by Nonconformists in East London before a suffragan bishop was thought of.

Great Books. By Dean FARRAR.
Isbister and Co.

ANOTHER of those chatty books about books of which book-lovers never tire. We are given just "tastes" enough of each author to make us long for more, and this is probably the greatest success the learned Dean could desire. With the exception of an unworthy sneer at the Puritans' dislike to the stage, which occurs in the paper on "Milton," and which is quite unnecessary to the book, it has our hearty approval; we trust it will turn many from the ephemeral rubbish of to-day, to the tried and proved books of standard worth.

Church, Ministry, and Sacraments. By
Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.,
Inverness. London: A. and C.
Black. Edinburgh: R. and R. Clark.

A PRESBYTERIAN Text-book, containing much able matter, and written in a reverent and judicious spirit. On the subject of "The Sacrament of Baptism," the author endeavours to maintain the substantive value of the ordinance as administered to the children of believing parents, without adopting the Sacramentarian view absolutely. It is a narrow strait, and means wary navigation, while avoiding Scylla, not to clash against Charybdis. Still, the piloting on the whole is ably done; and this much can be said of the view taken, that it reflects the teaching of the Confession of Faith, and is to be preferred to the

magical theory of Sacerdotalists, though an exact adherence to the teaching of the New Testament would be far preferable.

The Priesthood of the New Covenant.
By WERNER H. K. SOAMES, M.A.,
of St. George's, Greenwich. Elliot
Stock.

WE can hardly speak in too high praise of the clear Scriptural thinking displayed in this pamphlet, and the logical force and spiritual acumen brought to bear against the impious pretensions of Sacerdotalism. It is a case of heavy artillery sweeping the field, and driving the priestly theories and arguments before it like chaff before the tempest.

Let those who would promote the crusade against the so-called "sacrificing priests" sow this pamphlet broadcast. An abler thing of its kind has not appeared; it is careful, calm, crushing,—a model of clean-cut and decisive Scriptural argumentation.

The Churches of the East. By Arch-
deacon SINCLAIR. Elliot Stock.

LIKE all that the worthy author writes on ecclesiastical subjects, learned and fair, having chief interest for Episcopalians and their clergy, but not without some for all Christians.

The description of the Russian Church and its communion service is very full and graphic, and clearly marks the specific difference between that "sacrament" and the simple ordinance which our Lord instituted. It is a fine object lesson as to the insidious in creeping of idolatry, and its degrading effects upon the idolaters. A timely warning in this crisis to Protestantism.

"Intent on Pleasing Thee." By A. R.
KELLY. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS little book is likely to be helpful to seekers and young believers. It is a sort of pilgrim's guide as to how to live, as well as a chart of the varied character of life's course. Happy those who, in youth, are open to counsel, and who go forward into the arena of life fore-armed and forewarned!

Matin and Vesper Bells. Earlier and Later Collected Poems (chiefly Sacred). By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Cassell and Co.

DR. MACDUFF's prose writings are often highly poetic, for he had the genius and fire of a true poet; but here we have his poems in two small dainty volumes for 7s. 6d. The sweet singer had not completed the compilation when he was called up to the presence of that Lord whose praises he had often sung; but these "bells" will still go on ringing to the glory of God, and the honour of Jesus. They deserve a very hearty welcome from all who love the old truth set to tuneful harmonies.

Things that are Made. Devotional Meditations in the Haunts of Nature. By ALFRED J. BAMFORD. Alexander and Shepherd.

IF there is nothing very original about these meditations, there is none of the verbosity which characterises the cogitations of some professed students of Nature. Mr. Bamford possesses an observant eye, a reflective mind, and a devout spirit. He is *en rapport* with Nature and with Nature's Lord. The mighty deep, the bright sky, the dark cloud, and similar themes all have their lessons, which are here set forth in language choice and clear. Though adapted to ordinary readers, preachers will find the work helpful, and its numerous choice extracts from the best poets greatly enhance its value.

"Whence, Whither," and other Poems. By S. T. FRANCIS. Morgan and Scott.

YES; *poems*. Our author has the eye that sees the touch of God in Nature, and the Love of God in Grace, and knows how to sing inspiringly of both. We quite expect to see some of these poems incorporated into Hymn-books of the future, for they have the lyric power and devotional quality to a very high degree. The Person of the Lord Jesus is the central, fragrant, and rapturous theme of most of them; and lovers of the "Altogether Lovely" will find true pleasure and profit on every page.

Judgment, Human and Divine. By Rev. G. JACKSON, B.A. Isbister and Co.

A LITTLE book, solemn and searching, that deserves to be read and re-read, and read yet again, and to be earnestly prayed over. It penetrates far into the conscience, and reveals how much of weighty truth we have forgotten or neglected about others' judgment of us, our judgment of ourselves and others, and, above all, God's judgment of us.

If a copy could be presented to every professing Christian, and prayerfully pondered, it would cause a revolution and transformation in our churches. It would be the repression if not the destruction of the "envy and all uncharitableness" to which we are all so prone. We shall rejoice to know of its sale by tens of thousands; it must produce good fruit in heart and life.

Notes.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1899.—Our own stores of C. H. SPURGEON's precious writings and sayings are far from being exhausted, and our Brother Medhurst's reserve supply of good things from the beloved Pastor's early ministry still continues, so our glorified Editor will remain, as in the past, the chief contributor to his own Magazine. Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon will communicate with our readers as often as her health and the many claims upon her time and strength will permit. "The Pastor's Page" will still be the medium through which Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will address our large and unique constituency. We have in hand or promised several more articles on "C. H. Spurgeon's

most Striking Sermons," which will doubtless prove as acceptable to *his* friends and ours as those that have already been published; and we have by no means come to the end of "Our Own Men" who deserve a place in the *Sword and Trowel* series of Pastors' College worthies, and the work they have accomplished or are attempting for the Lord.

We are very glad to be able to announce that our esteemed friend, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, has kindly promised (p.v.) to write for us during 1899 some papers on "Inspiration," &c. Such a theme, in the hands of our honoured brother, may be made the means of untold blessing

in these days of laxity on this all-important matter. Our able contributor, H. T. S., whose writings are increasingly appreciated in other Magazines as well as our own, expects to begin in January a series of articles of a narrative type, entitled, "Idylls of the Countryside," which are sure to be interesting and profitable. Our Brother Welton hopes to complete his "Palace Beautiful" series, and other friends will assist us as aforesaid, while we shall, as far as possible, continue to record the principal events connected with the Tabernacle Church and its institutions.

Special Notice.—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster intend to present, with the January *Sword and Trowel*, a fine-art view of the interior of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to match the one representing the exterior which was given with the Magazine for January, 1896. The price will be the same as usual, 3d., or post free, 5d. All who have the former picture should take care to secure this companion one; they are well worth framing, and together will form a notable souvenir of the beautiful building burned last April.

On *Monday Evening, October 24*, a special church-meeting was held, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, when all the elders were unanimously re-elected for another year.

On *Tuesday Evening, November 1*, the annual meeting of Mr. DUNN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the College Conference Hall, which was crowded. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided. After prayer by Mr. Woollard, the Secretary, Mr. Beckley, read the Report, from which it appeared that there had been no falling off in the work of the Class during the year. Cordial thanks were expressed to Messrs. Rabbits & Son, who, in April last, most kindly placed their Institute at the disposal of the Class, so that, notwithstanding the lamentable destruction of the Tabernacle, the meetings have been held without a break.

The Treasurer handed to the Pastor a cheque for 20 guineas for the College, and one for £20 for the Spanish Mission. The Pastor acknowledged the gifts in the kindest terms, and said that, considering the adverse conditions under which the Class had been meeting, it would not have been a matter for surprise if the members had contributed less than last year instead of more.

A greater surprise was in store, for Mr. Thorn had the pleasure of handing to the Pastor upwards of £86, that being the amount collected by the Class up to the present time, in aid of the Rebuilding Fund. The Pastor beautifully remarked that the former gifts were perfumed by the spikenard of self-denying effort; "but now," said he, "you have broken the box."

The meeting was addressed by the chairman, and by Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A., whose bright and breezy speech aroused much enthusiasm, and also by Pastor W. Fuller Gooch, whose address will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it.

One interesting item in the proceedings was the presentation by the Pastor to Mr. Dunn of a birthday gift, consisting of a beautiful watch-stand, made from a portion of the baptistery taken from the ruins of the Tabernacle after the fire, and given by one of the members of the Class.

On *Monday Evening, November 7*, the annual meeting of the TABERNAACLE AUXILIARY OF THE ZENANA MISSION was held at the College. There was a good attendance of subscribers and friends, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and spoke on behalf of the work, and addresses were also delivered by Miss Angus, and Mrs. Kerry, of Calcutta. Mr. William Olney presented the Report of the Auxiliary, which showed a considerable increase upon the previous year. Additional contributions will be gratefully received by Mrs. James Passmore or Miss Olney; they may be addressed to them at the Pastors' College.

At the prayer-meeting afterwards, Mr. Chamberlain reported the serious illness of Brother J. Manton Smith, and special prayer was offered on his behalf.

In consequence of the preparation of Index, &c., the Magazine must be made up earlier than usual this month, so that we cannot report the Annual Congress of the YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION, from *November 12 to 16*, for which a full and attractive programme has been arranged.

All friends who desire to help to end the infamous opium traffic should send to Dr. Maxwell, 49, Highbury Park, London, N., for copies of the October number of *National Righteousness*, containing the account of an important gathering at Lambeth Palace, and distribute them wherever they are likely to be useful. Ten copies will be sent post free for 1s.

COLLEGE.—Mr. John Dickie has accepted the pastorate of the church at Forfar, N.B.; and Mr. C. Crabbe has sailed for East London, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Mr. C. T. Johnson has removed from Romsey, to Dartford, Kent; and Mr. F. G. Smith, from Crayford, to March, Cambridgeshire.

The report of the annual meeting of the College, held (N.Y.) at the Stockwell Orphanage, on *Thursday, November 24*, must be given next month.

ORPHANAGE.—The collectors' meeting was held on *Tuesday evening, November 8*. In consequence of illness, Mr. Chivers

was unable to preside, but he sent £5 towards the funds, and Deacon James Hall, who occupied the chair, gave the same amount. The programme included singing, handbell-ringing, and musical drill by the orphans; brief addresses by Dr. Down and Pastor A. G. Short; and Mr. J. Williams Benn's interesting sketch entitled "Notes on Noses." The amounts brought in will be acknowledged in our January issue.

Christmas Festivities.—However crowded the Magazine may be, we must find room to say that the boys and girls will look for their usual treat at Christmas time. All manner of good things will be welcome, and will help the children to keep the festive season in the happy fashion that has so long prevailed at Stockwell. The latter part of page 644 announces the address to which contributions of all kinds should be sent.

COLPORTAGE.—Our esteemed colporteur, Mr. Henry Mears, has recently completed twenty-one years of steady, successful Colportage service at Brentford, for which both himself and the Association are deeply grateful to God. He has thought it an

opportune period to direct special attention to the work of the Association, and has planned a series of meetings in the several sections of his District, in the hope of awakening new interest in this form of labour for the Lord. The first gathering was held at the old Wesleyan Chapel, Brentford, on *Wednesday, Oct. 26*. Quite a nice number of friends rallied round the colporteur, ministers representing several denominations were present to express their congratulations, confidence, and good wishes, while others, including the Vicar, who could not be present, sent kindly letters which gave evidence of the universal respect in which Mr. Mears is held. The Secretary gladly went down to take part in the proceedings, and to share in the warm interest which was exhibited on every hand.

The proceeds of the gathering were afterwards forwarded to the Association,—a most welcome contribution towards the General Fund, which is very low just now! We should be rejoiced to know of similar celebrations in other Colportage Districts.

Baptisms at Upton Chapel for Metropolitan Tabernacle:—November 2nd, seventeen.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged	5,376 16 3	From natives and coast people meeting at Tumba, Congo, per Rev. T. Hope Morgan	5 0 0
Private sale of work contributed by friends, per Miss Butcher	50 0 0	From one who heard C. H. Spurgeon's first sermon at New Park St. Chapel	5 0 0
Pastor C. T. Johnson	1 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson	2 2 0
Mrs. Hallett, per Pastor C. T. Johnson	1 0 0	Collection at Park Baptist Chapel, Brentford, per Pastor T. G. Pollard	1 17 6
Mr. J. McWhirter	1 0 0	"For the rebuilding of your Tabernacle"	1 0 0
Pastor J. S. Bruce	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Stewart	1 0 0
Miss Innes	1 0 0	Mrs. and Miss Sharvington	4 0 0
Mr. John Kirk	1 1 0	Per Pastor W. Whale, Brisbane	1 0 0
Mr. G. H. Dean, J.P.	100 0 0	M. A. L.	1 0 0
Mrs. G. H. Dean	100 0 0	C. F.	1 0 0
Contribution from King Street Baptist Church, Coik, per Pastor J. D. Gilmore	3 0 0	Proceeds of lecture by Pastor F. T. Passmore, Stratford	2 5 0
Collection at George St. Baptist Chapel, Hyde, per Pastor E. Bruce Pearson	3 4 0	Contribution from the Baptist Church, Southwell, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	4 0 0
Spurgeon, at Elland Upper Edge Baptist Chapel, per Pastor T. R. Lewis	2 6 7	Mrs. Risdon	3 0 0
"Salome"	1 1 0	Collected by members of Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class	86 12 0
Mr. M. H. Alexander	1 0 0	Captain Smith, Auckland, N.Z.	10 0 0
Contribution from Halling Baptist Church, per Pastor T. Murray	4 7 0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
A visitor, per Miss Moore	1 0 0	J. S.	1 0 0
Contribution from St. Andrew's Street Baptist Church, Cambridge, per Pastor C. Joseph	20 0 0	Mrs. Bousema	1 0 0
Readers of the <i>South African Baptist</i> , per Pastor E. Baker	43 0 0	Amounts under £1	0 13 0
Per Pastor G. D. Cox, N.Z.	1 10 0		2 15 0
Mrs. Ward	1 0 0	Contributions from friends at Tyndale, Paignton, per Pastor W. F. Price	1 13 6
Mrs. W. Tarrant and friends at Thaxted, per Pastor W. Goacher	1 10 0	Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	5 2 0
An old member	2 12 6	Pastor W. Fuller Gooch	2 2 0
Sermon readers in Argentina, per Mr. George Graham	6 0 0	Mrs. W. Nicoll	5 0 0
Mrs. Charles Walter	3 3 0	Contributions from Moray House Children's Service, Edinburgh, per Dr. Paterson	1 0 0
Mr. J. Bissel	1 0 0	Dr. Paterson	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	1 0 0	Miss Clarkson	2 0 0
"In loving memory of Rev. E. Oldfield"	2 2 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	5	5	0	Miss J. Badenoch	2	7	6
Mrs. Towns	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Cussell	0	5	0
Amounts under £1	8	10	2	Mrs. M. A. Furlong	0	5	0
Proceeds of sale of albums, "Pictorial Recollections of the Metropolitan Tabernacle," 62 copies at £2 2s. each	130	4	0	Miss M. A. Floyd	2	0	0
Collecting cards:—				Mr. F. R. Matthews	0	14	6
Mr. Freeman	2	3	6	Mrs. S. E. Sparks	0	6	4
Mr. Horn	11	0	0	Miss Bailey	1	2	6
Mr. Wm. Fielder	5	15	0	Miss Halls	8	12	6
Miss F. Lynam	2	1	5	Mrs. Fellowes	2	3	6
Mr. Savager	1	0	0	Miss L. Vanner	1	12	0
Mr. W. H. Smith	5	4	6	Miss L. A. Shaw, collecting box	0	7	1
					£8,074	2	10

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
Half collection and donation from Baptist Mission, Peterborough, per Pastor G. W. Elliott	1	10	0	Contribution from Garland Street Baptist Church, Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker	2	0	0
O. B.	25	0	0	Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class ...	21	0	0
Miss King	0	5	0	Proceeds of harvest thanksgiving ser- vice, Evenjobb Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. F. Edwards	0	9	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	5	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	0	2	6
Mrs. A. Baker	20	0	0	Mr. C. H. Price	1	1	0
Mrs. E. S. Beves	0	2	6		£90	8	3
Mrs. Moore	0	10	0				
German Baptist Church, East London, S. Africa, per Pastor Hugo Gutsche	6	2	3				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
O. B.	10	0	0	"For Christ's sake," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0	5	0
H. McS.	0	6	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Circles	37	10	0
Contributions from Benlah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Mrs. Balls	5	15	8		£73	16	8
Mr. J. T. Dunn's Men's Bible-class, for Mr. J. P. Wigstone, Spain	20	0	0				

The Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Ena Stevens	0	12	0	Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	5	0	J. B., Strathaven	1	0	0
Mr. Neil McVicar	2	0	0	Mrs. A. Baker	20	0	0
Postal order, Newcastle	0	10	6	Miss E. Grant	2	0	0
Miss Hasler	0	10	0	Mr. D. McKercher	0	10	0
Mrs. Annis	0	2	6	Miss Shaw	1	0	0
M. S.	0	2	6	Mrs. J. Toller	0	2	6
Orphan girls' collecting cards:—				Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
M. Lacey	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. G. Carpenter ...	0	10	0
F. Green	0	15	7	Hilda	0	4	0
	0	17	7	Mr. Peppercorn, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	10	0
Orphan boy's collecting card:—				Miss Eyles	5	0	0
W. S. Dyke	0	3	6	Mrs. E. A. Reynolds, per Mr. S. Boyd	3	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Mrs. A. Whatley	0	5	0
T. T.	0	10	0	Mr. Jno. Marnham	5	5	0
Miss C. Slader	0	2	6	Anon.	0	1	6
Miss M. Heyward	0	10	0	Miss Butler	1	0	0
Mr. W. Marchant	0	5	0	Mrs. Duckenfield	0	10	0
Proceeds of collection on Peckham Rye, per Mr. W. J. Williamson	3	0	0	Mrs. J. Thomson	0	10	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0	A friend, Whitburn	0	4	0
E., Northampton	0	10	0	Mrs. Jarman	0	3	0
				Mrs. Clarke	0	2	6

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Baptist Sunday-school, Grantown-on-Spey, per Pastor W. Hay	1 2 0	Collected by Miss Newbold	0 2 6
Miss A. Collins	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Holder	1 1 0
G. W. L.	0 2 6	Collected by Miss L. Harrison	0 4 6
Mrs. F. Thorpe	0 2 6	Collected by Miss A. E. McCormick	0 6 0
Collected by Mr. J. Hooker	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Parry	0 6 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10 0 0	Collected by Miss M. Cheal	1 0 0
Mrs. J. Cutler	1 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Ward	0 1 6
Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0	Collected by Miss A. Wells	0 3 6
A widow	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Luxford	0 5 0
Collected by Miss N. Fowler	1 14 0	Collected by Miss Cox	1 6 0
Mrs. Brazil	2 2 0	Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0 6 0
Collected by Miss E. M. Smith	0 6 0	Collected by Mr. E. Jenner	0 2 6
Collected by Master Haynes	0 6 6	Collected by Master D. Freeman	0 4 6
Collected by Mr. H. Thompson	1 16 0	Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	0 15 0
M. A. L.	1 0 0	Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	0 8 0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0 12 6	Collected by Miss D. Bond	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Leaper	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Fox	0 5 0
Miss Reeves	2 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Hensby	0 5 0
O. B.	50 0 0	Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0 9 6
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Son	1 0 0	Collected by Miss Little	0 3 0
Mrs. Bradley	1 0 0	Mrs. M. A. Stringer	0 2 6
Mr. Geo. Buchanan	0 10 0	Mrs. D. Murgatroyd	0 2 6
Mrs. C. Trench	0 2 0	Mrs. R. Goading	0 3 0
Collected by Mr. J. Berry	0 16 0	Mrs. Kaybould	1 0 0
Collected by Mr. W. Coward	0 4 6	Collected by Mrs. S. Wilkins	0 5 6
Boxes at Tabernacle gates	0 4 1	Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	1 11 9
Mrs. Beves, per Miss Jephias	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. M. E. Long	0 12 3
Mr. R. Finlayson	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Partington	0 8 2
Hulla, per <i>The Christian Herald</i> Co., Ltd.	1 8 0	Collected by Mrs. A. Wilkinson	0 12 0
F. L. A.	0 5 0	Collected by Miss Gerry	0 4 0
Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton	0 12 0	Collected by Mrs. Franks	0 2 0
Messrs. Horn and Co., and employees	2 13 6	Collected by Mrs. F. Tucker	0 5 0
Y.W.C.E.S., Victoria Baptist Chapel, Deal, per Miss F. Pledge	2 0 7	Collected by Mrs. E. Collingswood	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	0 12 6	Cranford Baptist Sunday-school,	
Collected by Miss G. Barrett	0 5 0	Hounslow, per Mr. W. Smith	0 15 0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	0 16 9	Collected by Miss M. Rayner	0 5 1
Collected by Mr. J. S. Mack	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0 10 6
Miss V. Smith	10 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0 4 0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—		Collected by Miss C. Iles	0 4 6
A friend, per Rev. N. Dobson	1 1 0	Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0 10 0
Rev. W. J. Guerrier	2 2 0	Mrs. A. Rose	0 10 0
Sir F. Howard	2 2 0	Stamps, Folkestone	0 1 0
	5 5 0	A reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	2 0 0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—		Sandwich, per bankers	1 1 0
Mrs. Bonsema	1 0 0	A sermon reader	0 10 0
Mrs. Pool	1 1 0	Executors of the late Miss H. Cochrane	250 0 0
	2 1 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Charlotte Fitch	13 10 5
J. B. C.	1 0 0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—	
Mr. D. Foord	5 0 0	Baptist Chapel, Northcote Road,	
Collected by Miss K. A. Legg	0 3 0	Clapham Junction	10 14 0
Collected by Mrs. Beales	1 0 0	Lake Road, Portsmouth (meeting, collecting boxes, &c., 1897)	20 0 0
Mr. Jas. Wilson	0 10 0	Cambridge	35 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Brooking	1 2 5	Collection after sermon by Rev. R. O. Johns, Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel	20 0 0
Cooper's Store, Ltd.	1 5 0	Trinity Road Baptist Chapel, Tooting	2 10 0
Mr. W. E. Earl's Bible-class	0 10 0		
Collected by Mrs. Harris	0 9 0		
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	12 2 4		
Miss Lightbound	0 2 6		
Miss Nelson	0 5 0		

£564 9 11

List of Presents from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.—PROVISIONS:—A quantity of Apples and Pears, Mrs. E. V. Barrow; 30 lbs. Meat, Mr. T. Round; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 10 cwt. Jam, Mr. G. H. Dean; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—38 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 7 Flannel Shirts, Anon; 16 Articles, Mrs. Warriner; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. J. Roberts; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, S. C. Goswell Road; 1 box Worn Clothing, a few friends at Yeovil, per Mrs. B. R. Davis; 1 Overcoat, Mrs. Keevil; 5 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 6 Articles, Miss Harper; 8 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Graham.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—41 Articles, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 160 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Reading, per Mrs. James Withers; 1 Jacket, Mrs. J. Roberts; 4 Articles, Miss M. Springett; 10 Articles, a few friends at Yeovil, per Mrs. B. R. Davis; 6 Remnants, Miss M. Wilkinson; 47 Articles, Miss Harper; 7 Articles, a reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.

GENERAL:—A quantity Toys, Mr. J. Broom; a few Magazines, a few friends at Yeovil, per Mrs. B. R. Davis; a few Cards, Miss E. E. Epps; a quantity of old Magazines, Anon.; 3 Scrap Books, Miss Harper; 1 Quilt, 5 Comb Bags, a reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons; 22 numbers of "The Strand Magazine," Mr. W. S. Lucas.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 7th, 1898.

District Subscriptions:—	£ s. d.	Brentford, In Memoriam	£ s. d.
Codrington, per Mr. A. Lockhart ...	11 5 0	...	10 0 0
Penrhynweiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J.P. ...	11 5 0		£143 15 0
Edham and Horsell, per Rev. E. W. Tarbox ...	20 0 0		
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood ...	8 15 0	<i>General Fund:—</i>	£ s. d.
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley ...	10 0 0	Mrs. E. A. Calder ...	5 0 0
Chard, per Mr. T. S. Penny ...	11 5 0	O. B. ...	10 0 0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. Griffiths ...	11 5 0	A well-wisher ...	0 1 6
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell ...	10 0 0	Mrs. Louisa Haward ...	0 2 0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. T. White ...	1 5 0	Miss Van Notten Pole ...	0 5 0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough ...	11 5 0	Mr. H. Mears, proceeds of public meeting at Brentford ...	2 0 0
Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd ...	7 10 0	Mrs. Raybould ...	2 0 0
Sellindge, per Mr. H. Rigden ...	10 0 0	Miss E. Macnicoll ...	0 2 6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. T. H. Olney ...	10 0 0	Mr. C. H. Price ...	1 1 0
			£20 12 0

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

Statement of Receipts from October 14th to November 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.	For translations of sermons:—	£ s. d.
"Brifield" ...	0 1 6	A thankoffering (for Spanish sermons)	0 5 0
Postal order from Thaxted ...	1 0 0	"Faith" (for Spanish sermons) ...	5 0 0
E., Northampton ...	0 10 0	Miss M. M. Fergusson (for Spanish sermons) ...	0 5 0
Miss Bevan ...	2 0 0		£24 6 6
Mr. H. Higbed ...	0 5 0		
E. S. ...	5 0 0		
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	10 0 0		

Beulah Baptist Chapel and Manse, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from October 14th to November 14th, 1898.

	£ s. d.
Amount previously acknowledged ...	4,099 2 11
Dividend ...	2 16 1
Mr. C. Thomas ...	50 0 0
	£4,151 19 0

(N.B.—This list is continued until the Balance-sheet can be completed, and the amount left in hand be credited to the MANSE Fund.)

Pastor T. Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges receipt of seven One Pound Scotch Notes, which he has devoted to the General Fund of Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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 MANSE Fund, 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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, should be addressed to the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, c/o the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E. All amounts for the Metropolitan Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund should be similarly directed.

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.